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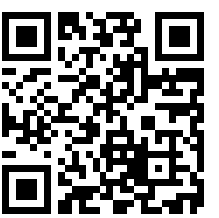

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THE ROYAL

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Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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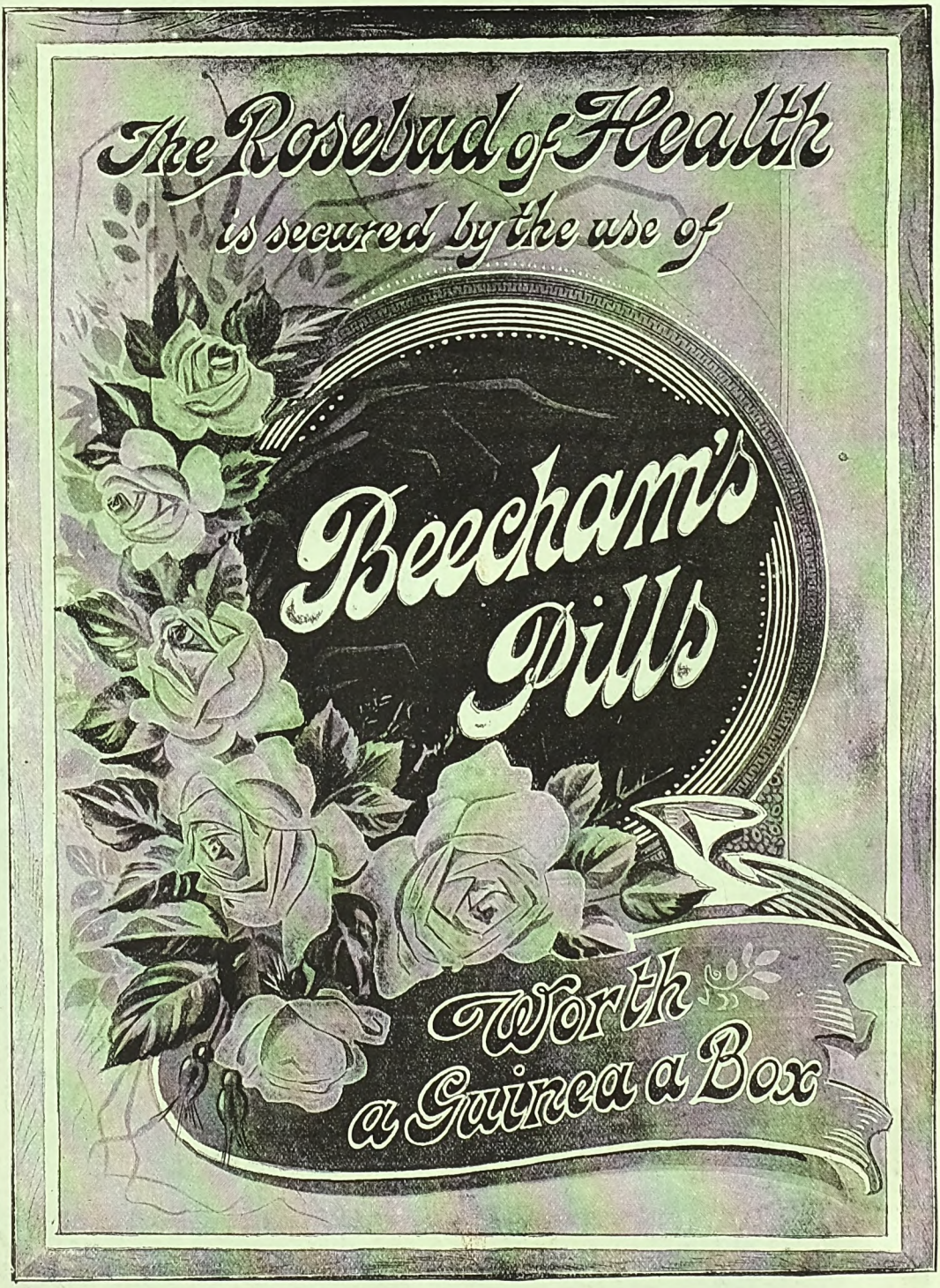
No. 19 VOL. IV.—MAY, 1900.



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A SAPPER SERVING AT THE FRONT writes:—'I am in the best of health, thanks to ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is grand! The best in the World, especially for hot and changeable climates. It is very dear out here, but even if it cost 10s. per bottle I must have it, as I cannot do without it.

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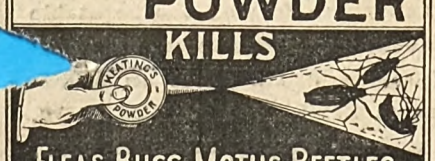

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Photo from Life. The original, with other fine heads of hair, may be seen at 113, Regent Street, London, W.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the *lustre and freshness of youth*, eradicates dandriff, *prevents hair from falling* is *the most cleanly* of all hair preparat ons, and is *perfectly harmless.*

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THEY ALL LIKE IT

because it is *pure as crystal*, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, and does not soil or colour *the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing*, produces a wonderful, pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and *no other dressing is needed* to give the hair the most elegant appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other. **It contains no colouring matter or dye.**

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried **KOKO.**

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

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THE KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT ST., LONDON, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally.

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COUPON
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This entitles the holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above.
Koko Maricopas Co. Limited

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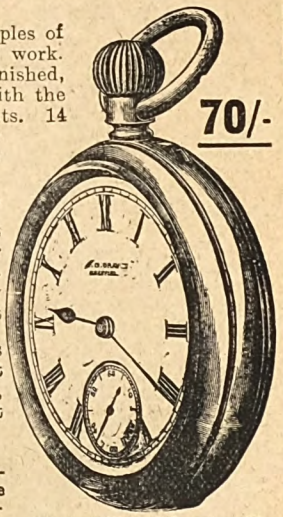

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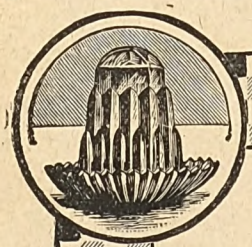

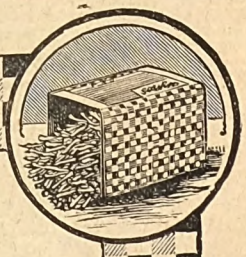

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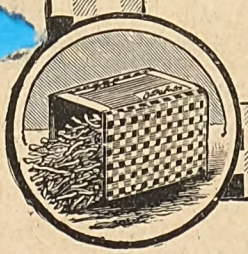

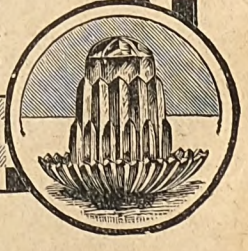

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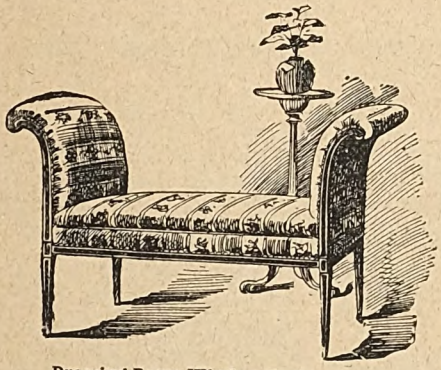

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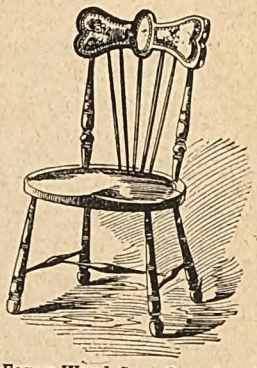

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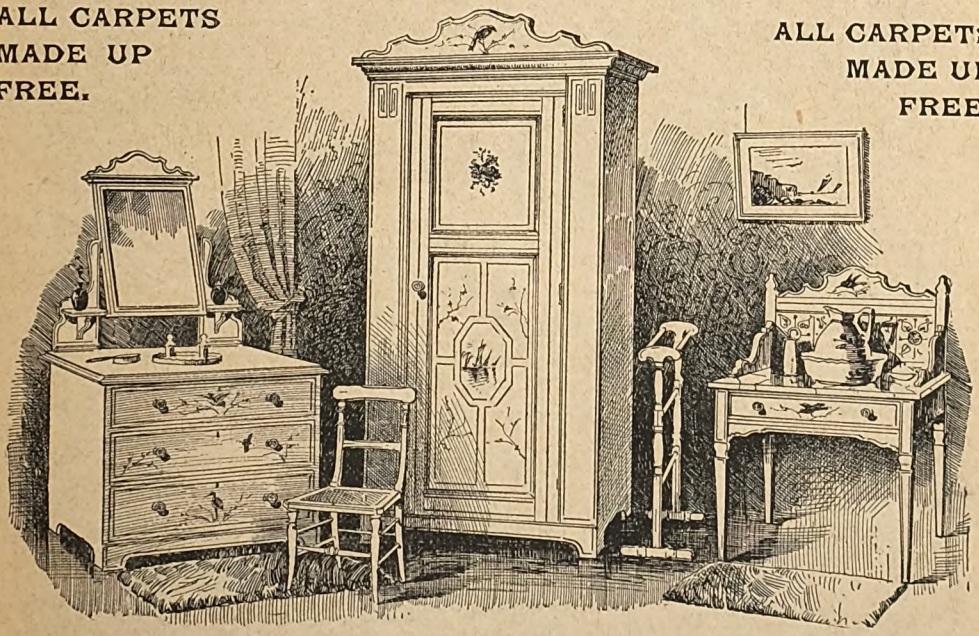

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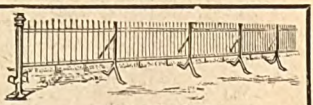

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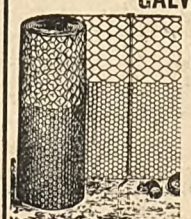

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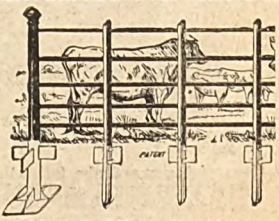

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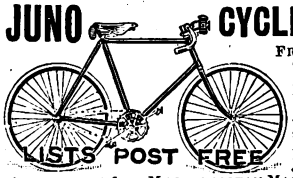

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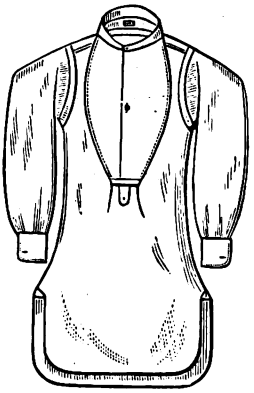

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BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

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Sufferers will receive, post free,

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I have tried the treatment on myself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured myself, and have since practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by my treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been

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"Dear Sir,—About two years ago I took Influenza, Bronchitis and Pneumonia following it, leaving me with a dreadful cough, which never ceased for hours together. You would have wondered where all the phlegm came from. If I only went upstairs I would have to sit down for half-an-hour before I could breathe right again. I got sick and tired of trying different doctors and medicines. The minister of our parish got me into Ancot's Hospital of this town, and from there to the Southport Convalescent Home, but I had only been at home a fortnight when the coughing and spitting came back in full force, till, at last, I had to go into the Workhouse Hospital. The nurse told me consumption had set in. I was not surprised at that, for streaks of blood had begun to appear with the phlegm, and the night sweats were awful. I could not rest there, and my wife had me brought home again. I had given myself up for lost, losing flesh day by day, till my wife wrote to you, and I had only been under your treatment five weeks when I was able to go back to my work; and now, after six months of patience and perseverance, I am a cured man and as well as ever I was in my life.

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Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

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OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

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In Packets of One Dozen:—Size O, 6d.; Size 1, 1/-; Size 2, 1/6; Size 3, 2/-; Size 4, 2/-; Size X, 2/9. Size 1 can also be had in Packets of Six Towels at **6d.**

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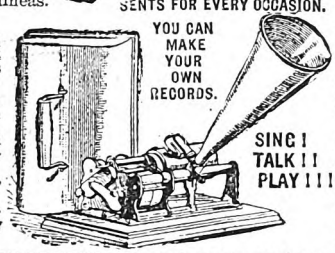

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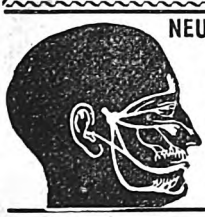

The annexed cut presents in the prominent lines the nerves most liable to attacks of Neuralgia. Sufferers will know only too well the pain tracks, and will be glad to know of a Simple and Sure Remedy. Hundreds of grateful letters. The proprietors will send *free two sample Zox Powders* to any reader of *The Royal Magazine* sending stamped addressed envelope to Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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Engraved from Photograph.

Should be in every home, for Hot Air, Steam, Medicated or Perfumed Baths. CURES COLDS, RHEUMATISM, OBESITY, NEURALGIA, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, &c., &c., without nauseous drugs. Recommended by leading physicians.

HAS A REAL DOOR, opens wide. **FRAMEWORK** made of best steel. **EIGHT UPRIGHTS** support it. **DURABLE COVERING MATERIAL, RUBBER LINED. LARGE** and **ROOMY INSIDE.** Knees, arms and body do not touch the sides. Plenty of room for hot foot bath and to sponge, towel and cool the body while inside. **FOLDS FLAT** like a screen in 1 in. space. **WEIGHS,** complete, only 10 lbs.

Send for No. (73) Pamphlet and Formulæ, FREE.

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What You Should Eat And What Avoid.

AN extremely interesting and dainty booklet, containing much valuable information regarding Digestion, has just been published under the title of "Digestion—what to eat and what to avoid," and we can confidently recommend its perusal to anyone who wishes to find out how to make life worth living. Among many other interesting items are twelve simple rules regarding the taking of Food, two of which—to thoroughly chew the Food and to eat slowly—are said to always have been carried out by Mr. Gladstone.

Then there is a capital Chart, giving the average time of Digestion, from which we gather that of fish, soles and stewed oysters are best; of game and poultry, partridges and boiled fowls; of fruit, bananas, cherries, ripe pears, and prunes; of meat, boiled tripe and boiled calves' feet; of sundries, brains, boiled and Swiss milk, raw eggs, and pearl barley; and of vegetables, mushrooms, asparagus, leeks, boiled rice, watercress, spinach, seakale, Brussels sprouts, and vegetable marrow. Then we find rules for increasing weight, with diet table for those who desire to reduce obesity.

For Weak people and Dyspeptic Sufferers the book is invaluable.

It only remains to say that the book will be sent free to anyone who will send name and address to the Guy's Tonic Co., 12, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Name *The Royal Magazine* when writing.

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"I have derived wonderful Benefit "from Guy's Tonic. Everyone says I "am looking better, and then I tell "them what I am taking. They hardly "believe that a simple Tonic would "make such a change in me, because I "was simply Starving through my Food "not Digesting."

A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1/1½, is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

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are the Finest in the World. Made of the best woods and materials in various styles; specially constructed to stand climatic changes; do not warp, swell, or shrink; the drawer bottoms are panelled in and thus dustproof; drawers run easily. The Derby Desks are handsome, full of pigeon holes and handy contrivances; the Roll-top locks all the drawers automatically when shut down, and there are general excellencies not to be found in similar makes of Desks. Made in sections, readily taken to pieces, go through any doorway, will not wear out. Each desk made under supervision of originator. Prices as low as consistent with first-class work and material. **DESKS from £5 10s.**

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With the **Century Thermal Improved** (Self purifying, Folding) **Bath Cabinet** you can take Hot-Air Vapour and Medicated Baths at home, even better than in Turkish Bath Rooms. You save breathing hot air; save exposure to cold air afterward; save inconvenience, time and expense. The cost is three half-pence per bath. *The* **Century Cabinet** *is made of Hygienic Waterproof Cloth over a steel frame. Folds into 2 in. space. Weighs with Spirit Stove less than 20 lbs. Is set up,* **heated** *and ready for use in five minutes.*

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FOR THE WELL The Turkish Bath aids one to keep well. It frees the system regularly from all waste and impurities. It keeps the mind and body up to the highest vigour. It rests the tired, quiets the nervous, and makes the sleepless sleep. It removes from the skin all that clogs and discolours it, clearing the complexion. It takes out of the skin more uncleanness than a common bath washes off from it. Gives all the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious medicated bath, and is a luxury that quickly becomes a habit.

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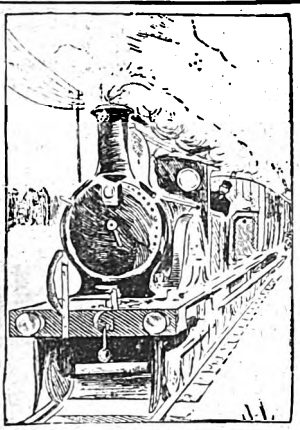

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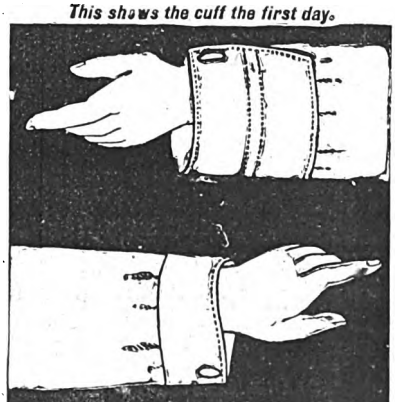
When ordering, mention size of Neck-band, and say whether to button back or front.

This shows the cuff the first day.



Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.

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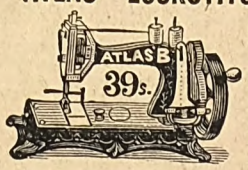

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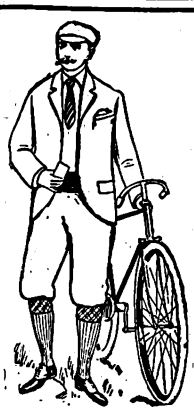

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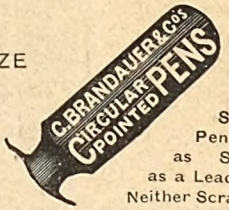

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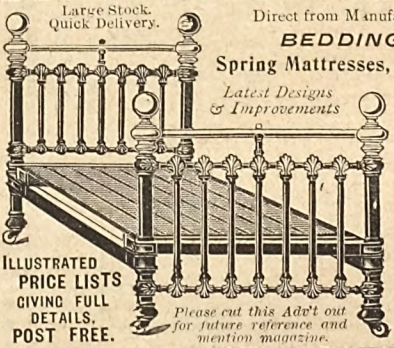

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1900.

		PAGE
"SHE RUBBED HER HEAD AGAINST HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND" From a Drawing by Norman Hardy.		*Frontispiece*
THE ART OF THE CAMERA Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	3
WILL O' THE WISP. A Poem Illustrated by C. Michel.	PHILIP HEMERY	11
LA MASCA. A Complete Story Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	ERNEST W. SMITH	12
TO MY LADY. A Poem	G. D. LYNCH	17
THE WAR GAME Illustrated with Photographs and Drawings.	CAPTAIN ALEC L. RIDPATH	18
THE NINTH WAVE. A Complete Story Illustrated by Sydney Aldridge.	ELLEN ADA SMITH	22
THE BADEN-POWELL BEES Illustrated with Photographs.	MARGARET COLLINSON	29
JUNO, THE TIGRESS. A Complete Story Illustrated by Norman Hardy.	ROLAND MERRICK	32
X RAYS ON THE BATTLEFIELD Illustrated with Photographs.	F. C. HARRISON	39
HOW I FOUND THE GALLOWS MINE. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. Barnard Davies.	ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT	43
A CLERICAL ARTIST IN WOOD... Illustrated with Photographs.	FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES	51
A MISTRESS OF DIPLOMACY. A Complete Story Illustrated by Edward Read.	JOHN W. MAYALL	55
THE NURSERY OF THE WOOLWICH INFANT Illustrated with Photographs.	CHARLES RAY	61
IMPEDIMENTA. A Complete Story Illustrated by Alec C. Ball.	GERALD BRENAN	67
UNDERGROUND TOWNS OF CHAMPAGNE Illustrated with Photographs.	ARTHUR GOODRICH	72
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story Illustrated by Victor Prout.	GUY BOOTHBY	78
WIRE-WALKING IN MID-AIR Illustrated with Photographs.	HENRY W. GARRICK	87
CLIFF-"CLIMMING" AT FLAMBOROUGH Illustrated with Photographs.	CYRIL YORKE	92
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY... Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		95

An Interesting Announcement, which Readers should turn to without delay, will be found on page 86.

We are requested to state, that the Saloon interior published on page 325 of No. XVI. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE was specially built for the Belfast & County Down Railway Company, and the Duke of York's train, on page 326 of the same Number, belongs to the same Company.

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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VOL. IV.

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LOVE'S OFFERING.

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The washing is *the* thing, and there is only one really effective way of washing rapidly and well. You must place the plate under running water. It must not be too swift. Go to the bath-room or lavatory basin and put the plate, face downwards, under the tap. Ten or fifteen minutes will clean the hypo off any ordinary plate.

To dry your plate you must drain it off as thoroughly as you can, and then immerse it in the best methylated spirits. A few minutes will be sufficient time for the spirits to absorb all the water, and when you take the plate out it will dry in a mere matter of seconds. Nor will the plate be any the worse for this treatment.

Photo by Ida M. Fairbairn.

A Rustic Charmer.

Photo by Alex. Old.

A Surprise.

Of course, printing is then a question of light, and subsequent toning and fixing.

Washing Negatives at Sea.

As a rule there is on board the big mail boats practically an unlimited supply of fresh water. In fact, whilst there is coal on board the sea water can be converted into fresh water without difficulty. But on sailing ships it is not always so. There is a distinct limit to the amount of fresh water one may use, and washing negatives is outside that limit. Hence it may be of use to some of my readers to know that it is possible to wash off the hypo with salt water, and that a very little fresh water afterwards will wash away the salt. The sea water does not hurt the negative to any appreciable extent. I fear, however, the same cannot be said with respect to positives.

Photo by H. M. Lomas.

Going to the Hunt.

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The Negative of One's Portrait.

If you are famous, or likely to be famous, or have fame suddenly thrust on you, you receive invitations to sit for your photograph. People, as a rule, dislike having their portraits taken, and under any circumstances are reluctant to undergo an ordeal that is not infrequently likened to a visit to your dentist.

However, something for nothing is a powerful inducement, and to be asked to sit for one's portrait is a sop to one's vanity.

Having had the photo taken, your part of the business obviously ends. You may receive a present of some copies, but the negative of the picture, it is clear, belongs to the photographer.

But suppose you go on your own account and pay —and perhaps pay lavishly — for a dozen copies. Whose is the negative, and whose the copyright? Surely yours.

No, and yes. The copyright, I believe I am right in saying, certainly is yours. The photographer has no right to make any unauthorised use of your picture. He cannot publish it or sell copies without your consent.

But it is otherwise with respect to the negative. It is his. A recent case has confirmed this view of the law. The negative is absolutely the photographer's — at least, subject to the limitation I have mentioned.

I have no exact notion by what subtleties of reasoning such comes to be the law, but there it is.

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

A Brigadier of the *Grande Armée.*

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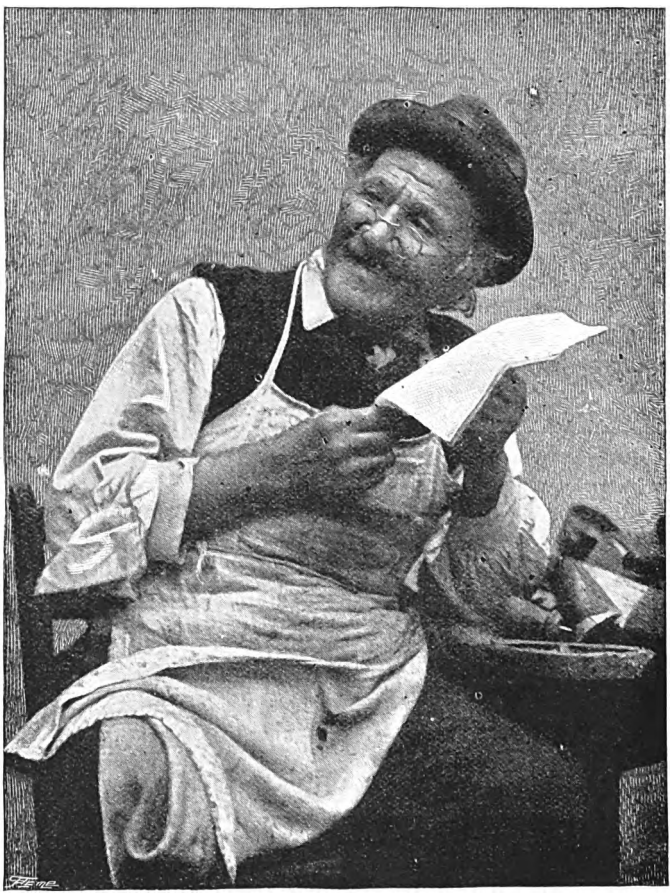
Kodak Films.

I AM, as most of my readers know, a firm believer in films as against plates for the ordinary amateur. Moreover, I, for my own part, believe in spools of films as used in the Kodak-cameras, whereby one's used films can easily be changed in broad daylight. It is not until one has travelled about a bit that one fully realises the benefit of this.

At the same time I have often found it a nuisance to have a dozen films on one spool. One does sometimes want to take just a couple of photos and develope them right away. I am glad to see that there are a sufficient number of other photographers in existence of the like opinion to have led to the introduction of spools that contain six, or even only two films. I rather fancy the news will be welcome to very many of my kodaking readers.



From a Photo. **Good News from Abroad.**

Photography by Gaslight.

A CHILD — no, let me correct myself — a young lady of my acquaintanceship, had a camera given her just before Christmas. Being about to start for foreign parts, and being quite unversed in the use of her present, she was naturally very keen indeed to take some pictures.

Alas, the elements were unpropitious! A yellow fog precluded all possibility of a photograph. Nevertheless, she was not to be beaten, and by gas and candle-light she proceeded to take pictures during the evening. She even inveigled some individuals—who had never done her any harm—into sitting for her.

Using films she allowed five minutes, and during those minutes of torture these monuments of (temporary) patience sat wonderfully still. I had fears, however, of the result, and suggested that a collection of dolls and a ten minute exposure might produce a more satisfactory result, and finally I proved right. The portraits of her various living pictures were all under exposed. Mind you, they fairly astonished me, but still they were under-exposed. The dolls, however, were quite excellent, although they would have been the better for a little longer exposure. Still I must confess the negative was a revelation.

If you are content with a still life study — and endless are the possibilities of such — you can obtain some very good fun out of a camera even at night with only gas and a candle or two. Of course, this is not the highest use to which a camera may be put. But I take it that most of my readers want to amuse themselves with their cameras, and you cannot gain too much experience in the way of developing, etc. Only do not be tempted to try to photograph your friends by gas and candle-light. It's not charitable!

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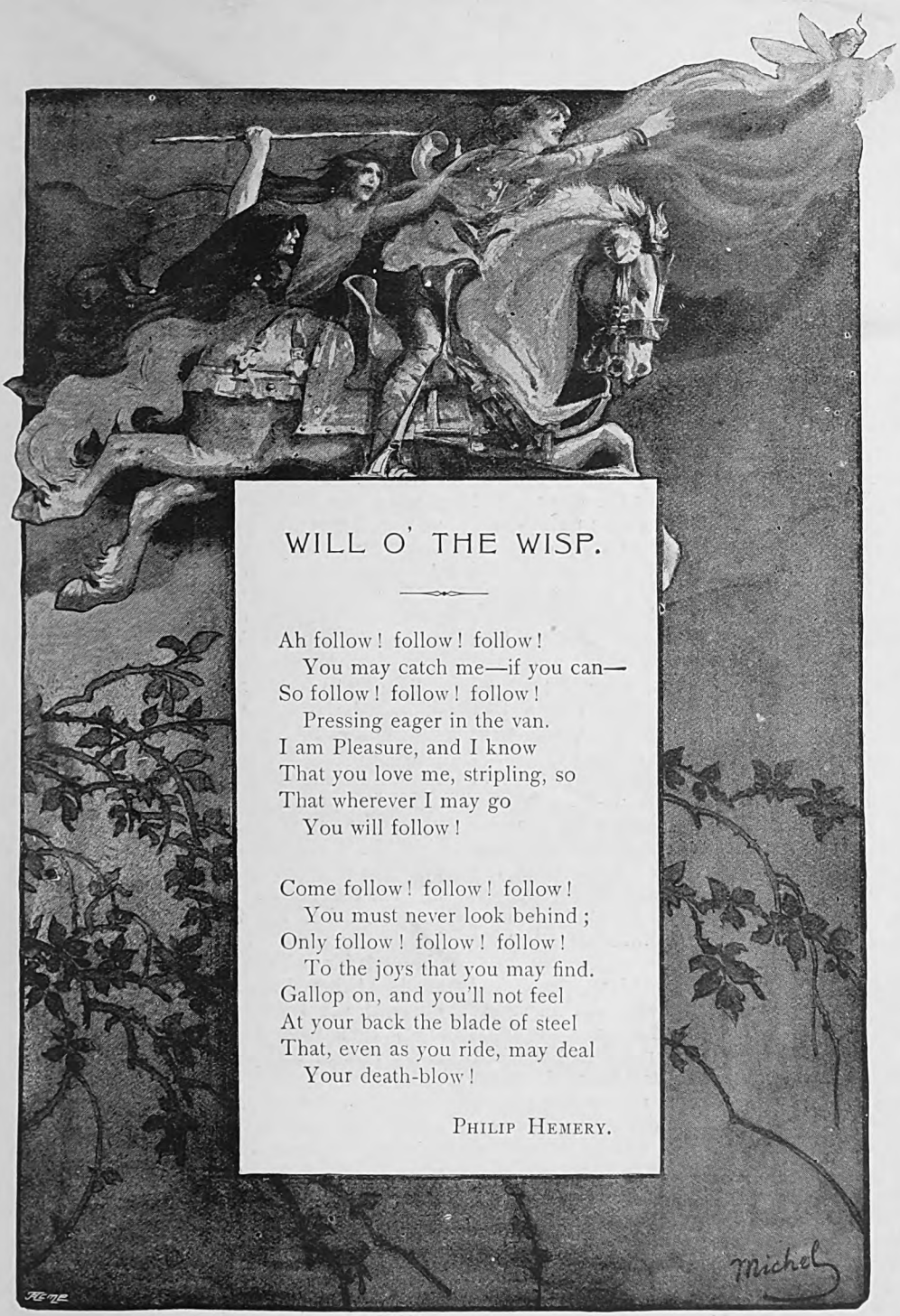

WILL O' THE WISP.

Ah follow! follow! follow!
  You may catch me—if you can—
So follow! follow! follow!
  Pressing eager in the van.
I am Pleasure, and I know
That you love me, stripling, so
That wherever I may go
  You will follow!

Come follow! follow! follow!
  You must never look behind;
Only follow! follow! follow!
  To the joys that you may find.
Gallop on, and you'll not feel
At your back the blade of steel
That, even as you ride, may deal
  Your death-blow!

PHILIP HEMERY.

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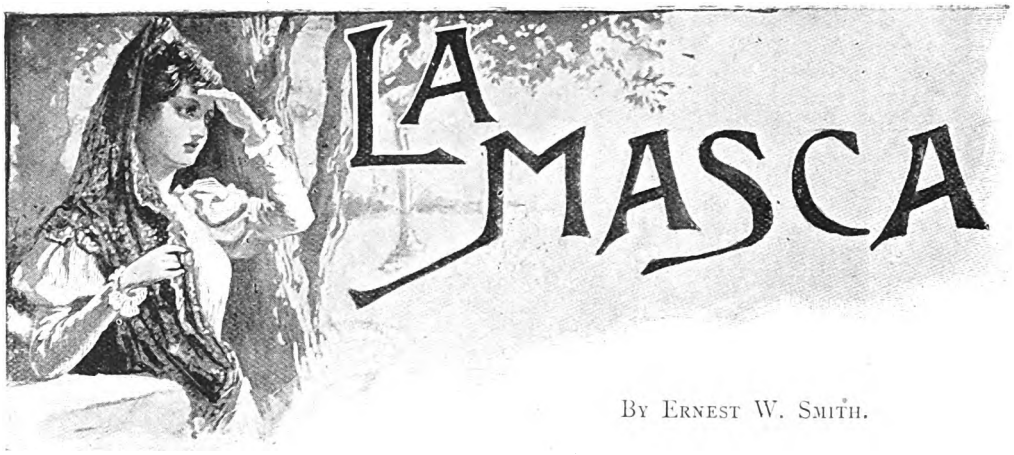

LA MASCA

By Ernest W. Smith.

The little settlement of La Masca lay shimmering in the heat of an Algerian summer's day. The sun was already sinking towards the horizon, yet if anything the day seemed to grow hotter. The half dozen rudely-built dwellings, with their tiny patches of cultivated ground, alone broke the monotony of the vast plain that stretched away on every hand as far as the eye could reach.

At the gate of one of the compounds a woman stood anxiously gazing out along the rough track that led to the small town of Borj bou Areridj, some three and a half miles away. The graceful pose, the olive complexion, the sensuous eyes and dark hair, all bespoke her Spanish blood. Though in the full bloom of womanhood, the freshness of youth had lingered longer than is usual with the women of her race, and as she stood there shading the sun from her eyes, her handsome features alight with loving anxiety, her whole attitude expressive of the concern that filled her, she presented an attractive spectacle.

But her quest was doomed to disappointment; not a single traveller was in sight; and with a sigh she turned away.

On the previous day news had reached Borj bou Areridj that a detachment of French troops had been badly cut up by the Arabs at Ben Daoud—less than a day's journey away. In consequence, most of the inhabitants of the town had at once taken to flight, and even the few settlers of La Masca, poor as they were, had packed their belongings and had fled to Setif—all except Pedro Carvallo, who, in spite of his wife's earnest entreaties, had doggedly refused to follow their example.

"Why should I?" he asked. "I have nothing to fear from the Arabs. I have always been on the best of terms with them, and it isn't likely they are going to harm me or mine. I have done old Ben el Haddad many a good turn, and the sheikh isn't the man to forget it. No, they won't molest *me*—I am no frog-eating Frenchman. I'd as soon see the Arabs come out best in this affair, and they know it. The French have never given me any cause to love them, and, as far as that goes, I'd just as soon trust myself to the Arabs as to them."

And that very morning, much to his wife's distress, he had persisted in setting off for Borj bou Areridj, partly, if possible, to make a few purchases, partly to see and hear for himself how matters really stood.

He had promised to be back by noon; it was now three o'clock, and still there was no sign of his coming. Reluctantly the woman began to retrace her steps down the little path towards the house. Suddenly the sound of voices reached her from one of the neighbouring cottages. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, for with the exception of themselves she had believed the settlement to be entirely deserted, she hastily crossed to a corner of the garden from which she could obtain a better view of the quarter whence the sounds proceeded.

Her startled gaze immediately fell on a patch of colour moving rapidly across the adjoining inclosure, and next moment a small party of soldiers in the uniform of the Zouaves issued from the gate and came straight towards the Carvallo's homestead.

Terrified, though without exactly knowing why, the woman's first impulse was to flee to the house and lock herself and child indoors, but by the time she had reached the threshold, calmer counsels had prevailed,

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and simply telling the child to go upstairs and remain there, she took her stand outside and awaited the men's approach.

Laughing and joking amongst themselves they came quickly round the corner, and pushing open the gate strode into the garden. A big burly fellow with a sergeant's stripes on his arm led the way; behind him straggled four privates, each with a well-filled foraging sack thrown over his shoulder. All were ragged, unshaven, and dirty, and presented anything but a prepossessing appearance.

The sergeant raised his cap with mock courtesy.

"Bon jour," he said. "Hope you are well. We knew that you wouldn't like it if we went past without calling, so we have just dropped in to see how you are." The men behind burst into laughter, but the woman neither spoke nor moved. "Those other folks," jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "don't seem to be at home, but it doesn't matter. We've got a few mementoes of them, and that will do just as well."

"You coward!" she hissed.

His glance wandered away over the little homestead, and then returned to the woman. She stood facing him with head thrown back like some wild animal at bay.

"You don't seem particularly glad to see us," he continued, sneeringly. "Where's your husband?—I suppose you're married. Is he inside?"

"No, he's not." The words were snapped out.

"Gone off for the day, perhaps?"

"It's no business of yours."

"Come now, don't get angry," banteringly. "It isn't *my* fault if he goes off gallivanting and leaves you at home. Some fresh fancy, I suppose. Oh, those men! They're all alike! But keep your heart up; he'll come back all right; and, in the meantime, take my advice and follow his example. A woman like you, now——!" An amorous leer finished his sentence, and he took a few strides towards her.

Putting out her hand as if to keep him away, she shrank back into the doorway. Every few moments her gaze sought the long stretch of winding road, then it again reverted to her tormentor's face.

"Oh! we're shy, are we?" he jeered. "Perhaps a common sergeant isn't good enough; nothing less than a general, eh? Well, just imagine that I am one," and with a sudden movement he caught her by the waist.

Quick as lightning she dealt him a stinging blow on the face, and with a sharp twist freed herself from his grasp.

"You coward!" she hissed, confronting him with blazing eyes and clenched hands.

For a moment the man seemed absolutely confounded.

"You little tigress!" he ejaculated at length, half admiringly, half angrily, "they ought to have made a soldier of you. *Parbleu!* but that was a good one, too," and he rubbed his cheek sympathetically. "But never mind, we'll be none the worse friends, *ma chérie*. You owe me something for that, though, and as I suppose you refuse to pay in kisses, we must just take it out in liquor. It's a thirsty job, this foraging business, and I expect you have some good wine inside there. Won't you ask us in? It

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There was a flash of steel, and the next moment the soldier lay writhing in his death-agony.

may save a few of your hens afterwards, you know."

His tone was friendly, but there was something in his look that terrified her. Again her eyes scanned the dusty highway with piteous anxiety. Still no one in sight! Recognising that there was no alternative, she bade them enter, and placed some home-made wine before them. The men at once commenced a vigorous onslaught upon it, quaffing it as if it were water, and toasting their hostess at every draught. Gradually they grew more and more hilarious, the rude jest and loud laugh succeeding each other without intermission.

By the door stood the woman, watching, praying for her husband's return. The stillness outside, born of the oppressive heat, contrasted so oddly with the uproar within that she began to wonder whether it were not all some terrible dream. The heat, too, seemed to be burning into her brain, causing a deadly faintness that bade fair soon to overpower her.

At last the sergeant put down his mug with a bang, and rose to his feet.

"Come on, lads," he said, "we must be going." Then, turning to the woman, "That's a drop of good wine, *ma chérie*, and we're much obliged to you. But being gentlemen," and he winked at the others, "of course we couldn't think of going off and leaving our reckoning unpaid. Unfortunately, we've left our purses at home and the bank here is closed; but—well, a kiss from each of us—or four from me if you would like it better—that would about square our account, wouldn't it?"

His tone was threatening, and as he advanced she shrank away from him with a cry. All her former courage and defiance had vanished; she was now but a supplicating woman.

"Oh, go away quietly and leave me alone," she pleaded. "You call yourselves soldiers and men. Perhaps you have wives of your own! For their sakes have pity on me."

The sergeant only laughed.

"We soldiers cannot afford to have wives" he said brutally; "but we make up for it by having an unlimited number of sweethearts. We're not at all particular; every pretty woman we meet is another added to the list." Then in an instant his tone changed: "Come now, no nonsense! *Ciel!* But I'm going to have one at any rate," and he made a sudden rush at her.

She was too quick for him, however, and nimbly avoiding his grasp, ran out into the garden, shrieking aloud. The soldier followed, muttering threats and curses under his breath.

Startled by the woman's screams, a man riding leisurely down the road towards the settlement, glanced up in anxious surprise, and putting spurs to his horse came on at a rapid gallop. Pulling up at the gate he hurriedly leaped to the ground.

"Pedro!" gasped the woman, catching sight of him.

The hot blood surged to the Spaniard's brain, a mistiness clouded his eyes, obliterating everything except the sight of his beloved wife struggling in the arms of her brutal

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assailant. With an oath Carvallo sprang forward, there was a flash of steel as his knife rose and fell, and next moment the soldier lay writhing on the ground in his death-agony.

Turning her head away from the horrible sight the woman threw herself upon her husband's breast, sobbing bitterly.

There was only just time to whisper a few words in her ear, and then the others were upon him. Recognising that resistance would be useless against such odds, he cast his knife on the ground in token of surrender. In spite of this the leading soldier ruthlessly felled him with the butt of his rifle.

The woman flung herself on her knees beside the prostrate figure. One of the men immediately pulled her away, and dragging her inside the cottage thrust her into a chair with a rough command to stay there. For a short time she sat as if turned to stone. The terrible faintness was creeping over her again. Everything seemed shrouded in a blur of heat; the awful silence gripped her soul. With a brave effort she pulled herself together and moved a little so as to be able to see out into the garden.

"Oh, you *will* go, won't you?" she pleaded, falling on her knees.

Her husband was standing close to the gate, a soldier supporting him on each side. Nearer the house two others were laying the body of their dead comrade upon an improvised stretcher—a gate torn from its hinges. Then someone gave a sharp command, the gate was raised from the ground, and the party strode off towards Borj bou Areridj, whilst the woman, in utter abandonment of grief, threw herself upon the floor of the cottage, her whole body shaking with convulsive sobs.

But soon the necessity for instant action somewhat restored her to herself. "Ben el Haddad is at Tarf," her husband had whispered. "Go as fast as you can and tell him that the French are at Borj bou Areridj, only a small detachment, encamped under the hill outside the town. He must attack to-night. It's the only chance."

There was nothing for it but to leave the child at home, and exhorting her to be brave for her father's sake, and bidding her lock herself indoors, the woman set off on her journey. With feverish anxiety she hastened onward, but the distance was considerable, and when darkness fell she was still half-way from her goal. The cool night air somewhat

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restored her, however, and this, combined with a thorough knowledge of the country, enabled her to make fairly rapid progress.

It was about ten o'clock when she finally stumbled into the Arab camp, completely exhausted, and scarcely able to drag herself along.

She was at once led before the Sheikh. The old man—an alert, imposing figure, in long flowing burnous and white turban—closely scanned the woman's features by the light of the camp fire.

"Surely thou art known to me, my daughter," he said. "Thou art the wife of my good friend, Pedro Carvallo, is it not so? What doest thou here? Thine appearance would seem to say that thou bearest bad news—not of thy husband, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," she gasped. "The worst! The French have taken Pedro." Quickly, as well as her agitation and intense eagerness would allow, she unfolded the whole terrible story, ending with her husband's message to the Sheikh.

Dense masses of men, with terrifying yells, pour into the camp.

"Oh, you *will* go, won't you?" she pleaded, falling on her knees, and stretching out her hands to him. "You won't fail him. You say that he is your friend, and he trusts you."

The Arab took a few steps aside in silence.

"Yes, I will go," he said at length; "partly for his sake, but chiefly because it seems that Allah has sold the infidel into our hands. I cannot promise you that I will save him. If their force is much superior to ours it would be folly to attack; but we shall see. Whatever happens, it is the will of Allah. Meanwhile, rest here, my daughter, and content your soul."

Turning away, he issued several orders, and in less than a quarter of an hour a long line of mounted men were moving out of Tarf on to the plain.

* * * * *

The slumbering camp lies wrapped in silence; overhead, the cloudless, star-bestrewn sky forms a brilliant canopy. Save for the occasional movement of a picket or challenge of a sentry away on the outskirts, there is no sign of life. The men, wearied with a long day's marching, have found sweet forgetfulness in deep sleep.

There is one occupant of the camp to whom this mercy is denied, however. Securely bound, hand and foot, Carvallo lies restlessly tossing to and fro, one moment bitterly upbraiding himself for not having taken his wife's advice and fled with the rest, the next filled with anger and resentment against the dead soldier who had been the cause of all the trouble. He does not feel the slightest compunction for his act. He would do the same again under similar circumstances, he assures himself. Then his mind harks back to his wife and child, and, at the thought of his loved ones, the bitterness leaves him, his heart softens, and a tear trickles down his cheek.

If only he could break the rope that binds him, he would make a rush for it. Anything to be with them once more! But it is impossible; he is only too securely fastened,

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and less than twenty feet away a sentry stands on guard.

Where is his wife now? Has she reached the Arab camp yet? And if she has, will Ben el Haddad come? Ah! how the time drags!

He is to be shot at daybreak, before the camp is struck. "For killing a soldier of the French army when in the execution of his duty," were the words of the commanding officer before whom he had been taken. He can scarcely refrain from laughing aloud in very bitterness of spirit. "In the execution of his duty!" Persecuting a helpless woman! Was that a soldier's duty? He had attempted to defend himself, but the officer had absolutely refused to allow him to speak, and on his insisting, he had been dragged away amidst a storm of blows and curses, his sentence ringing in his ears.

For the hundredth time he listens with bated breath, striving to catch the faintest sound. He would pray, but his thoughts continually revert to his wife and Ben el Haddad. If only she has succeeded in reaching the Arab camp the Sheikh will come, he thinks, but unless he arrives very soon it will be too late. Already the time is rapidly drawing on to the fatal hour. And, moreover, unless the insurgent force can succeed in taking the French by surprise, there is no chance of success. Once the latter are on the alert, superior arms and discipline will tell.

As nearly as he can judge it must be about two o'clock. If all has gone well, and the Arabs have set off at once, they ought to be very near by now—he has calculated it out over and over again. Each moment he grows more excited—his hearing seems to have become preternaturally acute.

Hark! Surely that is a shout! No!—Yes! There is another—in the opposite direction this time. In his excitement he pulls himself up into a sitting posture and stares out into the semi-darkness. The crack of a rifle rings out behind him and almost simultaneously dense masses of men, with terrifying yells and savage shouts, pour into the camp from three or four different quarters. In an instant all is confusion. Around him the startled men are springing to their feet and making for their arms; but it is too late. Already the Arabs are among them, cutting and stabbing with swords and spears. No quarter is given—none is asked—and the sanguinary business is soon finished.

Friendly hands quickly set Carvallo free, and the Sheikh himself helps him to his feet. The Spaniard is about to pour out his thanks, but the old man stops him.

"To Allah be the praise" he says, solemnly, raising his hand, "His is the victory. I am but His poor instrument—and thy friend. We left our horses at La Masca, and there we also found thy little daughter. Thou art indeed favoured of Allah this night, my son; before the day breaks both wife and child will be thine again."

TO MY LADY.

Lady with the gracious eyes,
If thou doth my love despise,
And flout me;
Never will I sing again;
Song and life alike were vain,
Without thee.

Lady with the dimpled chin,
Laughing loves creep out and in,
To hide there;
Dimples fashioned by a smile,
Showing sunbeams all the while,
Abide there.

Lady with the cherry lips,
Happy is the bee that sips,
Such dainties!
I'm, alas, no roving bee,
Only one whose heart for thee,
So faint is.

Lady with the voice that thrills,
Like the ripple of the rills,
Descending;
Be thou kind, or cold as snow,
For thee I'll devotion show,
Unending.

G. D. LYNCH.

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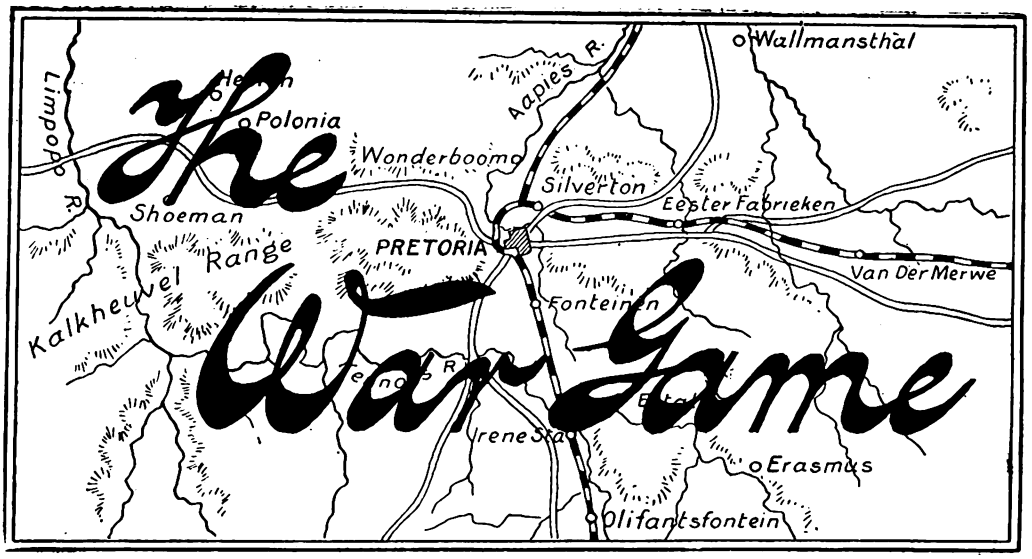


By Captain Alec L. Ridpath.
Queen's Westminster (13th Middlesex) Volunteers.

An Authoritative and Interesting Account of the Great Game which is Played by Officers of all Nations, with a View to Making Themselves Masters of Strategy.

Kriegspiel, or War Game, is of German origin. Its object is instruction, not amusement, and it should be regarded as a tactical exercise, not as a game.

Military manœuvres with real troops over real country are very costly, and can only be rarely engaged in. The best substitute for them is military manœuvres over maps with dummy troops—that is to say, the War Game.

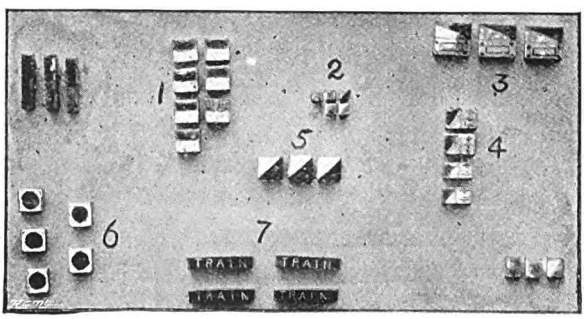
The umpire-in-chief plays the part of the general commanding in field manœuvres.

He prepares a scheme, which is called "The General Idea," and which is issued to both combatants; also a "Special Idea" for each side. But he cannot foresee how his scheme will work out. I once remember seeing the same scheme played on two different occasions by different players, and working out so differently as to be hardly recognisable.

The "General Idea" lays down the kind of operations which are to be practised—for example, an attack upon a convoy in transit, a flank guard action, an action between an advance guard and a rear guard, the defence of a section of railway, or any other military operation which may be selected.

The "Special Ideas" represent the orders supposed to be issued by the superior officers to the commanders of the respective forces engaged. A small scale map of the country accompanies each "Special Idea." These maps are usually one-inch maps—that is to say, on the scale of one inch to the mile. It is not probable that maps of larger scale would be available on service. The Special Idea informs the commander the object he is to endeavour to achieve, lays down the force at his disposal, and gives him such other information as the umpire may wish him to receive.

Each commander, on receipt of the General Idea, the Special Idea for his side, and his map, issues his



Some of the pieces with which the game is played.

1. Seven half-battalions of infantry. 2. Five half-troops of cavalry. 3. Transport. 4. Two sections and two half-batteries of artillery. 5. Three squadrons of cavalry. 6. Cyclists. 7. Waggons.

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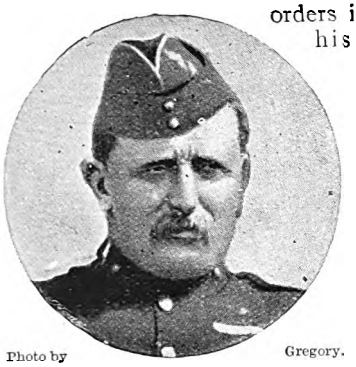

Photo by Gregory.

General French is an expert at the game.

orders in writing to his subordinates, who should be provided with one-inch maps. He also sends a report, enclosing a copy of these orders, to the umpire-in-chief. In this way practice is gained both in map-reading and in writing orders—two very essential matters.

The umpire-in-chief decides at what hour of day or night each side is to commence operations and the state of weather supposed to be prevailing at the time—a matter of importance, as it affects the range of vision.

All these preliminaries are usually got over before the day on which the game is to take place.

The game itself is played upon three large scale maps (usually 6ins. to the mile) screened off from one another, one map being for the umpire and one for each side. The players should not be allowed to see these maps till the game begins.

The troops are represented by small blocks of metal, painted red for one side, blue for the other, and marked to show which branch of the service they belong to. These blocks are of different sizes according to the force they represent, single men, messengers and cavalry vedettes are shown by coloured counters.

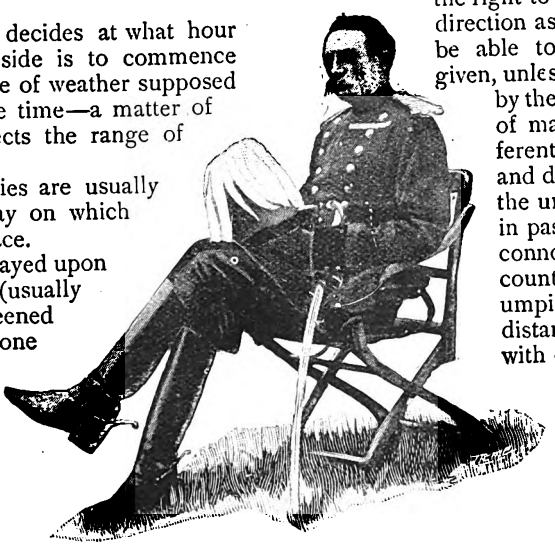

Photo by Cumming

General Clery is a favourite umpire.

One or more assistant umpires are told off to each side.

Moves are by time, such as a half-hour move, a five-minutes move, a two-minutes move, and so on.

The umpire-in-chief decides the length of each move When he has called a move, each side has the right to send troops in any direction as far as they would be able to go in the time given, unless they are checked by the enemy. The rate of marching of the different arms is calculated and deductions made by the umpire for time lost in passing obstacles, reconnoitring, or for bad country. The assistant umpires measure off the distances on the map with compasses or with a specially made metal measure which is familiarly known as a "gigger;" they then place the troops, subject to the above limitations, in accordance with the player's wishes. On Red's map only red forces are shown, unless any of the blue forces would be visible if the game were being played on real country, in which case the said blue forces are also shown on Red's map.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a successful player.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

General Gatacre often umpires a game.

Photo by Bassano.

Sir Evelyn Wood is another favourite umpire.

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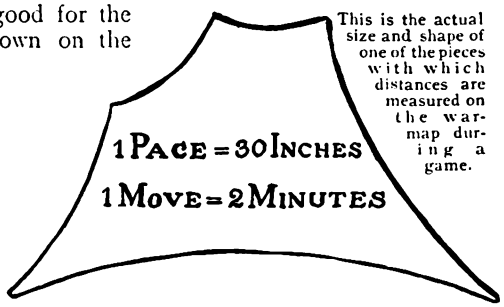
The same rule, reversed, of course, holds good for the blue forces as well. But both forces are shown on the umpire's map.

The time is always carefully kept. It must be borne in mind that the duration of a move has nothing to do with the actual time taken by the assistant umpires to move the dummy troops into the required positions. When "the time" is mentioned, it is the time relating to the stage of the battle which is always meant.

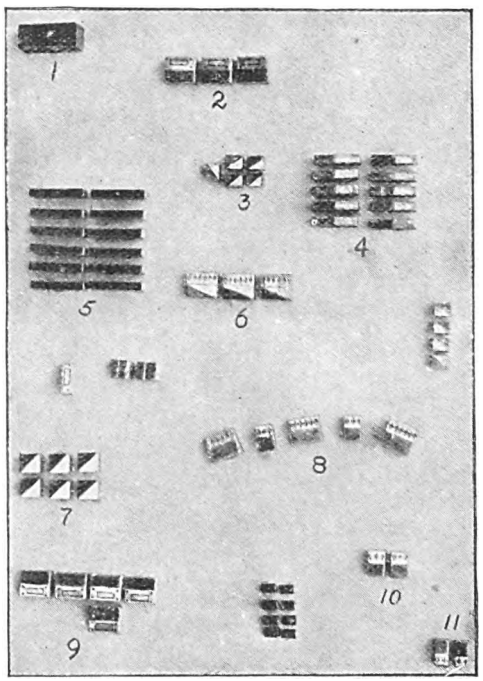


This is the actual size and shape of one of the pieces with which distances are measured on the war-map during a game.

The positions of the commanders on both sides have always to be indicated. This is usually done with rather larger blocks of metal made to stand vertically on the maps.

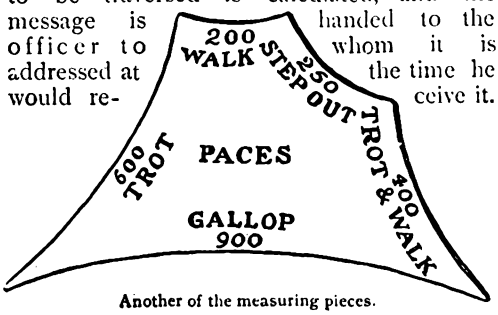
As the game develops, bodies of troops get detached in different directions, such, for instance, as the cavalry, which is rarely with the main bodies.

The commanders of detached troops are not allowed to communicate with their commanders-in-chief, nor with each other except by messages, which should be in the form of properly-written reports—the art of writing reports being of the highest importance in warfare and one that every officer should understand. The time the messenger would take covering the distance to be traversed is calculated, and the message is handed to the officer to whom it is addressed at the time he would receive it.



These pieces represent various troops.

1. Officer commanding. 2. Ammunition reserve. 3. Five troops of cavalry. 4. Ten half-battalions of infantry in line. 5. Twelve companies of infantry in extended order. 6. Three batteries of artillery. 7. Six squadrons of cavalry. 8. Three batteries and two half-batteries of artillery. 9. Ammunition reserve. 10. Two half-batteries Royal Artillery. 11. Two sections R.A.



Another of the measuring pieces.

When possible the commanders of detached troops are made to work on separate maps. When necessary, they are called in to see the umpire's map, such portions of the field as would not be visible to them being covered up.

In this way officers are obliged to act upon such conclusions as their own intelligence may enable them to draw from what is known to them of the enemy's movements. And they have to depend on their own dispositions and the capacity of their subordinates for gaining accurate information.

When two bodies of troops are engaged the umpire decides which has to retire, how much it has suffered, or, in extreme cases, which is annihilated. Occasionally the toss of a coin is resorted to when circumstances require it. For example, if two batteries of artillery come into action at the same moment, on equal ground, at a decisive range, it is evident they could not long remain firing at each other without result. The battery which first suffered seriously would then have to retire or suffer extinction from the superior fire of its opponent. All being equal, the umpire would spin a coin to decide which side must withdraw. But such equality of chances does not often happen.

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When the umpire is satisfied as to the result of the struggle, he stops the game and calls both sides to his map, criticises the orders given and the manner in which they have been executed, explains mistakes, and offers suggestions.

It will be seen that it is important to have a capable and experienced officer to act as umpire, as the value of the exercise much depends on the scheme set, the manner in which the game is umpired, and the criticisms passed when the play is over.

It must not be supposed that War Game can ever take the place of field manœuvres, any more than the experience of years of manœuvring can be balanced against that of a single scientifically conducted campaign.

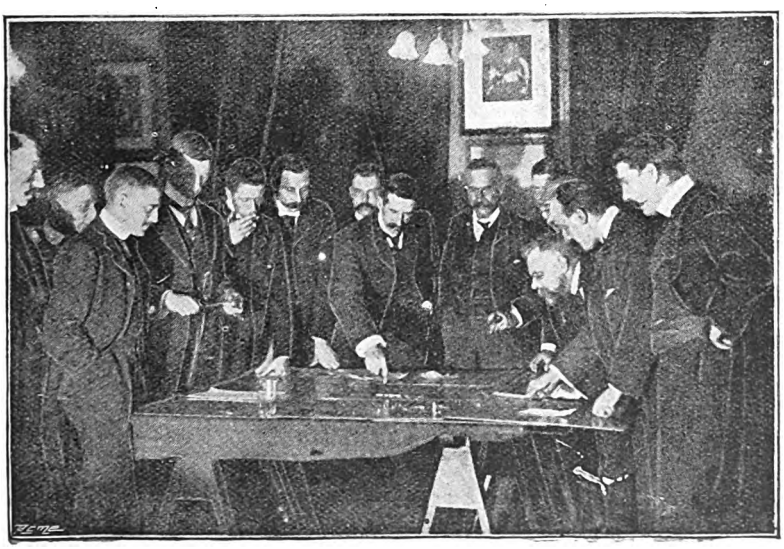
Nor does it always follow that an officer who is very successful at War Game and manœuvres will prove a great commander in the field. There is one notable instance, at least, where this test of a general's capacity proved disastrously delusive.

Nevertheless, the War Game tends to develop the habit of reflecting on tactical problems, and applying correct tactical principles to their solution. It helps to teach officers to penetrate the designs, dispositions, and condition of the enemy from slight indications, while masking their own, and it promotes the study of scientific warfare.

Von Moltke was a profound military student, so also was Skobeleff, the great Russian General of the last Russo-Turkish War. Our own Nelson was noted for his knowledge of naval tactics long before the opportunity came to him of distinguishing himself by their practice, and it was his constant habit ever to be reflecting on tactical problems. It was thus he prepared his mind to seize instantly the salient points of any problem which actually presented itself to him for practical solution, and all his reflection having been done beforehand, he was ready to act vigorously. Wellington as a young man made a point of studying all that bore upon his profession. Thus we see the great captains of the past did not disdain the study of tactics. It is to promote and assist this study that the War Game was invented and is so largely played.

What modern experts think of the educational value of Kriegspiel may be gathered from the fact that such men as Sir E. Wood, Adjutant-General to the Forces, Sir F. Grenfell, Governor of Malta, Generals Sir F. Clery (now in South Africa), Stirling, Luck, and many other distinguished soldiers, think it worth while to give up their time to setting schemes and umpiring at war games.

The game is often played at the War Office by members of the headquarter staff, at Aldershot, and many other places. Most instructive games are played at the United Service Institute, where Col. Lonsdale Hale, who is recognised as one of the great authorities on the game, supervises the arangements and often acts as umpire. During his command of the Home District, Lord Methuen frequently attended these games at the United Service Institute, of which he was then president.



A game in progress.

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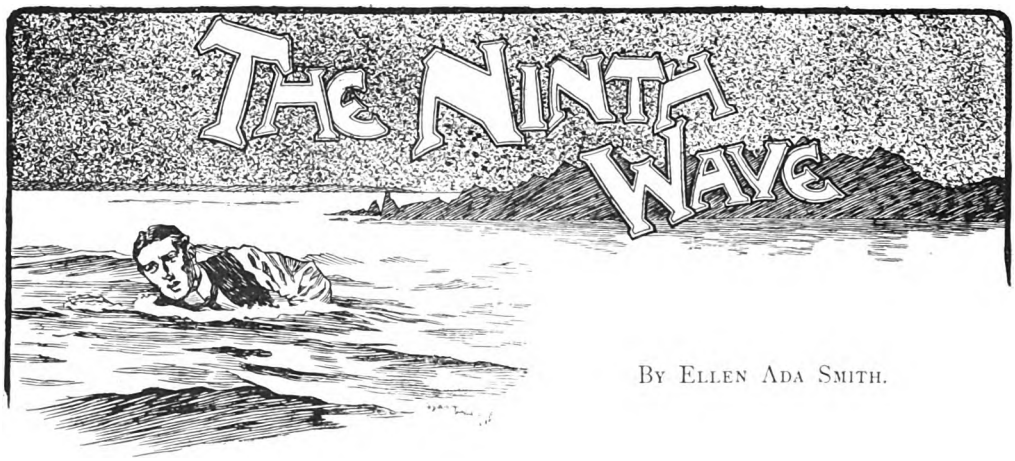

By Ellen Ada Smith.

He often used to laugh at my stiff formal letters, telling me that I had no literary ability. But mind you ! They were not love letters or I might have expressed myself more freely, for we were merely chums, he and I. As boy and girl we had shared many small adventures, although the simple village life did not give us much scope for anything brilliantly unsafe.

The vicar, my father and his tutor, had placed us upon our honour to tempt Providence on dry land alone, for his only son had gone out on the bay one afternoon to be brought back to us dead. This sorrow made my father hate the sea, and he moved all his books into another room where the window looked into our green orchard. We were allowed of course to go occasionally under safe and proper guidance, for life in a fishing village without the sea is only half of life, and John Frampton was too high-spirited a lad to be content with that. I know we both fretted under the restraint of our promise which made the forbidden freedom appear ten times more desirable.

Of course, it was after he had left us to fight his way in the world that he began to laugh at those letters of mine, which told him all the news with no grace of diction. His replies were a contrast, because he had undoubted literary talent, and hoped with practice to make use of it, yet it was I who made his name as a writer by telling a story known only to him and to me. At first this seems strange, seeing that I had no real power with my pen, but it is Wendell Holmes who asserts that everyone can write at least one story—their own.

But few would dare to do this; it takes a desperate courage, yet under stress I did it, and not unsuccessfully, and my words coined themselves into money and fame. It was the general opinion concerning me that I was a quiet little thing with nothing much in me. This is wrong, for something in me has suffered, and also rejoiced, but I could not speak any better than I could write, except once when the greatest fact of my life forced me to betray myself.

It was this betrayal which I wrote down so well, and the task that should rightly have seemed an act of humiliation was in reality a great relief, strangely like the laying down of a burden. I suppose it is the garrulity of greater comfort which makes me re-write the story in order to add the sequel, although I cannot tell it as I told it before. Like other foolish lovers, I wrote with my own heart's blood,and that too, may only be done truly —once.

Moreover, I had the world to please, and, as in pictures the strong sunlight helps to make the shadows deeper, I flung light, joyous touches first of all upon the canvas, and often and often I laughed merrily as I wrote late into the cold night. I don't think I cried once. I was too hopeful, too anxious to succeed, yet none the less I touched men's hearts by baring my own. As I wrote down one by one the merry pranks of our boy and girlhood, I seemed to live in the happy times again. The rapture of spring came deliciously about me, and my unseen room was roofed with apple-blossoms, showing fair against the clear blue which dyed the speedwells at my feet.

But this time, sweet as it is, I will not loiter by the way, for the real story began with his coming down to see us about harvest time, for he always spent a part of his holiday with

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us, making the sedate shabby old vicarage palpitate with new life. I saw at once that he had altered. I am quite certain that I have never seen anyone so radiantly glad, and I thought — but never mind what I thought, being so mistaken.

That same evening we went out together in the boat, and his youth and gladness made nothing of the strong tide which was striving to beat us back, and we were far beyond the reach of other voices when he told me of his news, with the sunshine full on his face. He was too dazzled to see mine and I quickly recovered myself, for womanly pride drew its mantle over my wound. My silence did not disconcert him, for he seemed quite to understand it.

"I know you are going to lecture me," he cried gaily; "I quite expect a preachment concerning ways and means. You will say a clerk on such a modest wage as mine has no business to dream of matrimony, but I've other irons in the fire, and although you laugh in your saturnine way when I call myself a genius, I'll prove you wrong in time."

Fortunately he gave me no time to answer, but went rhapsodising on as a man might who was young and foolish with love. Was I not his sister, or, better still, his chum, more accustomed to listen than to speak even in our happiest times together.

Meanwhile he was pulling like a Titan against the tide, only pausing once to take her picture from his breast that I might rhapsodise in my turn. She was very pretty; I knew she would be, and must be, to suit so critical a taste, for some had thought me pretty—and he did not.

Oh! she was very pretty, very golden and fluffy, but art, not nature, had ruffled her so prettily; my jealousy discovered that in a moment. In the rain, at least her hair would look despicable, while mine—! Her eyes, too, would soon be washed out with a few tears, into mere colourless globes—and even John Frampton himself admitted that my eyes were clear and dark and bright.

I was hating that smiling face with all my might when the keel of our boat grated roughly, and one of John's sculls broke in his hand. Dazzled by the sunshine he had taken no heed of our direction, and I had forgotten my duty. His first startled look behind him gave place to righteous anger, for we had run on to the snags, some sharp irregular rocks like miniature Isle of Wight Needles.

Oh, she was very pretty, very golden and fluffy!

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When the tide had turned about an hour they could be reached over a mile of hard yellow sand, but at high tide they were islands cut off from the mainland.

"You duffer, May!" he cried, reverting instantly to our original language before grown-up politeness had set in. "See what you've done for us!"

"I was looking at her photo," I answered, and so fatuous is love that I believe he would have considered my excuse ample if we had sunk there and then. Indeed, there was danger of this, for we had struck sharply in a rough sea, and our boat began to leak. After baling conscientiously for some time, we had to abandon her and take refuge on the rocks. At first it did not trouble me much to see her founder and sink, and I knew father would rejoice that he was too poor to buy another; but when I remembered the time of the year a stinging fear sent the blood to my face. John, who considered that the worst had come to the worst, was philosophically cheerful, for when does adventure come amiss to young blood? On dry land we had always been happiest in some awkward predicament, from which an emergence with dignity had depended on our nerve and courage.

"We are in for it now, May! but the tide must be on the turn; it has simply been racing in."

"But do you remember," I cried, "the time of the year, and that the neap tides are about? These rocks are not visible then; you can only guess at them by watching the white foam."

He remembered instantly, and we clasped hands like frightened children.

"Good God! And you cannot swim a stroke."

Oh! how warmly the love of life leapt in us both, but just then it meant infinitely more to him than to me. Something had gone out of mine never to return, but the game is not necessarily over, because your queen is lost and I did not want to die—quite the contrary, although any chance of escape seemed little or none. But I was determined that John should save himself, being a fair swimmer, and the safe yellow sands only half a mile distant. They looked so maddeningly close lighted dazzlingly by the westering sun. Such tranquil security so near apparently, mocked us with its distance, and the gulls wheeling fearlessly about the rocks had mockery too in their wild cries. A sharp line cut the great dazzling sun in half—it was the spire of our village church—and out to sea crimson clouds flamed in the evening sky, flinging down their colour on the water.

Such a situation has been used again and again by novelists, but I wonder how many writers have really felt that first cold wave wash gently about their feet, knowing they can take no backward steps into safety. It is a terrible thing to watch the beauty you have sported with and enjoyed turning inexorably into a fatality there is no resisting or evading. Seen through the imminent darkness life looks doubly, trebly, bright and sweet, with all its bitterness out of sight. And how much more must he have realised this than I, having more to lose, and with a way open of escape! I bade him take it, for he could not help me, and death is always lonely, come when it may.

He wrested his hungering eyes from the land to face me, and I saw them change into smiling steadfastness.

"No, May. We've been in many a scrape together, but I never remember one deserting the other."

I was frightened then, for it was seldom that I could not make him do as I wished. And already the spray was flying above us.

"You shall do it—for her sake. Your life belongs to her."

I tempted him sorely, but he would not give in.

"Don't be tragic, May. I daresay we can manage to keep afloat until some fishing sloop comes round the point."

But I knew he spoke without real hope, for nothing rested on the crimsoned water but some floating gulls, tossed like corks in the swell. I did not feel resigned to my own fate, and I was fiercely determined that he should save himself, and fearless of conventionality for the time being. "If you will not do this for her sake, you shall for mine."

My words were an utter surprise to him. Yet he understood them instantly. Evidently such an idea had never entered his head. I did not mind. I meant him to understand, for it is a white light that streams through the gates of death, and only truth may live in it. But my purpose failed and even with the new and stronger love urging him to yield he would not, for in a different way I was dear to him too.

"I shall not leave you. It would be cowardly, and Eva would be the first to tell me so."

Even in my desperate distress I could have laughed. Knowing as surely then, as I know

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it now, that she had no courage—nothing on which a man can count in peril to help or sustain him, my contempt of her found voice in my pleading.

"And what right has Eva to speak between us now? She has loved you a few summer months only, while mine has been the patient growth of years. Listen to me! Remember how sweet life is and see how near your safety lies."

I pointed to the hard firm sands as I spoke. He could reach them alone I knew, but not with me. I was quite reckless then, but he made no movement, although his eyes were full of the pain of parting. For a few bitter moments he forgot me, and, seeing this, I slipped away from his side and made my way to a sharp knife-like spur of rock, something resembling the bowsprit of a ship. There was but a slender holding as I climbed out to the extreme end, and at any other time the swirling water underneath would have turned me giddy, but excitement and a wholesome fear of death kept hand and head steady.

It was then that he missed me, and glancing round startled, discovered my position.

"May! Are you mad? Come back instantly!"

"I will not. And unless you go now I shall fall."

I said this to frighten him, for there were sharp edges under the swirling water that could maim and hurt, and he knew it. My obstinacy made him passionately angry.

"Come back at once. If you loved me as you say you do, you would not dare to disobey me."

With the sharp spray stinging my face I laughed triumphantly knowing that Eva would have clung close enough to drown him.

"That sort of love is good enough for everyday use, but sometimes it must rise higher, or be utterly lost in cowardice. I will come back when you have started."

I saw him glance round slowly and searchingly, and then, without even one good-bye, he flung off coat and waistcoat, and, plunging into the water swam steadily away. I learnt afterwards that he only started to deceive me, but, as I scrambled back into a security which could only last twenty minutes or less, my strength of purpose faded away with its accomplishment.

"Death is always lonely," I found myself repeating, and it was cold comfort to mingle with the desolate cries of the sea birds.

* *

Of course in the written story I avoided the feeble anti-climax of

"May! are you mad? Come back instantly!"

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being saved. Such a conclusion would have been awkward and inartistic, so I drowned myself decently and in order. The finish was not without grim realism, for, although I could see the fishing sloop that was to rescue me, I thought death must come first, and it was a veritable torture by hope until I was dragged into safety more than half drowned.

In swimming out John had seen our chance of rescue first and fearing we might not be noticed had gone to meet and intercept the vessel which brought us safely home. An engaged man has ample excuses for erratic movements, and to my father's surprise, John Frampton left us the next day. The position admitted of no other course, although he was chivalrously tender with me. But he could not hide a certain pity for my disappointment. A woman would never have betrayed this owing to the tact and deceit which occasionally serve her so well.

He went away and our correspondence ceased, although this was my doing not his. He had been married less than five years when I found myself practically alone in the world, for I had no brother or sisters. I was still young and full of energy, with the healthy springs of action unbroken. This was fortunate, for necessity made me a worker, and I became a shorthand clerk in a London publisher's office. In this establishment no one ate the bread of idleness, but as an onlooker, I was keenly interested in the people who came and went. Many were very clever, very amusing, and others chronically disappointed. Of the last John Frampton was one, although he did not come to the office. Without utterly failing he had not succeeded as a writer, and was still amongst the rank and file, and it often fell to my lot to return his rejected MS., although once in a while our editor would retain one for his magazine. I had great pleasure in inclosing those cheques knowing they were wanted, for strangely enough and through no seeking of mine, John and his family were my neighbours. Two cheap suburban streets ran parallel to each other with the houses standing back to back, and only divided by small dreary gardens and a bleak stone wall, upon which no creeper would thrive. In one of these streets I rented two rooms, and in summer evenings John's children would often lose a plethoric rubber ball in my landlady's garden—a most spiritless ball with no bounce left owing to an unmendable rent. I stole it one night, throwing over instead a gaily painted, frivolous young ball of most active propensities. Yes! we were near neighbours, although we never met, for John used the underground and I went always by omnibus.

He was only a clerk in a surveyor's office, and his marriage was a failure. The back of a house and its garden is a most instructive thing to look at if you would judge of the housewife. On Sundays she was extremely ornamental, but sloth reigned during the week, and the shabby little servant who gossiped with my landlady over the wall was always dirty.

In the lamplit evenings I could look across from my late tea and see John at his. She rarely gave him anything better than tinned provisions, which were no good preparation for the toil, that kept him waking far into the night. She should have consulted her own interests better, for underfeeding and overwork brought about their inevitable consequences. John fell ill—John who had always been so hale and hearty. He could not go to his office, and the doctor became a constant visitor. The landlady told me all about it, and I saw the shabby sofa drawn out from its place into the warmth of the fire. But how could the man rest or recover with only that inefficient, golden-haired wife to lean upon? She had no courage, no strength of affection, with which to uphold his sinking spirits. It made my heart ache to see him trying to write—and failing. Ill health and anxiety completely stultified his talent, and this was soon discovered at the office where I was employed. The editor expressed his disappointment at John Frampton as a contributor quite frankly.

"I thought we should get something really good from him in time. I quite expected it, but this is very nearly rubbish. Send it back, please, Miss Edis."

I took the work of many anxious hours from him, and read it in my dinner hour. The editor was right, it was very nearly rubbish, and quite worthless from a money-getting point of view, but the title was to me a perfect inspiration—"The Ninth Wave." Surely there was just one story I could write to fit such a title which should be better than his. I had no power of invention or plot, but in this case it was merely to write down what I knew by heart, doing it with the power of great sincerity. Reading between the lines of his manuscript, I saw clearly that he was in a slough of despond, and a longing to help took irresistible possession of me. I embezzled that story of his, knowing it valueless, and commenced my own that evening. Of

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I threw over a gaily-painted frivolous ball of most active propensities.

course, I was artful enough to borrow a little of his style, but otherwise the story wrote itself easily, naturally, and not without dignity. I was merely the medium, but my words were not dead, they had the truth and glow of life, although the end was tragic. I had to hurry through those last pages on account of having lost myself a little in those pleasant places trodden by the joyous feet of a boy and girl. Of course, the "ninth wave" drowned me, so corroborating his title, and although it was long for a short story I did it so quickly that I had typed it before the week was out, signing John's name and giving his address. But before posting the MS., I had to kill myself a second time; it was necessary to enable John to reap any benefit from my duplicity. Sooner or later he would know that only I could have written the story and suffer honourable scruples, unless I removed them with an official notification of my demise.

It was quite easy. I went into a stationer's shop and chose a memorial card, it was a pretty thing in grey and silver, with a symbolical urn to contain my symbolical ashes—and it did not even do that! I ordered one with my name to be printed in.

The shopman was not struck with the liberality of my grief.

"One?" he repeated.

"Yes, one. It is for a friend of hers."

"But aren't there more? Wouldn't you like one yourself?"

"Of course! It is for me."

He thought me mad evidently, but my order was executed, and on Sunday I went down to Gravesend and posted it. I also posted my story signed in John's name, and sent it to our firm, because they always read his things carefully and paid very liberally. Somehow I had no doubt of success, and my faith was fully justified. The editor, who is also our junior partner and the one I like best, did not hesitate about accepting this first literary venture. He read it in my presence, and I felt myself white with anxiety until he expressed his great satisfaction.

"What fits of stupidity these writers have! This is far and away the strongest thing that Frampton has ever done, although his effort last week was feebleness itself. Oddly enough, he has chosen the same title, and it suits the story well. Tell me what you think of it."

For form's sake I read the words I knew so well, and laid the manuscript on his table again.

"It is certainly good, and finishes well."

The junior partner fluttered over the leaves with a practised hand.

"The finish is nothing—its only novelty is the drowning of the girl; but the first part breathes the very spirit of youth and enjoyment. You can gather the flowers as you go, and hear the children laughing. If this were unsigned I should say a woman had written it."

This was disconcerting, but I made no sign that the accusation came home to me, and I received his instructions as usual.

"It is too long for one issue; we must divide it. Please write and offer Mr. Frampton twenty pounds. His work this time is justly worth it."

It was a larger sum than I had anticipated, and I rejoiced, knowing the comfort it would bring to a distressed household, but I also knew that the payment, although sure, might

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be delayed some months, and this I tried to prevent.

"I happen to know that Mr. Frampton is seriously out of health. I almost think he would be glad of the money now."

Perhaps I was a little too earnest for the junior partner looked at me sharply; he was himself a writer and therefore a trained observer, bur I had all the courage of success to carry me to the end.

"Indeed, you know him then?" he asked alertly.

"In a sense, for we are near neighbours, and his servant and my landlady gossip over the garden wall."

I doubt if life ever held more zest for me even in my happiest days than when I wrote a suave typed missive to John Frampton accepting his "Ninth Wave," and enclosing that plump satisfactory cheque.

Of course I had done something very wrong—very unwomanly, but in no other way could I have rendered help, or stopped that aching of heart which was so bad to bear. Then again I had succeeded and success is nearly always justified, although I could not follow it up. I tried once from sheer curiosity and merely evoked regretful thanks from end to end of Fleet Street.

But for John Frampton that "Ninth Wave," brought a tide of good fortune. Editors began to take him seriously; he became known and liked by the reading public, and his talent thrived upon hope.

He has a fine house at Hampstead now, and his butter fly wife has dried her wings in the sunshine, and entertains charmingly.

The "Ninth Wave" was prosperously in print before John discovered my fraud. He came at once to the office and stated frankly that although the story bore his name, he had not written a word of it. But it was too late in the day for our firm to trouble themselves much about that, and they said so.

The junior partner gave me an account of the interview, and enforced my attention by withholding the work I had come for.

"Mr. Frampton declares that only one person could have written it, and he thought her dead."

I tried to render my duplicity equal to the occasion, but it was trying.

"Did he mention her name. It sounds like a psychical research affair, or is it merely the eccentricity of genius?"

I held out an impatient hand for the letters and did not get them yet his state of remorseless hurry was usually chronic.

"He would not give the name. I wish he had. Possibly your last theory is right, only I should call it the folly of genius. I told you a woman had written that thing, and events prove her an utterly foolish one."

I was dismissed then sharply enough, but only into the outer darkness of my own little office.

Was the junior partner right? I think not, and so perhaps does he, for if I want a holiday I always ask him in preference to the others. I am busy and by no means unhappy. The becomingness of my hats is still an object with me, and when days are very grey and unlovely, I walk in the reflected glow and sunlight of John Frampton's prosperity.

"I told you a woman had written that thing, and events prove her an utterly foolish one."

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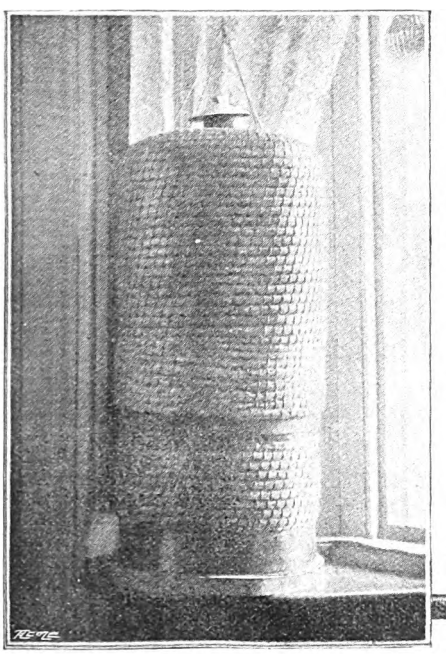
THE BADEN-POWELL BEES.

By Margaret Collinson.

Illustrated with Photographs taken for the Royal Magazine *by special permission.*

Colonel Baden-Powell's boyish daring, quaint slangy telegrams, the versatility of his gifts, and his wide and absorbing interest in everything that pertains to the honour and aggrandisement of his country—all these have endeared him to Englishmen, as no other officer in the British Army always barring Lord Roberts. Everything concerning him, and his life published in recent journals has been read with eager interest, and I feel sure that the readers of the Royal Magazine will not be at all averse to hearing a few interesting facts about his home and what is to be seen there.

The London house of the Baden-Powells, at 8, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, is perhaps one of the most unique private houses in the Metropolis. It is there that Mrs. Baden-Powell, the Colonel's mother, and Miss Baden-Powell, his sister, at present reside, and when I called a short while since, the former lady very kindly showed me some of the curiosities of the house, and gave me a few interesting facts concerning herself and her belongings.



The Hive as it stands in the Drawing-Room.

The two most unique features of No. 8, St. George's Place, are the bee-hives in the drawing-room and the aviary on the staircase. Bee-hives in a drawing-room, and in a London drawing-room to boot! It sounds incredible, but the Baden-Powells, original in most things, are original in the choice of their pets. Some thirty years ago these bees were given to Mrs. Baden-Powell by Sir Benjamin Brodie,

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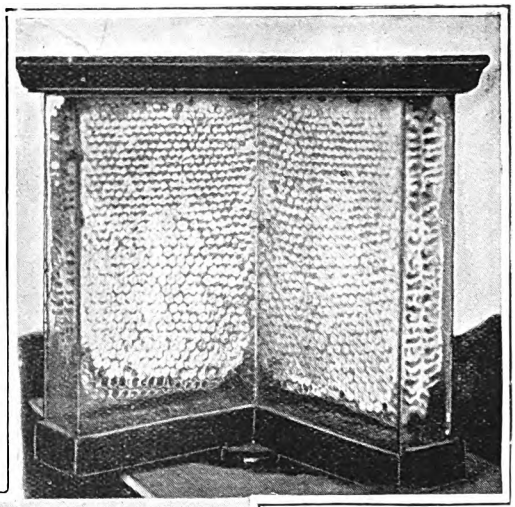
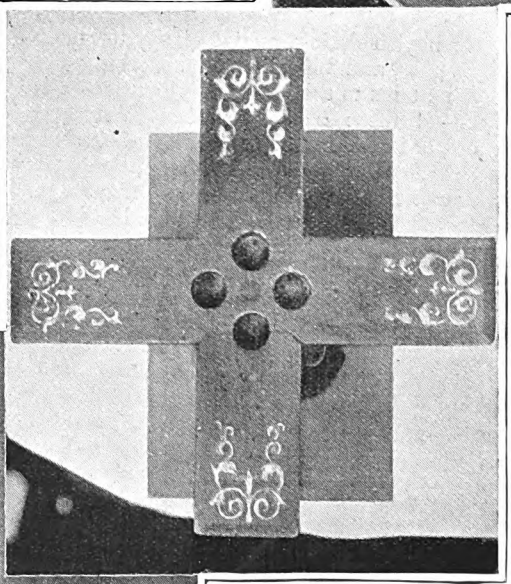
and ever since then they have thriven and multiplied. Others have in vain tried to emulate Mrs. Baden-Powell and keep hives in their drawing-rooms; the bees either died or "took to their heels." One would imagine that the insects might cause no little annoyance to visitors and people foolishly frightened of them, harmless though they really are, but the hives are so built that not a bee can get into the room beyond his hive.

These hives of plaited straw, with glass windows that allow the insects to be seen working within, stand on decorated pedestals all along one wall of the drawing-room. The square pipe, shown in one of our photographs, is the means by which the bees get in and out of the hives.

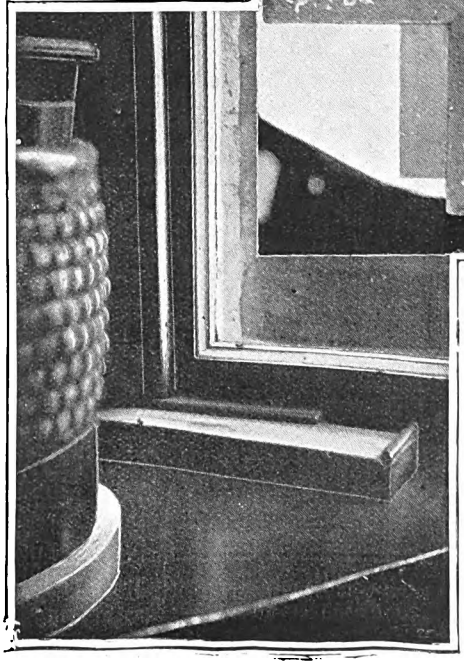
Mrs. and Miss Baden-Powell are fond of collecting the honey in queer frames, the queerest of these being the model of a bicycle



A Comb in the Form of a Maltese Cross.



Looking down upon the Cruciform Comb.



This shows the Metal Pipe which enables the Bees to leave the Hive for the Open Air.

which they placed in the hive, and around which the bees speedily built their combs. It is now preserved in a glass case and forms one of the curiosities of the drawing-room.

The Maltese cross, of which there are two photographs, was another experiment. One of the photographs gives, so to speak, a birds-eye view of the thing. In another one you see the Cross at an elevation, its depth filled with honey-comb. A wooden model of the words "Baden-Powell" was another of these curious forms, of which, however, we were not able to obtain a photograph, it having lately come to grief during the process of mounting.

Mrs. Baden-Powell tells many queer stories about the bees, which she has watched for thirty years with such affectionate interest. Her observations might very well be of use to naturalists and bee-lovers, such as Sir John Lubbock. What interested me most of all was a little fact about etiquette—

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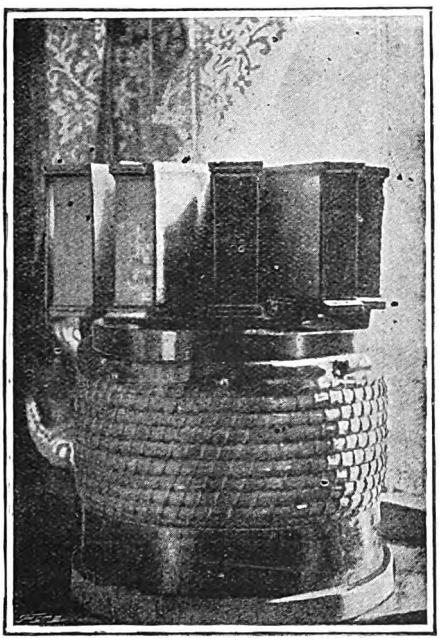
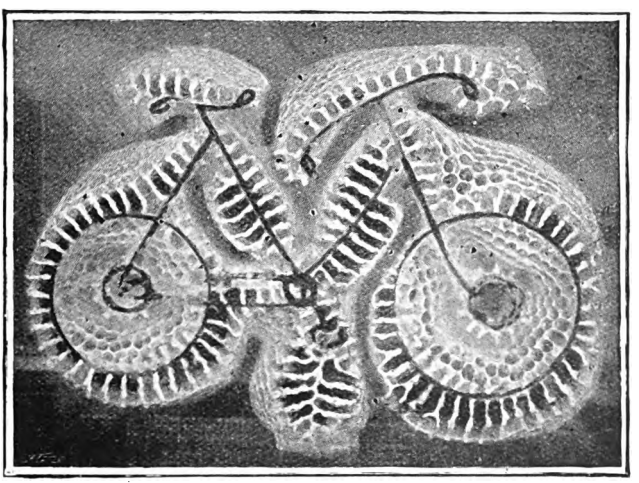
bee-etiquette, that is to say—which I think few people know. That bees have very stringent social rules everybody who knows anything about them is well aware, but I think it will come as a novelty to most people to hear that the queer rule in royal courts which forbids a subject ever to turn his back on his sovereign, obtains in bee-land. When visiting their queen, who by some skilful arrangement in the making of the hive, is always visible, the bees advance with the utmost humility, and on leaving her, *walk backward until they are out of her presence!* They seem, moreover, extraordinarily nervous of meeting her regal gaze. Mrs. Baden-Powell assures me that sometimes they tumble over each other in their haste to avoid being seen. Certainly more interesting pets it would be impossible to imagine. It is said that Colonel Baden-Powell, when at home, takes great delight in watching the lives and customs of his mother's pets, and in this he is not so original as he appears at the first glance. It is a matter of fact that insects, such as ants and bees, have all through history greatly interested men of military genius. Robert Bruce and Napoleon are two well-known cases to the point. Everyone knows the story of the former and his spider, and most people, I think, have heard of the great Corsican's love of bees. It went so far as to induce him to change the Royal emblem of France from a *fleur-de-lys* to the Imperial emblem, a bee. At Madame Tussaud's, where his coronation finery is shown, everyone has seen the golden bees with which these gorgeous robes are embroidered.



The Hive with its Covering Removed.

The other unique ornament of No. 8, St. George's Place, is, as I remarked before, the aviary. On the first floor, as one mounts to the drawing-rooms, stands a young fir-tree in a tub. It is caged over, and the cage is full of all manner of birds, chiefly singing birds. They are the peculiar pets of Miss Baden-Powell, the Colonel's sister, who, by the way, is not the least gifted of the family, being an artist of considerable reputation in metal work.

Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, the Colonel's younger brother, has long been known in artistic circles as a painter of no ordinary merit. A picture of his that many people may have seen, represents the late Lord Millais's last visit to the Academy, and in the drawing-room at No. 8, a really magnificent sea-scape from his brush, impressed me immensely when I was there.



A Honeycomb in the form of a Bicycle.

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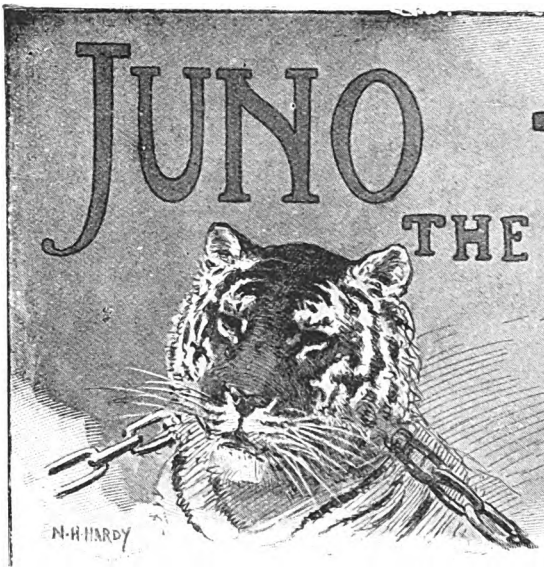
JUNO THE TIGRESS.



By
ROLAND MERRICK.

I.

In an underground den situated at the far end of a magnificent garden on the Palatine Hill, a huge tigress was pacing to and fro, as far as the length of chain which fastened her to the wall would permit. Sometimes she growled angrily, so that even passers in the Via Sacra could hear her threatenings, while anon she waited to watch intently the massive wooden door, now closed, which gave entrance to her prison.

At last there was a rattling of bars and bolts, and as the door swung slowly back the beast uttered a howl of expectation. Two men entered, bearing between them the half of a sheep; and immediately the tigress became wildly excited, stretching and straining her chain in a frantic attempt to reach the food thus tantalisingly dangled before her eyes.

"Juno is not used to a late breakfast," said one of the men, whose black hair and eyes and swarthy complexion proclaimed him to be an Egyptian. "One might think she had tasted no food for a week. I have never seen her so impatient before."

"Ah! Gyges," replied the other, "'tis fortunate that chain can be relied upon, or it would go hardly with us. Keep Juno a few hours longer and she will be a fury."

"A petted devil," said the first; "give her all she wants, and she is civil, but keep her waiting but a moment for her meal and she is ready to rend any but her master to pieces. If Tullius Capito did but treat his slaves half as well as he does his tigress they would be a contented family."

By this time the other man—a tall, fair fellow with light blue eyes, whose native home was the great northern province that Julius Cæsar had so recently added to the empire—had pushed the meat within reach of the tigress. The magnificent brute sprang upon it, and carried it to the remotest corner of its den, and was soon fiercely engaged upon its eagerly expected meal.

"She makes you envious, Gyges," said the feeder, "since she is petted by our master. Perhaps you are thinking that the only stripes her back has known she never feels! My back aches now with those I have suffered; how fares yours?"

"My back? Well, I hardly know. I smart, but I would that I smarted more! I love pain! I love it, Correus!" said the Egyptian, with savage energy.

"Why, I thought you had been beaten enough! For me it is nothing. We hardy Northerners are used to endurance. But for you, the scholar, whose back has hardly bowed even before our master, the scourge must be a terror indeed."

"By Isis and all the gods of Egypt, it shall be a terror for Tullius Capito! My wounds will never heal until they have been avenged on the accursed patrician. Every gaping mouth of them cries for vengeance."

"I sympathise with you, Gyges," commenced the Gaul; but his companion interrupted him fiercely.

"Give me not sympathy," he cried, "'tis revenge I crave." Then, after a pause: "Fool

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that this tyrant is to make me his enemy! Fool! to treat me like an ignorant beast that has no knowledge of justice, no soul to feel the cruelty of fate, no intellect to devise the weapon of revenge."

The swarthy man looked like another beast of prey as he strode up and down in the den, just as the hungry tigress had done a few minutes before. His keen, dark eyes were afire with anger, and his companion gazed upon him open-mouthed.

"Hush, Gyges," he said at last, raising a warning hand, "or you will bring us both to the punishment again. For me it is almost nothing—a little pain, and I smile again; but for you—" and at the bare suggestion of the scourge upon his back the Egyptian shuddered so that the Gaul refrained from further comment.

"My wounds will never heal until they have been avenged on the accursed patrician," said Gyges.

There was a pause of a moment or two, and then Gyges, from whose small, keen eyes the fire of unsatisfied revenge again blazed forth, spoke.

"Have you no soul, Correus?" he asked, seizing his comrade's arm with a grasp so intent that the fingers held like steel bands, "no sense of what should be ours? This Tullius Capito, ex-tribune of the people, patrician and pleasure-seeker, is but a man like ourselves—not so clever or cunning as I am, not so honest or strong as you. Why should he have power to make our lives a shame, this fair world a place of torture?"

"I do not trouble my thoughts about such things," answered the Gaul. "The gods decreed that my people should be defeated in battle, and as I was one of the captives it followed naturally that I should be sold into slavery. One day I may obtain my freedom, and then I shall return to the fair fields of my Northern home."

"You, being a brave warrior, have you never yet longed to strike back at the coward who scourges us because his own hide is secure? If I were but a free man! Tullius Capito would not then dare to lay a hand upon me; it should be his life or mine, if he crossed my path. But now he thinks himself secure, the coward, the tyrant, and he tortures me! Ye gods, it is beyond endurance! I cannot live through it!" And again the man broke into the fierce striding to and fro that was so like that of the mighty beast at the other end of the den.

"It is your first scourging," said Correus. "When you have had a score, as I have had, you'll not heed."

"A score!" snarled Gyges, turning so suddenly on his companion that the latter started back a pace or two in alarm. "Not

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another—never another! One of us shall die first, Tullius Capito or I. It were a good thing for you if it were the tyrant."

"I'll not say that I love the tyrant. There is not a harder one in Rome; and as to dying, I am with you there. Life is not so pleasant to a slave of Tullius Capito that he need fear death."

Gyges came closer to the other, whispering—"Are you willing to risk your life for revenge? If we lose the game, remember it is the torture ending up with crucifixion. Are you willing to risk that?"

"I am, if you are," was the answer, "it is all as the gods will, and death would be welcome even if it were ushered in by torture."

"But we shall not fail, we shall succeed in our revenge," said the other breathlessly; "I have thought out my scheme. All last night as I lay awake, my back on fire with the cuts, and my soul rebelling against my slavery, I thought it out. Yet there is the risk. I want your help, but I would not let you blindly take the chance of death by torture."

"I take it willingly. The gods hold my life in their hands, and I have sent you to me, therefore I follow, and if it comes to the torture I can die as well as Luterius whom the master crucified a year ago."

"Aye, I remember. I shall never forget—I heard him cry for vengeance, and I ought to have struck while I was still somewhat of a man, though I had been cut down a moment later. I was a coward then, I was too fond of my own skin, and I only pitied. To-morrow I will tell you my plans; to-day, when I see the tyrant, I shall think of the consummation of them, and in that hope, in the fury of the dream of it, I shall try to forget that I stood but yesterday to be scourged before the whole *familia*, a degraded slave."

"Juno has gorged herself now, and we must take her to the master. I am sorry that such work should fall to you, a scholar, but it gives no headaches, as your learning would to me. There is nothing to fear, for Juno is amiable enough when she has fed. Come, old girl. Come along."

The tigress rose slowly from the floor where she had been gnawing the bones of her repast, and came bloody-mouthed toward the Gaul, purring hoarsely the while.

Correus stroked her beautiful head and rubbed her ears while Gyges, unobserved by the brute, unfastened the chain which held her to the wall and quickly fixed two smaller chains of polished steel, magnificently ornamented, into rings that were welded to the golden collar.

"Come, old girl," cried the Gaul again, and the tigress stepped out towards the door, rubbing herself against her keeper as she did so, and stretching her long, lithe body, so handsome and yet so terrible. Each of the men took a chain, and pacing slowly between them Juno went to pay her morning visit to her master.

Across the beautiful garden, laid out upon the northern slopes of the Palatine Hill, proceeded the strange trio. Several slaves tending the flowers and shrubs paused in their work to bandy words with Correus and Gyges, while one or two of the more favoured female servants who were walking in the balmy summer air hurried in their steps to put a safe distance between themselves and the terrible animal whom they so greatly feared.

"Flee not Marica," cried Correus laughingly to a beautiful maiden of his master's household, for whom he felt more than an ordinary liking. "Juno is safe enough so long as I hold the chain. She should devour me ere a hair of your head be harmed."

Marica would have replied but at this moment the freedman of Capito, a Greek named Epenætus, came in sight, and the tigress was at once led towards the house. The two slaves in charge of the beast had no desire to receive a scourging at the hands of their master's tyrannical steward for the mere pleasure of hearing a pretty girl's voice.

"Where is our lord?" asked Correus of a slave whose duty it was to stand by the pillared porch that led from the garden into the mansion.

"You will find him in the atrium alone," was the reply. "He was only just now fuming at the delay in bringing Juno to him. You had better hasten if you wish to escape another scourging."

Gyges paled at the thought of the punishment, but a close observer would have noticed the look of intense hate which passed momentarily over his face.

Tullius Capito was reclining upon a couch of ivory and gold. The trumpets of the Prætorian guards had just sounded the seventh hour from the Capitol, and the last of the ex-tribune's clients had left, enabling their lord to obtain the rest that his effeminate nature needed. He was dressed in the toga, or flowing robe, of white wool that formed the national dress of every Roman patrician. Over him stood a Nubian slave-girl of graceful form, waving slowly backwards and forwards a fan of white ostrich feathers, that her lord might not be oppressed by the heat,

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which at this time of the year was very great in the Imperial City.

"At last!" cried the patrician, with a vicious leer at Gyges. Then he turned to the great tigress, who was tearing at her chains, and called her by her name.

"Juno! Juno!"

The beast purred and bounded towards her master, pulling the attendants behind her. She rubbed her head against his outstretched hand, and let his white fingers tickle her uplifted chin that was still wet with blood.

"My beautiful one," he cried, "you are a model for the rest of creation. When the gods made you they did their best work. So beautiful, so strong, so loving, yet so fierce."

The great cat purred its gratitude, and then lay peacefully down beside the couch, the two slaves standing by and still holding the chains.

When he had toyed with the tigress for some time, Capito directed his attention to the two slaves.

"Brute, beast!" he cried to her as he struck her. "I hate you, you are Capito's model; I hate all he cares for!"

"What, my Gyges," he cried mockingly at the heavy browed man of science and letters, "how like you this new employment? It will give your weary brains a rest, and strengthen your sinews. When Juno tugs at her chains I'll warrant she'll make your limbs ache."

The Egyptian made no reply, but, with his eyes looking down, stood motionless.

"Ah! sulking, are you?" his master went on jeeringly, "you will want some more stripes to subdue that stubborn spirit, and by the gods you shall have them. Physician, or no physician, you shall learn the duty of a slave to a master. Kneel, you hound," he shouted, with sudden vehemence.

As one deaf, the man stood, not a muscle showing life, save for the slightly heaving chest.

"Throw him down," cried Capito, and several of the slaves at the far end of the atrium sprang forward eager to please the lord of life and death. They forced Gyges quickly to the ground, where he lay prone, still, motionless but for a little panting.

Tullius Capito carelessly lifted one leg from the couch and put his foot upon the fallen man's neck.

"Understand once for all, you Egyptian viper," he said, "that you are mine, body and soul, to obey my commands without hesitation; I will break your spirit, and crush your body until you come whining to me for mercy. Your back shall be scored across and across yet, like a fisher's net. Too long have I given you licence because you who studied at my expense had learned enough to cure me when I lay ill. Your knowledge is mine, bought with my money. Bah! it was only as though I had cured myself, and yet you put on airs and took advantage of my kindness as though you had been a free man, and not a vile slave. A slave—do you hear, viper?"

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The Egyptian was still lying upon the ground with his face downward, but had the patrician been able to see the expression of malignant satisfaction that came over his slave's face he would have felt less at ease, for he knew the man to be one who would stop at nothing to achieve his purpose. The master felt his safety in the apparent fact that Gyges could do nothing without his knowledge and approval. He had no access to his lord's food or wine cups, and as to any physical violence, why the patrician would have laughed at the very thought of such a thing.

"I was going to take you to my villa at Antium; now you will remain here with Correus and tend Juno, and mind she is well cared for, or the scourging you have had will be nothing to that you will have. You alone will be accounted guilty of any neglect or harm to her."

The speaker turned again to the beautiful creature.

With a roar the tigress tore herself free and sprang upon her master.

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"Farewell, my Juno!" he cried; "I have to leave you for a month. I would sooner part with a score of slaves, but I cannot take you with me. Some are so foolish. They do not trust your love as I do," and he fondled the creature that lazily purred her pleasure at the caress.

"A last farewell," he said at length, and then to the slaves, "take her away, and remember what my vengeance will be if she is not cared for as I would wish."

There was a final caress, and then Gyges, who had now risen to his feet, and his companion, pulling at the chains, forced the unwilling beast to follow them.

II.

On the day following the departure of Tullius Capito for Antium the tigress was heard to howl incessantly for hours together. The same thing happened the next day, and the next. The freedman, Epenætus, inquired the reason, and Correus answered him that Juno was fretting for her master, and no one could quiet her.

"Well, I am not going to risk my life by trying to appease her," said the freedman, "feed her more, give her all you can, but keep her quiet."

"Nothing will keep her quiet until our lord return," reiterated Correus, and so it became known that the noise from the den was owing to this cause, and the others fearing the angry beast did not go near her, leaving all to Gyges and his Gallic comrade.

Day after day the growling and groaning continued. So far from getting resigned to the absence of her master, Juno seemed to become even more fierce, for the incessant cries which she uttered in her rage became louder and fiercer as the month wore on. Epenætus being a tyrant was, as might have been expected, a coward, and he never went near the tigress' den. In fact, during his master's absence he avoided that portion of the garden in which the den was situated. So matters proceeded until the morning before the patrician was to return to his mansion.

Inside the tiger's den stood two men, one the living image of Tullius Capito himself. He was standing before Juno, and holding out of her reach a great piece of meat just beyond the great paws which frantically clutched for it, to an accompaniment of deep howling. Then, instead of giving the food to her, the man struck at her with an iron rod, so that the tigress retreated crying dismally, and yet again, undaunted by the pain, came for the tempting food which she could all but grasp.

"Sometimes when I look at you, Gyges," said Correus as he stood watching the performance, "I could fancy you were the tyrant himself. You seem as cruel as he is, too."

"I am," came the firm answer.

"But may not the poor creature have one piece of meat? She has had nothing for forty-eight hours now, and our lord won't be home before to-morrow."

"To-morrow! How I have prayed Isis to send it speedily," said Gyges.

"I believe it is true that Juno thinks you are her master, dressed as you are like him, and with your hair as his, and that makes her the more angry," said Correus.

"It is what I planned. You are not afraid? You would not draw back?"

"No, I am your comrade. To-morrow we shall have our revenge, and even the gods could not reveal that we have had a hand in the tragedy."

"If you want our plans to succeed do not feed Juno—not a morsel. She shall be properly famished. Brute, beast!" he cried to her as he struck at her, "I hate you, you are Capito's model; I hate all he cares for, treacherous, vile thing—I hate you as you have learned to hate the sight of your lord," and, as he spoke, he struck again and again at the beast, who, in despair, turned and tried to fend the blows with her forepaws, and to catch the sharp iron in her white teeth; only, however, to receive the point in her cheek, so that she howled the more, and sprang in frightened fury from side to side of the den, and leaped as high as the roof of it.

"By to-morrow she will be ready," said Gyges; "now bury the meat." And as the Gaul, obediently taking it away, went to do his comrade's bidding, Juno raised a despairing cry as she saw it disappear. Gyges stood for a while sullenly regarding the furious beast, and then, giving her another thrust, left the den.

"Thank the gods!" said Epenætus the freedman a while after, "that our lord will be home to-morrow, and then we shall have some rest. I would not own a wild brute to keep my people fearing if I were a patrician of Rome."

"If you were a patrician you would do as they do—all manner of evil things," said Gyges.

"Keep silent, hound," said the other angrily, "or I will have you scourged till your back is a mass of mangled flesh. Our lord would thank me for punishing you thus, and, by the gods! I will do it if you dare so far again."

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For a moment Gyges was inclined to retaliate and reply to the tyrannical freedman. He had ever disliked Epenætus, partly on account of his personality and partly because of the influence the Greek had with his master, which was far greater than that which the Egyptian himself had formerly exercised.

But Gyges was too wise to risk his revenge on Tullius Capito for the pleasure of irritating a freed slave like Epenætus, whom he despised utterly, and therefore he went away silent, his face black and sullen with repressed wrath.

On some future occasion he would wreak vengeance on the Greek. If he could but bring about the destruction of his master, the downfall of the servant would be a far easier matter and one requiring little or no ingenuity.

On the next afternoon Tullius Capito sat sleek and smiling in his atrium. There were no travel stains or signs of weariness to mar his appearance. Beside him stood Epenætus the freedman as he recounted the transactions of the past month.

"And what of Juno? She is howling now. Have they treated her unkindly? for, if so——"

"No, no, my lord," cried the freedman eagerly, "but the poor beast is inconsolable at your absence. She has done nothing but cry since you went away. It has been terrible to hear her."

"Ah! at least one creature knows and loves me," said the patrician, looking proudly around him; "tell them to bring her to me."

A slave went down to the den where Gyges and Correus stood together.

"The master has returned and wants to see his Juno," he said.

"And she shall go to him," cried Gyges in such a tone of glee that the slave was amazed, it was strange that this always-sullen man was so suddenly happy. But no doubt he was glad to hear that the lord had returned, and that henceforth Juno would be quieter and more docile.

"Go and say she is coming," said Gyges. "Here, take this meat and trail it on the ground to the door of the atrium and then give it away. He handed a shoulder of mutton to the man who, with the unthinkingness of the slave, did as he was bidden.

It was no easy task to release the chains which held the tigress to the wall, and indeed, taking precautions for their own safety, the slaves decided to substitute rigid steel bars for the chains with which they usually led the beast in to their master. There was precedent for such a course, and it would be necessary to protect themselves in this way, or the great hungry creature would spring upon them and rend them asunder. By holding the steel bars rigid they could keep Juno at a safe distance. This was easier on account of the fact that the bars were provided with sharp spikes at the end where they joined the collar of the animal, and any attempt at springing to one side or the other would be punished severely by the pricking of the spikes. The slaves dared not let the animal follow the trail of blood without restraint, or they would be found guilty of neglecting their duty, and should any harm less than death happen to their lord, they would be tortured without mercy and finally crucified.

The trailed meat, however, had the effect of concentrating the attention of the hungry tigress as she sprang forward and followed the scent without any attempt upon her guardians.

So fierce was her manner and so rapid her pace that the two men could scarce keep up with their charge, as she leapt forward, snarling and flashing her white teeth. On she went, tearing and dragging, up the steps to the portico, through the great bronze gates and wide passage into the atrium, where the scent of the meat was lost by cross trails.

For a moment the tigress hesitated. Then her master spoke:

"Why, Juno, old beauty, are you glad to see your lord? Have you been fretting so much during my absence?"

At the sound of the voice the beast looked towards the couch where the patrician reclined. Then, with a roar that could be heard distinctly in the Forum Romanum, so it was afterwards ascertained, she tore herself free from the willing leaders and sprang upon him whom she supposed to be her relentless tormentor of the past month.

Flying slaves entered the atrium from various directions, but not until they had brought flaming firebrands could they drive the tigress from the torn body of their lord, and then it was only to discover that the mangled, bloody mass was absolutely unrecognisable.

Juno was slain and the secret of those happenings in the underground den during the month that the ex-tribune was absent from his city home remained for ever in the bosoms of the slaves Gyges and Correus, who for their gallant attempts to rescue their lord received their freedom.

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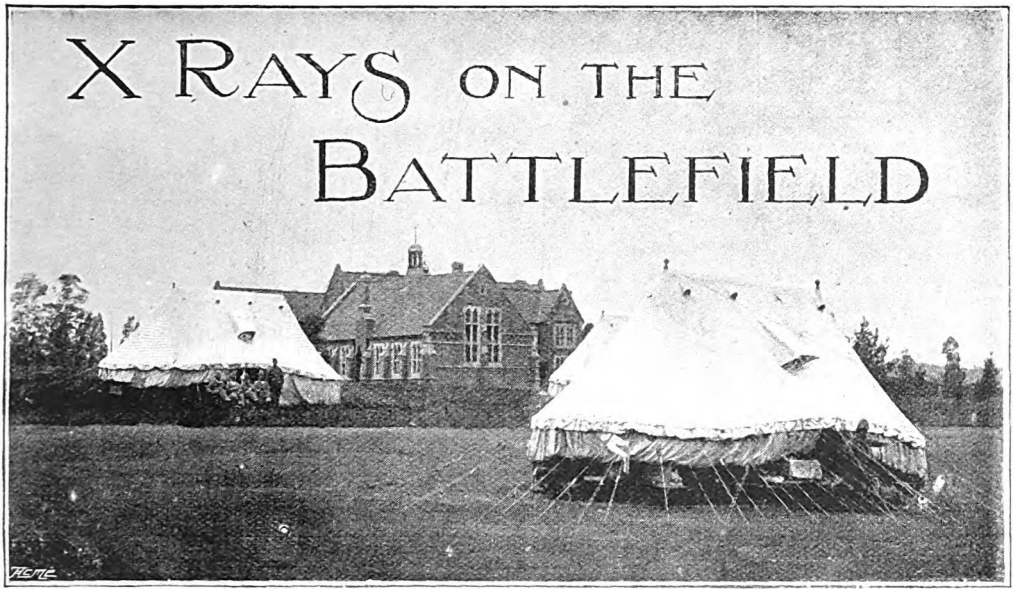
X RAYS ON THE BATTLEFIELD



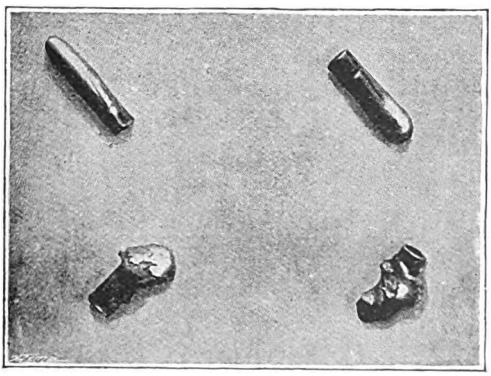
By F. C. Harrison.

The Photographs Illustrating this Article were taken in Pietermaritzburg Military Hospital by Mr. A. Allerston, and up to the time of going to press, are the only Photographs of their kind which have reached England. The photographic heading shows the Hospital at Pietermaritzburg.

There have been many remarkable discoveries in this dying century which have tended to the alleviation of suffering and the saving of life; but for magnitude of usefulness the Röntgen rays will not improbably stand out prominently as the crowning *magnum opus*. The application of this so-called light to medical science has changed the whole aspect of human suffering. In the Transvaal war its utility has been, and is being most strikingly demonstrated. Its possibilities have been manifested to an extent never before paralleled, and it would seem as though its discovery were arranged to meet its need, albeit it was only accidentally discovered. The introduction of the wonderful medium is, indeed, one of the remarkable features connected with the war. Upon its use after the battles, have hung the lives of hundreds of the brave men who had been struck down by the accurate aim of the Boer Mauser rifles, and, when, at length, the campaign is over, and the conflict with its many side-issues is judged on "history's sullen page," a conspicuous place will be given to the X-rays.

By the aid of X-rays the treatment of the wounded is now very different from what it was when bullets were only found by probing and operation.

While before, a wounded man with a bullet in him was incapacitated sometimes for years and sometimes for ever, he is now, thanks to X-rays, at once relieved of the missile, and in the South African climate his recovery is so rapid that within a surprisingly short space of time he regains his health and is enabled to return to the field of active service. The percentage of invalids forced to return to England is, therefore,



Bullets discovered by the X-rays and afterwards extracted.

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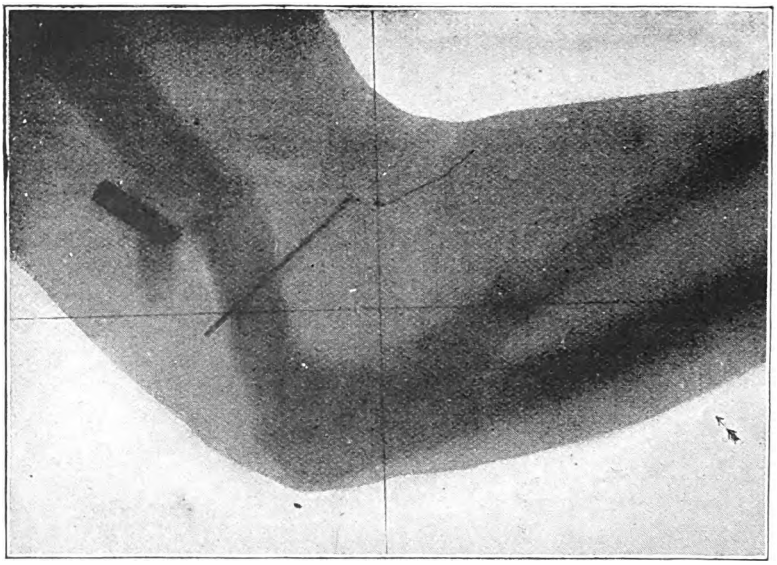
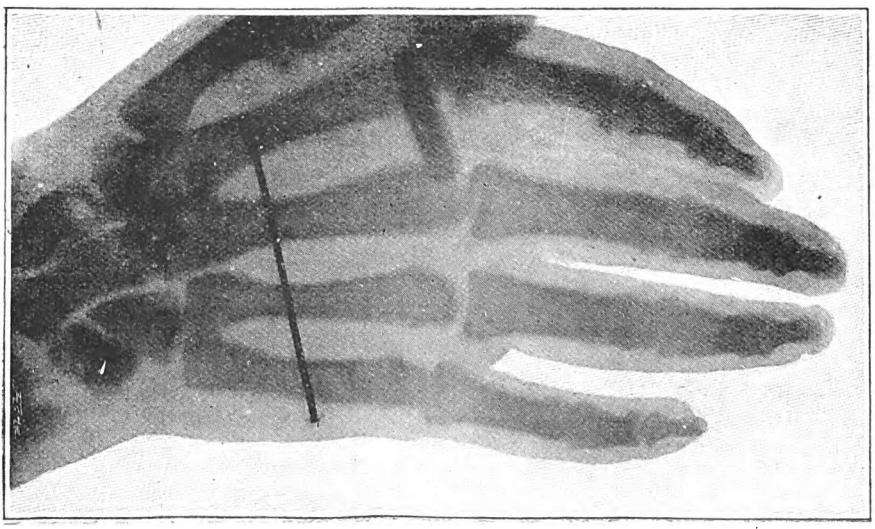
comparatively small to what it used to be. Only those cases where the bullets have lodged in a dangerous part are sent home for treatment, and these are a very small portion of the actual casualties.

Within a month of the battle of Colenso, some hundreds of the disabled men were back again at the front, wearing on their watch-chains the bullets which had been extracted from them and anxious to join in the next conflict. But for the X-rays these men would have had to be invalided home, and the fighting-strength would to a larger extent have been weakened.



A bullet in a Fusilier's arm. Read about the mysterious course which this bullet followed after it struck the soldier

Altogether there are six sets of the apparatus in the field, but the greatest work has been done by those in Natal where the fiercest of the fighting has taken place. The unfortunate colony has three sets handy, but one of these was brought into use only after the battle of Colenso. The two in operation comprised one belonging to the forces shut up in Ladysmith, and one worked by a volunteer, belonging to the Natal Government, and a chemist of Maritzburg, Mr. Allerston. The latter gentleman rendered yeoman service at a time when there was no other person available in the colony who understood the working of the apparatus, and succeeded in finding and locating bullets where none was suspected. No sooner were the battles over than the wounded were removed in the special ambulance trains to the base hospitals at Pietermaritzburg, and those cases showing only one wound, indicating that the bullet had entered the body and remained there, were at once treated by the rays.



This photograph of a soldier's hand is particularly remarkable in that it revealed a bullet embedded in the fleshy part of the hand just below the knuckle, where it had never been suspected that a bullet existed. In fact, a doctor who had examined the hand declared that there was no bullet there at all.

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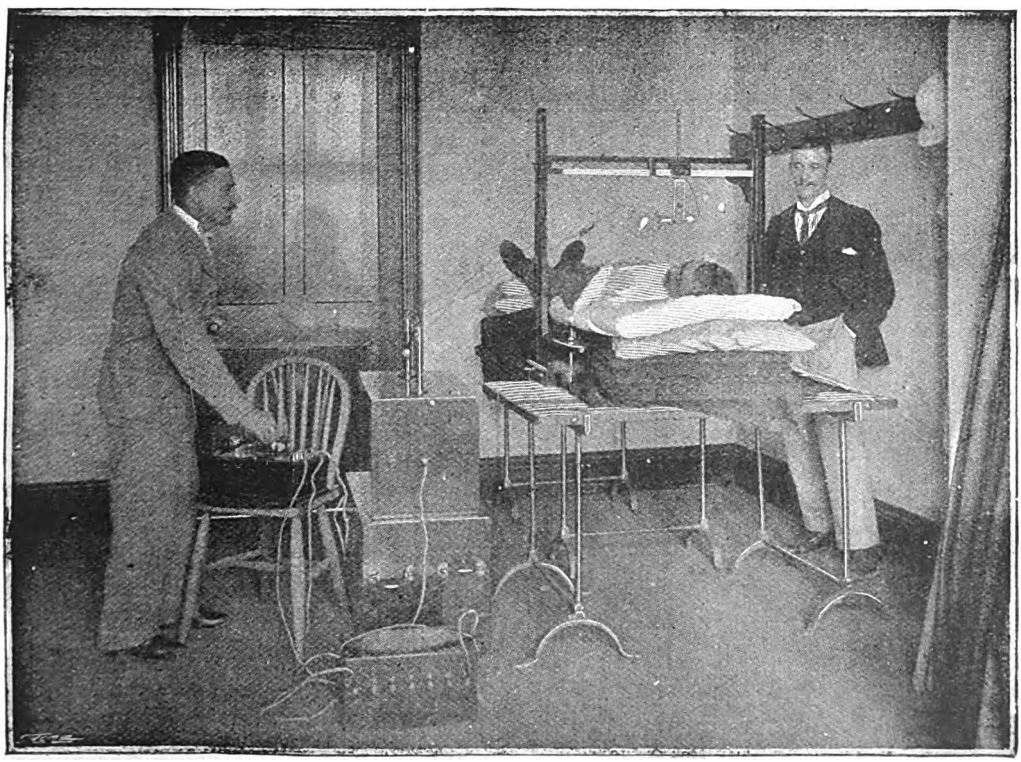
The course taken by a bullet is very mysterious, and in many cases all the medical skill in the world would fail to ascertain its lodgment without the maximum of probing and fruitless operation. A man, say, has a bullet wound in his chest and there is not the least indication of its whereabouts. It may have settled in the thorax or have found its way down into the abdomen; only the X-rays will find it. A Dublin Fusilier was wounded at Colenso in the hand, as shown in the photograph, but so swollen had the limb become by the time he arrived at Maritzburg, it was impossible to say whether the missile was embedded in the flesh or between the bones. The doctor in charge of the hospital said there was no bullet there at all; but he was mistaken, and the result of a few minutes exposure to the X-rays is shown in an accompanying photograph.

Another man was shot in the neck and it was thought the bullet had travelled downwards into the thorax. An X-ray photograph discovered its presence in the neck, as shown in another illustration.

Still another photograph shows the entry of a Boer bullet. (The only sign usually is a little scar about the size of a threepenny-piece). The unfortunate man in this case was a West Surrey. He walked about as though he had never been to the war, but there was no mark to show that the bullet has made an exit, and the doctors being unable to extract the intruder the man was subjected to the "new light."

The enigma was soon settled; the nickle-plated lead was lying inside the hip-bone at the apex.

But it is one thing to ascertain the presence of a bullet and another to locate it precisely so that the surgeon knows exactly where and how deep to operate. The photograph may show the bullet ever so plainly, but it needs to be ascertained how far it is from the surface of the body. This is discovered by the help of a special patent together with the lines seen on the picture. The lines are made on the rest upon which the body lies and the position of the bullet is judged by a mathematical calculation. In some cases two pictures are taken on the same plate at a distance of so many centimetres, and the position of the bullet is located by the distance apart on the plate in relation to the difference in cen-



An actual scene in Maritzburg hospital. A wounded soldier under the X-rays. Mr. Allerston, who took all our other photographs, is seen manipulating the apparatus.

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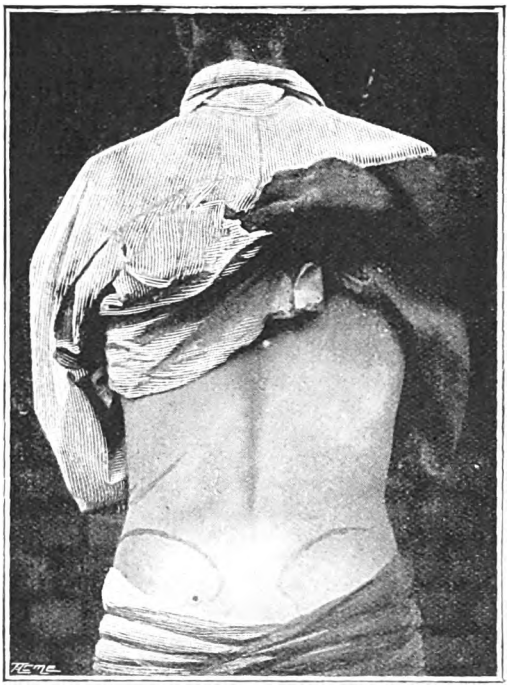
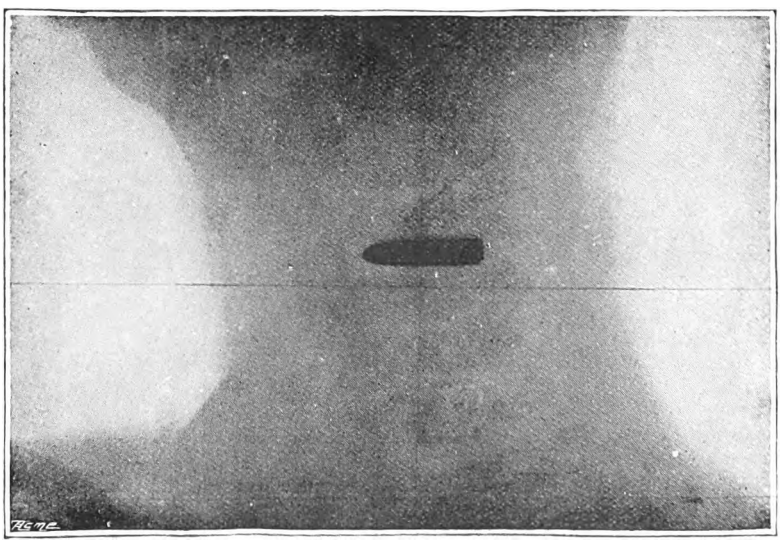
timetres. As soon as the location is settled, the matter is one for the surgeon's knife, and he is able to extract the foreign body with the fullest degree of safety and the quickest despatch.

The accompanying illustration of the arm shows a bullet to have passed the radius and the ulna, breaking the minor bone, and passing on to, and smashing, the humerus, where the bullet is found reversed. The black line across the humerus is the metal in the splint, the arm being photographed, as usual, through the wood splints. The string attached to one of the lines indicates on which side the bullet is to be found.



The entry wound of a Mauser bullet. The marks shown above the wound were made by the doctor in order to find the exact locality of the bullet. An explanation of these marks is given in the article.

In the days when Nelson and Wellington were defending England against France and Spain, the wounded fared very differently from those in the present South African war. With the fleet matters were in even a worse state than with the army, and in many ships—indeed, in most—the ship's carpenter and the ship's doctor were one and the same man. It saved such a lot of trouble. Say a man got his leg shattered by a shell; the carpenter was called, and brought with him the saw he used when manipulating on planks of wood. No anæsthetics were used. The carpenter simply sawed the leg off and there was an end of it—unless the leg bled too profusely; then the raw and lacerated limb was dipped in *a barrel of boiling tar!* No wonder the poor wretches prayed their "doctor" to let them die in peace! No wonder a large percentage of the wounded died of agony during these gentle operations!



A bullet found in a British soldier's neck.

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How I Found the Calgus Mine

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Of all the chance acquaintances I ever made in my wanderings, José Valdez was one of the most attractive, as he was certainly the most splendidly handsome.

Something must be set down to my then condition of mind, of course. At that time I was lolling luxuriously in the lap of fortune, with some of her best gifts thrust suddenly into my delighted grasp. Quite unexpectedly I had come into a large fortune, and this had swept away what seemed insuperable obstacles in the path of my love affair. From a speculative mining engineer on the pounce for gold I had become half a millionaire; and I was making my way to the coast out of that strange wild district of South America, where I had been led in search of gold and where the news reached had me.

All the world seemed golden to me, the future was without a single cloud, and every man met a pleasing fellow—José Valdez pleasantest of all.

I had overtaken him one evening as he rode on the rough bridle path, singing a Spanish drinking song as only a South American can sing. A tenor voice always did make a fool of me, and I liked the fellow from the moment his full-chested notes came echoing back on me from the crags on either side of the road.

In a few minutes we were like chums—and when we found out that we were bound for the same town, Prestajo, we joined forces.

Prestajo is one of the most lawless, wicked, and fascinating little spots on earth. Lying just at a point where three countries touch, and in a wild mountainous district, it attracts to itself a congregation of all classes of men, who like to be able to step quickly out of one legal jurisdiction into another.

Valdez was horse-buying he told me, and I neither knew nor cared whether what he said was right. I was taking Prestajo on my way coastwards, because I had heard there was really gold there, but it was the last gold hunt I meant to make and I was in that happy frame of mind that I didn't care whether I found anything or not.

"There is no gold here," he said with a laugh—when I told him what I was after—as we sat chatting over a flagon of wine, on the evening of our arrival a couple of days later.

"I don't care for that," I answered. "I only came on to have the satisfaction of finishing my plans as I had made them. We Englishmen like to carry through our plans."

"Englishmen," he echoed, and he tilted his head slightly to one side as he let his eyes rest on me with a thoughtful speculative expression. "You would never pass for an Englishman," and he shook his head and smiled. "Your looks, your dress, your accent, your manners, your tastes, everything make you a South American."

"From what part," I returned smiling—"Chili, Peru, Brazil, Bolivia, Venezuela—where? I have been five years on this continent, with the exception of one spell of a few months at home, and I can no doubt speak and look the part pretty well—but that's all. I'm English, right enough."

"I couldn't say what part you come from. I should have guessed perhaps Uruguay, certainly not England. Anyway, you have a Spanish eye for a pretty face," and he laughed and showed his teeth as he waved his cigarette toward a very pretty girl who was acting as

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waitress. "And Englishmen don't know a pretty face when they see one."

I smiled at this criticism, as I would have smiled at anything just then.

"Well, I shall have a chance soon of giving them your message," I answered lightly, "I'm off in a couple of days, and hope to be at home in Old England in a month or two."

"How are you going?"

"I shall slip over the mountains somehow or other, strike one of the rivers or get down to the coast in some way and then, as chance gives me the route, work my way along to a port to get a passage in some ship or other, either up to Lima or down to Valparaiso, and then wait for a steamer to Europe."

He listened very attentively I thought, and then after smoking a couple of minutes in silence, he said impulsively:

"I should like to go with you."

"It's a long journey to make for a whim."

But he made no answer, and for a moment seemed quite unusually serious.

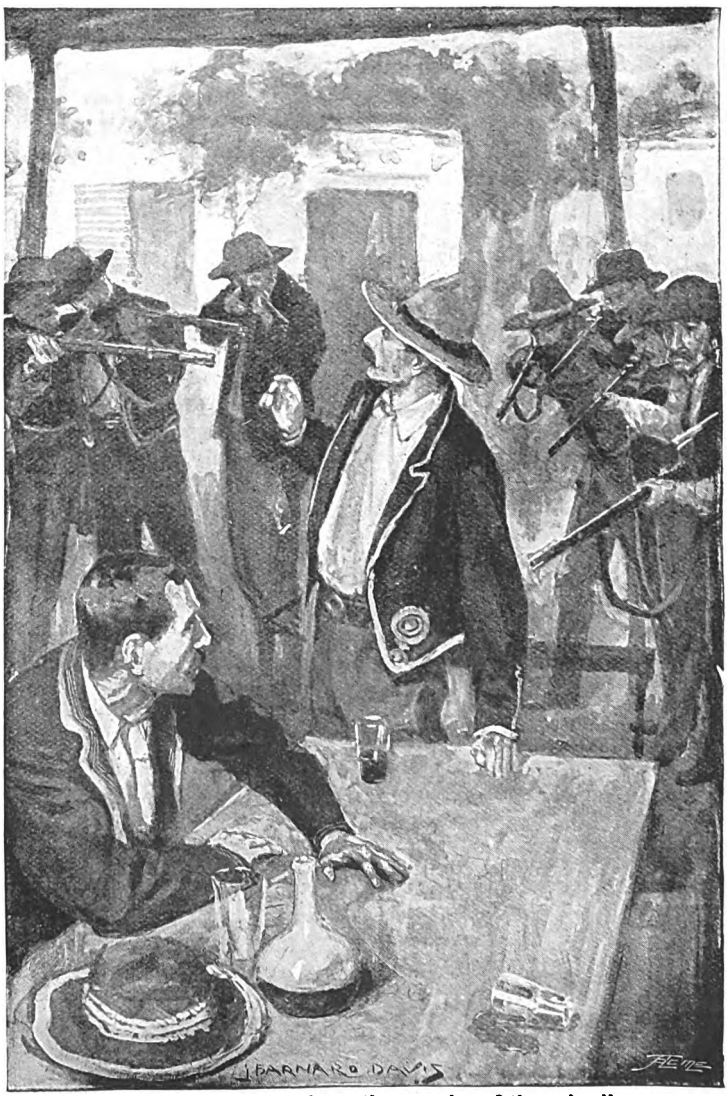
After a short time, he slid out of his thoughtful fit, and soon was laughing and talking with almost feverish gaiety.

I had started home-thoughts, however, and I lolled back on the bench on which I sat, musing with delightful anticipations of the sweetness of the home going; of the changes I should find there; of the golden future that lay ahead; of the loving eyes that were straining themselves looking over the sea for my coming; of the sweet face that would light up with love when we locked hands.

Heigho!

It was a most glorious night; the long road that swept away behind us looked like a streak of grey lost in the shadow of the trees that overlapped it, while the big mountains in the near distance rose up in the blue atmosphere of night hiding the rising moon whose rays were already topping them.

My companion, noting my silence, began to chatter to a man sitting close by him, and, as I watched his wealth of gesture, the quick play of his features, the lustrous richness of his eyes, and the graceful movement of his handsomely poised head, I could not but admire him; and I fell to wondering how his picturesque figure would look woven into



I was looking straight down the muzzles of those deadly guns.

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the grey colours of my sober life in England.

Then in an instant I saw a terrible change in him.

From a type of reckless, laughing gaiety he turned to a statue of abject paralysed fear. His face was set with the lips parted, the eyes staring, and the cheeks salt white; and he crouched and shrank in overmastering terror. I had only once seen a man look like that; and the next instant he was a dying man from a cobra's bite.

The sight ended my dreams in a moment, and I jumped to my feet and looked round for the cause, as he was staring at something behind me.

What I saw staggered me too; and after a cramp in my heart muscles, I felt the blood go rushing through the valves at a rate that set it beating with lusty lurching thumps.

I was looking straight down the muzzles of three long deadly rifles from the breach end of which stern, fierce-featured men threatened me with instant death.

Five other men covered my companion in the same way.

I had been in many a tight place before and knew the value of coolness and self possession. I made a tremendous effort, therefore, to pull myself together and await developments.

I forced an expression of calmness into my face, glanced coolly into the faces of the men, sat down again and lighted another cigarette in the place of the one which had dropped from my fingers in my surprise.

A dead silence had fallen on everything and all the people in the place had drawn away from Valdez and myself, and stood together near the house door watching the scene.

In the half minute in which I had risen to my feet, Valdez had collapsed and all but fainted; and he half sat, half lay on the bench and table, and looked very much as if he would tumble in a heap on the ground.

From behind those who held us under fire, a short, dark, determined man came forward.

"Stand up," he said, in a voice with a ring of command.

Valdez made an effort to rise, and stood cowering, and swaying, and trembling, as he clutched the bench and table.

"Stand up. You too." This with a gesture to me.

I was watching out of the corner of my eye, but pretended not to see the gesture.

He repeated the command, very angrily: and I knew better than to carry my pretence too far.

"Do you mean me?" I asked, coolly, turning to him. "If so, by what right do you interfere with me?"

There was a movement of impatience among the men behind me that showed me in what peril I stood. My life hung on a thread.

"You know well our right—the right of the Fraternity of Vengeance."

I had heard enough to know what that meant. In that wild corner of the earth, this was one of the societies, formed to supplement a far too dilatory and partisan criminal system. There was but one punishment in its code—death; and its methods of investigation were as crude as they were brief.

The members were drawn from the mountainous regions of the three contiguous countries, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili; held together by oaths and ties, the betrayal of which meant death, and encouraged by the countenance of all the dwellers in the district whose interests were invariably respected and indeed protected by them.

But why should they have threatened me, I could not for the moment understand; but I was not long left in doubt.

I saw that to refuse to obey the command any longer, would mean the throwing away of my life without an effort. I got up, therefore, and said:—

"I don't in the least understand. . . ."

"Silence," interrupted the man in command. Then turning, he pointed his finger at Valdez. "Bind him."

The poor devil made no effort at resistance, almost falling nerveless and flaccid into the arms of the three men who seized him and passed cords rapidly round his arms, pinioning them to his sides, and then round his legs.

The only sound he uttered was a dismal moan of fear.

A more sudden and ghastly change I had never seen in a man.

But I had not much time to think of him, for my own situation needed all my wits.

The leader turned again to me as soon as his men had bound Valdez, and with the same gesture ordered them to bind me.

"There is some mistake here," I said earnestly. But he cut me short.

"Not here," he said, waving me to be silent. "If he resists, shoot him," he added. Then: "Bring them both to the horses."

To resist would have been sheer madness. I meant to have a plunge for my life, if it came to that; but it was better to wait.

They bound me as they had bound Valdez, and half dragged, half carried us to the place

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where they had left their horses. They threw each of us like a sack across the shoulders of a horse, and, mounting, rode off at a rapid pace in the direction of the mountains.

The torture of that ride was horrible. The horse on which I was mounted in this uncouth fashion was a long bony beast with an action like a cow.

I lay on my stomach stretched at full length, bound hand and foot; and every time the brute's clumsy action joggled me out of balance, the ruffian who was riding the horse in the proper fashion hauled me back by the thongs which bound me.

Not a word was spoken by any one of the dozen men who formed the band, nor had any one of them, save the leader, broken the silence during the few minutes the scene at the inn had lasted. And the silence was the most impressive feature of all.

We rode some five or six miles along the flat at a pace which threatened to shake the life out of me, when the horses' heads were turned, and the pace dropped to a walk as the ascent of a steep incline commenced.

What seemed like half a year, but might have been half an hour of this continued, until at last a halt was called. We were lifted off the horses, and I found that we were at the head of a long gulch, up one of the steep sides of which we had climbed laboriously and painfully.

The moon was now shining brilliantly, and the lights and shadows of the woodland scene that stretched away for miles from our feet between the mountains would, at another time, have held me spellbound with their awesome grandeur.

Now, however, I had no thought save for what the band meant to do.

This was very soon perfectly plain.

They were going to hang Valdez without a moment's loss of time, and they set about the preparations in a business-like way.

Its a very simple thing to hang a man, and these grim and silent desperadoes took manifest pleasure in the work.

They selected a tree with a branch over which the rope could be easily slung, carried the miserable victim to the spot underneath it, put a running noose round his neck, and gave half a heave at the other end to tighten it under his chin, and then two stood supporting him between them, while four more held the end of the rope ready to swing him into eternity at a sign from the leader.

All this was done in absolute silence, however, and as I lay back bruised and sore from my terrible ride, I watched the preparations with rivetted attention that lost nothing from the reflection that the same fate was possibly in store for me.

The face of the doomed man was truly horrible to look upon. He was a coward, of course, though he couldn't help that; but there seemed to be something much stronger than mere cowardice in the glazed and stony stare in his eyes, as now and then they followed the actions of some one or other of the men who were going to kill him.

I wondered what he had done and who he was to have caused this desperate, implacable, steely vengeance.

When all was ready the man in command, who had been standing by, leaning his arm on his rifle while the death scene was prepared, stepped out to the front.

"Sebastian Gomez, you know your doom," he said, in his stern, ringing tones, full of concentrated loathing and repulsion.

I started at the name. I knew it well enough also, as that of a man who some time before had perpetrated a horrible crime—the cruel murder of a beautiful girl—and had escaped justice by bribery. The terrible Vengeance Fraternity had sworn to have his life, and he was flying the country when I met him. That was the reason why he had proposed to go with me to England.

"Serve the brute right," was my thought when I found out who he was; but at that instant another thought struck me, which, as by an inspiration, let me understand the full reason for the band's treatment of myself, and showed me that my plight was in truth infinitely more perilous than I had dreamed.

I remembered that the wretch had had an accomplice in his abominable crime, and these men no doubt took me for him.

If so, they would almost certainly hang me, and refuse altogether to hear anything I might say to prove that I was not the man.

This thought filled me with such a pang of consternation that I did not hear the few stern words in which the chief of the band dismissed the wretch Gomez—or Valdez, as he called himself to me—to his doom.

An interrupted groan, a guttural, choking sound, the rasp of the rope as it was hauled over the limb of the tree, and the scuffle of the man's boots as they ground against one another in the convulsive struggles of death; and the handsome face, looking ghastly in the livid, horrifying blueness of suffocation, was grinning down at us, with tongue and eyes protruding, as the head hung limp and nerveless from the bough above.

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The end of the rope was made fast to the trunk of the tree, and, after a minute, when the limbs had ceased to move convulsively, four or five of the band, as if carried away by a frenzy of feeling, levelled their rifles and fired bullets into the body as it swung heavily to and fro in the moonlight.

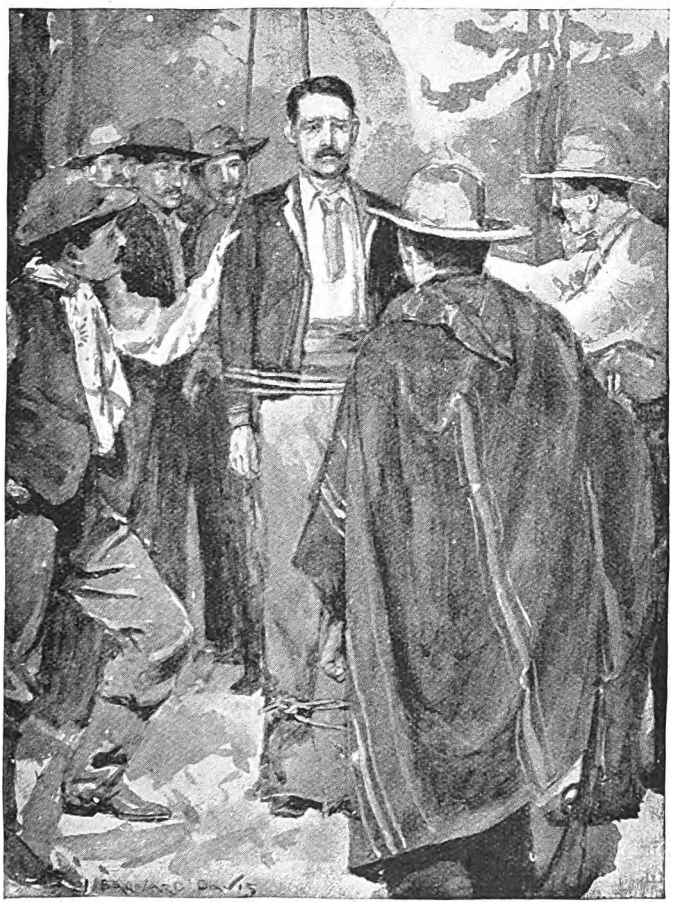
Before the sound of the firing had ceased to echo among the woods and hills, the band had formed a semi-circle round me, with the rock as a background.

Two of them helped me to my feet, and at a sign from the leader cut the withes round my ankles.

"Andreas Corriji, you know your crime. Do you confess to having helped that vile wretch?" And he glanced up at the swinging corpse.

"Do you mean that my name is Andreas Corriji?" I asked, looking straight into his hard face.

He answered with a wave of the hand, as though to put aside such a question as that.



"Sebastian Gomez! you know your doom," he said in his stern ringing tones.

"Then you're a liar, and an old fool to boot, and if my hands were free I'd choke the lie in your throat."

The insult stung him, as I meant it to; and his hands closed on the lock of his rifle, which he half lifted, as if to shoot me down there and then. I wanted to provoke him to make a personal affair of it, and to give me a fight for my life. But he swallowed his wrath, though his voice told of it when he spoke next.

"What is your story, then?"

"I have no story but the truth," I answered, in the same resolute voice. "I am an Englishman, John Martin, a mining engineer, prospecting for gold."

"You were with this carrion. That is not mining for gold. You are too well known for that tale to pass." He took a paper from his pocket and unfolded it and read it by the moonlight.

"I saw that man for the first time in my life three days ago," I said. But he took no notice of me. The paper was evidently a description of some person, and as he read it he glanced at me and checked off each point of apparent identification.

Then he called up one of the other men, and the two together went over the description item by item in the same way.

"Balqua," called the leader, and a third man stepped forward from the semi-circle. "Do you recognise this man?"

"He is Andreas Corriji. I know him well. I last saw him on the 13th of last month in company with Gomez. Within a hundred yards of Caramito." This was the place and date of Gomez's crime.

"The identification is complete," said the leader. "More than enough for us. You will die."

"You can murder me if you like," I said

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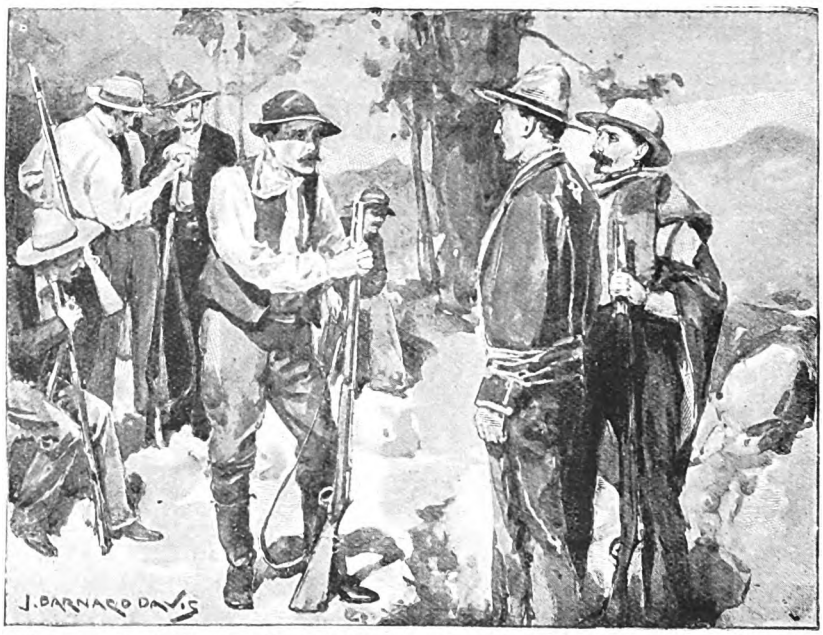

"Then you're a liar, and if my hands were free I'd choke the lie in your throat."

desperately. "Who that little fat lying scoundrel is, and what his motive is for telling that lie about me, I don't know. He never saw me in his life before. I tell you I am an Englishman, and now a very rich man; and every one of you murderers and cowards will have to answer for my death."

"You are no Englishman," said the leader. "You are Spanish. Your tongue betrays you." Then one of the band whispered something to him. "To be sure. You are an Englishman, are you? Well, we can soon test that. There is one here who speaks like a native."

It seemed as if light and shadow, laughter and death, farce and tragedy were to be inextricably mixed in my fate just then. A squab, short, muscular, bow-legged fellow came forward, half shamefaced and all unwilling, it seemed to me, and only in obedience to the bidding of the leader, and insistance of the rest of the band, to question me in English.

Yet he himself did not understand more than the merest smattering.

He spoke to me in a mixture of French, English, and German, pronounced with an indescribable accent. I could not understand him nor he me, though I spoke slowly and distinctly and with the clearest accent.

"He's no Englishman," said the man, after a moment's experiment, glad to get back to the ranks.

And that farce was my death-warrant; for at the little man's decision, a murmur ran round the group that I understood. It meant that they believed I had tried to fool them, and that there was no doubt of my guilt.

The leader turned towards the rest.

"How say you?" he called.

"Death. He is Andreas Corriji."

I have never been unnerved by peril; and now, the knowledge that death had all but got hold of me, only made me all the clearer-witted.

"Stay," I cried in a loud voice, which I crammed all the command and authoritative will in my power. "Stay. This must not be—for your own sakes. You must not murder me. On the 13th of last month when that carrion committed that deed, I was at Valjucas——"

"That is close to Caramito," interjected the leader.

"You must test my statements. Every step of my progress for the last six months can be traced. I left Trinidad six months ago. I spent three months on and round Lake Titicaca, gold hunting. I was at La Paz for three weeks——"

"It is useless," interrupted the leader again. "On our heads will be the responsibility. We know you for whom and what you are; and you will die. You can have ten minutes for your shrift—more than you allowed your victim."

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"What will satisfy you that I am not the villain you deem me?" I asked.

"We are satisfied that you are," was the stern, uncompromising, hopeless reply.

"Satisfied," I echoed, with a bitter laugh. "Why you have not given me a single chance to prove the truth. Name any test or ordeal you please and I will submit to it. Down in Prestajo there are a dozen things to prove me what I say. Let two of you ride down and bring up my saddle bag and you will see."

"We have seen, and are satisfied. Silence;" was the reply.

"Good God! you can't want to murder me in cold blood. Here, on me now, if you search me as I will tell you, you will find the proof of what I say."

"We have searched you."

"Yes, yes; but not the secret pockets. Here in the pockets made in the sleeves of my hunting jacket, you will find proof that I am an Englishman. At least, you will take the trouble to satisfy yourselves so far.

"One other last word I have to say," I added coolly. "Search the pockets I tell you, and, if you are not then satisfied, let me, at least, write a last word to one at home. In England, my bride is waiting for me. Only a week ago I wrote to her, telling her I was on my way home, and that we should soon clasp hands again. If you are determined to kill an innocent man in this way, at least, let me write to her what is happening and that we are never to meet again. She is poor, too, and with a stroke of the pen I can make her rich."

The man waited full two minutes in silence, leaning on his rifle. Then he gave orders for my arms to be unpinioned, and my hunting jacket to be taken off, while six of the men covered me with their rifles.

The freed blood ran tingling through the veins in my arms and the pain was intense. I could not move them.

They found some papers in the secret pockets as I had said; but they could not read them and would not believe they were written in English.

"So be it," I cried, at length, in despair. "I can do no more. If you will promise to have the letters I write sent away, I will give my word not to escape."

I found a small scrap of paper and scribbled a last line to the girl I was to have married. It was better for her to know the truth than to drag out her life in a weary uncertainty.

Then I wrote a short will, leaving everything I possessed to her, and called on the leader to sign it.

"If you sign that," I said grimly, after I had told him what it was, "it will lead to your detection and punishment as my murderer. If you refuse to sign it, you will be depriving this innocent girl of her right, and will have proved yourself a mean, dastardly coward. Take your choice."

"It is only waste paper. I will sign it," he said, bluntly. "And now we have wasted more than enough time."

"I am ready."

The men closed round me, and a couple of minutes later I was standing as I had seen my companion stand, under the bough of the tree with the noose round my neck, and the other end of the rope held ready for hoisting me.

I am thankful to say I was as steady as a rock.

I put my whole soul into a short prayer for myself, and into an equally fervent hope that the devils who were murdering me would be punished; and lastly, I resolutely shut out all other thoughts except of the girl who was to have been my bride.

Then I stood bracing my nerves to die just at the moment when life seemed brightest.

"If you sign that it will lead to your detection."

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Instead of the command to hang me, however, something happened which made all the men start.

The sound of three shots came up the gulch; first one, and then two lesser ones in quick succession. After a minute's interval, the three shots were repeated in exactly the same order.

"What can that mean?" asked the leader, as he raised his gun and fired one barrel and then drew his revolver and followed it with two quickly succeeding shots.

Whatever it might mean eventually, the first effect was to cause a delay.

The noose was unshipped from my neck, and we all stood and waited for what was to follow.

Curiously enough, the interruption irritated me. I didn't want to go on screwing my courage up to the sticking place to die pluckily. Once was enough.

But I wasn't to die at all.

It seemed that some time after I had been carried off, a man to whom I had spoken about my gold quest, came after me to Prestajo with news of great importance. He had asked for me by name, which of course I had given at the inn; and when he had heard the yarn about my arrest he had explained the mistake, and that I was perfectly well known to be an English mining engineer; adding, if anything happened to me there would be very serious consequences.

He and two or three others had then set out after us, and arriving at the mouth of the gulch, had fired the guns, an agreed signal, and had thus in the nick of time been able to save me.

Nothing could exceed the man's indignation at the blunder which the band had made, and he overwhelmed them with a torrent of voluble curses and reproaches, delivered with that irresistible impetuosity of garrulous vehemence which marks the excited Bolivian.

In this way he fairly drove them off the plateau with his satire and ridicule, and so turned the proceedings once more from tragedy to farce.

But, before leaving, the man who had acted as leader stepped up to me with the fine diguity which characterises all of the Spanish race.

"It was a mistake, señor, and the mistake was ours."

I agreed with him.

"But the resemblance is extraordinary"—and the man read out something about black hair and dark eyes.

I suggested that he might still find not a few men answering to this description.

"Truly," he replied, and pulled his moustache thoughtfully. "But I trust señor will forgive the inconvenience we have inadvertantly caused him?"

But I was in no mood to forgive, and turned my back on him without another word.

When we were almost alone, my rescuer drew me aside, and said with a grim smile:

"Do you know you have found the gold?"

"What d'ye mean?" I asked, looking at him in perplexity.

"This is the very spot I told you about. I have learnt all about it since I saw you. If I'd been half-an-hour later your body would have been dangling over what, if I've heard right, is just about the centre of the find."

"What?" I cried in astonishment. "By Heavens! I've found gold before; but this sort of prospecting isn't at all to my stomach."

He was right.

I had been within an ace of being hanged right over the very spot I'd been in search of. That's why to this day it's called the Gallows Mine; and why I never think of it without a shudder.

"Do you know you have found the gold?" he said.

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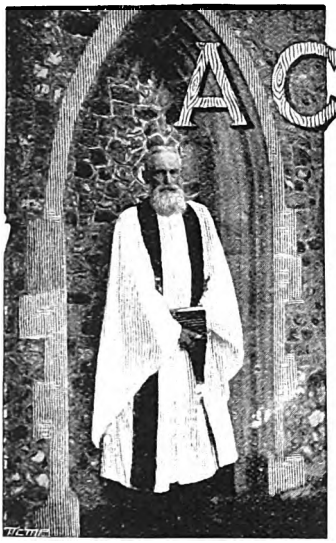


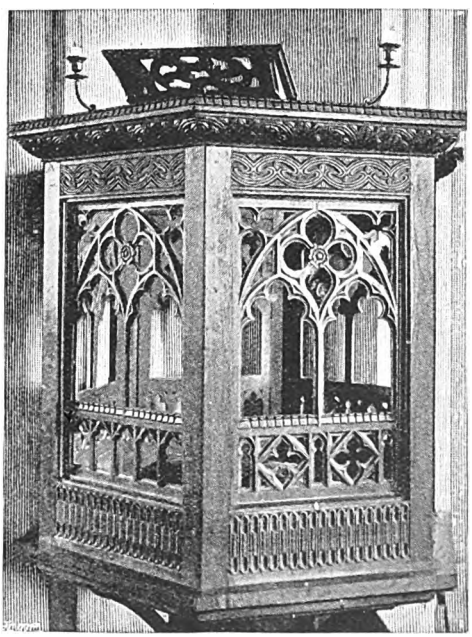
The Rev. John Escreet, who has done all the wood-carving for his parish church.

A Clerical Artist in Wood

By Francis Arthur Jones.

Photos by F. Wilson.

Probably very few readers of The Royal Magazine are acquainted with the picturesque village of Hempstead, in the North of Essex, for it lies far from the track of the holiday-seeker, and is many miles distant from the nearest railway station. And yet the interest attached to this small agricultural hamlet is three-fold. For upwards of two hundred years it has been famous as the burial place of the great Dr. William Harvey, whose name is known and honoured in every civilised country of the world, and whose discovery of the proper circulation of the blood may be said to have revolutionised the surgical world. Again, Hempstead was the birthplace, nearly two centuries ago, of the notorious highwayman and hero of romantic boyhood—Dick Turpin, whose baptismal register may be seen among the old records of the parish church. And lastly Hempstead will always be noted for possessing the church which contains pulpit, lectern, and reading-desk, the entire work of the curate in charge, the Rev. John Escreet. It will be remembered, that some short time since many of the London and provincial papers commented upon this unique fact, and thinking readers of *The Royal* would like to hear a little more about a cleric who had shown so much practical love for his church, the present writer asked Mr. Escreet to supply him with a few facts and permit the more important pieces of his carving to be photographed for the purpose of reproduction. After some demur, for Mr. Escreet is a modest man, and thinks less of his work than does anyone else, he consented, and, while Mr. Frost Wilson took the photos, chatted about what he is pleased to call his "hobby."



Here is the beautifully decorated pulpit of Mr. Escreet.

Mr. Escreet has been curate of Hempstead for the last twenty-two years, and the church was brought into some notoriety by the fall of its tower on January 28th 1882. This tower, which was situated upon an eminence near the centre of the parish, was one of the most prominent in the district. It was a great landmark, and, indeed, a principal station of the late Ordnance Survey, and its fall, which entirely destroyed the whole of the west end of the church, was regretted for many miles round. The farm-labourers and village folk generally felt that in the hoary structure they had lost a friend, and among the more superstitious the fall of the old tower was thought

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to portend some dire misfortune which, however, did not come to pass.

It was supposed by some that, as the remains of the famous Dr. Harvey rested there, funds for the restoration of the church would flow in from the medical faculty without any special effort on the part of those more closely connected with the parish; but, notwithstanding the great kindness of the College of Physicians, it was a very up-hill process, and when the restoration actually began there were some £300 short of the money required for the rebuilding of the nave and aisles alone. Not one penny was subscribed towards the re-erection of the tower, and down to the present time, nearly eighteen years after its fall, there seems but scant hopes that Hempstead Tower will very speedily rear its head once more above the scene of its fall.

The lectern.

The reading-desk

"Necessity" said Mr. Escreet, "is the reputed mother of invention, and lack of funds stimulated me to make for the church a new pulpit, reading desk, and lectern. Amongst the pews, in the old church, there were a few fragments of oak-carving, but these were so decayed that they could not be preserved and so, that they might not be entirely lost, I determined to copy them upon a new pulpit and arranged them in my plans, two around the top and one around the bottom of the frame-work. For each side of the pulpit, I designed one pierced panel, representing a two-light window in the perpendicular style of architecture. The panels in the reading-desk, which should have matched those of the pulpit, were, through ignorance, and also for variety's sake, pierced in the flamboyant style; but the same three carvings from the old wood-work stretch across the top and bottom of the desk, as seen around the top and bottom of the pulpit."

The reading desk and pulpit were made in the summer of 1886. Mr. Escreet is a quick worker and always "makes up his own carvings," being an excellent carpenter and joiner. The structure stands 6ft. 6in. in height—3ft. 3in. in pedestal, and 3ft. 3in. in pulpit—and compares well with some of the best work to be found in our largest and handsomest churches. It is hexagonal in shape, and its internal measurements vary from 2ft. 11in. to 3ft. 3in. The lectern was made in 1887, and took about three months to complete. Mr Escreet says this piece of work was quite an afterthought and done at the casual suggestion of one of the congregation who wished for it, and so gave the curate a guinea to purchase the oak with which to make it. The style is totally different from that of the pulpit and reading-desk, being less massive, more graceful and artistic, and after an original design. The pulpit and desk bear the date 1886, and the lectern 1887, carved upon the bases.

A chair in the vestry.

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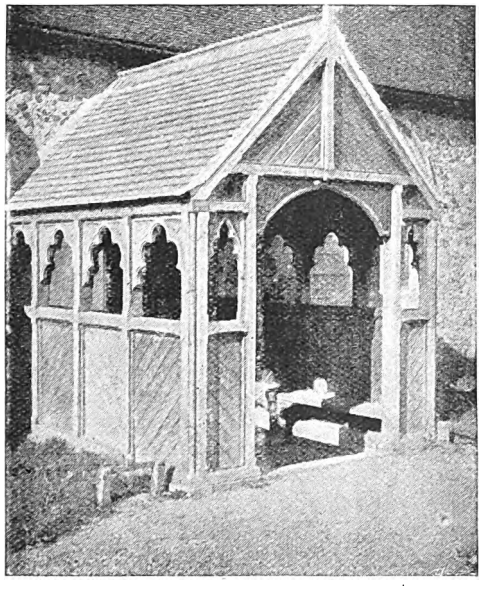
Not the least pleasing fact about Mr. Escreet's work is that both the pulpit and desk are made out of oak grown almost within the shadow of the church.

"Whilst I was getting out and developing my plans for the pulpit and desk," continued the energetic curate, "I looked around me for some suitable material, and thinking it would be well, if possible, to make the pulpit of wood grown in the parish, I discovered that an oak tree, which would just about suffice for the work, had been cut down some ten or twelve years, and still lay on one of the farms where it had been felled. I approached the owner and explained to him regarding the work I was undertaking and delicately suggested that the fallen giant was the very thing for my purpose. He gladly gave me the tree, and the local carpenter and his man cut the timber, free of cost, into suitable planks, which they placed about upon the vicarage lawn. Here they remained for some weeks, though every few days I used to turn them over that they might get well baked in the sun and finely seasoned. They turned out excellent pieces of wood, hard and sound.



This carved porch is also the work of Mr. Escreet.

With regard to originality of design Mr. Escreet does not despise the copying of an attractive style. His one idea, for instance, when carving the pulpit, was, as already mentioned, to embody and preserve the three carvings which run round the top and bottom and were previously in the ruined church itself. For the pattern of the pulpit in its entirety he visited six or seven churches and picked up a little here and there, the result being, if not exactly confined to one particular period, decidedly attractive and novel.

Having made the pulpit, lectern, and reading desk, Mr. Escreet might reasonably have been expected to rest from his labours as carver and carpenter, but no—there was still lacking a very important item towards the church's restoration, and the curate decided to complete the work he had begun.

"When the church was re-opened for Divine service," said this indefatigable cleric, "there was no porch! To continue our services without one, with the winter approaching us, was hardly to be thought of, for the west and south-west winds blew cold and cutting upon the south entrance, and was a source of considerable discomfort and even danger to the congregation. I therefore ordered a quantity of pitch-pine, and again fell to work. In many ways it was a long and tedious job, but its real necessity encouraged and stimulated me to get it finished as speedily as possible, and after a few weeks continual work the porch was a thing accomplished. To some considerable extent I imitated the original porch. The whole of the carving is, indeed, the same with this one exception, that, whereas two coats of arms ornamented the two chief brackets of the old porch, I added upon the brackets of the new porch, the coat-of-arms of the Patron of the living, that of the vicar, of the churchwardens of the parish for the time, being, and of the Harvey family."

Mr. Escreet has also carved for Hempstead Church a sanctuary chair and an alms-dish, as well as the fine, massive chest shown in our last illustration.

He is entirely self-taught in regard to wood-carving, and has been pursuing his hobby for the last twenty-five years. With reference to his first important piece of work he said:

"About the year 1875, wishing to make a present to a neighbouring church, I planned an altar-rail upon six standards, and carved double brackets for each standard. I believe this was my first attempt at this kind of work. At the same time I designed and carved a hall table. My next work was nearly ten years later—to be exact, in 1884. When this house (Hempstead Vicarage) was being built I made and carved a couple of mirror frames, one for each of the front rooms,

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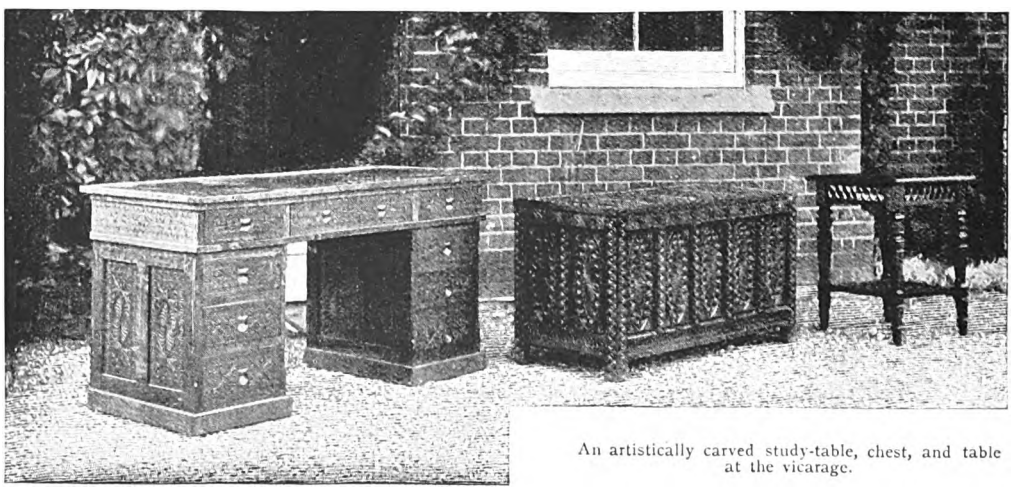
where they have hung ever since. About this time, too, I took up fret-work in my spare moments, and completed several pieces in this style of carving."

Mr. Escreet's great desire is to see the tower of Hempstead Church once more in its right place. If a carved wooden one was suitable he would doubtless set to work and produce it within a year, but, then, wooden towers won't stand our climate. He is not, I think, quite despairing of seeing his own energy and hard work acknowledged in a manner which would enable him to give the necessary orders for the commencing of the work, for, some short while since, he received from an anonymous correspondent the offer of £100 towards the re-building of the tower, on condition that he obtained sufficient money, in cash or promise (which should not be less than £1200), as would encourage him to begin the work before the end of the year. Admirers of Dr. William Harvey, as well as devotees of the famous Richard Turpin, will, perhaps, see that Mr. Escreet is not disappointed.

In the interests of all amateur carvers (in wood, of course), I did not leave the curate of Hempstead without asking his opinion of carving as a hobby, and his advice to those who indulge in it.

"This," he said, "is a difficult point. Planning and carving are very interesting, and, when fairly entered upon, so attractive, that they call for much self-denial to leave off; hence they are rather a dangerous hobby. My own experience tells me that to execute anything worth preserving in carving, the amateur should first learn something about cabinet-making, as it is a very difficult thing to find joiners who will carefully make up another person's carved work. One can readily understand this. It is very similar to buying your cloth at one shop and sending it to another to be made into a coat. It rarely turns out satisfactorily. If you are capable of putting together your own carvings, a man can scarcely have a less expensive hobby, for wood is cheap. Few tools are required, and the man who surrounds himself with innumerable knives, and purchases 'sets' of carving implements, will, as likely as not, do no great amount of good work. The tools are not expensive, but should be of the very best quality. It is a waste of time to buy second-grade articles. Go to a good firm and choose the kind most suitable to the wood on which you intend to operate. Buy the implements as you require them, and always keep them thoroughly sharp and keen; have a good oil-stone and an old razor strop—two articles which are indispensable. Of course, some kind of bench is necessary, but if you have taken the precaution previously to obtain a few lessons in carpentering, you will be able to make this yourself out of a stout piece of coarse oak. In conclusion, I would impress upon all amateur carvers to 'set' their tools in readiness for the morrow's work. Nothing disheartens one more than to commence a piece of work with blunted instruments, and this can be avoided only by making it an invariable rule never to put away one's tools without first putting them in a state of perfect readiness for their next task."



An artistically carved study-table, chest, and table at the vicarage.

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A Mistress of Diplomacy.

By John W. Mayall.

The Reverend James Martin, Curate of St John's, Little Orriford, sat by the open window, lingering over his second cup of tea, and thoughtfully contemplating the charming stretch of country that lay before him. He was a pallid-faced young man, with a spare, somewhat stooping figure, mild blue eyes, and irresolute lips. For two years now he had laboured in this little country parish, laboured hard and earnestly, and in that time he had gained for himself a very secure place in the hearts of the poorer members of the community.

With the better class he had not been so successful. Little Orriford possessed its small social coterie, which included a dozen or so of pretty girls whose thoughts were centred chiefly on tennis, new frocks, and musical evenings, and these frivolous maidens had extended a ready welcome to the curate upon his arrival. Invitations to their numerous gatherings had been showered upon him in abundance, and though he had put in an appearance at most of them, it had been rather from a sense of duty than of inclination.

The fact was he was ill-fitted to shine at such festivities. He was in no sense a society man, and he never had been. Not that he had a dislike to the opposite sex, far from it, but he was afflicted with an unfortunate nervousness, which effectually prevented him from enjoying that intercourse with a pretty girl which should be one of the delights of a young man's life. For many years the unhappy curate had lamented this distressing malady, but of late he had anathematised it with peculiar bitterness. This was scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that he was in love, and that consequently his bashfulness proved a very awkward stumbling-block.

The lady who had captivated him was Miss Mary Sebright, the Vicar's only daughter, and it may at once be said that the curate's choice did him credit. Miss Sebright was a charming girl, quite the beauty of the district, and renowned for her amiable disposition and kindly ways. Unhappily, she also suffered from that affliction to which her admirer was a martyr. With the opposite sex, and especially with the curate—whose affections she was quite ready to return—she was nervous and constrained. Thus the two were in an awkward plight, and unless some happy accident occurred, their chance of arriving at an understanding was extremely remote.

So matters stood between them on this lovely June evening, and as the curate sat at his window he recalled the brief and unimportant conversation he had held with his enslaver that afternoon. It is the habit of the man in love to cherish trivial words and to spend his time trying to extract honey from them. The curate loved his Vicar's daughter in an ardent, honest fashion that was very commendable, but his love brought him as much pain as pleasure, for he perceived that it never promised to come to a successful termination. He was miserably weak and self-conscious. He longed to speak, but had not the courage. He had never even hinted at his passion, and not in his wildest dreams did he imagine that she would return it. No; he had already come to the conclusion that it must remain a secret that would go down with him to the grave.

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At this point his gloomy reflections were interrupted by a sharp knock, and, in response to his hasty "come in," the stout, ruddy-faced woman who attended to his wants, generally at her own convenience, entered to say that Jim Moore wished to see him.

"Jim Moore," the curate repeated—"show him in Mrs. Toft. And you can remove the tray. I have finished."

"I think you've lost your appetite at present, sir," the landlady remarked, noting the half-emptied plate of bread and butter.

"N-o, no, but one doesn't feel inclined for eating this warm weather. I've enjoyed my cup of tea. I don't know anyone who makes better tea than you, Mrs. Toft."

"It's a knack, sir," the landlady returned modestly. "Just a knack it is."

She picked up the tray as she spoke, and departed to inform the visitor that an audience would be granted him. After a short interval there was another knock, and the doorway was filled by a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced, young man, of the working class, who stood awkwardly on the threshold, fumbling his cap and looking extremely sheepish.

"Come in, Moore, come in!" the curate cried encouragingly. "Beautiful evening isn't it? How does your father keep?"

The two were in an awkward plight.

"Well sir, he be a bit plagued wi' the rheumatics again."

"Ah, I'm sorry. I'll call and see him to-morrow. Take a seat."

The young man lowered himself carefully upon one of the stiff-backed horse-hair covered chairs, sitting gingerly upon the extreme edge, as though dubious of the bearing capabilities of the piece of furniture.

"You wished to see me about something I think?" the curate hinted at last, seeing that his visitor required a helping hand.

"Yes, sir."

"It is something you want me to do?" the Reverend James continued.

The young man answered in the affirmative.

"I shall be very pleased," the curate said, and then he looked inquiringly at his visitor's ruddy face. The young fellow was well known to him. He was the village carpenter, and a regular attendant at church and Sunday school.

"It's — it's about Mary, sir, the housemaid up at the Rectory," he blurted out at length.

A ray of enlightenment flashed in the Reverend James's blue eyes.

"Ah, you have come about the banns. You wish—"

"No, no, sir," the young man cried, betraying the utmost trepidation. "You see I haven't asked her yet. It's that I've come about."

Then the curate half started.

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"You—you wish me to—to—"

He stared rather blankly. He knew Mary the housemaid. She was a smart, self-possessed girl of the bouncing type, and he stood somewhat in awe of her.

"If you'd be so good, sir. It's a letter I want you to send."

"Ah, a letter," and he looked relieved. "You want me to write it for you?"

"If you'd be so kind, sir. I've cut my finger"—displaying a bandaged hand—"an' I can't do it myself."

"I see. Well, I shall be very pleased. Mary is an extremely nice girl, and I think you've made a very sensible choice."

"Well, I think I have myself, sir," the swain replied slowly. "I don't see how I could ha' done much better. She's saved a goodish bit. She's money in the Post Office."

A pained expression came over the Reverend James's mild face as he listened to these worldly sentiments.

"You shouldn't allow wealth to influence you, you know, Moore," he said in mild reproof.

"Oh, I don't, sir, only it's better to marry one wi' a bit o' money than one wi'out."

The curate accepted this piece of practical philosophy in silence, and took out his writing materials.

"Now what would you like me to say?" he asked as he dipped his pen.

The young carpenter scratched his head, sighed, shifted his position, and sought inspiration in the ceiling.

"Lemme see," he murmured, reflectively. "I'd got it all ready, but I'm blest—I mean it's gone clean out o' my head. That's the worst o' me—I can't remember nuthin'."

"You desire to ask her to become your wife?" the curate suggested.

"Yes, sir, that's it."

"Well, but wouldn't it be better to speak to her in person?"

"It would, sir, I know, but you see I ain't much of a talker—an'—an' well, I'm alis tongue-tied when it comes to the point."

The curate nodded in perfect understanding. He could sympathise with his visitor in this matter. He also was "tongue-tied."

"In that case, then, perhaps a letter would be better," he said, and as he spoke, a pensive look entered his eyes. He was thinking of the many letters he had written to Miss Sebright offering her his heart—letters which had never been despatched.

"You think you could do it for me, sir?" the young man said.

"Think? Oh, yes—yes! You want me to say that you have admired her for a lengthy period, eh?"

"That's it, sir."

"And that you would be proud if she would accept your affections."

"Just the ticket, sir. Make it strong. I'm very much in love."

"I'm not surprised," the curate said pleasantly. "She's a fine girl."

"There's only one finer, sir."

"And who is that?"

"Miss Sebright, sir."

"Ah," — and his pale cheeks instantly flushed; then, recovering himself, he took a fresh dip of ink.

"You'll want an answer, eh?"

"Yes, sir, an' be very particular to begin 'Dear Miss Mary,' if you please—*Miss* Mary. She's very genteel, you see, havin' lived wi' gentlefolk, an' please don't put any address on, an' just sign it J.M. She'll know who it's from."

Thus instructed the curate set to work. He was at no loss for words, for he had composed many such letters, all of which he had burnt. He quite lost sight of the fact, however, that the letter he was writing was for a working-man, and the consequence was the epistle he indited would easily have answered his own purpose.

Having concluded it, he then read it over.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"It's just beautiful, sir."

"You're sure she'll understand it's from you?"

"Oh, yes! You see I shall give it to her mysel', an' say I've got you to write it."

"Well, I wish you luck, Moore."

"Thank you, sir; I wish you the same when you go a-courtin'."

He placed the letter in his breast pocket as he spoke and took his departure.

Following the road past the church, he turned down a quiet lane that ran behind the Rectory, and here he loitered expectantly, his eyes fixed on the small door in the wall.

He had not long to wait. In a few minutes this door opened, and there fluttered forth a vision, that at first sight seemed to be nothing but dainty muslin and pink ribbon, but which was, nevertheless, a very pretty, saucy-faced girl.

"Oh! so here you are, are you?" she exclaimed sharply, as the waiting one came forward.

"I've been here this five minutes," the carpenter replied, his eyes dwelling on the girl's rosy face in slavish admiration.

"Have you? Well, it does folk good

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to wait. But have you done what I told you?"

He nodded.

"You got the letter?" she asked, half breathlessly.

"Yes, I've got it."

"Come, you've somethin' in you after all, I do believe," she said in a tone of condescension. "Give it me," and she held out a plump hand.

Slowly the carpenter drew it from his pocket.

"But ain't I to have nothin' for it?" he said, eyeing her cherry lips as longingly as a boy eyes the ripe apples in an orchard.

"Yes, certainly;" and as he approached her in eager anticipation, one hand descended smartly on his cheek, while the other snatched the letter from his fingers.

"There, impudence!"

The carpenter, however, was not to be defied. As she was retreating in triumph, he quickly caught her wrist, and, after a short struggle, took what he wanted.

"There," he said after he released her. "I'm paid now."

She eyed him in affected anger.

"You have got cheek," she said, her chin elevated. "Do you think I come out to be pulled about till I'm not fit to be seen?"

"You're alis fit to be seen," he answered rapturously.

She merely answered him with a flash of her bright eyes, and, leaning gracefully against the door post, opened the letter and began to read.

It ran as follows:

My dear Miss Mary,

It is in fear and trembling that I take up my pen to address you, and I know that you will understand my feelings when you have read this letter. What I have to say is of the greatest importance, and upon your answer rests my future happiness. I have often tried to speak to you on this matter, but at the eleventh hour my courage has always failed me. As you know, I am not good at expressing my feelings in words, and so I think it better to do so with the pen.

I have long admired you—as indeed everyone who is brought into contact with you must do—and now I write, my dear Miss Mary, to tell you that I love you—yes, that I love you—and that I most sincerely desire you to become my wife. You will, no doubt, consider this a bold declaration, but having made it I stand by it, and I implore you, in spite of my unworthiness, to consider it as favourably as you can.

Anxiously awaiting your reply,

Believe me,

Your devoted admirer,

J. M.

"Well, will it do?" he said as she looked up.

"Splendidly!" she cried, her eyes sparkling.

"An' now you'll give it to Miss Mary an' say it's from him, eh?"

"Yes."

"You're a clever one," the swain said admiringly. "I say, it'll astonish her, won't it?"

"I daresay; and it'll please her too."

"She'll say yes, eh?"

"Oh, she'll say yes. She'd have said it long ago if he'd asked her. The stupid!"

"Mary you're a caution. You *have* a brain!"

The stout, ruddy-faced woman who attended to his wants entered.

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Well, I didn't do it all myself," she answered slowly. "It was in a tale I was readin' the other day; there was a letter went wrong like this, an' brought everythin' right, an' so it struck me that it might be done in real life. You see, your initials is the same as his, an' my name's Mary, same as hers, so it made it easy."

"Ay, ay."

"Then I couldn't stand by much longer an' see her cryin' her heart out, because he was so dumb. If you'd been so glum an' tongue-tied I'd have sent you about yourbusiness long ago."

The carpenter laughed softly.

"That's the best bit of all," he said. "He thinks I'm bashful—he, he! I told him I couldn't say a word when I was wi' you."

Mary smiled.

"An' that letter," her lover went on. "I couldn't compoge a letter like that. It's real fine, ain't it?"

"It'll just suit Miss Mary, but I think he might have made it a bit more lovin'. Girls like their letters sweet enough."

"Is mine sweet enough?" the swain asked with a leer.

"Yours!"

"But I forgot. I can't write 'em because my finger's cut—ha, ha!" and he tore off the bandage, and disclosed that member perfectly sound.

"You'd better wrap that up again, or else he'll find out," the girl said sharply. "An' now you can go. I've no more time to waste."

"Well, but,"—and he edged nearer. There was another little struggle, and then the flushed damsel scurried in.

* * *

"A letter for you, sir," said Mrs. Toft, entering the sitting room as the curate sat at his tea. "It's from Miss Sebright, too," she added, with that familiarity which strong-minded women adopt towards weak-minded men.

This information was quite enough to set the Reverend James's heart beating at an accelerated pace, and he took the letter with trembling fingers. He always started and trembled in this fashion when he received a communication from the Vicar's daughter. Yet there was not the slightest

"You got the letter?" she asked half breathlessly.

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reason why he should, seeing that the notes he received from her invariably referred to parish matters. He soon perceived, however, that this was something more than a note, and he began to read it with that eagerness which always characterised him when he was favoured with a missive from her.

Before he had read a couple of lines, however, this eagerness changed to astonishment. He stared at the paper with eyes that grew round with amazement, his breath came quick, the moisture rose on his brow, his cheeks went white, and his hands shook. What was this? Surely he was dreaming! He read the words again and again. Very slowly his bewildered brain took in the situation. The truth became manifest to him. By some chance the letter he had written for Jim Moore had fallen into Miss Sebright's hands, and she, imagining that it had come from himself, had answered it, and answered it in the affirmative!

Yes, she returned his affection. She loved him. He sank into a chair, completely overpowered by the great joy that now flooded his heart. It seemed quite beyond belief. And yet there were the words, black as ink could make them, there was her name, perfectly plain and distinct, Mary Sebright.

So utterly dumbfounded was he at the extraordinary event, that a knock passed unheeded, and it was only when Mrs. Toft entered and announced a visitor that he looked up. It was the stout, well-fed figure of the Rector that he saw in the doorway, and he now came forward, his pleasant rosy face wreathed in smiles.

"My dear Martin, I give you joy!" he cried heartily. "Mary has told me all, and I am delighted."

"You—you give your consent?" the curate stammered.

"With pleasure—with pleasure! But I must say I don't think much of your way of doing these things. You should make use of your tongue, my boy; we never used the pen to woo a girl in my day."

The happy curate flushed uncomfortably.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "you know—you see—I——"

The Rector's eyes twinkled.

"Yes, my dear Martin," he said, "you thought you would be able to express yourself better on paper—eh?"

The curate was a very conscientious young man, painfully so, indeed, and debated with himself rapidly whether he would be justified in letting his future father-in-law remain under the delusion that the letter had, in reality, been meant for his daughter. For once in his life his sinful inclinations got the better of his conscience, and he replied, very easily, it must be confessed, for a novice in the gentle art of deception:

"You're right, sir; talking was never my strong point."

"Well! well!" returned the Rector, "you'd better go up now and see her. You'll find her in the garden. I'm just on my way to see old Mother Carr."

The curate at once rose and put on his hat. A few yards from the cottage he met the carpenter. It was very evident that the meeting was not of Jim's seeking, for his manner immediately became confused, and he looked hastily round as if for an avenue of escape. The curate, however, recognising in him one to whom he owed much, hastened forward.

"Ah, Moore, I wanted to see you," he said. "I—I fancy there's been a little mistake about that letter I wrote. It—it seems to have gone wrong."

"I'm very sorry, sir," the young carpenter murmured. "I gave it Mary, right enough, but she didn't understand me properly, an' she thought it was for Miss Sebright. I hope there ain't no harm done, sir."

"Oh, no, quite the contrary; indeed, I may as well say that Miss Sebright and myself are engaged."

"Sir, that's the best news I've heard for many a day. Good luck to you both!"

"Thank you, Moore. But about your own affair: I'm afraid——"

"Oh! that's all right, sir. I settled that. There weren't no letter needed, after all. She said yes, pat off."

"Ah! I'm very glad. You must let me marry you, you know, Moore."

"I shan't let no one else, sir, you may depend upon it."

* * * * *

"Well," said the carpenter, as he met his sweetheart in the lane that evening. "It's all worked out right, eh?"

"Of course it has. Doesn't everything work out right I take up?"

"It does. You're a clever one, Mary. Dy'e think he'll tell her it was a mistake?"

"He will, if he's a fool."

"Well I shouldn't if I was him. Might as well let her believe he *did* write it to her really."

And of this trivial deception the curate of Little Orriford must be admitted guilty.

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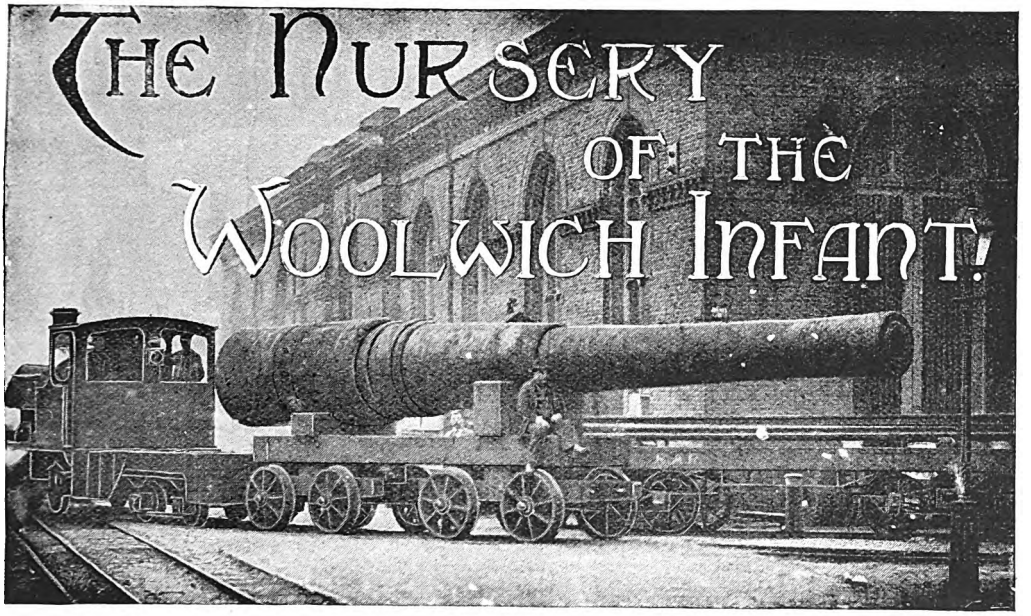
The Nursery of the Woolwich Infant



By Charles Ray.

Illustrated with Photographs by Gregory, Strand.

(This is the most complete illustrated article on our great National Arsenal that has yet been published in any popular magazine.)

The Duke of Wellington is said to have made the remark that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton. The remark was probably apocryphal, but it doubtless embodies much truth. In fact, one might almost declare that the splendid material of which the British Army and Navy are composed is prepared and made serviceable in the nursery. The foreigner has good cause to fear the nursery in general, and particularly must he shun that nursery in which the "Woolwich Infant" is reared and trained. For the Woolwich Infant and its brothers are splendid fighters. One infant, if placed in advantageous circumstances, can by its own unaided efforts, child though it be, demoralise a whole body of the enemy. It is an athlete, for it can "put the shot" in such a manner and with such vigour as to form a breach in even an armour-plated war-ship. In fact, the "Woolwich Infant" and its brothers are prodigies, and they are—guns.

It was a happy humour that named the monster 35-ton gun turned out at the Woolwich Arsenal in 1872, "The Woolwich Infant." We call the gun a monster, for nothing like it had previously been heard of, ten-pounders, twenty-pounders, and forty-pounders were the guns in use, but the weapon of 1872 was regarded by the whole world as gigantic and appalling. At the trial discharge it carried a seven-hundred-pound shot through eighteen and a half inches of iron and a foot of teak, to the astonishment of all beholders, save those who had been present at the hatching and the rearing of the Infant. The charge of powder used was a hundred and twenty pounds.

Two years later, a second Woolwich Infant was hatched, and a far more sturdy Infant it was than its elder brother. The child weighed no less than eighty-one tons. A large party were present to witness the athletic powers of the Infant, and this time a shot of 1250 pounds was hurled through fifty feet of sand.

These facts are quite enough to show that the nursery of the "Woolwich Infant" is an institution which thoroughly understands the hatching and rearing of the species for which it is noted. Some account, therefore, of its methods, will no doubt prove interesting to readers of the Royal Magazine.

The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, to give the nursery its official name and designation, practically owes its origin to Queen Elizabeth, who, so far back as 1585, stored arms and armour at a mansion in Woolwich Warren.

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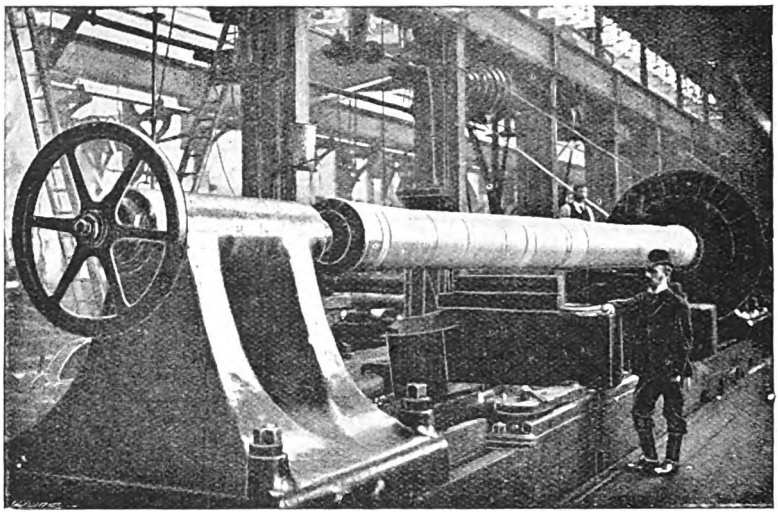
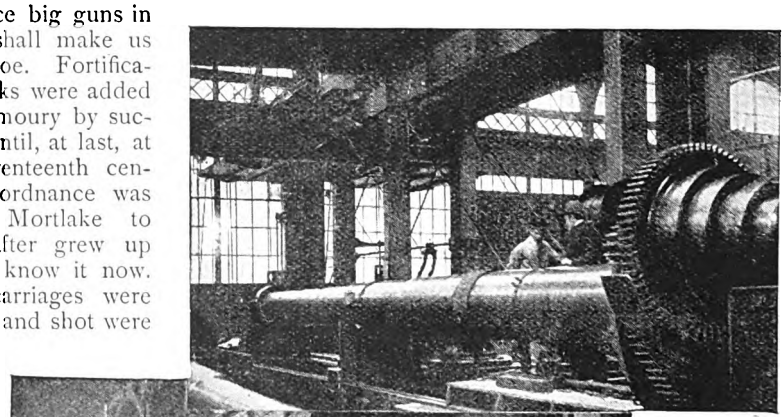
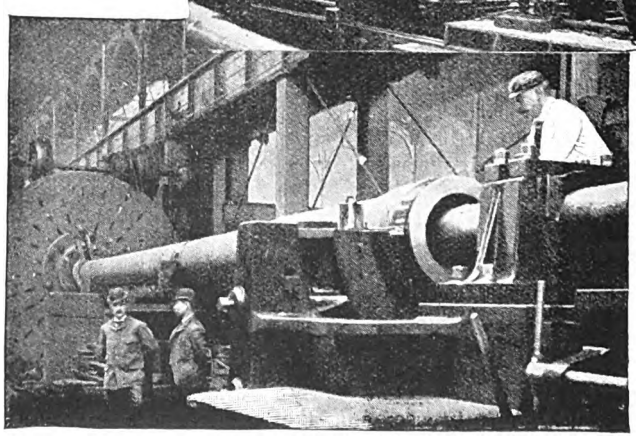


Rough turning of a 9 2 25-ton wired gun tube

It was to this lonely mansion, near the boggy marshes of Plumstead, that the eyes of the nation, or, at any rate, the military and official part of the nation, turned when the great Armada threatened to conquer the country, just as all eyes are now turned to Woolwich to produce big guns in such quantities as shall make us ready to meet any foe. Fortifications and other works were added to the Woolwich armoury by succeeding monarchs until, at last, at the end of the seventeenth century, the proof of ordnance was transferred from Mortlake to Woolwich. Thereafter grew up the Arsenal as we know it now. Guns were cast, carriages were constructed, powder and shot were stored in large quantities. Then shells and torpedoes, and signalling apparatus, and life-saving rockets, and tubes and fuses, and monster guns, and wire-coiled weapons, and all the marvellous, terrible, paraphernalia which go to make up modern armament were constructed, until, at last, there came a call for such engines of destruction in the war with the Transvaal Republic.

And now what a gigantic place is Woolwich Arsenal, with its gun factories, laboratories, chemical and photographic establishments, department stores, and scores of other smaller, but necessary, departments, which would be tedious to name in detail. Here are some figures, not exact, but approximate, for in so immense an institution—a city in itself—it is practically impossible for a mere visitor to take in everything, and get anything like an exact grasp of the machinery





Each big gun has miles of wire coiled round it with exact regularity, before the outer case is placed in position. In this photograph the wire-coiling is shown in operation.

Here the tube of a 50-ton gun is being bored.

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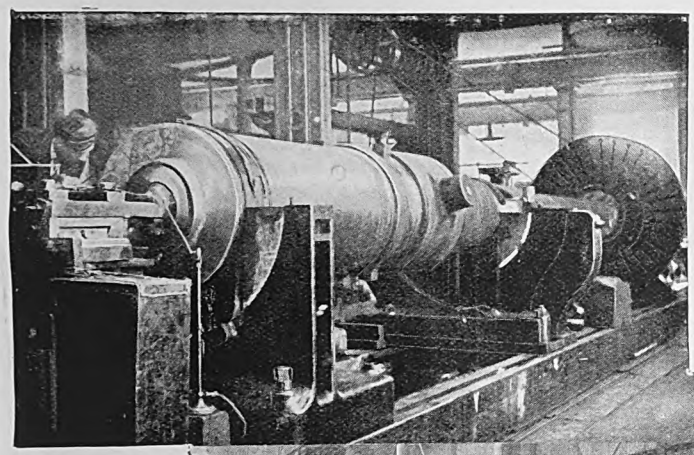
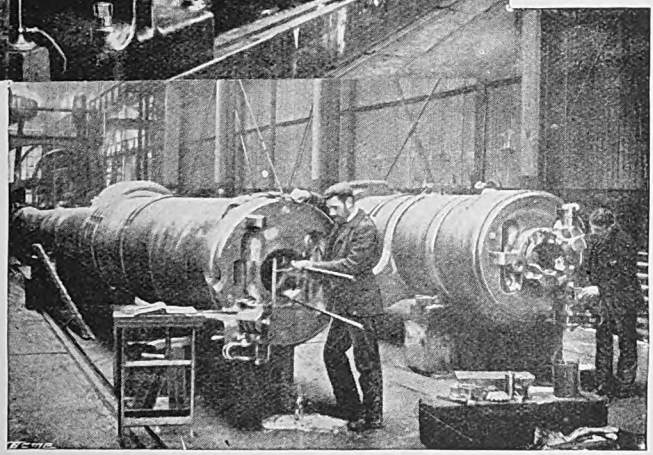


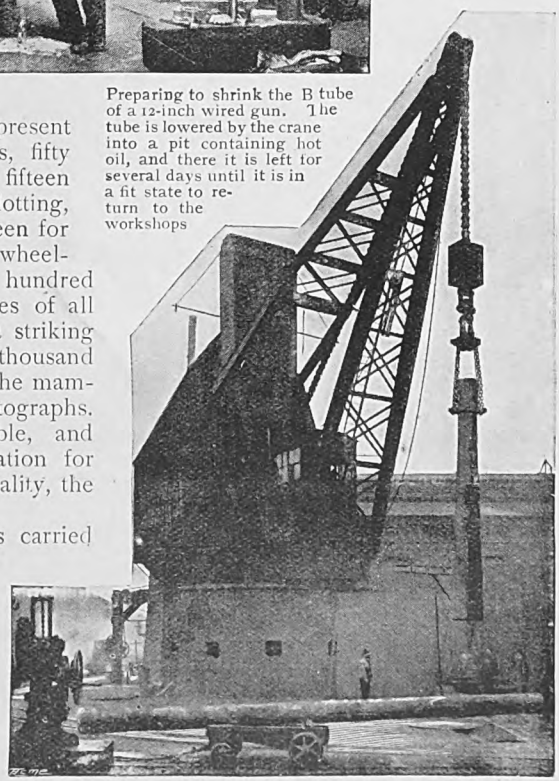
Screwing the breech of a 9.2 25-ton gun. This is a very important operation in the making of a big gun, for without a properly fitted breech the weapon is useless.



Gauging a 12-inch 50-ton wired gun. The man on the left is taking from the gun an impression in gutta-percha of the rifle-tube to see that there are no imperfections.

The machinery at Woolwich Arsenal is capable of turning out every year, a very large number of guns, ranging in size from a small field-gun to the huge one-hundred-and-ten-ton gun which, every time it is fired, causes blood to flow from the ears of those standing round.

We have selected a series of photographs showing, consecutively, the processes through which the guns go on their road to completion; but, for the sake of variety, the weapons portrayed in the different



Preparing to shrink the B tube of a 12-inch wired gun. The tube is lowered by the crane into a pit containing hot oil, and there it is left for several days until it is in a fit state to return to the workshops

used. There are, however, in use at the present time, more than three hundred lathes, fifty boring machines, sixty drilling machines, fifteen for rifling, fifteen for planing, fifty for slotting, seventy for shaping, fifty for milling, fifteen for screwing, twelve for lapping, twenty for wheel-cutting, five hundred vices, nearly a hundred furnaces, and a hundred and fifty cranes of all kinds, thirty steam hammers, exerting a striking power of from eight hundredweight to a thousand tons, which is the ordinary strength of the mammoth hammer portrayed in one of our photographs. The *employés* seem almost innumerable, and would certainly form a splendid population for a good-sized town. The Arsenal is, in reality, the life and mainstay of Woolwich.

The stupendous works and processes carried out, and the amazing machinery used, seem too wonderful for the ordinary lay mind to comprehend. No detailed article has, we believe, hitherto been published with photographs of Woolwich Arsenal, showing how the big guns are made, and it remains for the ROYAL MAGAZINE to give its readers a unique description of the *royal* gun factories.

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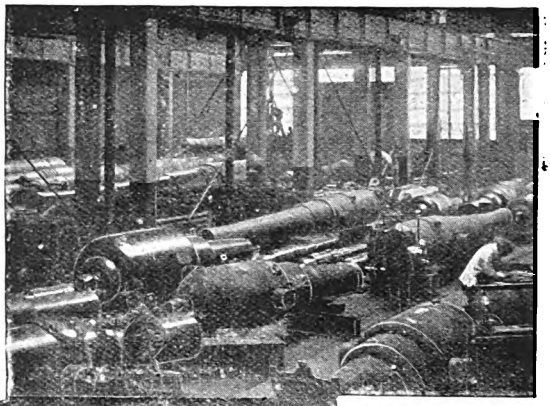
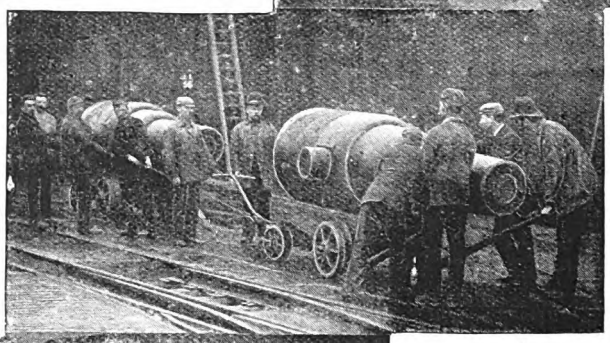
photographs are of different weights and bores.

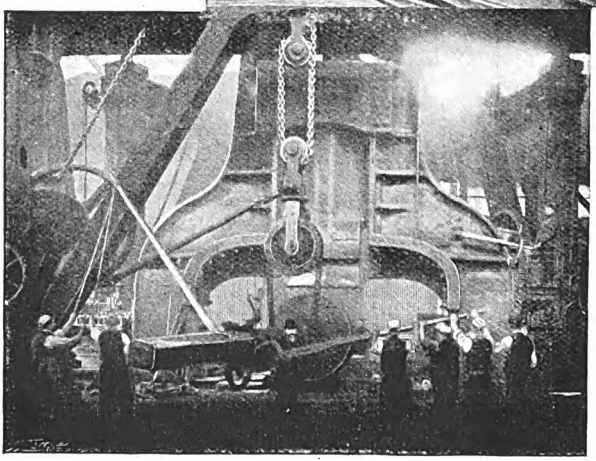
The first photograph shows how the rough turning of a 9.2 inch wired gun-tube is performed. The "tube," as it is called, although, as a matter of fact, this "tube" is a solid mass of metal, is placed in a huge lathe, as shown in the photograph. The machinery is set going, and the gun is roughly shaped, being turned finally to an exact size, and afterwards bored and rifled. Then the tube is taken to the shrinking pits for the purpose of hardening These pits contain hot oil, and the tubes are placed in the oil and left for several days, until they are in a fit state to return to the work-shops. One of our illustrations shows the B



The south sighting room in the Arsenal, where rear and fore sights are fitted, completing the weapons. They are once again overhauled and then sent away for use.



Shifting a couple of 12-ton muzzle-loading guns to the workshops to be converted into breech-loaders. The solid rear parts are bored out and breeches inserted.



The big Nasmyth steam hammer, which has a striking power of 1000 tons.

tube of a 12-inch gun being lowered into the shrinking pit.

The next process is shown in another photograph. The inner cylinder of the gun is coiled round and round with wire, until several miles have been used. In fact, it is said that the "tubes" of some of the larger wired guns are bound round with over 105 miles of wire! As each successive portion of the cylinder is wire-coiled, a cylindrical tube is shrunk upon it to prevent the coils of flat wire from being disturbed. Of course, at the same time, these tubes wonderfully strengthen up the gun. During the coiling, the gun-tube is placed in a lathe, and the whole work is done by machinery—a man simply looking on to see that everything goes smoothly. The drum or wheel from which the wire is run off upon the gun, may be seen in our photograph immediately at the back of the two workmen. The wire is of steel, and the drum feeds the gun, as the latter revolves in the lathe. The steel wire which possesses immense tensile strength, is wound upon the cylinder very tightly, and several complete and separate coils are used, one upon the other, each being bound firmly by shrinking thereon a solid cylinder of steel.

The outer cylinder of the gun, which envelopes the wire coils, has itself to go through as elaborate a process as the inner tube. After being turned and shaped externally, it is bored out and slightly tapered to an exact size ready for shrinking on to its counterpart, the coiled tube. In our photograph, the boring bar is

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seen on the right. This is firmly held in a fixed position, whilst the gun-tube rotates in the lathe, and slowly moves up the boring-bar, until it is a perfect tapering cylinder.

Various processes now follow, until the gun is prepared to receive its breech. One of the most delicate tasks which the Arsenal workmen have to perform, is that of making the screw-thread into which the screw of the breech will fit. Again, the gun is placed in the lathe, and the screw-thread is slotted at the rear end, behind the charge-chamber. Into this recess, the screw of the breech-block is afterwards fitted, and may be locked or unlocked therein by a partial turn of the screw. As readers have no doubt learned by reading the war news in their daily papers, a gun is quite disabled by taking away the breech-block. The gun portrayed in this particular photograph is a 9.2 breech gun.

Still more delicate and important is the work being carried out in the succeeding photograph, which shows a twelve-inch wired gun. This is known as gauging, the men who perform the work are known as viewers. Two branches of their task are shown in the photograph. The man on the left is taking from the gun an impression of its rifling. This is done with gutta-percha, the impression being taken all along the rifle tube, so as accurately to gauge its correctness. The viewer on the right is overhauling the carrier-ring of the breech-block, to see that there are no imperfections in its finish or working. The smallest flaw would be discovered, and the gun could not leave the department until it had been righted.

The photograph used as a heading for this article shows the next incident in the making of a big gun. A sixty tonner gun has just been turned out of the workshops, and is en route to the proof butts, where it is to be put through a course of very severe proof-firing tests to determine, if possible, any weak points. On such occasions a double charge of powder or cordite is used to

The most marvellous crane in the world. It took no less than four years in building and is stated to have cost over £100,000.

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propel the shot, thus ensuring a large margin of safety, considering the single charges subsequently to be used.

The gun having successfully passed all the tests to which it is put, is now conveyed back to the sighting-room, to be fitted with rear and fore sights. This being done, the weapon is complete. It is, however, again overhauled very carefully by the examination department of the Royal Gun Factory, and then if everything seems right, it is sent away from the Arsenal to whatever branch of the Army or Navy it is destined.

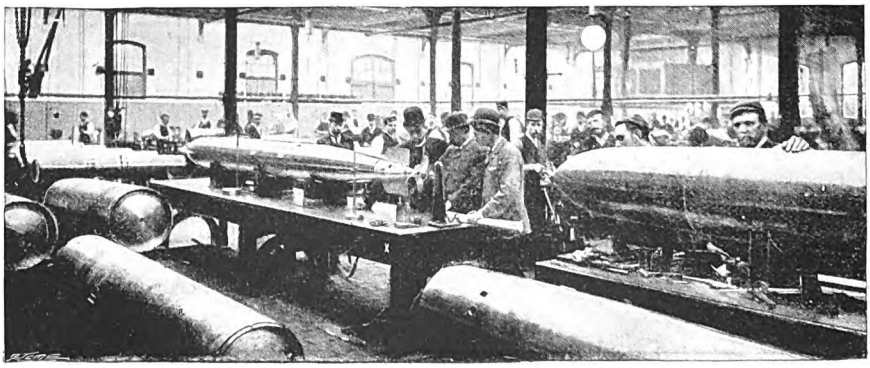
The making of the 9.2 inch gun takes about six months to complete in the ordinary way, although some of the heavier guns take longer, but if there is urgent need, the weapons can, of course, be turned out in much shorter time. It is interesting to note, that every gun has its history plainly recorded. All circumstances of importance in the course of its manufacture are set down in a book, and if a subsequent accident or rupture occurs, reference can be made with a view of determining the cause.

Not only are weapons of the very latest pattern and scientific precision manufactured at Woolwich Arsenal, but many of the older guns, which are now obsolete, are transformed into up-to-date and valuable weapons. One of our photographs shows a couple of twelve-ton guns being taken to the workshops to be converted into breech-loaders, when they will compare very favourably with more modern armament. The solid rear part of the weapon is bored out, and a removable breech-block fitted, enabling the projectile to be inserted into the chamber from the rear, instead of through the muzzle.

The gigantic Nasmyth hammer, with a striking power of one thousand tons, has already been referred to. It weighs forty tons, and is attached to standards, apparatus, and anvil, containing altogether over two thousand tons of solid metal. Two immense furnaces, the doorways of which will admit an omnibus to pass, supply the monster hammer; and four cranes, whose combined lifting power is about three hundred tons, lift therefrom its great "heats" of thirty tons, which are handled with the large iron tongs, directed by the forgemen, into exact positions, ready for the light or terrific blows required.

Another piece of marvellous machinery, perhaps the most marvellous in the whole of the Arsenal, is the gigantic two-hundred-and-fifty-ton steam crane. It was originally designed for lifting the hundred-ton gun, and took no less a period than four years to build. It is stated that the cost was over a hundred thousand pounds. The crane works over a large circular race, within the area of which are the shrinking and tempering pits.

The last photograph of our unique series shows the torpedo factory at Woolwich Arsenal, or, rather, a portion of the factory, for the building is an immense one, and could not be embraced within the scope of a single picture. It is studded with machinery for fitting-up and completing the Whitehead fish torpedo. The body of this torpedo is circular in section, but fish-shaped in length, and is supplied from outside sources to the gun factory. All the internal mechanism, however—screw-propeller, and other connections for this marine engine of destruction, is completed within the factory. There are secrets connected with its internal arrangements, such as can never be divulged, and this internal machinery is fitted up in a department known as the "secret room." The torpedoes cost £400 each to make, and something like two hundred are made each year at Woolwich.



A portion of the great torpedo factory at Woolwich Arsenal, where secrets of mechanism are carefully kept.

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By Gerald Brenan.

I.

In the chaos of luggage upon the steamship dock, the brown portmanteau and the Saratoga trunk found themselves side by side. Under the circumstances, this was awkward; but the portmanteau belonged to a man of the world, and difficulties terrified him not.

The ice had to be broken; and the portmanteau made the first plunge.

"I—er—believe that we have met before?" he remarked politely.

"I should not have thought," rather coldly answered the Saratoga trunk, "that you would care to recall the circumstances. They were, at the least, distinctly painful."

"You allude, I presume, to the episode of our two owners? That was undoubtedly painful, but I cannot see why it should affect our own relations."

The American trunk was silent for a moment, and then said in somewhat mollified tones:

"Perhaps you are right. Our proprietors' love quarrels need not extend to us. We are not in love."

"On that subject you must really speak for yourself," replied the portmanteau, with a gallant creak. "By the way, the first scene of the last act, in this unhappy though romantic drama, occurred——"

"At Waterloo station. He had heard that she was going home to America, and waylaid her in the hope of reconciliation. But she cut him dead at the station."

"I quite remember it," resumed the portmanteau. "Do you know I really think that he had an idea of starting with her on the boat for New York. At any rate, he brought me with him, and I lay ready labelled on the platform. But when she turned her back on him like that, he sent me back to his hotel. Three days later we left London for the East."

"Ah, the dear East," the Saratoga trunk murmured. "It was there that we met first, was it not?"

"Yes, at Shepheard's. My owner and myself had just returned from a perfectly horrible time in India, and we decided on a week's laze up the Nile."

"And I was with Mrs. Pelt Van Pelt's party. Mrs. Van Pelt is our married sister, you know. They made some mistake, and you were sent up to our room. I well remember how nervous you were."

"No wonder. I was a lone bachelor portmanteau among any amount of giddy feminine trappings."

"It must have been awkward. After a while my mistress found you out, however, and took a good look at your labels. I heard her say to Mrs. Van Pelt 'This valise belongs to a Captain Richard Assheton. I wonder why he spells his name with that ridiculous double letter.'"

"The idea of calling me a 'valise!' So American!" interjected the portmanteau. "Still your mistress was a very charming young woman, and captivatingly sprightly."

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"She is charming still, though scarcely so sprightly. Between ourselves, she felt that episode keenly."

The portmanteau creaked with evident impatience. "Then why, in the name of all that is sensible," he said, "did she act so? It was all her fault, surely."

"Nothing of the kind," the Saratoga retorted; "it was wholly the fault of your deceitful Captain Assheton."

There was another silence; broken at length by the portmanteau:

"Well,' he said, "we needn't fight about it. As you say in America: 'This is not our funeral!' I recollect when my owner saw your's first. He asked a servant her name; and I heard him repeating, several times: 'By Jove! That Miss Carrie Dunham is a deucedly pretty girl.'"

"That certainly showed that the man had some taste. She noticed him too; because I heard her talking to her sister. Then they met under Lord Ballymenagh's wing. You remember Lord Ballymenagh?"

"Little red-haired man who went about good naturedly introducing everybody. He was something on the Sirdar's staff, I think."

"Yes; and he spoke so highly of Captain Assheton, that Mrs. Van Pelt actually ended by inviting him to join the party."

"Which he did, with enthusiasm. Do you remember how tenderly he looked after you at Port Said? I assure you, I felt quite neglected."

"Ah, but Miss Dunham kept you in mind. I can still hear her begging him not to forget his dear old valise."

"The first proposal occurred at Malta, did it not?"

"Unquestionably. She came down to her stateroom and told Mrs. Van Pelt all about it. Indeed, she was sitting on me at the time, so I ought to know."

"She had put him on probation. I heard him tell his friend, Macleod. He was to meet them again in London, and receive his final answer. . . . . Ah, that answer! How can you, of the gentler sex, act so cruelly?"

He formally presented the wretch with a gorgeous diamond and ruby tiara.

"Cruelly? What nonsense. My dear mistress had no alternative but to do as she did. Do not forget the shameful conduct of Captain Assheton."

The portmanteau was astonished and said so.

"The shameful conduct of Dick Assheton," he repeated. "I cannot penetrate your meaning."

"Your nation is proverbially slow of comprehension," snapped the American trunk. "But it is surely hypocritical on your part to pretend a lack of knowledge of your master's notorious frailties. You must be aware that in Paris he so far forgot his boasted love for my mistress as to publicly pay court to that awful creature that they call 'The Queen of the Quarter.'"

"You mean Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*?"

"That is exactly whom I do mean. At the painters' ball (a most disreputable function, I believe) your master led Mademoiselle Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes* upon the stage, and formally presented the wretch with a gorgeous diamond and ruby

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tiara, in full view of an audience of howling students. My mistress's brother-in-law, Pelt Van Pelt, was present and actually saw him do it."

The portmanteau creaked violently.

"And such," he cried "was the mysterious reason why your mistress jilted poor Dick Assheton? Such was why she refused to see him, when he came for his answer? Such was the cause of her cutting him at Waterloo station?"

"Such, as you observe, was the reason for these things," said the Saratoga, sharply; "and a very sound reason too, so far as I can see."

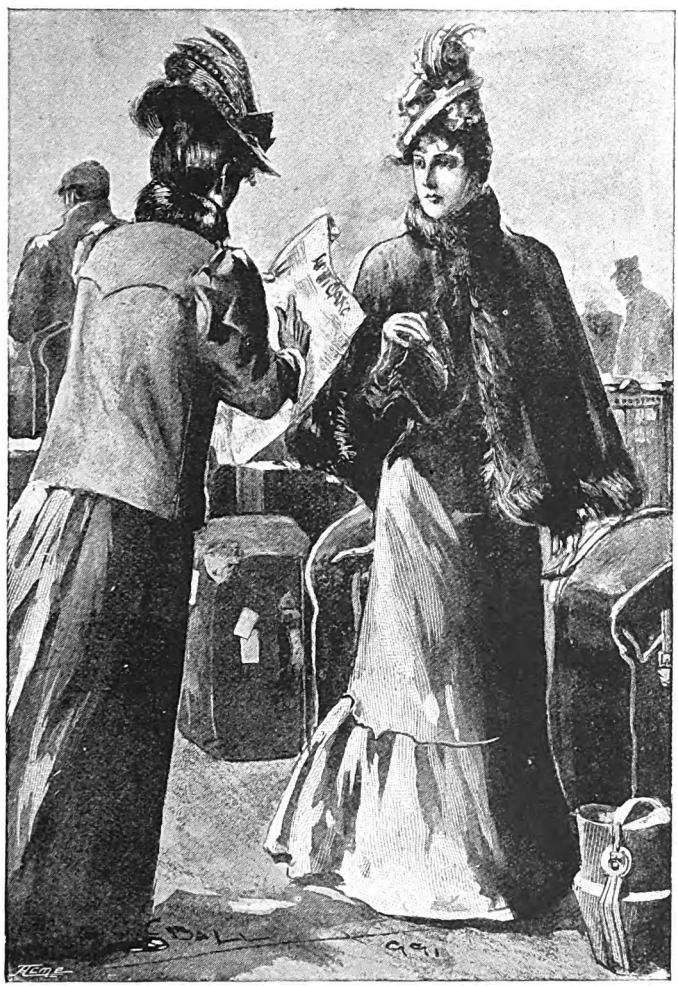
The portmanteau gave vent to a violent fit of leathery laughter, greatly to his companion's disgust. So vigorously did he chuckle, in fact, that, from his lid (which had been left open for the convenience of customs' inspection) there slipped out a carelessly-packed roll of old newspapers. The roll, striking the sloping deck, was only stopped from falling into the sea, by the presence of the offended Saratoga.

"There," exclaimed the latter. "But for me, you would have lost some of your property."

"Pray pardon me," said the portmanteau, becoming suddenly grave, as he caught sight of the papers. "I am deeply grateful for your civility in saving that roll. It is more valuable than it looks."

"And now," remarked the trunk, "perhaps you will be so good as to explain the cause of your——your cacchinatory hysteria."

"What a clever trunk you must be, to use such long words. Anyone can see that you come from Boston. The cause of my merriment, eh? Well, I was laughing over the very ridiculous mistake made by your mistress and her meddlesome donkey of a brother-in-law."



As she spoke she handed to the astonished Miss Dunham the new paper which she had just been perusing.

"Mistake?"

"Certainly. The superb tiara, which my master presented to Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*, did not come from himself. He was merely an instrument in the presentation. The diamonds and rubies were a gift from the Rajah of Nuggerapore, who had seen Fanny in the previous year in Paris. He sent the diamonds to her from India, in charge of his friend, Captain Assheton. I ought to know; because the tiara was stowed away inside me, all the way from Madras. The noisy student reception, was

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merely a carnival joke, which the fair Fanny played on my master. The whole story was in the Parisian papers, at the time; and if your mistress's brother-in-law had taken the trouble to read them ——"

"He neither speaks nor reads French, poor fellow."

"Ah; that explains it. And so, because of his ignorance, two young hearts are to be severed, and two happy lives blighted."

"It is very sad," sighed the Saratoga sympathetically.

"Sad! In my opinion it is criminal. But let us consider. Is there no way by which matters may be set right? Fate has brought us together once more."

"And we may never meet again. Dear me; I never wished so fervently for the power of human speech before. Could I make myself understood, I should lose no time in explaining to my mistress this hideous error about Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*."

"Human speech is, of course, out of the question. But I really think that I see another way out of the difficulty. You remember that roll of newspapers which fell out of my internal arrangements, and which now lies by your side? Well, this morning, as Barnes was packing me, he found those old papers and put them in hurriedly. What do you think they are?"

"Indeed, I cannot guess."

"Nothing less than several Parisian morning journals, with full accounts of the presentation to the fair Fanny on behalf of the Rajah of Nuggerapore. If only Miss Dunham can be induced to see the articles in question."

"Better again," cried the excited Saratoga, "if only her maid, Angelique, should find them. And here, in company with a customs' official, comes Angelique herself."

II.

Both the Saratoga trunk and the portmanteau were being examined by the customs' authorities.

Miss Carrie Dunham and Captain Richard Assheton stood near their respective heaps of luggage, but the average stranger could never have guessed from the manner of either one that there had ever been the slightest acquaintance between these young people.

As Angelique, Miss Dunham's maid, was proceeding to unlock the Saratoga trunk, her quick eyes fell upon the roll of French newspapers which had dropped from the portmanteau.

"Promise me you won't quarrel with him," said Carrie.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "the *Figaro*, the *Matin*, the *Gaulois*——I shall have all the news now."

She picked up the papers and, after a glance at the year-old date lines, was about to throw them away again, when a picture and heading in one of the journals attracted her attention. She read the decidedly frivolous account with growing curiosity.

"*Hé!*" she cried, "but this is a very strange business."

Then, forgetting all about custom-house people, she tripped towards where her mistress stood, still holding the newspapers in her hand.

"Oh, *mademoiselle!* What an occurrence! What a providence! Read, I beg of you, this article."

As she spoke she handed to the astonished Miss Dunham the newspaper which she had just perused with so much interest. The article in question described the presentation to the fascinating Mlle. Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*, of the Rajah's splendid present;

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through the medium of His Highness's friend, Captain Assheton.

Miss Dunham gasped when she read this revelation. Then her fine eyes filled with tears, and she turned sadly towards her maid.

"There has been a terrible mistake, Angelique," she whispered.

"Alas, yes, *Mademoiselle*. It was the fault of *Monsieur* Van Pelt. But, indeed, *Mademoiselle* must not give way. I have a plan to make all right again. If *Mademoiselle* will only consent to a little innocent deception—a little private theatricals, as it were—we may save the day."

"What can I do, Angelique?"

"*Mademoiselle* must pretend to faint upon the Saratoga trunk yonder. *M. le Captaine*, being a gallant man, will come to the rescue."

Carrie Dunham dried her eyes.

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the kind," she said. "It would not be honourable."

Angelique shrugged her shoulders. "It is the only chance, *Mademoiselle*," she said; "and, look, *M. le Captaine* is about to go."

It was true; Assheton was sending his servant for a cab.

Quickly Carrie Dunham stepped forward, and touched him on the arm.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I have no right to address you, but, if you will be kind enough to allow me a few minutes speech, I should feel very grateful."

Dick Assheton tried hard to look stiff, but the effort was a failure.

"You are welcome to address me when you please, Miss Dunham," he said.

She held out the paper which Angelique had given her from the roll.

"Only this afternoon," she faltered, "have I learned that I wronged you last year. This article put me in possession of the true facts regarding the presentation which you made to the actress who is mentioned there."

"Good Lord," he interrupted, "you don't mean to say that—you surely didn't think——"

"It was my brother-in-law's fault," she exclaimed hysterically. "He speaks no French, and has no time to read anything but the stock reports in the newspapers. Unfortunately someone brought him to the students' ball and he witnessed the whole affair. He thought that it was his duty to tell me, and a few days after, he came to the little Devonshire cottage where we were staying, and gave me a full account of what he said was a most disgraceful scene."

"And you believed him?"

"I did; at home he's a strict churchman, and I have never known him to tell a lie."

"Then give me a good liar," growled Assheton wrathfully, "or else a churchman who stays away from students' carnivals."

"He—he meant well."

"Of course he did. They usually do."

"And I am sure that he will apologise to you, Captain Assheton as I do now. Good-bye."

She was turning to rejoin her maid, but Assheton stopped the way.

"Do you mean to say" he cried, "that, having come forward to acknowledge your error, you are going away once more?"

"But—but what can I do?

"To begin with, you can shake hands."

"But I don't——"

"You don't want to be reconciled?"

"Oh, yes" (holding out her hand, which was fervently gripped by Assheton).

"Then what do you mean, Carrie?"

"I mean, Captain Assheton, that I don't want it to look as if—as if——"

"It certainly shall not, if you wish it. I'll come and see you to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow, please."

"No, to-morrow. Your brother-in-law might discover another mare's nest."

"You are tyrannical."

"But remember how I have been tyrannised."

"Very well. To-morrow, at Mrs. Van Pelt's."

"Will Van Pelt be there?"

She smiled.

"Yes; but promise me you won't quarrel with him."

"No; I am far too happy to quarrel, even with Van Pelt. My revenge shall be a generous one. I shall teach him French."

III.

"Well?" said the Saratoga trunk to the portmanteau, as they parted company on the the dock. "We shall meet again, I fancy."

"I rather think so," answered the portmanteau. "Everything seems to have turned out admirably."

"Admirably indeed, old friend," the trunk exclaimed, ecstatically. "Do you know, I think there may be a wedding before Advent?"

"And then we shall always travel together, you and I."

But the Saratoga trunk was coy, and said nothing.

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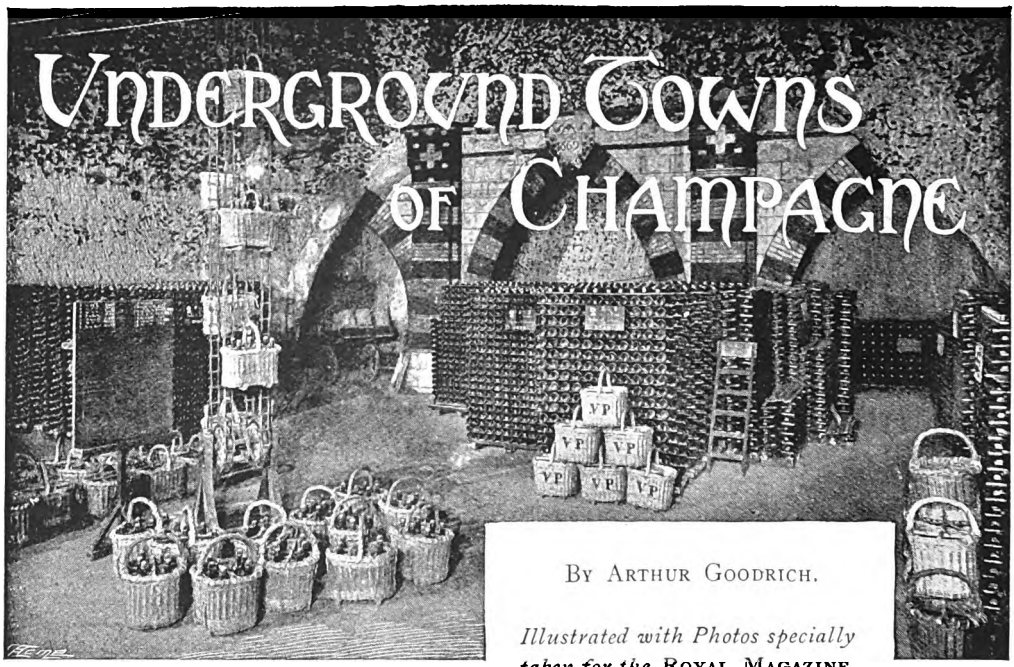
Underground Towns of Champagne



The endless chain lift in the Rothier cellars.

By Arthur Goodrich.

Illustrated with Photos specially taken for the Royal Magazine.

It is highly probable that had champagne been known in the time of Shakespeare, the immortal bard would not have permitted Cassio to stigmatise the invisible spirit of wine as a devil, though in the days of good Queen Bess there were, no doubt, wines which produced even worse mornings than the full-bodied ports and fiery sherries so beloved by our forefathers.

The worthy folk of the last century who scorned claret because it was a wine which did not enable the consumer, in the words of the old farmer, "to get any forrader," would in all probability have despised the pale, yellow fluid, which Tallyrand called the "*vin civilisateur par excellence.*"

If the vineyards of the Cyprus commandory produce the strongest wine, those which flourish in the low hills of that department of France, through which the Marne tranquilly flows, furnish the most popular.

Mankind no sooner discovered that the luscious invention of Don Perignon, who, of a certainty, must have been a better cellarman than a monk, possessed the truly divine power of transforming the anxious, care-laden citizen into a light-hearted brilliant creature, merry of speech, sunny in aspect, and sparkling of eye, than they straightway accorded it such favour that to-day the power of champagne rivals that of statesmen and kings. If the Press is the fourth estate, then of a surety champagne is the fifth. No social function is complete without it. It oils the wheels of Diplomacy, and knots which reason fails to loosen champagne severs with ease. Indeed, so great is the demand, that 40,000 acres in the vicinity of the river Marne are given up to the cultivation of the vine.

As the average production is twenty-one million gallons (the sales to this country alone exceeding twenty million bottles a year), the wine trade is gradually altering the aspect of the country.

The quaint architecture and crumbling houses of Epernay, the Roman antiquities and grand old cathedral of Rheims, enable these towns to retain their old-world air. But their belated survivals exist only on sufferance. They are not in the way, moreover, for the real towns of Champagne are underground, bustling, busy places, where the chief business of the industry is carried on.

These subterranean cities are of vast extent, because champagne, although a product of nature, is dependent on man for the development of those qualities which have won it the favour it enjoys. It is also coy, for after leaving the sun-kissed vines, the raw wine so shuns the light of day that cellars, at once

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dark and cool, are necessary for its transformation into

> Champagne with foaming whirls
> As white as Cleopatra's pearls.

These underground towns have widened and spread as the popularity of the wine has grown. The growers have even taken to tunnelling at Ay, a little village nestling between the vine-clad slopes and the Marne Canal. Concerning this Ay, which is famous for producing the finest of all champagne—the golden grapes of Ay—a curious story was told me by an old inhabitant.

One fine morning, in 1870, a partner in the old-established firm of Deutz and Geldermann fell into the hands of the vanguard of the Prussian Army, who forthwith sent him to the headquarters.

"You will bring 12,000 pairs of boots to-morrow morning," said the Prussian General.

The wine-grower was aghast. "I am not a bootmaker," he declared; but the officer was busy and would not listen.

As the boots did not turn up, Bismarck and the aforesaid General looked about for the defaulter, and ran him to earth in his cellar. The grower of vines, trembling for his life, so awful was Bismark's frown, profferred his visitors a glass of his gold lack.

"This is splendid," exclaimed the Prussian General.

"Wine of this quality never comes to Germany," grumbled the statesman; "we must make up for lost time."

But, although the staff drank and paid for an enormous quantity of Deutz's gold lack during the siege of Paris, this wine did not become really popular till it figured in the wine list of the banquet given by the Royal Naval Club at Portsmouth some years ago in honour of the Prince of Wales.

It is in the underground towns of Champagne that you learn the real truth about the wine—that the sweet wine goes to Germany and Russia; that the former country require their's loaded with ten per cent. more liqueur than that sent to England. Indeed, from the subterranean workers you also gather that the world has so persuaded itself that the best wines come to England, that foreign firms now order of English wine-merchants in preference to sending their orders to the champagne country.

Workmen entering the famous Pommery cellars. 116 steps lead down to eight miles of passages.

Good champagne is generally of a pale straw colour. The underground towns also say that dry wine is the safest, because the purest, to drink; that in addition to being a harmless and transient stimulant, it is good for neuralgia, headache, and influenza. Underground Champagne shudders at the mere mention of Champagne being mixed with ice or ice-water, and declares that its flavour is injured if it is cooled below a temperature of 50 degs.

Underground Champagne has, needless to say, its grievances. It is apt to revile Nature for not providing really bountiful vintages oftener than once in four or five years. In the opinion of the cellars, the vintage of 1899 was of fine quality, but not over abundant.

When the ladies and gentlemen of the lower regions (Champagne) dine sumptuously they prefer champagne early in the repast, not because they like it, but because champagne, they say, is the parent of a good appetite.

The British working man, with his short hours of work, would probably not care for a job in underground Champagne. Day after

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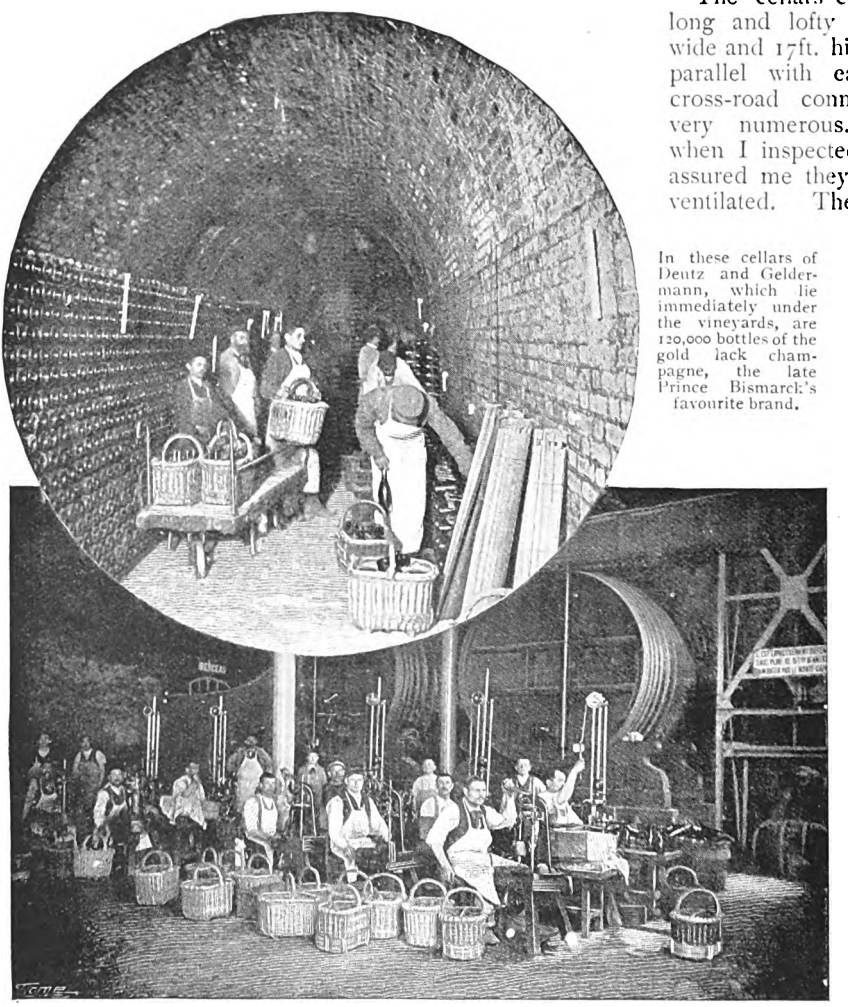
day the work people leave for eleven or twelve hours the outer world, to discharge duties which, if not heavy, must be extremely monotonous.

One intelligent old Frenchman assured me, when I visited Rheims, that he had worked below nigh upon forty-five years. His duties consisted in shaking the bottles to dislodge the sediment. Having stated that he had shaken fifty bottles a minute during a working day of twelve hours for these forty-five years, he asked me to calculate for him how many bottles he had shaken. I considered for a moment, and then incontinently took to my heels.

Underground Champagne may produce good wine, but it seems to sour the disposition of those who tend it. I found most of the inhabitants taciturn, not to say misanthropical. In one cellar at Epernay I came across an old man who assured me that the place was filled with ghosts and goblins. If the cellar folk drank the wine they might be more lighthearted. I believe the favourite beverage of underground Champagne is spirit. Strength preferred to quality. The popularity of Ay champagne has made but little difference to the village itself. The little place is as primitive as ever, but a regular subterranean city is growing up right underneath the vineyards.

Ayala and Co., Bollingers, Duminy and Co., Le Duc de Montebello, and Deutz and Geldermann have their cellars at Ay.

The latter firm have excavated to such purpose that their underground town is able to store eight million bottles.



In these cellars of Deutz and Geldermann, which lie immediately under the vineyards, are 120,000 bottles of the gold lack champagne, the late Prince Bismarck's favourite brand.

Bottling the champagne by machinery.

The cellars consist of eight long and lofty galleries, 17ft. wide and 17ft. high, all running parallel with each other, the cross-road connections being very numerous. My guide, when I inspected these vaults, assured me they were perfectly ventilated. They may have been, but on the day of my visit the bottles were bursting in all directions. In one gloomy vault there was something very like a bombardment going on. A perfect epidemic of breakages seemed to be raging.

Said my guide: "A mere nothing! With many firms the yearly destruction of bottles is seven per cent; our's is under four per cent." A mere nothing he called it! It was lucky my head was enveloped in

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a wire mask, for I was hit, and smartly, too, more than once.

The moment any wine begins to develop an undue proportion of effervescence, its combativeness is reduced by transference to a temperature only slightly above freezing.

Perinet's is really an English firm (J. Barnett and Sons), and is the only English house engaged in the manufacture of champagne. Its three-storied cellars are all constructed of solid masonry, each story being divided into two big galleries with numerous connecting passages. Whilst other firms are attentively considering how to overcome the shoulder weakness of the champagne bottle (it is at the shoulder where the fracture generally occurs), all Perinets do is to see that the lowest cellar is never above 43 degs., and that of the second floor, 41 degs. Bottle breakage in these cellars do not exceed one per cent.

This car, symbolical of the champagne trade, was prepared by Mercier and Co. for the procession in a great charity festival.

Large as is the underground town of Ay, it is a pigmy as compared to that of Epernay. Here are located the enormous cellars of Mercier and Co., into the depths of which over 500 hands descend every morning to earn their daily bread.

The premises of Mercier and Co. are the finest in all Champagne, and their cellars probably the largest. No one can enter the huge underground town of Mercier without being impressed with a sense of its vastness.

The President of the French Republic paid these cellars a visit in 1891, and after a glass of superb wine, became infected with a spirit of exploration (not colonial), and hurried in advance of his guide, and lost his way. For over two hours the French Republic was minus its head. There is nothing strange in the occurrence, for the cellars of this firm are fifteen miles long. Some are well ventilated and lighted, but the one into which the President wandered and lost himself was of the dark, dank, and dismal order.

Feeling doubtful whether the hue and cry after a lost journalist would be as loud as the one raised for a missing President, I stuck close to the guide provided me by Mons. Chauvet, *chef des caves*, when I explored them.

Never was such a sight! Miles of roadway lined with hogsheads of raw wine. Stacks of bottles of various vintages in different stages of maturity and in every conceivable position. Streets, roads, crossings, squares and open spaces stretch out in all directions. Many are hewn out of the solid rock, others excavated from the chalk. Some of the wine has been lying there more than ten years, for a good wine will keep on improving for eleven years.

As the name of Mercier is quite unknown to the general public, it may be as well to state that the shareholders are vineyard proprietors who supply hundreds of wine-merchants with brands on which they place their own labels. So great is this class of trade that on examining the cellar books I found that the iron-wheel trucks roll to the lifts, in response to orders from the outer world, over 120,000 bottles a day. Large as are the vineyards owned by this firm, the produce is so

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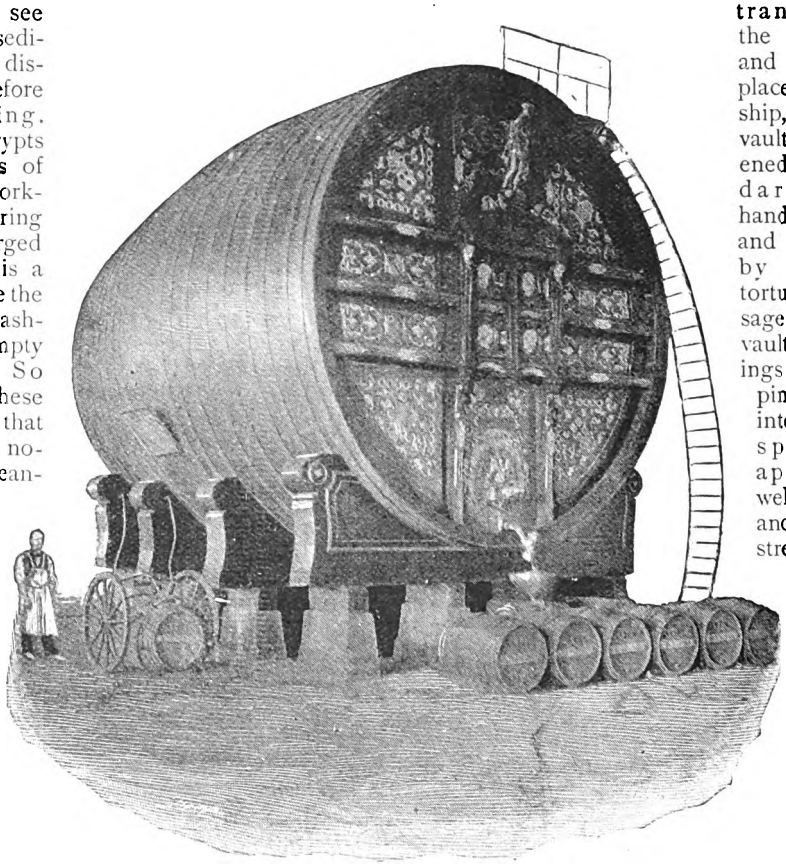
inadequate that the firm thinks nothing of buying during the year 20,000 casks of wine from the grower at an average price of £7 a cask.

A wonderful town is that of Mercier. Mercier's vaults I found much safer travelling than those of Deutz and Co., owing to their being full of ventilating shafts.

In one gloomy corridor one will light on a gang of men looking ghostly in the dim light of candles, in front of which are held the bottles to see if the sediment is dislodged before disgorging. In other crypts are groups of workers corking and wiring the disgorged wine. It is a sight to see the women washing the empty bottles. So deft are these damsels that they think nothing of cleansing a thousand bottles a day.



Here is the largest wine cask in the world. It contains 200,000 bottles of champagne, and is to be seen in the caves of Mercier and Co. at Epernay. When taken to the Paris Exhibition of 1889 it was carried on a huge cart drawn by twenty-four oxen.

Before I left the cellars I was shown the five-and-forty gold medals the firm has carried off, and a book which showed that the cellars have to supply a yearly demand, mostly for England, of no less than 4,012,752 bottles. As I left I caught sight of the largest cask in the world. It holds 200,000 bottles, and requires twelve horses to draw it.

But if Mercier's are the kings of underground Epernay, I found a rival potentate enthroned in the lower regions of Rheims. The gigantic cellars of Pommery and Greno are, without doubt, the most perfectly appointed of all. Spick and span as they looked in the light shed by electricity, the spirit of romance is still present.

The caves were once the hiding places of the early Christians; indeed, so honeycombed with passages were they, that for many centuries robbers, assassins, politicians out of Court favour, Huguenots and what not found a safe refuge in their depths. But the civilising hand of man has been at work, and transformed the old lairs and rugged places of worship, gloomy vaults, blackened by the darkening hand of time, and reached by narrow, tortuous passages and low vaulted ceilings and dripping walls, into dry and spacious apartments, well drained and lighted streets, with a temperature regulated and kept under control by thirty ventilating shafts.

The brand which has accomplished all these marvels is a dry wine, monopolised almost entirely by England. Millions of bottles line the roadway of Pommery Town for miles; but although the world has drank sufficient of the *vin brut* to float an ironclad, it still clamours for more.

The underground town of Pommery is reached by a flight of steps, 116 in number. I measured the width, and found them to be 12ft. Thirty years ago the cellars sent to the

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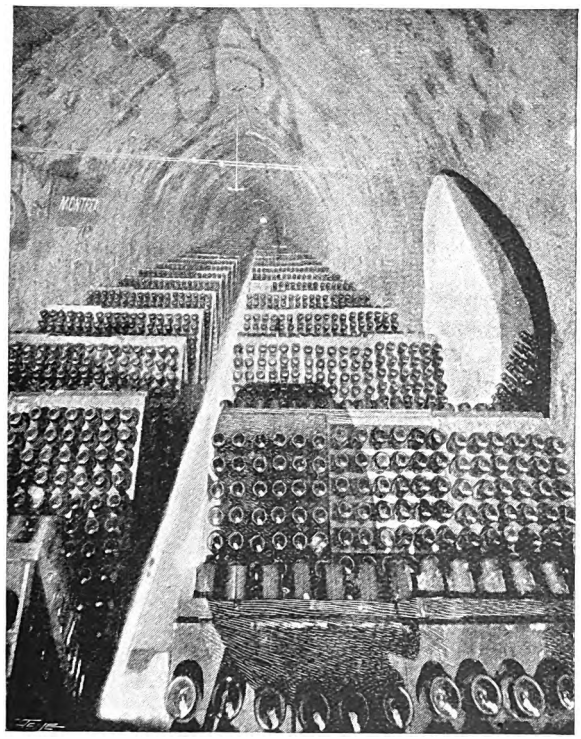
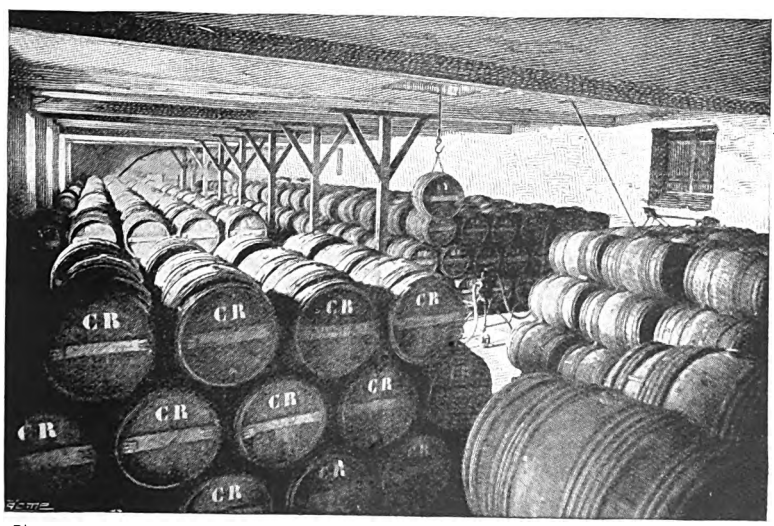
outer world less than 50,000 bottles a year. As the demand for Pommery now exceeds 3,000,000 bottles, the tunnelling still goes on. Will the demand for champagne at last exceed the supply, and the *pure* vintage become in the end precious as molten gold? Possibly; but, in the meantime, its high price renders it the monopoly of fortune's favourites, so that most of us taste of its sweetness but rarely — at Christmas and on great occasions that remain unforgetable for nothing so much as for those costly draughts of divine vintage.



The Pommery cellars contains many long passages like this, and altogether comprise nearly half a million square feet.

I laid a stress on the epithet "pure" just now, and my reason for doing so is an astonishing little fact concerning champagne that came to my knowledge while writing this article. There is more champagne drunk in one year than the whole champagne country produces in seven! Where does the vast supply of spurious vintage come from? Certainly not from the firms mentioned in this article. Of what is it made? Let us not enquire too closely. In 1898 the champagne district exported about 19,680,000 litres, and the world swallowed no less than 137,860,000 litres! But it is satisfactory to know that of the genuine article England consumed more than half, Belgium some 2,778,000 litres, Germany 1,859,000 litres, the United States and Canada 1,419,400 litres, and Russia only 498,500 litres.



Reserve wine in the Perinet cellars. In this photograph are shown casks which altogether never contain less than two million bottles of champagne, worth roughly £350,000.

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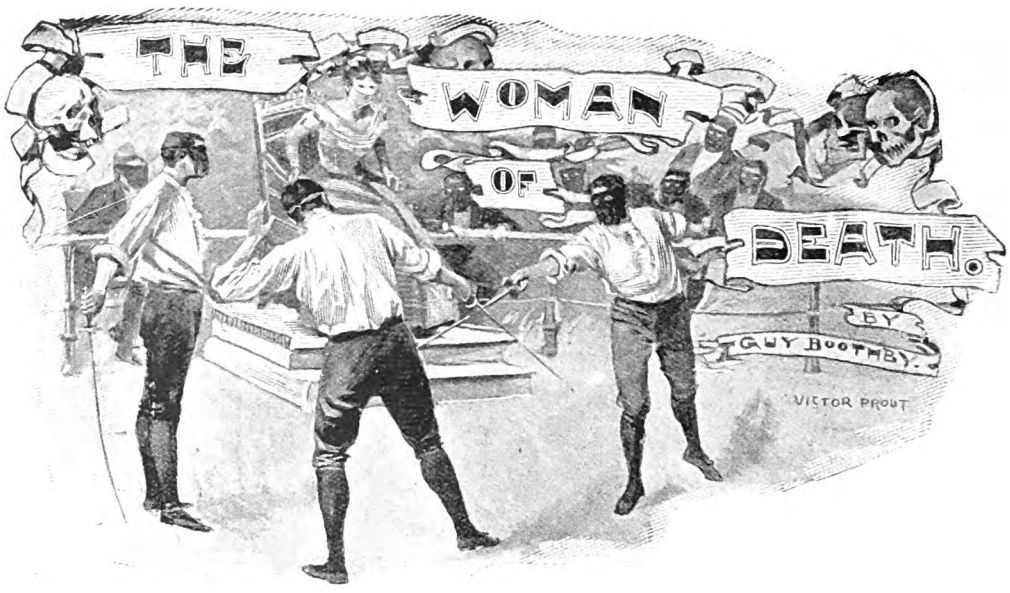

INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH, suffering from boredom, joins a Parisian club, of which the weekly amusement is a compulsory duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady, whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame D'Espère, a lady of his acquaintance. Returning to England, Middlesborough becomes engaged to Cécile de Tavernac, and discovers shortly afterwards that her father is also a member of the above-mentioned club, and has just been summoned back to Paris by the Woman of Death.

CHAPTER VII. (*Continued.*)

MIDDLESBOROUGH'S first thoughts on waking next morning were certainly happy ones. He was the betrothed lover of Cécile, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had won her on his own merits and without any extraneous assistance. It was only when he recalled all the events of the preceding night that his spirits sank again. He remembered the visit paid by the man who he now felt sure was de Chartres, the secretary of the club at St. Germain, and the agent of the Woman of Death; and also his fruitless endeavours to overtake him later in the evening. While he dressed, he informed Perkins of his decision to leave for Paris that day, and bade him make the necessary arrangements. The latter's satisfaction knew no bounds. After Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, the French capital would be like Paradise. His face was as radiant as it was possible for the countenance of a well-trained servant to be. While Middlesborough was eating his breakfast, he heard the man whistling as merrily as a blackbird in the room overhead.

As soon as he had finished his meal, Middlesborough made his way to the Manor House, and with a feeling that was not far removed from a foreboding in his heart, walked up the drive. Thanks to Cécile, who had been hard at work since daybreak, he found them almost ready for the journey.

"I am proud of my morning's work," she said. "In less than an hour all our preparations will be complete."

"You have certainly worked hard," Middlesborough replied; "but you have not told me whether you will be sorry to leave this old house."

"I shall be very sorry to say good-bye to it," she answered. Then looking up at him, she added, "I should not have minded leaving it a week ago, but now everything is different.

Before Middlesborough could reply to this speech, de Tarvenac entered the room. He looked white and heavy-eyed, as if he had spent a sleepless night.

Middlesborough expressed the hope that he was feeling better that morning.

"I feel as well as ever," de Tarvenac replied, but in a tone which suggested that, comforting as the assurance might sound, it was scarcely the truth. "Are you still determined to come with us to Paris?"

"Quite determined," Middlesborough an-

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swered. "My man was packing when I left the inn. I am looking forward to spending a very pleasant time with you across the Channel."

De Tarvenac turned away with a sigh that was not lost upon his companion. Middlesborough noticed also that Cécile watched her father continually with anxious eyes. He had changed a great deal of late. At one time, she said, he was never happy but in Paris. Now it was quite different; he could scarcely bear to hear the name mentioned. Times out of number she had endeavoured to induce him to tell her the reason of the change, but it was always in vain. He declined to admit that his feelings had altered in any way. The eyes of Love, however, are seldom to be deceived. Cécile, from her experience, felt certain there was something behind it all, and she waited for time to show her what that something was.

Towards midday the one and only vehicle in Todthorpe was chartered, the luggage was collected, Perkins was appointed to the post of courier, and they set off in the direction of Harwich. As they drove along the dusty road, they turned to take a last look at the place they were leaving. Touched by the wizard hand of Sentiment, even the sand-hills and the rush-covered plain beyond, seemed almost picturesque. Then the road turned abruptly to the left, and the village was lost to view.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock next morning when they reached Paris. They had travelled *via* Bâle, a route which Middlesborough registered a vow he would never attempt again. Throughout the journey he had done all in his power to promote the comfort of his friends, and the thanks he received from Cécile, when they reached their journey's end, more than rewarded him. Strange to relate, they had no sooner set foot in Paris than de Tarvenac became a different man. He was no longer the moody, irritable individual that Todthorpe knew, but was once more the witty, cynical man of the world who had called upon Middlesborough that evening in London.

"I trust we are not going to lose sight of you altogether?" he said, as they stood upon the platform of the Gare du Nord. "You have our address, I fancy, and I can only say that we shall be very pleased to see you whenever you can spare the time to call upon us."

"It is probable you will see more of me than you care about," Middlesborough replied, with a laugh. "If I were you, I would not put too much temptation in my way."

He escorted his friends to a cab, saw their luggage placed in another, and then bade them good-bye.

A telegram had been sent to his servants from Harwich notifying his arrival. He accordingly left Perkins to collect his luggage, and, calling another cab himself, bade the man drive him to his residence. When he arrived there his butler opened the door to him as if he had only been out to pay a morning call. He bathed, changed his travelling suit, and then breakfasted. A pile of letters lay upon his writing table, over which he glanced impatiently. The first was a gossiping epistle from the Countess de

"I should not have minded leaving a week ago," she answered, "but now everything is different."

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"He arrived this morning," the other replied.

Chevilhac, who was yachting in the Ionian Islands; another invited him to a shooting party in Russia. The writing of the third seemed strangely familiar to him. Turning over the page he glanced at the signature. He was not mistaken. It was from Madame d'Espère, and ran as follows:—

Champs Elysées.

"CHER AMI,

I have a belief, why I do not know, that you will be in Paris when this reaches you. If I am right, may I hope that you will come and see me?

Toujours à vous,

STÉPHANIE D'ESPÈRE."

"How could she have known that I should be in Paris to-day?" he asked himself almost angrily. He felt as if he had no desire ever to see her again. He could only think of her in connection with the woman he had seen at the house in St. Germain, a far from pleasant association as matters now stood. Then it struck him that it was possible he might discover something about de Tarvenac if he called upon her, though he was well aware that if the latter were a member of the Club, it was hopeless to expect that she would be communicative. He postponed consideration of the matter, however, for a while, and sat down to breakfast, wondering how he should kill time until it would be permissible for him to call upon Cécile. He could not help feeling that it would not be possible for him to see so much of her as he had done in the quiet Essex village. In consequence he, perhaps the only person who had ever done so, looked back upon Todthorpe-by-the-Sea with almost a regret.

At last, when he had finished breakfast, mastered the remainder of his correspondence, and skimmed the morning papers, he left the house and walked in the direction of the Amphitryon Club. It was a bright morning, and consequently the Boulevards were crowded. He had always shown himself to be one of the Gay City's most ardent devotees, and he felt that if only he were the husband of Cécile, and that house at St. Germain did not exist, he would be content to spend the remainder of his life in Paris.

Presently he found himself in the Hall of his favourite club. He had come there with a definite purpose, and to further this he made his way upstairs to the Secretary's office. The latter was a man who numbered among his acquaintances most of the celebrities of Europe. Indeed, it was mainly due to his connection with its management, that the Amphitryon occupied the place it did.

"Ah, my dear Lord Middlesborough," said the latter, when the other had been ushered into his presence. "This is a pleasure indeed. I understood from de Chamberet you were in England. When did you return?"

"Only this morning," Middlesborough answered. "I came by Antwerp and Harwich for a change. There is nothing like varying your route occasionally."

"I can quite believe it," the other replied. "And now what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"Since you are a sort of social detective, and know the movements of everyone in the world of politics or fashion, I want you to tell me whether Sir William Ballister is in town, and, if so, where I shall be likely to find him? I saw in yesterday's *Morning Post*

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that he was on his way from Vienna to London, travelling *via* Paris."

"He arrived this morning," the other replied. "Personally I have not seen him yet, but I believe he has looked in here. As you are aware, he usually stays at the Bristol, but if it will be any convenience to you, I will find out where he is and let you know in the course of a quarter of an hour."

"I should be vastly obliged to you if you would," Middlesborough replied, and then made his way to the smoking room, where he waited until the information he wanted should be brought to him. At the end of ten minutes a servant entered the room with a card upon a salver. Upon the former Middlesborough read the name of the hotel at which his friend was staying. He accordingly left the club, and set off in the direction indicated. On reaching the hotel he inquired for Sir William Ballister.

"If Monsieur will furnish me with his name, I will have it conveyed to His Excellency, who will doubtless see Monsieur at once," the hall porter answered.

Middlesborough did so, and a few minutes later followed the man up the grand staircase to the suite of rooms which the ambassador was occupying.

"My dear Middlesborough, it is indeed a pleasure to see you," said Sir William, as he hastened forward to greet his friend. "It is a long time since we met."

"You so seldom come to Paris," Middlesborough replied. "But that does not seem to have any ill effect upon your health. I never saw a man fitter in my life. I wish you would tell me your secret."

"You are welcome to it," the other answered. "It is a very simple one, and it would do you a world of good to try it. Plenty of work, a fair amount of play, always in bed and asleep by midnight, and a cruise on the high seas every autumn. It is only when the newspapers manage to goad us into some wretched complication that I feel older than a schoolboy. But you have not come here to talk to me about politics or my health. Tell me what I can do for you?"

"I want you to give me some information," Middlesborough replied. "I fancy you can do it, if you will."

"You know very well that I will do anything I can to serve you," Ballister answered. "What is the information you require?"

The other paused for a moment before he replied.

"It is rather difficult to explain," he began at last. "I scarcely know how to commence. I have a secret to reveal to you, Ballister, which, so far, I have not told to anyone. The fact of the matter is I am about to be married."

Ballister showed some signs of surprise.

"My dear fellow, let me congratulate you most heartily," he said. "You could not have given me better news. Would it be discreet to enquire the name of the young lady? Perhaps I am acquainted with her."

"I do not think so," the other answered. "She is Mademoiselle de Tarvenac."

"To tell the truth, Ballister, I'm in a bit of a scrape. . . . I may die before my wedding day."

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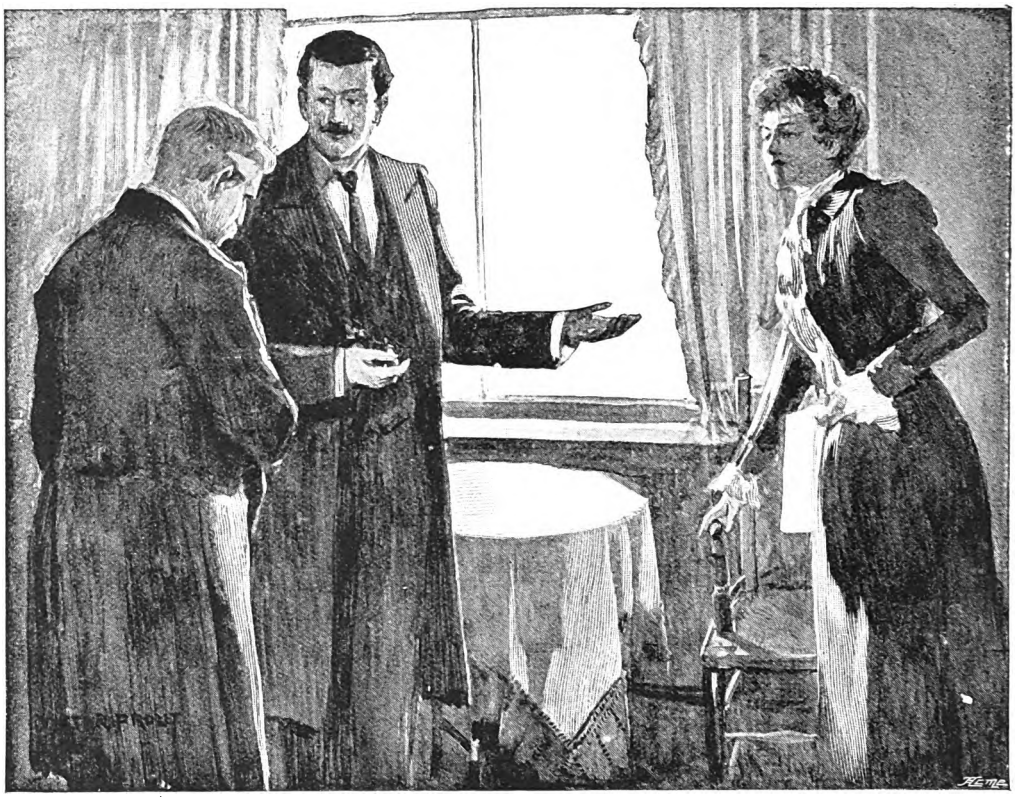

"Cécile, let me present to you one of my oldest friends, Sir William Ballister."

"Surely not the daughter of Bouverie de Tarvenac? The man who wrote 'The Confessions of a Misanthrope.'"

"His daughter," said Middlesborough, laconically.

"But I was given to understand that he had been—well, to put it mildly, rather tabooed by Parisian Society."

"Indeed," said the younger man. "I was not aware of that. I know that he has lost whatever wealth he may once have had. But surely that does not affect his daughter?"

"Of course not," Ballister replied. "Fortunately for us all, a father may be somewhat of a scapegrace without its being compulsory for his daughter to follow his example. Now what can I do for you? Am I to act as best man, or do you wish me to be a trustee for your marriage settlement?"

"You have nearly guessed it," said his companion. "I want you to be a trustee, but scarcely in the manner you propose. To tell the truth, Ballister, I am in a bit of a scrape. I do not actually anticipate disaster, but still there is always the possibility hanging over my head that something may happen; that I —well, to put it plainly, that I may die before my wedding day."

"Good Heavens!" cried Ballister, this time in genuine surprise. "What do you mean by that? Is your heart affected, or what is the matter with you? You look well enough."

"There is nothing the matter with me in that way," Middlesborough replied. "My heart is sound enough, I believe. It is not that, that worries me. It is something else. Unfortunately, I have given a pledge of secrecy so that I cannot tell you more. All that I want you to do for me is, to give me your promise that in the event of anything happening to me, you will take care that Mademoiselle de Tarvenac's future is assured."

"But why cannot her father see to that? Surely he would be the man."

"Her father would be the person, of course, if he, himself were all right," Middlesborough answered, "but he is *not* right. His heart, the doctors say, is seriously affected. No, I want you to promise me that if anything should happen to me before I am married, you will be my executor so far as she is concerned. I

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have arranged that the sum of £40,000 shall be placed in trust for her, and my lawyers have the fullest instructions in the matter. Should it be necessary, they will render you every assistance in their power. I come to you as my oldest friend to implore your assistance. If you have any objection, I'll look elsewhere, but I must confess I shall be bitterly disappointed. Will you do it for me?"

"If you wish it," the other replied slowly, and with a proper appreciation of the responsibility he was incurring. "But I must say that I sincerely trust it is a sinecure with which you are endowing me. I am not going to ask you what mischief you have been getting into. But for Heaven's sake, my dear boy, be careful."

"It is too late now," Middlesborough answered. "I've been a fool and if necessary I must pay the price of my folly. Have you anything particular to do this morning?"

"Nothing," the Ambassador replied. "I have paid my respects to those in authority, and my time is my own."

"In that case perhaps you will let me take you to the Rue Josephine and present you to Mademoiselle de Tarvenac? I shall feel safer when I know that you have seen her." He asked this favour with such earnestness that Ballister felt he could not very well refuse.

"I will accompany you with great pleasure," he replied, "I am not quite certain, however, that the Count de Tarvenac will care very much about renewing his acquaintance with me. We met many years ago over rather an unpleasant affair, and since then, though I am sorry to have to confess it, I have rather gone out of my way to avoid him. Now, if you will excuse me, I will make my toilette, and then we will set off together."

While his friend was absent from the room Middlesborough went to the window and stood looking into the street. It seemed as if Providence had sent Sir William Ballister to him just at the moment that he wanted him most. Now he had the satisfaction of knowing that if, by chance anything evil should befall himself, Cécile's future would at least be provided for. She would receive nothing, he knew, from her father. Half an hour later they reached the house in the Rue Josephine and learnt from the *concièrge* that Mademoiselle de Tarvenac was at home. They thereupon ascended the stairs. As good fortune had it, the Count himself was absent, so that Ballister's fears lest he should not be a welcome guest were needless.

When they were ushered into the tiny drawing room, Cécile was seated by the window, reading. She rose with a little cry of pleasure on seeing Middlesborough, and then drew back abashed when she discovered that he was not alone.

"Cécile, let me present to you one of my oldest friends, Sir William Ballister," said her lover.

She bowed to the grey-haired man with that old-world grace that was such a continual delight to Middlesborough. Ballister was struck by her fresh, young beauty, and congratulated them most heartily on their engagement. When they left the house an hour later, he took Middlesborough's arm.

"My dear boy," he said. "Allow me to say that I do not think you could have done better. If I know anything of women she will make you a good wife."

"And I have your promise that, should necessity demand it, which I sincerely trust it may not, you will do as I ask?"

"I will," Ballister answered gravely. "You may rest assured of that. But as I said to you before, be careful. Think of that young girl who loves you. Should anything happen to you it would break her heart."

They shook hands and bade each other goodbye.

That afternoon as he had nothing to do until the time should arrive for him to dress for the dinner he was giving Cécile and her father, Middlesborough strolled along the Champs Elysées in the direction of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It was a perfect afternoon, and the finest street in Europe was crowded with smart equipages. He had reached the Place de L'Etoile, and was weaving his plans for the future he was to spend with Cécile, when he became aware that someone was endeavouring to attract his attention. He looked up and saw before him an exquisite victoria drawn by a pair of chestnut arab horses. In it, lying back upon her cushions, and holding a dainty parasol above her head, was Madame d'Espère. She was dressed in the height of fashion, and, as Middlesborough was compelled to admit, looked more beautiful than he had ever beheld her. For the reason that she had observed him, there was nothing for it but for him to speak to her. He accordingly crossed the road and approached her carriage.

"Welcome back to Paris," she said, as she held out her hand to him. "Though why you should have come by way of Antwerp instead of the more direct and quicker route, via Dover, I cannot understand."

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"My reason was not a very mysterious one after all," he answered. "The explanation lies in the simple fact that I happened to be staying near Harwich at the time. But you have not told me how you discovered which way I came?"

"By this time you should know me well enough not to ask me how I learn anything," she replied. "Did I not tell you on the day we bade each other good-bye, that I should know the exact hour of your arrival in Paris? Call it second-sight, call it what you will, the fact remains that I not only did know it, but that I was also aware that I should see you here this afternoon. May I take you home with me and give you a cup of tea?"

Middlesborough saw nothing for it but to accept her invitation. He accordingly entered the carriage and the horses continued their triumphal progress down the Champs Elysées.

Madame d'Espère's boudoir had won for itself the reputation of being perhaps one of the most attractive in Paris. On reaching the house she begged Middlesborough to go direct to this apartment while she retired to change her toilette. When she rejoined him she was all lace and filmy whiteness. The windows were open, the sunblinds drawn, and in consequence the room itself was filled with delightful shade, and the perfume of many flowers. They could hear the roll of the carriages in the Champs Elysées, and the faint music of a military band, playing in the garden of the Tuileries, came up to them. Middlesborough inquired in what manner she had been spending her time since he had last seen her.

"I could not tell you," she replied. "I keep no account of my days. One is like another. I have amused myself as far as possible. And you? What have you been doing? Was your business in England successful?"

"I believe so," said Middlesborough. "If wading through endless parchments and spending more hours than I care to think of in a dingy back office, amid a stack of tin boxes, and the reek of musty records makes for success, I have accomplished wonders."

"I sympathise with you," she returned. "Surely, however, you had something to compensate for all this? Had you no amusement of any sort?"

She waved her fan slowly to and fro, and looked at him over the top of it as she put the question. Middlesborough saw that she had a definite reason for catechising him.

"One must amuse oneself somehow," he answered apologetically. "But I am not altogether certain what the term 'amusement' implies. I was compelled to attend the Duchess of Laverstock's ball because the Duke and I are neighbours. Fear of giving offence induced me to accept three invitations to dinner which, you may be sure, I afterwards regretted."

She still fanned herself slowly. A smile was hovering round her mouth.

"And was that all?" she enquired, "In that case my dreams have misled me. It is strange, for they so seldom fail."

"Is it possible that you did me the honour to dream about me?" Middlesborough asked, as if he were overwhelmed by the weight of the compliment she paid him.

"Yes, I confess, weak as it may seem, I did. In my dream I saw you walking in an old fashioned garden."

Middlesborough started. When he saw that she had noticed it, he could have cursed himself for his stupidity.

"And pray what was I doing in the garden, Madame?" he inquired.

"You had a companion," she continued, "a young girl, dressed in white. There was a look in your face as you spoke to her that I have never seen there. If I had not known you so well, I should have imagined that you had at last been weak enough to fall in love."

Middlesborough returned his cup to the tray before he replied. Was it only a dream, or had she met de Tarvenac and wormed it out of him?

"Must one necessarily be in love because one walks in an old garden with a young girl who happens to be dressed in white?" he asked.

"Not necessarily," she answered; "but, in this case, probably. Are you prepared to assert that what I saw in my dream did not really occur?"

In a flash he saw how it had all originated. How blind he had been not to think of it before. He remembered the voice he had heard in the room when he and Cécile had been walking in the garden. De Chartres was there, and on his return to Paris he had told the Woman of Death. If, as he felt certain was the case, Madame d'Espère was identical with the latter, here then was the explanation of her marvellous dream. He resolved to test his supposition.

"I was sorry not to have seen de Chartres when he visited Todthorpe," he said as nonchalantly as possible. "He called at the inn where I was staying, but unfortunately I was not at home at the time."

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Though he watched her face closely he could see no change on it. She fanned herself as leisurely as before.

"And pray who is Monsieur de Chartres?" she enquired. "I am afraid I do not remember his name upon my visiting list."

Middlesborough was about to reply, but before he could do so she had sprung from her chair and was standing before him. All her apathy, all her listlessness, were gone, scattered like chaff before the wind.

"Have you no pity," she cried, "that you speak to me like this? Can you not see what you are doing? You are driving me mad! I believe I *am* mad, that I have been mad ever since I first saw you. No, no, don't speak! Everything that you did in England is known to me, and all your hopes and aspirations are as plain to me as noonday. Can you not see what you are doing? Can you not realise the mistake you are making? Why will you throw yourself away upon a child when—when—"

She suddenly dropped on her knees and seized his hands.

"When I love you?" she added, in a whisper.

He tried to rise, but she held him so tightly that it was impossible for him to do so without using actual violence to her.

"No, no," she said. "You must hear me out now. It is too late to draw back. Can you not see that I love you?—that I love you as I believe no woman has ever loved a man before? Think of it! Is it nothing I am offering you? You do not know me or my power. Have you a desire in life? Then I can gratify it. You have wealth, you have a great name, power, social success. Love me, and you shall be anything else you please. Look at me. Am I not beautiful?"

He was compelled to admit that she was radiantly, wonderfully fair.

"You admit it? Say but the word and I am yours," she whispered as fiercely as if she would compel him to take her against his own will. But Middlesborough thought of Cécile, and that gave him strength.

"Forgive me, Madame," he said, as coldly as he knew how to speak, "if I say that, while I am appreciative of the compliment you pay me, what you say is impossible. Since it is evident you have heard of my engagement, I need not tell you why."

For a moment she stood immovable and speechless. Her face was very white, but her eyes blazed with a fire that looked as if it would ultimately consume her. She was fighting for breath. When she got it, the storm broke upon him in all its violence.

"So," she hissed, advancing towards him as she spoke, "it has come to this between us? I have offered you love, and you have received that offer with scorn. I would have been to you more than a lover, more even than your second self; you prefer me as an enemy. So be it. Go to that child and warn her that I am her enemy from this moment."

"As you please, Madame," said Middlesborough. Then, taking up his hat, he moved towards the door. He was not half way across the room before her manner once more changed, and she staggered towards him and threw her arms about him. She was weeping now, and the violence of her sobs well nigh choked her.

"No, no," she cried, "you must not go like this. I cannot let you go. I was wrong to speak as I did, for pity's sake forgive me. I did not mean it. I—I—"

A moment later she had fallen in a dead faint at his feet. He picked her up and carried her to the nearest couch. Then he rang the bell, and went out into the corridor to await the coming of a servant.

"Madame d'Espère has fainted," he said to the man. "You had better send her women to her."

Then he, himself, went down the stairs and left the house.

"There is the hand of Fate in this," he said to himself as he walked along the crowded pavement.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.—*In the next Number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE will commence a deeply interesting Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run." The Articles are being written by a gentleman who is an authority on all naval matters, and the first of the series, entitled "Hoisting the Pennant," will deal with the commissioning of a warship for service. Throughout, the Articles will be illustrated by a magnificent series of Photographs.*

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WIRE-WALKING IN MID-AIR

By Henry W. Garrick.

Illustrated with Special Photographs by J. Round, Smethwick.

Mr. Lafayette on his perilous journey.

THE complete absence of artifice in the tight-rope walkers' business is as rare as the proverbial 'snow in summer.' I have had the good fortune—to say nothing of the morbid curiosity — to witness nearly every star of magnitude of this dangerous profession from the immortal Blondin downwards. I have even gone so far as to interview many, and my experience is that there are few so well skilled in their art that they can dispense with artificial devices as a means of creating effective impressions upon an audience. At last I have discovered a *rara avis* in this direction in the person of "Lafayette," who hails from Buffalo, U.S.A., and have succeeded in obtaining a series of unique pictures, taken from the top of a disused chimney-shaft, in order to substantiate the assertion.

The life of the average tight-rope artist is not exactly an easy one. His performance may last only fifteen, or perhaps thirty minutes, but we must remember that during this period every nerve is strained, every muscle distended, and the brain severely taxed and concentrated on all he is hazarding; but this is not all. Constant practise, restricted dietary, abstention from alcoholic beverages and stimulants, and the sternest rigidity of temperament, are the requirements of the successful equilibrist. He must, of necessity, be a gymnast, a slack wire expert, a contortionist, an embryo Sandow, and a good all-round athlete, for all these qualities are requisitioned in the course of his business.

The attainment of perfect equilibrium is a very lengthy process indeed, necessitating months and months of patience, and perseverance. William Lafayette, who forms the subject of this article, assured me that he spent the whole of a long winter—five hours a day—in a gymnasium at Buffalo, mastering the difficult feat of turning round on the rope. This can scarcely be discredited when we analyse the *modus operandi* of the performer in the execution of it.

A trial on *terra firma* will, I am sure, convince the most sceptical that it is distressing to accomplish it even then. Arm yourself with a seven-jointed length of ordinary gas-piping, say twenty feet long, weighing from thirty-five to forty pounds; find the centre of gravity by holding the implement in a parallel position while standing on one leg, then raise it high above the head, bending the body slightly forward; now gradually lower the pole behind you until it rests across the small of the back, meanwhile maintaining your balance perfectly (no swaying here permitted). Place the left leg forward, and the right leg immediately behind it, then, turning the right hand with the palm towards you, seize the pole absolutely in the centre, thus freeing the left. Having poised yourself, swing your body completely round,

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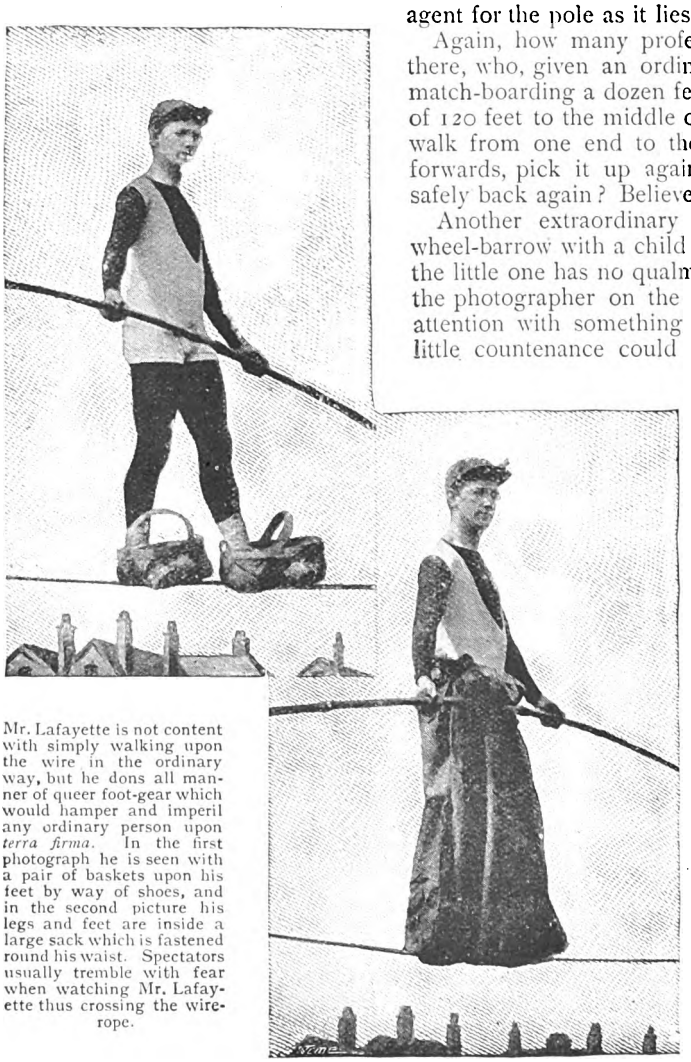
using your right and left heels as pivots, and grasp—immediately you have completed the "right about face"—the pole with the left hand.

All this is not easy even when you know how, and, needless to add, there are very few performers who *can* turn completely round in this fashion. I once saw a poor fellow—a professional, who shall be nameless, who proudly boasted that he had never once faltered in the task—fall from a height of 120 feet. His pole swayed as he turned, and, thinking it would be better to let it fall, he did so, and stood on the wire-rope quite two minutes; had he kept a level head he could easily have traversed back to the platform without it. But he unfortunately thought otherwise, and in trying to jump from the wire and catch on with his hands—*á la* trapeze artist—he missed his aim, crashed down into the net, bounded, and rebounded out on the floor, a mass of contusions and bruises, all but losing his life.

Those performers who are desirous of, metaphorically speaking, standing on their heads, can do so in the easiest manner possible. Selecting the centre of the rope just where the guy-ropes are attached, it is a very small matter to affix a couple of iron wire thwarts in order to steady the balancing pole on either side. But to do the act without any of this trickery, as shown in the illustration, is something that requires a vast amount of consideration, and one naturally asks oneself whether "the game is worth the candle." This is the only instance in which I have seen the feat attempted without a steadying agent for the pole as it lies across the wire.



Mr. Lafayette is not content with simply walking upon the wire in the ordinary way, but he dons all manner of queer foot-gear which would hamper and imperil any ordinary person upon *terra firma*. In the first photograph he is seen with a pair of baskets upon his feet by way of shoes, and in the second picture his legs and feet are inside a large sack which is fastened round his waist. Spectators usually tremble with fear when watching Mr. Lafayette thus crossing the wire-rope.

Again, how many professional tight-rope artists are there, who, given an ordinary deal plank, or a piece of match-boarding a dozen feet long, can take it a distance of 120 feet to the middle of the wire, lay it along, and walk from one end to the other on it, backwards and forwards, pick it up again, and bring it, and himself, safely back again? Believe me, there are very, very few.

Another extraordinary picture is that showing the wheel-barrow with a child in it. It is very evident that the little one has no qualms about the matter; probably the photographer on the chimney-top is attracting his attention with something sweet, for a more composed little countenance could scarcely be imagined. Here again there is no artifice. The barrow is of the flimsiest material, and not in any way weighted so as to facilitate the performer in the matter of balance.

Of course, the weightier the paraphernalia the easier the manipulation, that is to say, to a strong man. I can recall Blondin at the Crystal Palace. His balancing-pole, heavily weighted, was as thick round as an ordinary glass-tumbler, and must have required tremendous muscular power to manipulate. Blondin always used a *rope*, almost as thick as his balancing-pole. Nowadays, it would be considered too conventional and old-fashioned for any performer to use ropes and poles. Ella Zuila, Macdonald — who, alas! attempted the impossible and killed himself—

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Hardy, who recently fell and pulverised nearly all the bones in his body — Ponchery, the German elephant-Blondin, and many others of latter day renown, all used a steel cable.

A twenty feet length of gas-tubing, and a 250-feet half-inch steel cable, together with two 120-feet telescopic steel masts, and a quantity of manilla guy-ropes, constitute the fit-up of "Lafayette." This outfit costs at least £200, so it is not so cheap a business to set up in as you might imagine it to be.

This performance is a good deal more risky than it looks. The total weight of the two men and the balancing rod is nearly 30st. The passenger, judging by his expression, does not seem to feel at all nervous.

Some children might feel frightened if their perambulators were wheeled along such a road. But the little fellow is happy enough. He knows he is in the safe care of Mr. Lafayette.

To those who wear spectacles, or pince-nez, the fact that Lafayette does so will doubtless prove a revelation. The inevitable "steam" which blurrs the optic auxiliary from time to time must trouble anyone whose life hangs on a thread, such as does Lafayette's. Yet he goes through his performance regardless of the fact that if the glasses slipped off his nose, he would have to stoop down to see the wire plainly, and find his way safely back again at a great disadvantage, to say the least of it. He is probably the only Blondinesque professional who trusts his spectacles before his personal safety. Yet he cannot work without them. When they get fogged during the performance he simply sits down on the wire and cleans them as composedly as if he were on the top of an omnibus. It is for this reason that he does not particularly care to walk habitually across the wire with his head enveloped in a sack as in the illustration.

I do not anticipate that many people would care to venture a "pick-a-back" across a yawning gulf such as is depicted above, but I remember a soldier, a rank Irishman, who one day stepped out of a crowd, and suggested, in rather a demonstrative manner, that he should accompany Lafayette on his aerial trip, perched upon his shoulders. As this martial madman weighed at least fourteen stone, it is quite needless to add that his offer was politely refused. However, as his epithets and jeers were not as complimentary as they might be, it was deemed advisable to humour him, by asking him to be hoisted to the top of the mast—120ft. high—and consider the matter. Oh yes, that was quite agreeable (before he got there), but when

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he found himself aloft, he offered the tight-rope expert sundry "drops of the real craythur" and "the blissin' of Saint Pathrick," if he would see him "safely seated on the grass."

To my mind, Lafayette is the most finished aerial sprite of modern days, because his performance is one of pure skill. It is so refined, so purely artistic, that the spectator for the moment disregards the fact that it is dangerous. The complete absence of effort, and the perfect *sang-froid* on the part of Lafayette, stamps him an artist of the first water; not only an artist in his profession, but an artist in the public estimation. An artist who can take the public into his confidence, and keep it there by the sheer magnetism of unadulterated ability, is certainly deserving of credit.

120ft in mid-air with a stiff nor'-wester blowing.

To all this there is a moral. Shakespeare says "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." Just so. The *successful* tight-rope artist thinks he is wise, until, by attempting to accomplish that which is diametrically opposed to the law of common-sense, he either sacrifices his life, or becomes a hopeless cripple. But the *skilful* performer confines himself to that which is possible, without unduly risking his life, realising at the same time, that his own skill can never prevent an accident in the way of defective paraphernalia. Accidents are caused either by the reckless daring of the performer, the negligence of his assistants, or the spirit of confidence which overrules the logical balance.

Mr. Lafayette has a novel and astonishing method of taking afternoon tea.

What is it that makes tight-rope walking, by a long way, the most popular of all manner of acrobatic performances? Feats of sheer strength, such as the lifting of huge weights, the tearing in half of a pack of cards, the bending of a horse-shoe with one hand, are no doubt popular enough, especially in England, where mere biceps are worshipped with an ardour that forms perpetual source of astonishment to foreign nations. But the really expert tight-rope walker is held in honour as no other public performer, with the exception, perhaps, of the champion boxer, and his performance invariably draws huge crowds of spectators. Now I think that the delight in watching such things is decidedly not a healthy one, its chief motive being not really pleasurable, but morbidly thrilling and breathlessly exciting. Not one of all the spectators but thinks perpetually while the tight-rope walker makes his perilous journey: "He may fall at any instant!" and it is the unholy pleasure which human nature finds in a thought like this that makes for the popularity for the performance.

The old Romans, who, of all nations which have ever existed, seemed most in need of novel thrills and unhealthy excite-

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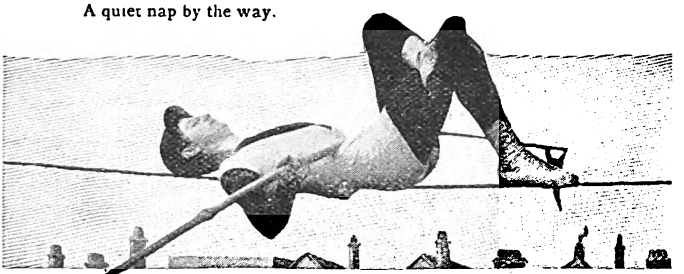
ment to make their lives bearable, took a peculiar pleasure in watching tight-rope performances, and though with them the performance was a far more perilous one than would ever be permitted in modern Europe, it was certainly an improvement on the hideous spectacles, the orgies of blood that the depraved taste of these people at one end to a lofty to the ground; it made, elephant was hauled to the

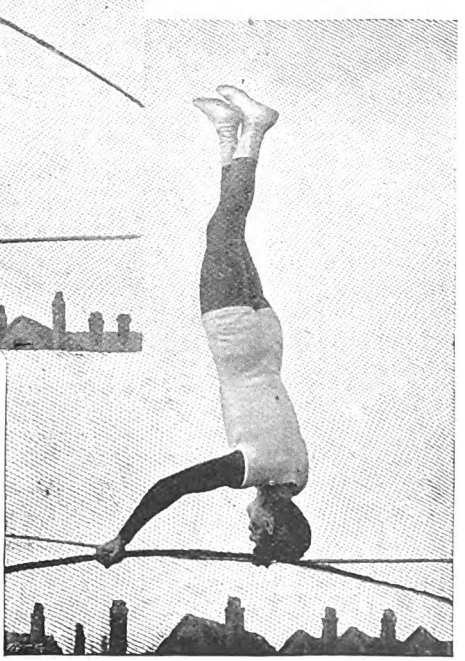
A quiet nap by the way.



imperiously demanded. A thick rope was fastened portion of one side of the Colosseum, at the other end therefore, a gradual slant downwards. Then an upper extremity of the rope; a couple of men were placed on his back, and the wretched beast was forced to walk down the rope into the arena. You who have seen the ruins of the Colosseum, or photographs of it, will understand what a terrible journey this must have been. How they managed to train the elephant I have no idea, certainly elephants to-day would never consent to undertake such dangerous feats. But then, no doubt, we have lost, among other things, the art of imposing our will on all creation. The Romans made a demand, and, however impossible its fulfilment might seem, they somehow forced obedience, whether on men or animals.

In concluding, I must not omit to refer to one of those inventive cranks, whom I met the other day, who had quite original ideas on wire-walking. He was able to clearly prove from figures, set out carefully upon paper, that in something Anno Domini the City of London and other large towns in this country and America would be alarmingly over-populated; so much so, in fact, that the streets and thoroughfares now existing would be quite inadequate for pedestrian traffic. "What remedy do you suggest?" I asked in trembling accents, for the news quite unnerved me. "Why!" replied my informant, "we must teach the rising generation to become tight-rope walkers, and then the overhead telephone wires will make a splendid series of roadways."

It would be difficult for a rope walker to be more hampered than Mr. Lafayette is in this picture. He is completely blindfolded and has an old cheese box round the lower portion of his legs.



But this is a far more difficult and risky feat than even the last. Very few tight-rope artists are able thus to stand upon their heads for any length of time.

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Cliff "Climming" at Flamborough.

By Cyril Yorke

(Illustrated with photographs.)

EVERY schoolboy who has drawn the map of England is familiar with Flamborough Head—or ought to be—but only those who have visited the headland know how steep and inaccessible are its dazzling chalk cliffs.

At the Head itself the cliffs are only some 150ft. high, but towards the north they gradually rise, till at Bempton, three miles distant, they reach their culminating point in a sheer precipice more than 400ft. high. This long line of glistening cliffs is the favourite haunt and breeding-place of countless hosts of sea-birds, and of four kinds in particular, the guillemots, puffins, kittiwakes, and razor-bills. These are known locally as "scouts," "sea-parrits," "sea-awks," and "kittiakes" respectively.

In this secluded upland region from about the end of May to the beginning of July, every ledge and projection, every crevice, every nook and corner, is occupied by a surging, chattering, quarrelsome crowd, constantly on the move, and having apparently no object in life but to push each other into space or the sea. Frequently the manœuvre succeeds, but after a short flight and a dip, back come the ejected ones, and renew the struggle for place, as often as not standing on the heads of the rest until they can manage to squeeze in, and push a neighbour or two off.

Ready for a Descent.

The "climmer" is the chief of the party, and, owing to the great risk he runs, takes half the eggs. The "chief hauler" wears a belt of padded leather, through which runs one end of the "climmer's" rope.

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We are not concerned so much with the birds, however, as with their eggs. The guillemot builds no nest, but lays her single egg on any bare rock where it is likely to be undisturbed. Nothing could be better suited for the purpose, to all appearances, than the steep precipices of Bempton and Flamborough. But here the sagacious bird to some extent errs, for she reckons without the enterprising cliff-climbers, or "climmers," as they prefer to call themselves.

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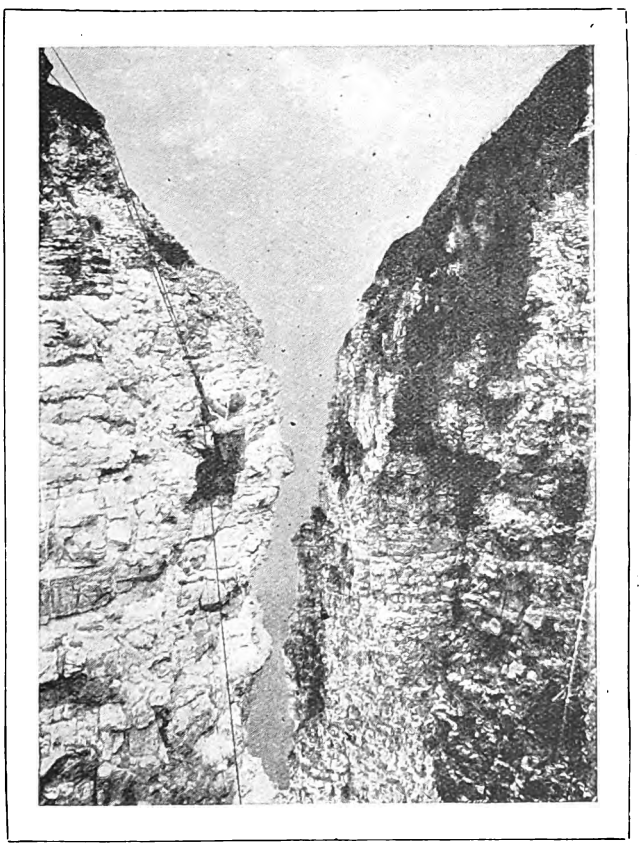
The eggs of the guillemot are not only good for food, but are highly prized on account of their infinitely varied colours and marking. It is quite impossible to describe them adequately, for the simple reason that scarcely two in five hundred are alike. Some are blue, some yellowish-green or pea-green, others reddish-brown or white; some are profusely blotched or spotted; some are streaked with black or grey, whilst others have scarcely any markings at all, and can only be distinguished from hen's eggs by their shape and size.

It is believed, both by practical "eggers" and learned zoologists, that the same bird lays the same kind and colour of egg each season. Indeed, it is hard to see how she could find her own in the crowd without some such provision of Nature.

Another curious fact, which is rarely commented upon, is that the egg is very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and tapers very much at one end, so that however much it is blown upon in exposed situations, it rarely falls into the sea, but merely revolves, so to speak, on its own axis. The eggs of the comical puffins—the clowns among sea-birds—are also much sought for; but these, instead of being laid, like those of the guillemot, on a ledge, are deposited in cracks and holes.

Let us suppose ourselves on a bright June afternoon on the highest part of the cliffs. Presently three or four men arrive on the scene, and at once arrest attention by their curious movements. Though they are all known as "climmers," only one man in each party, as a rule, actually makes the descents, receiving one-half of the eggs as his share, on account of the greater risk he runs. He first puts on what are called his "breeches," though this particular form of nether garment would be rather too airy for general adoption. It consists of a stout strap or belt fastened round the waist, with two large loops through which the climber puts his legs. The rope by which he is to be suspended is knotted to these "breeches" in such a way that it is impossible for him to fall out, even should he lose consciousness. On either side, slung like game-bags, he carries a couple of military haversacks, in which to place the eggs.



A Giant Cleft.

The greatest danger that the "climmer" runs the risk of is a piece of falling rock.

Meanwhile a stout crowbar has been driven firmly into the ground, and to this a second rope is attached, which hangs loosely over the edge, and is designed to assist the climber in raising himself, or in signalling to his mates above when he wants to be raised or lowered.

It will be readily understood that not every-one is suited for a "climmer." A man must be not only cool-headed and able to regard with equanimity the fearful depths below, but he must know the nooks and ledges where the eggs are likeliest to be found, and he must be fairly light, or he would soon exhaust

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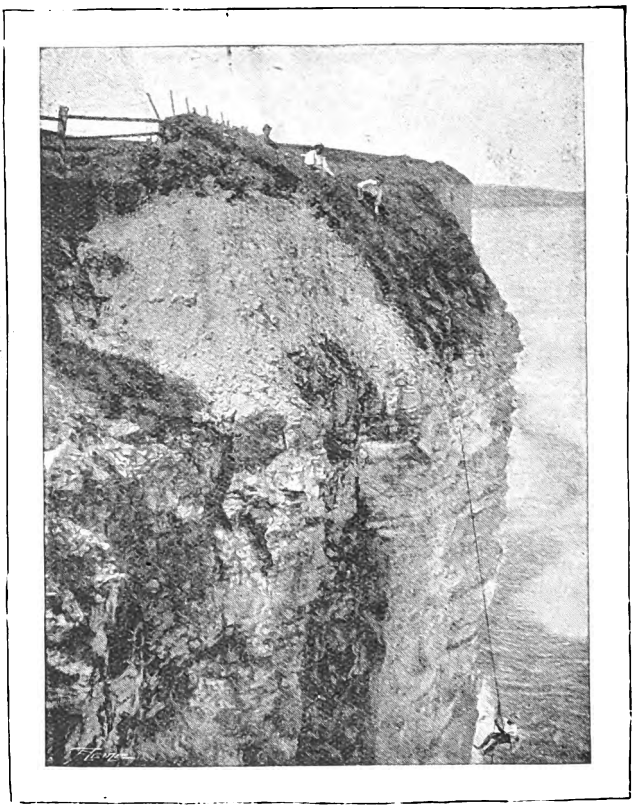
the men who have to hold him and to pull him up and down several hundred feet, perhaps as many as twenty times a day. The man who may be described as "chief hauler" also wears a belt of padded leather, through which the other end of the rope is passed. To gain more purchase he usually plants his feet in two holes dug for the purpose.

When all is ready, the "climmer" boldly walks backwards down the steep slope which in most cases precedes the perpendicular part of the cliff, and when at the extreme edge drives a spike, to which is attached a small pulley, into the earth or a convenient crack. Over the pulley he places the rope which is fastened to his "breeches," the object being to prevent chafling. Then leaning his full weight on the rope, he goes backwards over the cliff, and is seen no more for a time.



Swinging in Mid-air.

Owing to the cliff overhanging, it is often necessary to push oneself off from the fall of the cliff, and gather a momentum after the style of a pendulum. At the inward swing the "climmer" picks the eggs off the ledges.

Adventurous amateurs who have been through the experience, say that the sense of isolation as one dangles in mid-air is really terrible. Not a sound comes from above, the murmuring cries of the birds, and the splash of the waves hundreds of feet below, alone reaching the ear. On a sunny day the glare from the white chalk cliffs is almost blinding.

What the climber fears most is not that the muscular powers of his mates will be exhausted, but that a loose stone, or a decayed portion of the cliff, will fall on his head. One veteran climber who had been at work on these cliffs for something like six-and thirty years, met with but one accident in all that time. One day a piece of rock, about half the size of his head, became detached some 30ft. above. He saw it coming, and could even calculate that it would fall exactly on his head, and probably dash out his brains. To get out of the way was impossible; all he could do was to raise his arm to protect himself. Down the block came, and though his arm was not broken, the muscles were torn right away from the bone, and it was two years before old Lowney could "clim" again.

Another serious danger is to be apprehended, especially by the inexperienced. It often happens that the cliff overhangs at the top, and to reach the ledges below it is necessary to push the body away from the cliff-side with the feet, thus acquiring a kind of pendulum movement. The lower one goes the greater, of course, is the swing. When the swing favours the man snatches the eggs; but should he fail to give himself the necessary impetus, the momentum is not sufficient to carry back to the ledges, and the climber dangles helplessly, and has to be hauled up again for a fresh start.

From two to three hundred eggs a day is considered a good take; but two "climmers" have been known to collect between them as many as 2000 eggs in one day.

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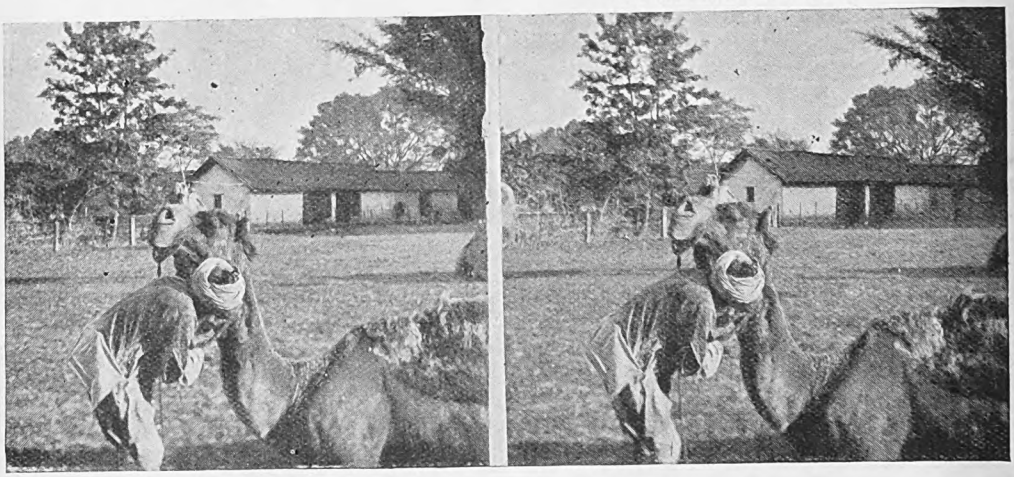
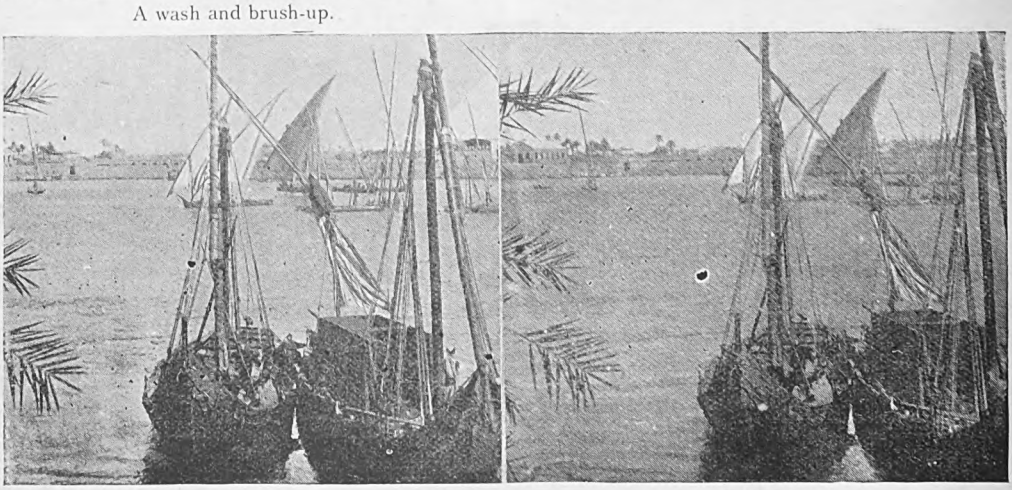
In the land of the Mikado.



A wash and brush-up.



On the Nile.

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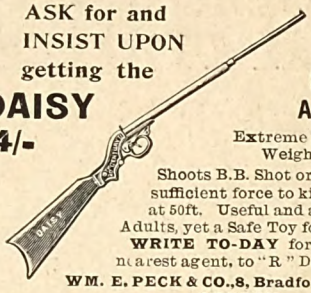

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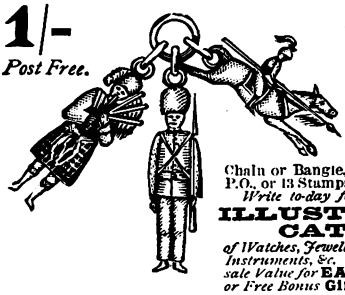

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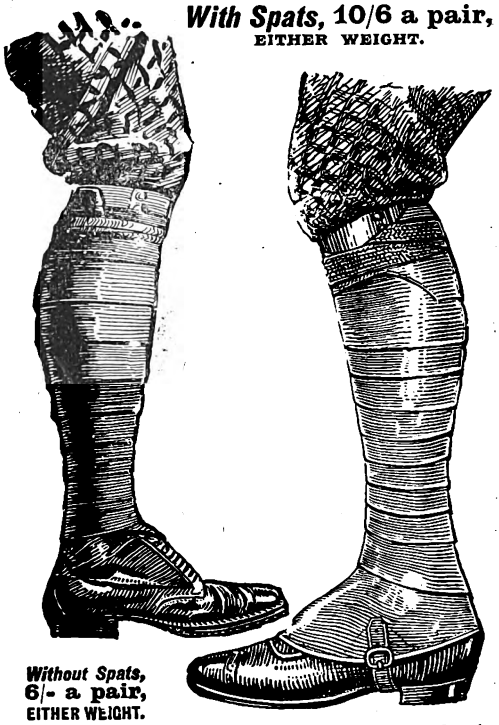

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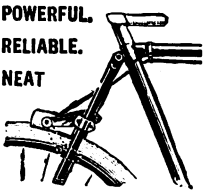

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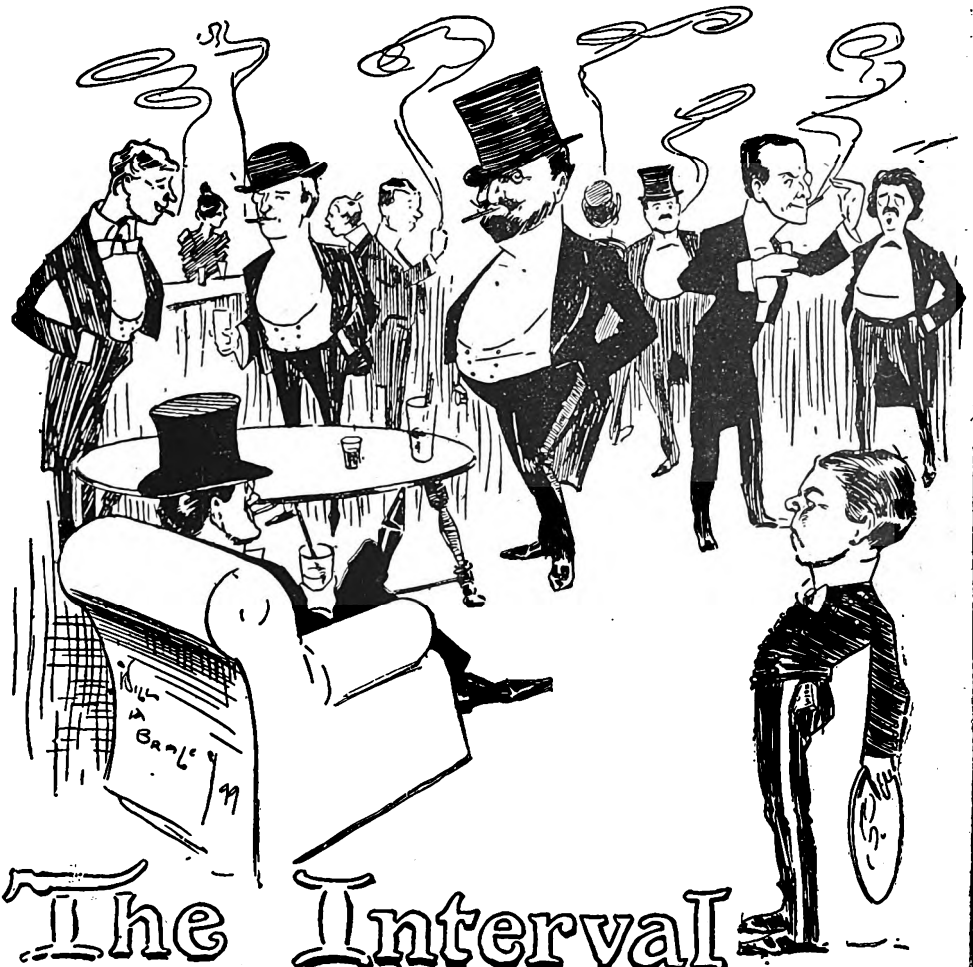

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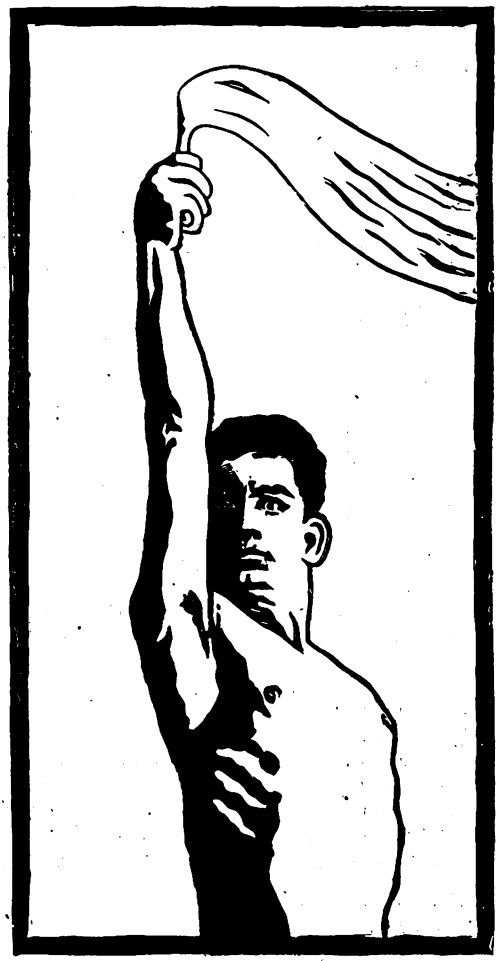

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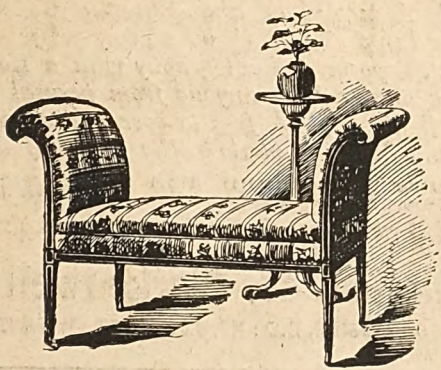

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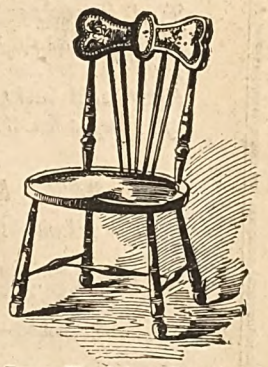

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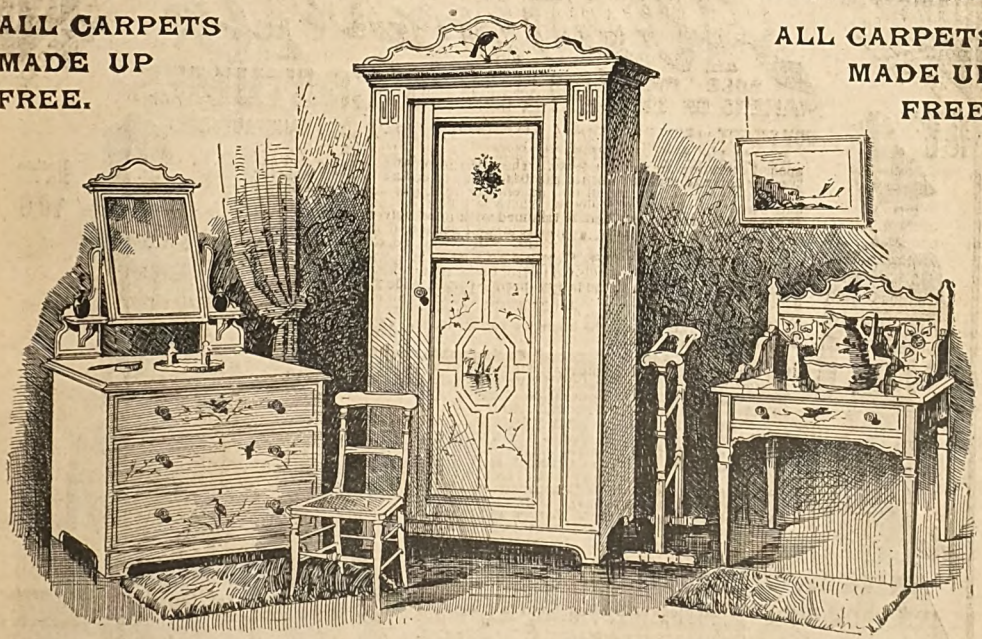

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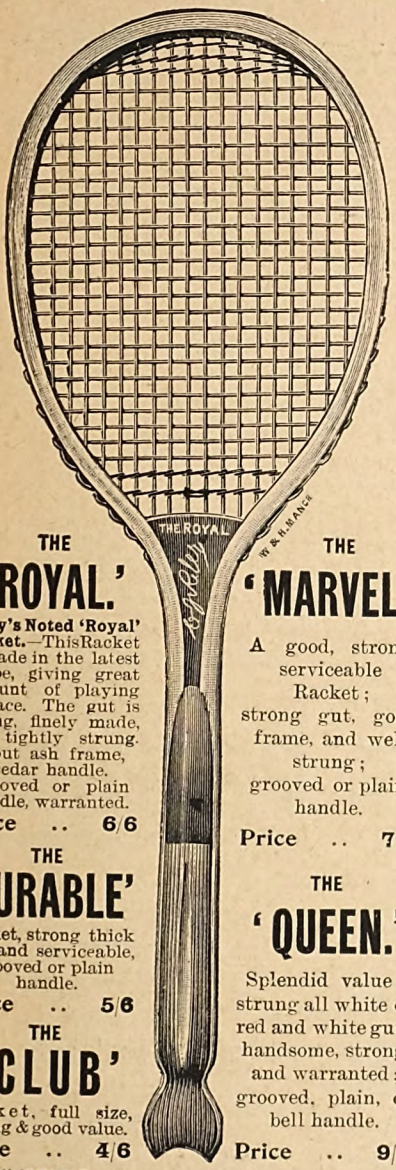

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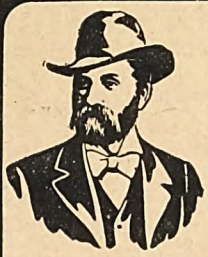

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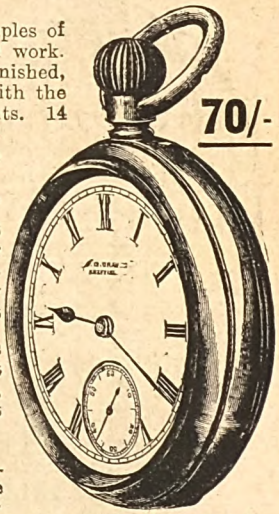

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14 carat Gold Keyless.
. . . £3. 10s. 0d.

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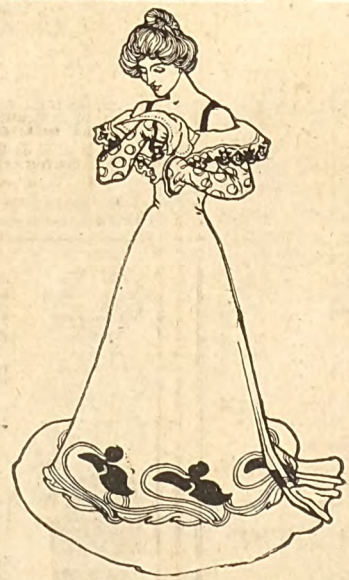
In Crown Stoppered Bottles Only.



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The Sweet & Delicate Fragrance of the Violet itself, Distilled from The Violet Gardens of the Sunny Riviera.

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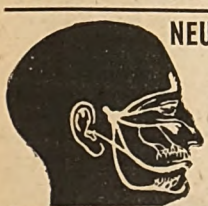
For Cool, . . .
Steady Nerves.

We live in an intensely ambitious world. What wonder we break down. All of us overtax ourselves at times and have to pay the penalty by enduring Nervousness, Neuralgia, and more or less exhaustion, so that we often need Tonic treatment. Guy's Tonic tones up the System as nothing else can. It allays Nervousness and brings sound sleep. The Nerve Structures are fed and nourished from the Food you have eaten, acted upon by Guy's Tonic. It aids assimilation of the essences needed to sustain Nerve life. These properties make Guy's Tonic a remedy that will restore Exhausted Nerves to their full vigour. Guy's Tonic rapidly and surely builds up a shattered Nervous System. That is what Doctors say when ordering it for patients.

Miss ADA SMYTHE, of 125, High Street, Rushden, writes on 12th October :—
"For a long time I was suffering from "Weakness and General Debility. I had "been taking every kind of Tonic I could think "of, but all to no purpose, until my brother "advised me to try Guy's Tonic, as he had "been taking it. Guy's Tonic is the only "medicine he will take now—he has no faith "in any other. I am pleased to say that after "taking two bottles of Guy's Tonic I felt "quite well, and whenever I feel a little run-"down I just take another bottle which puts "me right again. I shall most decidedly "tell all my friends to try a bottle of Guy's "Tonic when not feeling well."

EDWIN H. STOUT, Esq., Manager of *The Review of Reviews*, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C., writes :—
"I often use Guy's Tonic myself with "advantage, and our Family Doctor frequently "prescribes it as one of the Best Tonics he "can give."

A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1/1½, is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.



NEURALGIA CURED! **Free Test Offered**

Neuralgia is a Disease of the Nerves, and most commonly attacks the nerves of the face. The annexed cut presents the nerves of the fifth branch, which are most liable to attacks of Neuralgia. All who suffer from Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, or nerve pains will be glad to know of a Simple and Speedy Remedy. The proprietors of Zox offer to send *two free sample powders of Zox to any Reader of* THE ROYAL MAG. *who will send a stamped addressed envelope to* ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London.

THE WORLD'S BEST BICYCLE.

Hobart FREE WHEEL CYCLES

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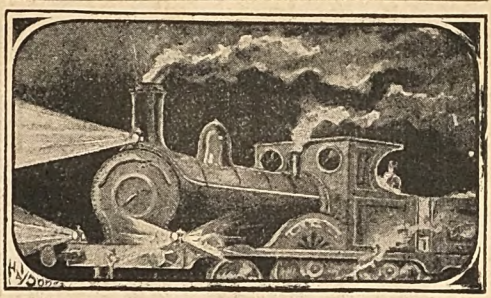

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Here are Two Proofs of this Fact:—

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2. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote :—"It works admirably. *I have given up every other pen in its favour*, and have of late done all my writing with it."

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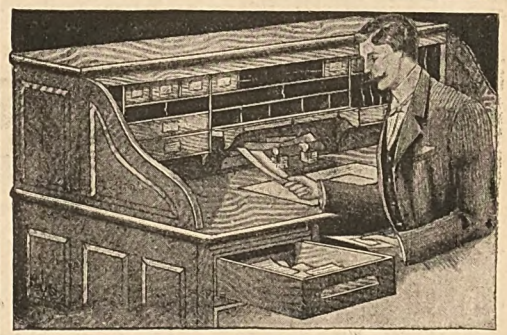

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THERMAL Folding. Self-Purifying **BATH CABINET**

Sweats from the system all impure matter, giving robust health and strength, preventing and curing disease. Cures **Rheumatism**, a Hard Cold, and breaks up all symptoms of fever with one bath. Immediate relief in cases of insomnia, blood, skin, nerve, and kidney diseases. Good Health without medicine.

Reduces Surplus Flesh.

All the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious medicated bath obtained at a cost of 1½d. per bath.

AGENTS WANTED, BOTH SEXES. LARGE COMMISSION.

Prices of Cabinets, complete with Heater, range from 25/- to 70/-

OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE LAST YEAR.

LADIES should use the COMPLEXION STEAMER. It gives the face the same vapour treatment as the body. Clears the skin of pimples and blotches, leaving it clean and soft as velvet. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh and Asthma. Cabinet complete, with Heater and Vaporizer, weighs under 20 lb. Set up heated & ready for use in five minutes

FREE sample of goods and valuable book, with Medical Testimonials to all who write. Formula furnished for every description of medicated bath.

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Regent House, Regent St. (just below "Jay's"), London, W.

Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

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FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

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"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

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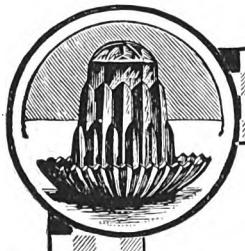

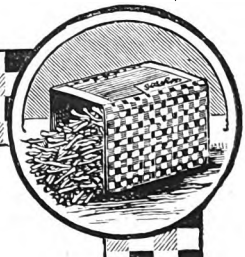

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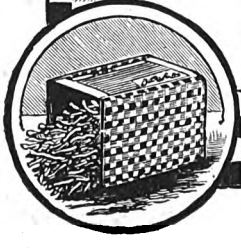

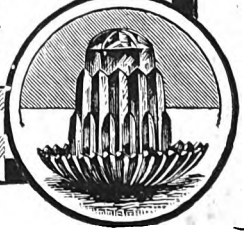

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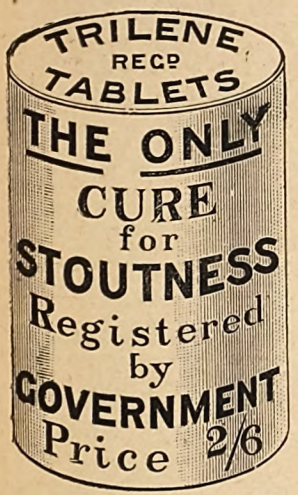
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

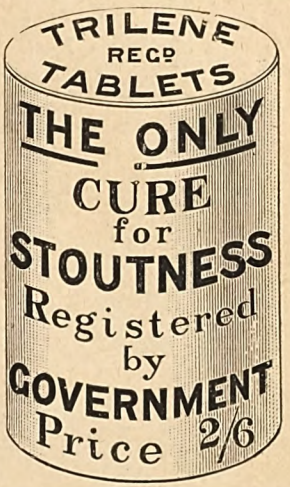


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.
"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.
"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 2lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.
"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. C. Alexander, 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, Wilts, writes: "Tablets have reduced me quite 28 lbs."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

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BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotlessness, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition, Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/-, 1/6,** and **2/6**. Postage in each case **3d.** extra.

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CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

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Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price **10/-**. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, **5/6** pair.

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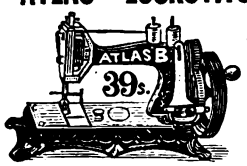

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There's nothing like it for quick, clean, work.

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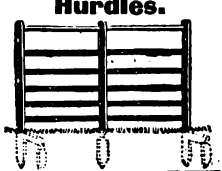

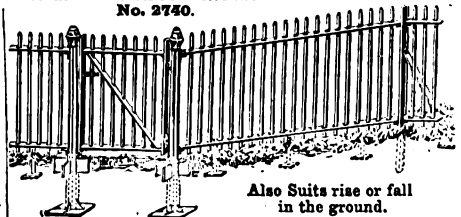

Also Suits rise or fall in the ground.

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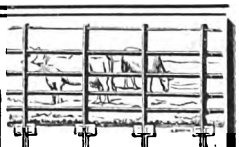

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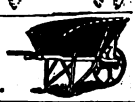

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"Can stay and endure greater fatigue since using Vi-Cocoa."

The following is the testimonial of a London Cyclist, Mr. J. H. JEFFERSON, 11, Wincott Street, Kennington, London, S.E.

Mr. Jefferson wrote:—"Just a line in praise of the excellent Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I have been a cyclist for the last six or seven years, and I go in for racing a great deal. I started using Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa some three months ago, and I find a great difference in my riding. I am now able to stay and endure greater fatigue than I did before using Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. All I can say is **ALL YOU CLAIM FOR IT IS QUITE TRUE.** I shall not use any OTHER PREPARATION but yours whilst training this season.'

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DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

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ADJUSTABLE SADDLE,
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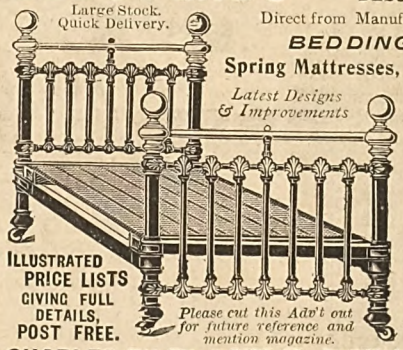

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Fit Any Leg.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1900.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by Crow.		
"BIRKENHEAD'S SWORD HAD CUT DOWN THE BOER" ... ... *Frontispiece* From a Drawing by E. F. Skinner.		
THE ART OF THE CAMERA ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	99
PEDRO DE SOTO, GUITAR PLAYER. A Complete Story Illustrated by R. Pannett.	VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH	106
A ONE-MAN NEWSPAPER... ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	H. J. HOLMES	112
BLUFF. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by J. Barnard Davies.	M. McD. BODKIN, Q.C.	115
HOW PRETORIA WILL BE BESIEGED ... ... Illustrated with Photographs and Military Sketches.	CHARLES RAY	125
A COMEDY OF ERRORS. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Harold Copping.	FRANCES PREEDY	132
EATING THE SUN. The Queer Side of Eclipses ... ... Illustrated with Drawings by C. Lawson Wood.	HECTOR GRAINGER	138
THE MALEDICTION. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.	RAFAEL SABATINI	141
CECIL RHODES AND HIS CURIOSITIES ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	Rev. C. TEMPLE	148
BIRKENHEAD. A Complete Story... ... ... Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	EDWARD NOBLE	151
HOISTING THE PENNANT. Being the First of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run" ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ARCHIBALD S. HURD	157
FORBIDDEN FRUIT. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Malcolm Patterson.	MABEL H. ROBINS	162
A KAFFIR WEDDING ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		168
WHERE BRITISH BATTLES HAVE BEEN FOUGHT ... ... Illustrated by J. S. Smith.	P. W. EVERETT	169
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story ... ... Illustrated by Victor Prout.	GUY BOOTHBY	173
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY ... ... Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		182
GAZING AHEAD ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		184

The Photographs of Howitzers published on pages 530 and 533 of our April issue were by Messrs. Gregory & Co, of the Strand, London, W.C.

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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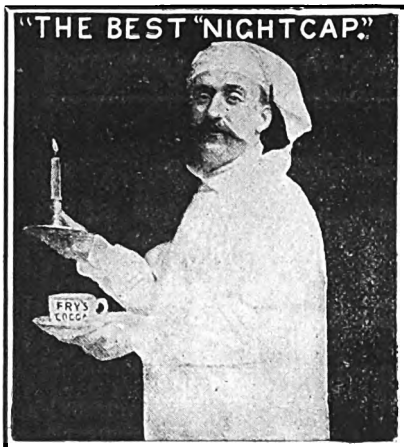

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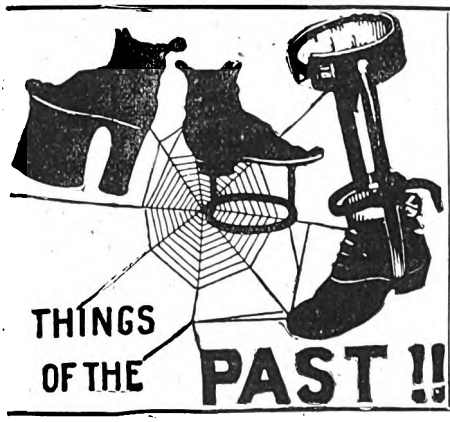

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Greetings. After the usual interval, I once again take up the threads of my discourse. Not but what I have some hesitation. For the fact is, that there are severe limitations in such notes as these.

It is not exactly that there is insufficient about which to write. I suppose, as long as the world goes on, there will always be something to write about. But photography is my main theme, and to photography I must stick pretty closely.

All the same, I shall wander now and then. I shall, as it were, stick rather to the camera than to the dark room. Of course, one has to get into the dark room occasionally. I feel one is apt to become—one almost must become—horribly technical when dealing with the dark room phase of photography.

"Shop." Now, I am nothing if I am technical. (I do hope the printer's reader will abstain from inserting a "not" in that sentence.) I have no desire and no intention of being technical. I feel I want to be of some use to the ordinary everyday amateur photographer.

We all know that, say what you will, there is a great deal of pleasure in talking "shop." A keen fisherman loves to talk fishing; an ardent rider revels in a recital of splendid runs and sensational jumps; an enthusiastic photographer is always ready to sit up half the night talking photography.

Therefore the Art of the Camera will be a big monthly chat between your humble scribe and one and all of his readers who will talk with him, or rather write to him. It will, of course, be a lengthy sort of conversation, because not only must it be by post, but I have to write some while in advance,

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H.M.S. *Niobe*. Three Cheers for the Naval Brigade.

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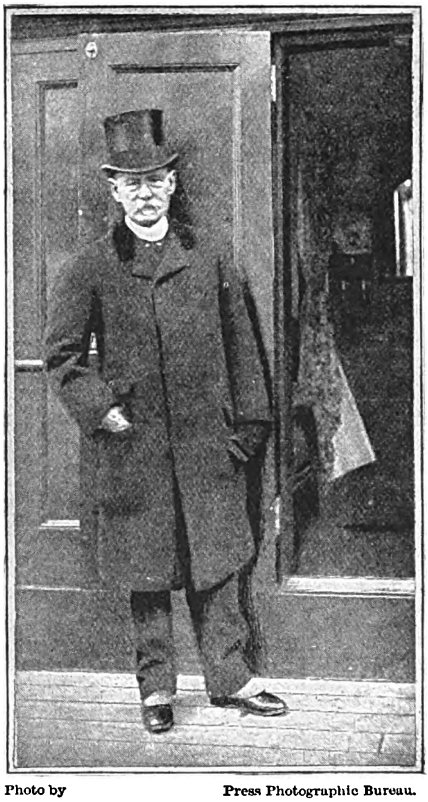

Photo by Press Photographic Bureau.

Lord Roberts Outside his Cabin Door, *en route* for South Africa.

and any remark I make in this number can only be discussed a month or so later.

Many Inventions.

You see I have some advantages, or rather I intend to try and take advantage of some of my advantages. The average person hears of a new camera or a new development in photography. If he can afford to risk money in an experiment he can test the new fangled affair for himself.

But suppose he has not? Well, there's where I can come in. Heaven forbid my suggesting that I could afford to buy and try all the new things that come out. But just because I write for thousands and thousands of readers, I can get things sent me to try.

That sounds like giving people cheap advertisements. Yet it is not for this reason I write. I'm not going to recommend anything I think unworthy of recommendation.

Some Aims and Objects.

THAT might seem to suggest a remarkable standard of virtue. Yet once again appearances are deceptive. It does not matter a twopenny-bit to me whether I commend or condemn. But what does matter to me is that people will soon find out by experience that if I say a thing is worth buying it is worth buying.

Mine is a position of trust. I write to interest my readers to the best of my ability, and also to tell them of the existence of anything to be bought which I know they would like to buy. As to condemning — well, I shall simply say that for my part I do not recommend the article or invention. I shall give my reasons, so that any of my readers who disagree with me may not be prevented from trying for themselves. It means a responsibility, but thank goodness the proprietors of this magazine are never frightened of that. They want it to be of some use as well as amusing and interesting.

Photo by F. Ollo.

At the Pump.

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Snapshotting the Boers.

About a month ago the War Office despatched, better late than never, a small party of tele-photograpers to South Africa. Experience seems to have taught the War Office much, for, wonderful to relate, this small party was most perfectly equipped with the newest and best of everything necessary to the work they had been given to do. Their duties are many, the most particular being to furnish pictures of important positions for the information of the Intelligence Department.

The whole photographic outfit is compact, and specially adapted for field purposes. It consists of one large tele-photographic camera, capable of taking anything within a range of three miles, a smaller camera, and a number of pocket snap-shooters for close work.

The printing waggon is elaborately fitted out with all the necessaries, including a dark room and a gallery for the collection of plates.

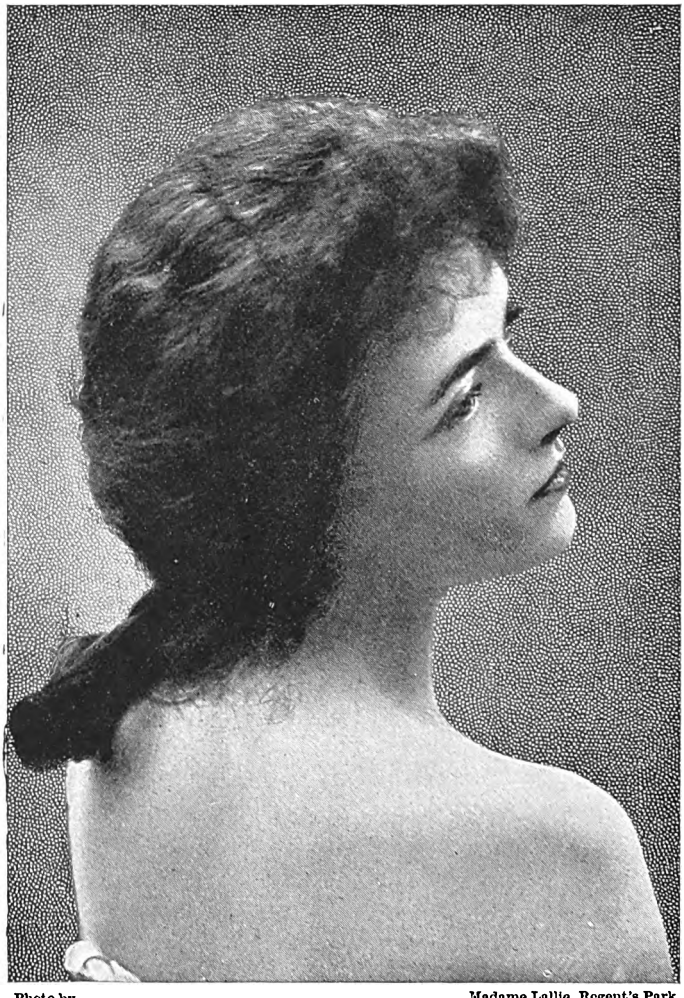

Photo by Madame Lallie, Regent's Park.

An English Beauty.

Soldier, Hunter, and Photographer.

Captain Thorneycroft, of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers, is one of the most skilful photographic artists in the army. Besides photography Captain Thorneycroft has many other accomplishments; he is the life and soul of his mess and garrisons, the organiser of their theatricals and various amusements—he, by the way, was the inventor of that ingenious and artistic Japanese game called the "Animal Game"—and a famous hunter in all parts of the world. On these expeditions he invariably carries a camera, and his collection of photographs is said to be unique.

His most remarkable success with the kodak was a snap-shot of a huge tiger he had just wounded. The beast is shown lying couchant in his native jungle, and looking fiercely at, but unable to turn upon his antagonist. The picture is said to be one of the most wonderful of animal life ever taken.

Photographing Flowers.

Roughly speaking, one only finds floral photography in seedsmen's catalogues. I confess that, as a rule, the results are scarcely artistic. More is the pity, although there may be some reason for the fact. After all, their main object is to illustrate the exact appearance of the flower. Each picture is a sort of petal-by-petal plan of the plant.

Really artistic floral photography is very fascinating. It is, too, so well within the range of every amateur, and is such a limitless

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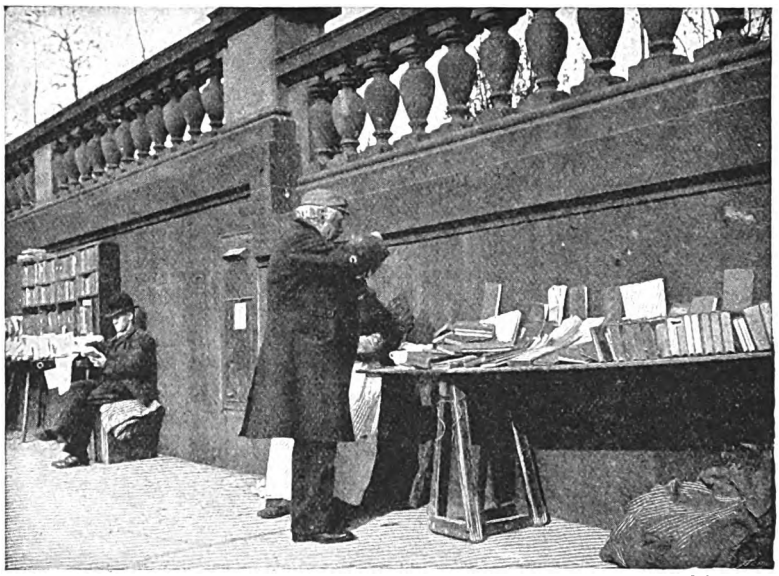

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Bookworm.

field. There are many who cannot afford the time necessary to tramp round and find pretty spots. To such a spray of apple-blossom or a bramble-branch will afford a most delightful subject.

The cardinal feature of a floral arrangement should be simplicity. Try to keep, as far as possible, to Nature herself. Apart from that, keep in mind some of the triumphs of Japanese floral decoration. It is not, perhaps, properly within the scope of the Art of the Camera to enter into a disquisition on the subject of Japanese art in floral decoration. As every one of my readers I have no doubt knows, the ruling idea of the Japanese art is rigid simplicity. There are almost invariably three straight lines, one dominating, the other two subsidiary.

What is true of vase decoration is true in photography. Don't overcrowd your picture, and never mix up wild flowers with garden ones. You must, too, be prompt in your manipulation, as otherwise the cuttings wither.

Of course, the simpler the flower the easier to photograph. A marguerite, a single camellia, an arum lily, a simple dahlia are

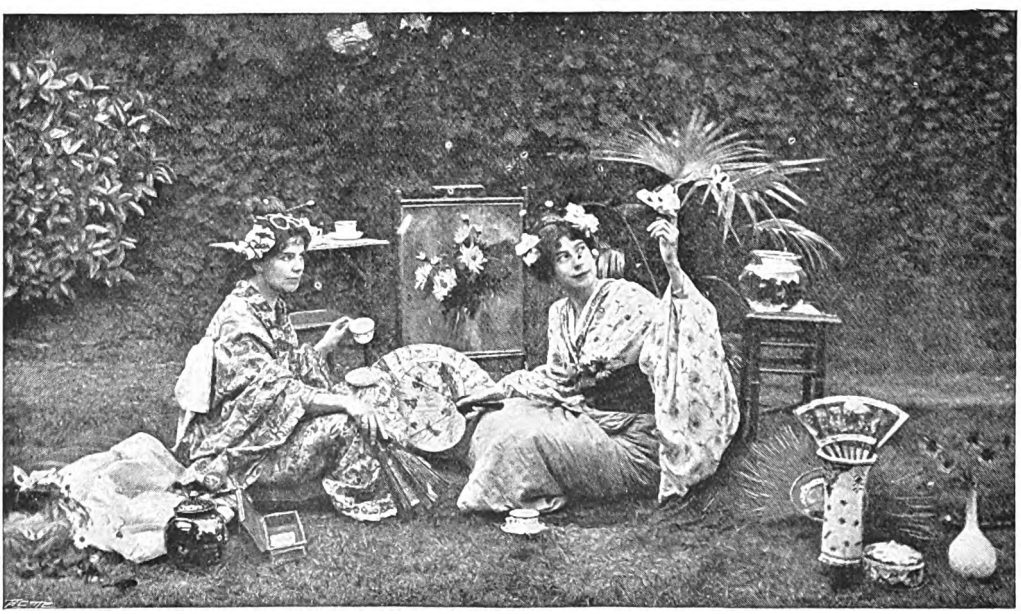

Photo by Cecilia Morse.

Tea *à la Japon.*

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PEDRO DE SOTO

GUITAR PLAYER

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

I.

I often wonder if I should ever have heard Geoffrey Drake's extraordinary story if it had not been for my old Spanish guitar. He was such a very reserved man, and so little given to talking about himself that I rather doubt it. I picked him up abroad, in a little hotel in the Ardennes, where he and his wife were staying. They were both middle-aged, he a man of about fifty, and she several years his junior. I gathered that he had been a mining engineer in one of the numerous South American Republics, and that his wife was partly of Spanish descent.

We exchanged cards, and when he called on me in England some months afterwards, I took him into my study for a smoke. Hanging on my study wall was my old guitar, an instrument I had bought in Spain. I noticed him glance towards it once or twice, and presently, as we chatted, I took it down from its peg and began strumming on it casually.

Drake's face instantly turned to an ashen grey.

"Excuse me," he said, "but do you mind not doing that?"

"Ah," I replied, "I forgot you had lived among Spaniards, and that my unlearned twanging might possibly jar upon you."

"It's not that," he said—"only I hate the sound of a Spanish guitar."

"Really? I should have thought, now, that you would have liked it."

"I'm rather a nervous man at times," he said, with a half laugh, "and the sound of a guitar always reminds me of a terrible experience I once went through, an experience that even now makes me shudder—for a score or so of years have not altogether effaced it."

"Indeed!" said I, "and would it be out of the way to ask what this experience was?"

"Oh, well, I don't mind telling you, though it's not a very pleasant tale."

And this is how it was that I came to know the following singular history, which I will give, as far as possible, in Geoffrey Drake's own words.

II.

If you know anything of South America you have probably heard of Puerto de Rioja, an important seaport town lying on the Atlantic coast not far from some of the oldest silver mines of the country. It was at Rioja that I made the acquaintance, as a young man, of two persons who were destined to play a part in my life.

The first of these was the Senorita Heatherton, as she was called. Her father, Mr. Heatherton, was an Englishman, a shipping merchant and agent, well known along that coast. He had married a beautiful Spanish lady, who had died after presenting him with a daughter. Inez was idolized by her father, who brought her up with the freedom of an English girl, rather than consign her to the seclusion of her chamber and the protection of duennas. At the time of which I am writing she was a lovely girl of about nineteen, inheriting all the grace and stateliness of her mother, and the vivacity and freshness, which, after all said and done, are the especial heirlooms of English women.

I was in love with her, I need scarcely tell you. My work took me a great deal to the mines, some twenty miles inland, but I managed, nevertheless, to pay frequent

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visits to Rioja. I was heartily welcomed at Mr. Heatherton's house, and I soon began to see that his daughter Inez was not indifferent to my visits.

The second of the two persons of whom I spoke was a man who requires the subtle skill of a master of human nature to depict. Pedro de Soto, an aristocratic Spaniard, with the bluest of blue blood in his veins, was, to look at, a very striking individual. Below the middle height, with delicately moulded limbs and perfect hands, he possessed a countenance that a painter would have raved over. Thin eyebrows of the blackest tint, arched perfectly on his high, intellectual looking forehead, a forehead without a single wrinkle upon it; a small moustache and little pointed beard only half concealed a mouth of rare beauty, with perfectly shaped thin lips. A kind of sad smile seemed to play over the whole face of the man, his voice was low and melodious, his charm of manner exquisite, and *yet* there was something about Pedro de Soto, an indescribable something, that made one long, but in vain, to prove him absolutely repulsive.

Among other accomplishments he played his native instrument—the guitar—with a master hand. No one who has not heard the soul of the six strings moved by a Spaniard himself could understand the power that the music of the guitar exercises, especially when accompanied by a beautiful voice such as De Soto possessed. The mad, jealous love of the Spaniard, his best and his worst passions are fanned into flame by the touch of delicate hands sweeping over the guitar strings. The colour flies to the warm cheek of the Spanish girl as she hears the passionate strains beneath her window.

Oh, well, I don't mind telling you, though it's not a very pleasant tale.

Pedro de Soto, who owned a *hacienda* just outside Rioja, was also a visitor at Mr. Heatherton's, and Inez well knew that the songs he sang with the accompaniment of his guitar, were meant for her ears in more senses than one.

One night—I remember it well—the moon was shining over the broad Atlantic as we sat on the balcony overlooking the port—De

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Soto had brought his guitar round to Mr. Heatherton's and we were listening, spell-bound, whilst he sang a song of passionate love, in soft, thrilling tones. Ever and anon, his eyes, sparkling with the fire of his song, rested upon the face of Inez Heatherton, but I noticed that she studiously avoided his gaze, and now and again threw a half-glance in the direction of myself.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, he stopped short in his song, and struck a few chords with that peculiar "rasp" movement attained by using the backs of the finger nails; then, after a harsh, almost discordant prelude, he broke forth into a mad battle song, breathing the very spirit of Spanish hatred and revenge. Although a taller and a much stronger man than himself, I confess I felt strangely fearful of him, as his black eyes, fixed on mine, shone in the moonlight.

As soon as he had finished he sprang to his feet.

"*Buenas noches*, Señores — *buenas noches*, Señorita," he said, with a bow to each of us.

"What, going already, De Soto?" remarked Mr. Heatherton. "Why, it's quite early yet."

"Not to me," said the Spaniard, with a faint smile, "it is rather late—too late. The night may be 'young' as you English call it, but I am tired of it," I heard him murmur beneath his breath, and without another word he had glided from the balcony.

The same night I knew my fate, and a sweet fate it was to be loved by Inez Heatherton. As we stood, hand in hand on the balcony, before we went to break the news to her father, who had retired to write some letters, I thought the world might well envy me.

"Geoffrey," she said timidly, for she had not yet been accustomed to speak the word, "I am afraid — strangely afraid of something."

"What is it, dearest?" I asked.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I do not like that man Pedro de Soto."

"Afraid of him? A miserable little fellow that I could thrash with a finger, a——"

"Listen, dear. I want to tell you something about him. Yesterday evening, he did what you have done to-night—he proposed to me, Geoffrey."

"And you did what you have *not* done to-night, dear—you refused him?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes, of course I did," she said. "But, O, Geoffrey, it made him so angry, he didn't fly into a passion, but he spoke with that peculiar low tone of his that he used just now in saying good-night. And he asked me if—if I loved any one else."

"And what did you say, Inez?"

"Geoffrey," she said timidly, "I am afraid, strangely afraid of something."

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She looked up into my face with a sweet smile.

"I couldn't tell him I didn't, dear! I didn't say who it was—but I'm sure he guessed —I saw it by the way he looked at you to-night when he suddenly changed that song. Do you know, Geoffrey, I *hate* that guitar of his now, it seems to me like the purring of a tiger when he's ready to spring. Don't trust him, Geoffrey, and for my sake, dear, beware of him."

I laughed at her fears and tried to make her forget them in our new happiness. Pedro de Soto, I told her, was nought to us.

III.

Some weeks afterwards I met him, met De Soto late in the evening as I was leaving Mr. Heatherton's House. He came up to me in the street with that soft, charming manner of his, and accosted me with a smile.

"Good evening, señor," he said, "I am pleased to see you. You must not forsake old friends in your newly found happiness."

"Ah, De Soto," I replied, "such happinesss only makes one the more kind to one's friends—or even to one's rivals."

"I hope you do not include me among the latter?"

I trust I *do* include you among the former!"

"Certainly; but come, let us walk together. It is early yet. Whither are you bound, señor?"

"To my hotel."

"Ah, spare me an hour and pay me a visit. Señor Drake."

"With pleasure. Are you still in the same place?"

"No, my friend. I have invested in a little villa just outside the town. Come and see it."

So he led me away to the slope of the hills that rose inland just above the little town. The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers, the way was dark with the shadow of foliage.

At length we entered a garden, and wended our way along a narrow terrace till a white building stood before us.

"Aha," said the Spaniard, as he opened the door, "the naughty servants! I remember, there is a *fête* to-night. So they have forsaken me. Never mind."

He struck a match and lit a lamp.

"Come," he said, "my retreat is upstairs. You are very welcome, señor."

And he showed me into a rather large room, setting the lamp on the table as he did so. It was rather barely furnished, I thought, as I looked around. A table in the centre of the room with some bulky objects upon it covered with a cloth; a couple of basket lounge chairs, and one or two others; a small table on one side with some fruit and decanters upon it, and a guitar hanging on one of the walls. Immediately above the centre table was apparently a skylight in the roof, while over one of the walls there hung a dark, heavy curtain.

"Be seated!" said my companion as he offered me some refreshment. "Ah, you will smoke, I see!" he added, as I drew a cigarette from my case. "You shall try one of mine afterwards."

He took down his guitar and sat opposite me, listlessly sweeping the strings every now and then. From ordinary channels the conversation presently turned to history and the hidalgoes of Spain.

"The De Sotos are a very old family, I believe," said I.

"Yes, and one of them had something to do with the history of your own country, señor," he replied.

"Really?"

"It is true. A Dominican monk named Pedro de Soto went over to England with the Philip who married your Queen Mary. Do you know why he went?"

"Why?"

"He was one of the ruling powers of the Inquisition. He went to help establish, together with others, the Holy Office in England. And the burning of what you term your martyrs was the result."

I shuddered.

"The Inquisition was a terrible thing," I said.

"It was a thing of power, señor. And like all things of power, it did its work surely and completely. They tell me I resemble that same namesake of mine!"

He smiled at me. One of those strange, haunting smiles.

"Surely," I said, "the face of a man who did such devil's work as that would be sterner than yours!"

"You call it devil's work, señor. It was done in the name of God, but even if it were devil's work, you should remember that the devil's smile is worse than his frown. Yes! the torture of those on whom the Holy office brought its hatred to bear was joy to the Inquisitor. He sat, señor, in the bowels of the earth—in the deepest dungeons—in all the full knowledge of his *power*. It may have been the hatred of the priest, it may have been the hatred of personal revenge, but when he heard the shrieks of his victims

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on the rack, it was music to him—yes, music! No doubt Pedro de Soto, the Dominican monk, enjoyed his work for more reasons than one. But away with such gruesome subjects. Try a cigarette, senor, while I sing to you."

I took the short, thick, Brazilian cigarette, wrapped in corn-husk paper, that he offered me, and then, as I lit it, he struck the chords of his instrument and commenced to sing a soft, sweet song, a dreamy melody that was impossible to describe. I sat puffing at my cigarette, drinking in the music, and dreaming—dreaming. Brazilian cigarettes are strong and sedative at the best of times, but this seemed more soothing than I had ever known.——And so—so—I fell asleep—under the spell of music, *and something more.*

IV.

It was the tinkle of the guitar that woke me. There sat the Spaniard, playing as before, but with a different sort of smile upon his face—the evil smile of an ungodly triumph. I felt strangely stiff, I was no more seated in the easy chair, my position had changed. I was sitting upright, close to the wall where the curtain had hung, with my back to it. The first thing I felt was a choking sensation in my neck. I involuntarily reached my head forward—the strain tightened—something was holding my neck! My hands were behind me. I tried to move my arms. Horror! My wrists, too, were fastened to the wall. Gradually the whole thing dawned upon me. My feet were fastened down to the chair, and my hands and neck were chained to the wall. I could not move!

"Allow me to explain," said De Soto, in his rich, thrilling voice. "The cigarette was drugged. I could not have ventured a tussle with a strong man like yourself, so I brought the wily ways of the Inquisition to bear upon you."

"What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?" I gasped.

"It was a little trap, señor. The curtain hid the chains, which are fastened by staples in the wall. I had only to lift you into that chair, slip your wrists through the handcuffs, lock the collar round your neck with a padlock, and secure your feet. Is it not worthy of the Holy Office, señor?"

"You scoundrel——" I began.

"Stop," said the Spaniard, "you haven't grasped it all yet, I think. Look on the table."

I turned my eyes to the table just in front of me. The covering had been removed, and there stood revealed a small brass cannon, about two feet in length, such as is used on a yacht or similar vessel, pointed straight at my chest. Above this cannon, in a frame, and immediately beneath the now open skylight, was fixed a large magnifying glass.

"I will make it clear to you," went on De Soto. "That glass is so arranged that precisely at mid-day the focus will fall on the touch-hole, and the concentrated rays of the sun will fire the cannon. And you—well, señor, you will have ample opportunity of testing the reality or non-reality of that great matter for speculation—the Future State!"

To describe the horror that fell upon me is impossible. I tried to speak, but my tongue refused. The incarnation of cruelty went on.

"It is perfectly thought out, I assure you. I have been at pains to make the little tragedy a complete success. Of course you guess the motive of it. You are my rival. A Spaniard loves—*I* loved the Señorita Inez. —A Spaniard hates—I hate you both—you for supplanting me; the señora for rejecting me. A Spaniard revenges himself—Well! this place is isolated. No one will come near however loudly you cry. It is the fine season of the year. No friendly cloud will cover the face of the sun when mid-day comes—and then——!"

I looked at him but said never a word.

"You do not answer, señor? Well! Let me explain further. My little revenge is going to fall upon you both. *You* shall die. The señorita shall live. I sail from Puerta de Rioja in a couple of hours, but I shall make arrangements for a letter to fall into the señorita's hands *after* twelve o'clock, asking her to come here. And she will find a pleasant surprise, eh?"

"You incarnate fiend!" I cried.

"Possibly. I have no doubt the Inquisitor Pedro de Soto was often called that. But I really don't mind, señor, the curses of a heretic—and a prisoner! Now I will write the letter. Have you any message to send?"

He sat down and deliberately wrote and sealed up a letter, putting a stamp on it.

"If I post this before I sail," he said, "she will get it by the two o'clock delivery. And now I will sing you one more song."

And he did. A song of triumph and revenge. I can see the wretch now, his supple fingers wandering over the strings and his eyes burning with hate.

"It's two o'clock now," he said when he had finished, "So you'll have ten hours.

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When the first gleam of daylight enters this room it announces your doom. As the sun rises higher that doom approaches. And then you will see his rays pouring through the skylight—falling upon the glass—until—! Ah, it's worthy of the Inquisition, eh? Stop —I ll fix your watch on the table before you, so that you can see how the time goes. So! Farewell, Señor Drake."

And, bowing low to me, he went out of the room, and left me alone in my horror.

Now that he was gone the awful terror of the thing overwhelmed me, and at first I burst forth into passionate sobbing, and tried to wrench myself free. It was no use. The cruel irons caught at my wrist and neck and held me in a vice. He had left the lamp burning close to the cannon. I tried to see if I could twist my body out of the line of fire. No! He had calculated it all too well.

* *

One by one the hours went by. Eight, nine, ten o'clock came. It was eternity of torment to me. My mind was strained to terrible tension, so much so that I scarce heeded my bodily sufferings.

Eleven o'clock! The sun's rays were falling on the lens now, and I could see the bright, semi-focus on the table, beside the cannon. One more hour!

I was calmer now. Death was so near, and I was trying to prepare for it. I closed my eyes and prayed.

A quarter past eleven! The bright spot was travelling over the table and getting nearer the cannon. Was it my fancy? *but* it seemed less bright—the room seemed less bright.

Half past eleven! Surely the room seemed dimmer. It could not be fancy.

A quarter to twelve—

It *was* growing darker—what was it?

Ah, I knew now—I remembered. On this very day an eclipse of the sun was to take place. Pedro de Soto, had reckoned against those laws of God's universe which he was powerless to frustrate.

But would the sun be shadowed in time? I saw the minute hand of my watch whirling round — it had surely never moved so fast, and I looked anxiously at that little spot of light.

Ten minutes to twelve.

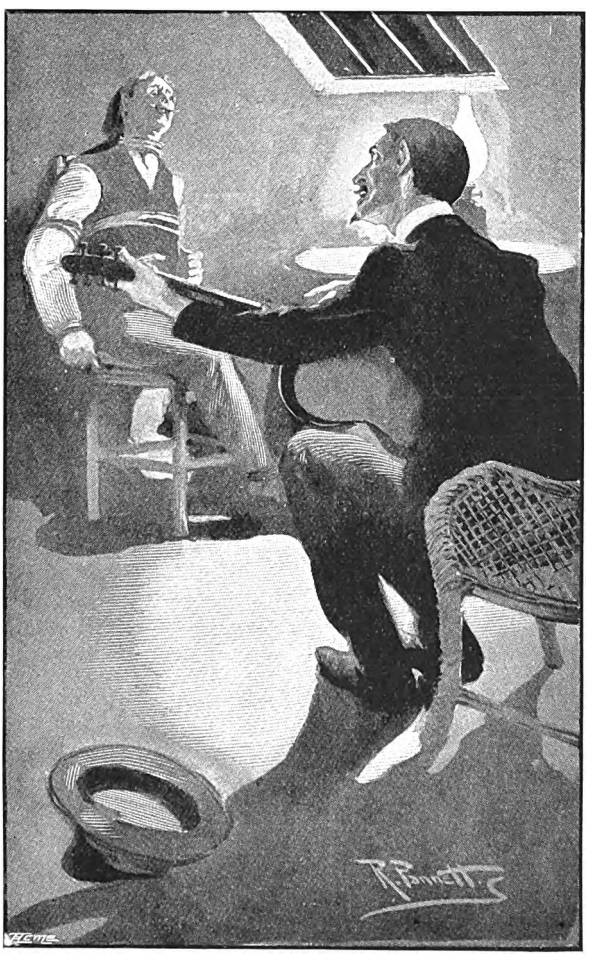
The room was growing darker still.

Five minutes.

The spot of light had disappeared — I was saved!

* *

I must have fainted. I know when I began to think again it was half-past two, and the room was bathed in sunshine once more. But the fatal speck of light had never fallen upon the powder—and then, oh, the joy it was. I heard someone enter the house, and a pair of soft arms were thrown round me, while Mr. Heatherton uttered congratulations on my escape.



I can see the wretch now, his supple fingers wandering over the strings, his eyes burning with hate.

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By H. J. Holmes.

Photos by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Statistics tell us that there are nearly twenty thousand Italians domiciled in the United Kingdom. This is sufficient excuse for the existence of the *Londra-Roma*, the recognised organ of the Italian public, a journal which is printed and published in London under, what I think I am right in holding to be, unique circumstances. It is entirely the production of the brains and labour of one man, to wit, Professor Pietro Rava, a native of the town of Tunis, which, as some of our readers may be aware, is in Northern Italy.

Fourteen years ago, Professor Rava, then a very young man, came to England, after the death of his parents, hoping to better his position. He had been a teacher of French, holding a diploma from the Italian Government in a college at Tunis, but a friend, resident in this country, advised him to try London. So the Professor procured an appointment as correspondent to one of Italy's leading newspapers, and duly came to dwell in London, where he settled down as a teacher of the French and Italian languages. He was not very long in discovering the extent of the Italian colony in London, and conceived the idea that the interests of his fellow-countrymen could be served by the publication of a newspaper which would be devoted to the cause of Italians in Great Britain. He could not fail to see that many countrymen of his were hindered in their business transactions owing to their ignorance of current affairs, and he resolved to bring about a change for the better.

The *Londra-Roma* was started in the early part of 1888, immediately preceding the opening of the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court, and it has been published every week since then.

This unique journal consists of four sheets of closely-printed matter, and contains probably about seventeen thousand words weekly. Every Italian in England who can read rarely fails to go through it carefully, for it must be remembered that aliens are always anxious to know what is happening in their little world.

Therefore, the Professor, in his capacity as staff of contributors, sub-editor, editor, compositor, proof-reader, printer, manager, publisher, and advertisement canvasser, together

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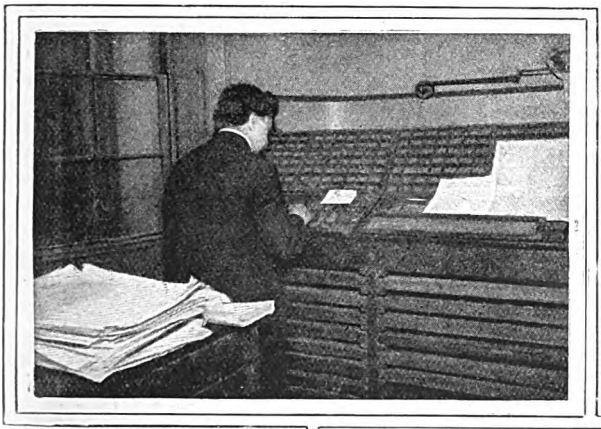

Professor Rava sets up the type of his newspaper.

with the responsibilities of proprietorship, finds it no sinecure to produce the paper with unfailing regularity, and to get it circulated throughout the country every Saturday morning. Those who are acquainted with the devious paths of journalism are easily enabled to grasp the difficulty of such a feat as the Professor accomplishes every week of his life. And it is done as a labour of love, the *Londra-Roma* being not quite so good a property as certain well-known London weeklies. It is, indeed, very remarkable that with such demands upon his time, Professor Rava manages to keep up his teaching and Italian correspondence all the while.

How is it done?

Well, Professor Rava's work begins early in the morning, and very early in the week. For the chief part of three days he sits at his desk at 6, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, preparing the "copy"—as we call MS.—which he will have the pleasure of setting up in movable type later on in the week. The Professor writes absolutely everything. Sitting in the lonely room which forms the editorial sanctum, he turns out, with speedy pen, the incisive leader, the light leaderette, the lugubrious law report, cut and extra-dry commercial intelligence, slashing theatrical criticisms, book reviews, and the common or Spring-garden County Council par.—in fact, the work of a large editorial staff is cheerfully accomplished under circumstances which would probably send the average Fleet Street journalist on a straight line for Colney Hatch.

Then he prints the paper.

This done, Professor Rava becomes a compositor, and descends to the composing room, where there is every requisite for the purpose of turning yards of "copy" into lines of type. Having seen this part of the performance, the writer can vouch for the wonderful nimbleness of the Professor's fingers, as, with unfailing precision, they travel rapidly between the case of type and the "stick" that holds the single letters until they form words, and the set line is transferred to the "galley," where lines become a

And finally sells it to the agents who come to his office.

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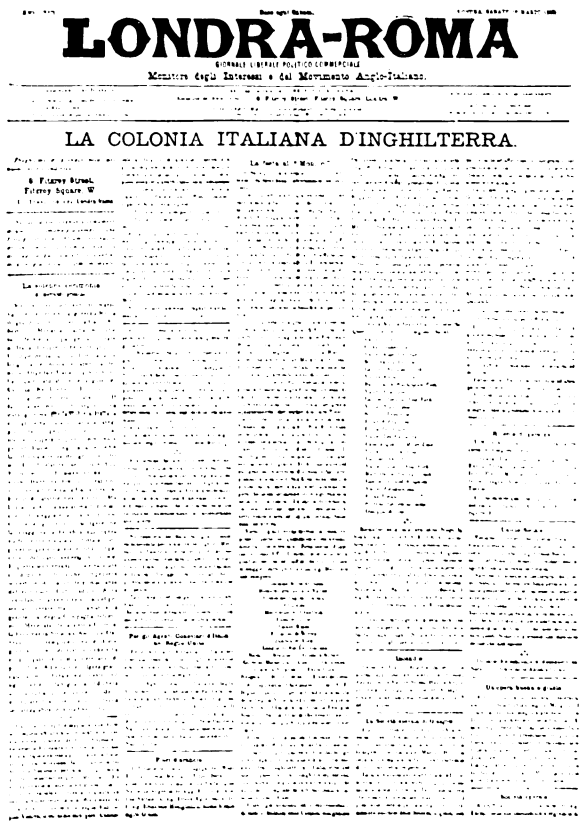
long column ready to be made up into "formes," the size of the printed pages.

Then comes the reading of proofs, and corrections of errors in the setting-up. This done, perhaps a column or two of important articles or news must be written and set up at the last moment. The pages are then made up, placed in the formes, and they are ready for the printing machine. The required number are soon run off, a number which does not approach anything like that of London's "largest circulations," of which, by the way, there are apparently several.

All this work means that Professor Rava is often without rest for two days and nights preceding the day of publication.

Interruptions are frequent. People fresh from Italy call almost every day for advice and, often, assistance. "They forget," the Professor told me with a smile, "that I am not the Consulate, and yet I cannot turn them away without such help as I can give them. Consequently, much of my time is taken, and I am compelled to work until, when publishing is over, I sometimes collapse altogether."


LONDRA-ROMA

GIORNALE LIBERALE POLITICO COMMERCIALE

Monitore degli Interessi e del Movimento Anglo-Italiano.

LA COLONIA ITALIANA D'INGHILTERRA.

A reduced fac-simile of the front page of the *Londra-Roma*.

Publishing day brings plenty of work and worry. The newsagents in all the provincial districts must be supplied, and their messengers are early on the scene clamouring for copies, which may not yet be dry enough to move. Parcels must be prepared, too, for the various Italian societies and clubs throughout the country.

All book-keeping, furnishing of accounts, and the entire business correspondence are also done by the Professor unassisted.

Asked if his paper circulated in Italy, Professor Rava said:

"I do not count upon many readers in Italy except through the medium of the native papers. These frequently quote the *Londra-Roma* very fully when they are particularly interested in the subject of discussion. About two years ago I drew the serious attention of Italians at home to the danger of the rivalry that had sprung up between the ports of Brindisi and Marseilles, and to the tremendous efforts the French were making to supersede the former in favour of the latter as an important port. Our people were roused into making an effort to frustrate the designs of the French, who might otherwise have robbed Brindisi of its claim upon the shipping trade.

"I have been enabled to develop many business schemes, involving dealings with Italy, which might have gone to benefit other countries instead."

It is pleasing to know that the energy of this remarkable man, apart from producing a "literary curiosity," has proved to be beneficial to his fellow-countrymen in England and in his native Italy.

"The *Londra-Roma* is liberal in politics, and, above all, intensely commercial. It is my special wish to keep all my readers in the closest touch with the legislation and the commercial arrangements that affect trade between England and Italy, but it is also my aim to keep the Italian in England in touch with the homeland, and thus save him from forgetting his nationality."

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BLUFF

By M. McD. Bodkin, Q.C.

I.

"My heart was in my mouth the whole time."

"How alarming, Miss Fletcher, you might have lost it."

"I did lose it to the man that bowled the English Captain, Ranjitsinghi."

"English, did you say? Ranjitsinghi has not exactly an Anglo-Saxon sound, has it?"

"All I know is they claimed him, and they played him, and he was bowled, thank goodness! in the last innings of the last match for a duck."

"A duck, Miss Fletcher?"

"Please don't be silly, Mr. O'Leary." The bright eyes flashed, and the impatient little foot patted the steamer's deck. "I hate you when you are in this humour, drawling out foolish questions from an empty head."

"You wrong me, Miss Fletcher, you wrong me deeply. I was gravely thinking."

"Indeed! about what, pray?"

"Philology."

"Phil—, what? Say that again, please."

"The vagaries of words. How often, for example, two quite different words have the same meaning. In most games you will observe 'nothing' is called 'love,' in cricket it is called a 'duck.' By the way, were you ever called a 'duck,' Miss Fletcher?" he asked, with a sudden and startling irrelevance.

"Were you ever called a goose, Mr. O'Leary?"

"I think I like the word 'love' better," he went on, and his voice took a tone that brought the blood to her cheek. "Do you like love, Miss Fletcher?"

"The word love do you mean?"

"No, the reality."

"I don't know—I don't care. You bewilder me with your silly catechism." She sat silent and pouting, and he looked at her with mild surprise and bland unconsciousness of offence.

This kind of thing had happened more than once before, though their acquaintance was not yet a week old. Diana Fletcher was the daughter of an Australian multi-millionaire, carelessly chaperoned by her father on their first trip to Europe. Naturally she was brimming over with excitement and vivacity. Terence O'Leary was a well-known writer for the *Daily Telephone*, for which he had condescended to do a special description of the great International cricket match, while on his vacation at the other end of the world.

The tall handsome impassive man of thirty, and the small pretty vivacious girl of eighteen were drawn together by the inevitable law of attraction of opposites. She did not know he was a penniless journalist, and he did not know she was the only daughter of a multi-millionaire, but what did it matter, for he was not mercenary and she was romantic? They talked only cricket at first. Diana Fletcher had been at all the five matches, and was wild

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with patriotic delight, at the triumph of the Australian team. O'Leary played cleverly up to her lead and charmed her with brilliant streaks, from his own vivid descriptive articles.

But for the last few days he had dropped into a mood that had puzzled her. She never could tell whether he was in jest or earnest, and under cover of cricket, he slid in some suggestive little question that she could neither answer nor let alone.

"Do you like love, Miss Fletcher?" he asked again after the pause, with quiet irritating persistency.

She looked out over the side and ignored him, but she felt she was blushing in spite of herself. She could have boxed his ears with pleasure at the moment.

"Oh! look, look!" she cried, suddenly leaping up from her deck chair and pointing an eager hand across the shining water.

Scarcely fifty yards away a shoal of flying fish suddenly flashed up from the sea, dropping jewels from their variegated wings as they flew. Behind them a shoal of lively porpoises plunged and rolled in fierce pursuit.

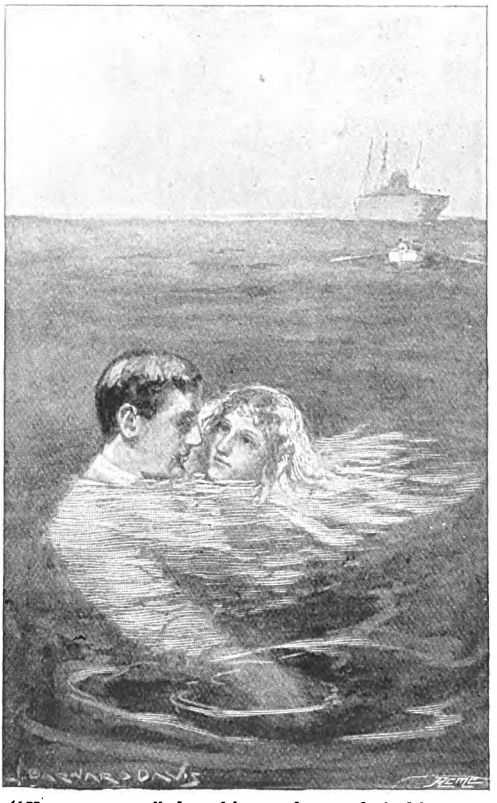
"They are coming! they are coming!" cried Di Fletcher in growing excitement, "They will fall upon the deck!"

But their frightened flight was quickly over. They dropped with a splash into the water not twenty yards away; the puffing porpoises put on a spurt as they fell, and pursuers and pursued swept together under the steamer's side.

Wild with excitement Di leaped up on her deck chair and craned over the bulwark to watch. The chair slipped, and before O'Leary's quick hand could catch, she plunged down into the swirling water that fled swiftly past the vessel's side.

Terence O'Leary kicked off his canvas shoes, gave all his breath to one ringing cry, "Man overboard!" filled his lungs with air again for the dive, and went down with a clean, fearless plunge straight for that swaying blotch of white far down in the whirl of the water.

Quietly as in a drawing-room he slipped his arm round the yielding waist. She lay quite still in his clasp and he went swiftly up with strong strokes to light and air. They rose just at the fringe of the steamer's foam-flaked trail, but he pushed across the edge into the calm sea. Still she lay motionless on his arm, yielding to every motion of his, her golden hair spread loose on the sea, her sweet pale face upturned to the sky. A pang like a knife stab shot through his heart with the thought—"She is dead!"



"Yes, yes, yes," she whispered eagerly in his ear.

But even at that moment, as though for an answer to his fear, she opened languid blue eyes and looked him in the face. Then he saw consciousness and terror waken slowly in their depths.

"Don't," he said, speaking very quietly, as she pouted her lips for a scream. "There is not the least danger. The steamer will send a boat in a minute, and I could hold you up without trouble for a week."

There was such an easy confidence in his voice that fear left her in a moment.

The sea was dead calm, save where a stray ripple from the steamer's trail swayed them gently. They lay poised over the blue pellucid dips like birds floating in mid-air. An easy wave of O'Leary's practised hand, like the quivering of a fish's fin, an easy down-

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ward pushing of his feet held them almost motionless at the surface.

The steamer had gone on with a rush, and was nearly half a mile away. But his cry had been heard. His quick ear told him that already the engines were reversed, and he knew they were safe. Meanwhile the situation was not without its charm. They were both clad in the lightest costume of the tropics; a few ounces of white fabric through which the tepid water, only a few degrees cooler than the hot air, touched them pleasantly.

"The steamer has stopped," said O'Leary, "they will send a boat for us presently."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," she cried impulsively—"this is delicious."

As she felt his arm tighten ever so little round her waist, she gave one look into his eyes, then closed her own to shut out what she saw there. But she did not bid him release her. It is not easy to maintain he conventions floating in mid-ocean.

The rush and throb of the steamer had ceased. The whole world was so still, she was frightened even by the intense silence.

"How wonderfully you swim!" she said, just to say something.

"Like the duck we were just speaking of," he answered coolly. "That reminds me, Miss Fletcher, you have not answered my last question. Do you like love, real love better than—"

"Better than what?" she faltered.

Again his arm tightened round her waist, and she looked in his eyes in spite of herself.

"Better than anything else in this wide world," he answered. His voice was very earnest now but still very quiet. "You know what I mean; girls are quick to guess that secret. I love you with my whole heart. I know you like me, but I am not sure you like me well enough. I meant to have waited a little longer but I couldn't let such a chance as this slip. Say yes, if you don't object very much. Hurry, Di, hurry! I see them putting out a boat."

"I wish they'd keep their tiresome boat," she cried petulantly. She flashed him a look as she spoke, and he took it for his answer.

The arm round her waist drew her closer and closer to him, and their lips met in a long kiss.

"I suppose I might as well say 'yes,' now," she murmured when she got her breath again.

"I think so," he answered. But she only looked at him, and with man's inconsistency, he stopped her lips again before she could say the word he wanted.

Then they heard the splash of oars and the rattle of rowlocks, across the silent sea. The boat was not a hundred yards away, rushing through the water, the crew straining to their oars. Suddenly a ringing cheer broke out. "Yes, Yes, Yes," she whispered eagerly in his ear under cover of the cheer. "Don't sir, don't—the boatmen are looking. But I just did want to say 'yes' in mid-ocean."

They found old Simeon Fletcher—a big, square-chinned, keen-eyed man—waiting for them on deck smoking a huge cigar; the calmest figure in the excited crowd.

"Welcome back, little girl," he said, patting her damp curls. "You should be more careful. Run away now and get dry clothes on."

To O'Leary he stretched a big strong paw that gripped like a vice. "Lucky you were on the spot, sir, and could swim. I should have missed my little girl. You could do with a drink I reckon, after your wetting."

They had a drink together. The hot sun steamed the sea water out of O'Leary's flannels, and he and Fletcher talked of many things as they paced the deck smoking big Havanna's from the Australian's case. But neither then nor afterwards did the father make any allusion to the little incident of saving his daughter's life.

O'Leary and Di Fletcher met next morning in the cool freshness of the dawn when they had the deck to themselves.

One of the two seemed a little shy when they met, but it was not the lady. She gave him the extreme tips of her dainty fingers, with a gay good morning, and dropped into her deck chair.

He stood silent beside her.

"Well," she cried at last impatiently.

"Well!" he echoed.

"Are you sorry?"

"Sorry for what?"

"For your conduct yesterday in the water. or your conduct this morning on deck. You must be sorry for one or the other. Was it all nonsense you told me yesterday. Are we two engaged or are we not?"

"Certainly, if you will have me."

"Then please behave yourself like an engaged person and don't stand there glowering."

"I wasn't exactly glowering, I was thinking."

"It comes to the same thing. What were you thinking about?"

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"Oh, don't take me as objecting to the millions," said O'Leary.

"Well, look here, Miss Fletcher, may I call you Di."

She nodded her head so briskly that she nearly nodded off her sailor's hat. "Of course."

"Well, Di, I didn't know who you were when I spoke yesterday."

"And now you're sorry," she cried with a provoking flash of her bright eyes. "I knew it." She tried to pout her lips, but her eyes betrayed her.

"Well not exactly," said O'Leary, his own cool self again. "But if I had known you were a millionaire's daughter I wouldn't have spoken just then."

"Why?" She snapped the question at him.

"You might have thought—"

"I assure you I have too good an opinion of myself to think anything of the kind. I knew you were fond of me, or I never would have said 'yes.' Besides the millions needn't trouble, for neither you nor I will ever touch a farthing of them."

"Oh! don't take me as objecting to the millions, I beg of you," said O'Leary.

"Object or not object, you won't get them. I spoke to Pops last evening about our engagement."

"You lost no time about telling."

"You lost no time about asking, did you? Please don't interrupt, this is important. Pops didn't interrupt. He heard me out till the last word."

"Which was—'yes!'"

"His wasn't, I'm sorry to say. His first and last word was 'no,' with an adjective in front. 'It won't do, Di,' he said. 'I admit he's a decent looking chap enough.'"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you, 'and he picked you out of the water very handily, but he's only a newspaper man.' Are you a newspaper man?"

O'Leary nodded.

"Pops is generally all there. 'I want a big match for you, Di,' he said, 'and I say no to this.'"

"'And I say yes, Pops.'

"'That's your own affair, my girl. You will do it, of course, if you want to. But remember our bargain. I don't want to force you or stop you, and I couldn't if I tried. But if you marry to please me your husband gets a million down on his wedding day, I'll say two if you like, and the rest when I die. If you marry without my consent neither of you get a farthing now or ever.

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You know me well enough, little girl, to know that I will stick to my bargain.'"

"He'll keep his word?" O'Leary spoke slowly.

"Either way," Di answered, "like a rock. I have never once known him to go back of it yet. But it doesn't matter—does it?"

"Just a wee bit."

"I'd marry you, Terry, if you hadn't a penny," she cried.

"That's pretty near the limit of my capital," he answered. "I have a decent salary for a single vagabond, from the 'D.T.,' but there isn't a penny forthcoming just at present."

"It will be lovely to be poor with you."

"I fancy it would be nicer to be rich."

A startled look crept into her eyes.

"Do you mean to say," she began, but a sudden sob caught her voice, and her eyes filled and overflowed.

"Don't, Di; don't do that."

All his coolness vanished. His arm slipped round her waist, and she nestled her head against his shoulder. "I mean to say nothing but what I said yesterday."

"Do you love me for my own self, Terry?"

"Of course I do."

"Then we'll get married at once; I know Pops. He won't be angry, but he won't give us sixpence."

"Isn't that a little hasty?"

She pushed him from her. They had been very close together.

"Then it's the money you care for and not for me, after all?"

"Steady, little girl. I love you very much indeed, but I love the millions a little, too, though I only heard of them yesterday. I'd like best to get you both if I could manage it."

"But you cannot, I tell you; you cannot."

"Give me a chance, Di. If I don't get your father's—Popse's, I mean—full consent before six months, we'll marry without it."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry at all. Six years would suit me better, and never best of all. We'd best say good-bye now, Mr. O'Leary, and you can look for the millions elsewhere."

"Not if I know it," said O'Leary. "I'll make sure of you in any case, and as much more as I can manage. I'll bet you a dozen pairs of twelve-buttoned gloves that I'll get your father's consent."

"Done!" she cried, gaily, a gambler to her rosy finger tips. "And I'll make you pay, too, mind, if we have to go without dinner for the honeymoon."

II.

"Mr. Fletcher," said O'Leary, "may I have a word with you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Fletcher, "and a cigar?" He offered his cigar case.

"Thanks. Mr. Fletcher," he added, after a pause, "I want your consent to marry your daughter."

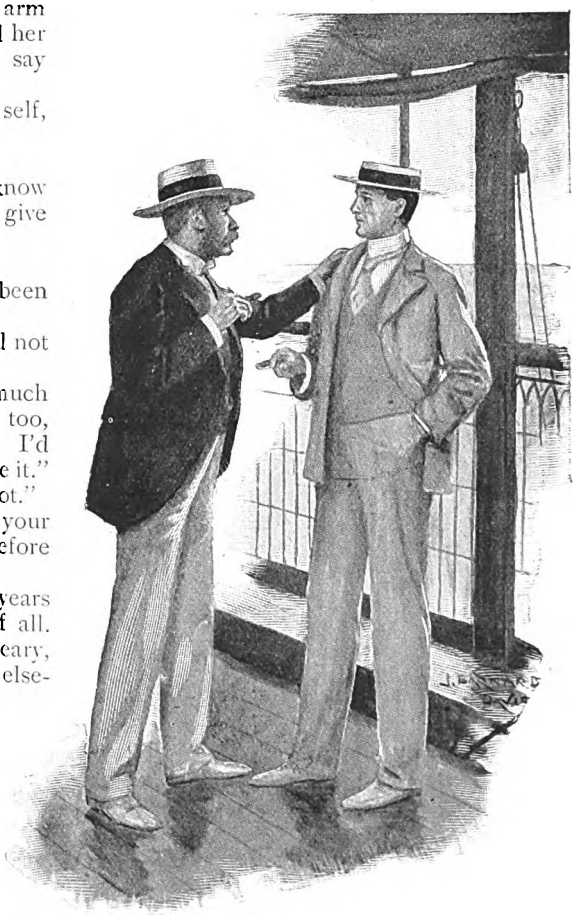
"That's right," said Mr. Fletcher, between two strong pulls of the refractory cigar, which yielded to treatment, "I like plain speaking." He took the cigar from his mouth, puffed a big blue cloud and laid his hand upon O'Leary's shoulder. "I'll speak just as plainly back. You shan't get my consent."

"It's only fair to say I mean to marry her whether I get it or not."

"She has told you about the money?"

"She has."

"You don't think then I'll keep my word?"



Mr. Fletcher laid his hand upon O'Leary's shoulder. "You shan't get my consent," he said.

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"I know you'd keep your word if we both went to the poorhouse together. No one could look at that bulldog face of yours and doubt it."

Mr. Fletcher smiled a gratified smile at this peculiar compliment, and gripped O'Leary's hand hard. "You've grit," he said; "not much chance of your missus going to the poorhouse. I never met a man I'd like better for a son-in-law, but I want rank and position for my little girl."

"Is that all?" said O'Leary coolly. "They may be come at."

"Aye, but I want them when he marries her. Look here, I'll tell you what I don't tell many. Her great grandfather was a convict. You don't mind that?"

"Not a brass farthing."

"Well I do." The weak spot in the strong man showed here for his colour deepened to bronze and his tight shut lips twitched. "I determined when she was a baby that this stain should be washed clean out by her marriage. Will you baulk me in this?"

"I don't say that," answered O'Leary coolly, "but I will most certainly marry your daughter, if she will have me."

"Give her a little time," said the father; "she is young and does not know her own mind."

"Certainly. We have agreed to wait six months."

That was the last word between them on the subject, though they talked of many things when they met with unabated friendliness.

As they parted at the landing-stage at Southampton, Mr. Fletcher handed his card to O'Leary, with "Hotel Metropole, London," scrawled across his Australian address.

"I will be glad to see you," he said, "if you come to tell me this foolish business is over."

"Thanks," said O'Leary, "I'm afraid it's not likely. But I will call to see your daughter if I may."

"She's her own mistress," growled the millionaire as he stepped into the carriage, and Diana openly and audaciously kissed hands to her lover as they drove away.

Two nights later O'Leary walked up the stairs of the *Daily Telephone* office into the editor's den.

He found the great man lying on a sofa, smoking a cigar, engaged in what he called "the work of administration."

"Halloa! O'Leary, welcome home, old man. The cricket letters were superb. There was nothing to touch them in London—a regular animatograph without the jerk and the rattle. Do you know, young man, you are a hero just now in the great city. The picturesque account you sent us of your 'gallant rescue,' saving a millionaire's daughter in mid-ocean has had a boom. There was nothing else on at the moment. All London is chattering your praises. Why did you do it? The good of the paper? It was a big thing for us."

"Not exactly. I had a reason of my own for wanting to be talked about and lionised."

"It was true, I suppose?"

"Oh, it was true enough, or you don't suppose I'd be such a fool as to give names and addresses. Any news?"

"There will be no war."

"I guessed that with Golfour at the head of affairs."

"We are to have a Home Rule Bill next session."

"So I said all along. You must remember you are giving me my own prophecies as news. Tell me something I don't know. Any political gossip; any big appointments vacant?"

"Of course you know about New South Wales?"

"A little. I want to know more."

"Well the Government are in quandary about the Governorship. There are two men looking for it; Lord Curley and Sir Thomas Braggington, M.P. Both are useful men; both would fit the post; both have strong claims on the party. But they hate each other like poison, and to give it to one will make a bitter and dangerous enemy of the other."

"A case of 'How happy would I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away.' Talking of charmers, Ned, I am engaged to be married."

The chief, pitched his half-smoked cigar into the grate. "Caught at last," he cried. "Is she a nice girl? I need not ask that. Has she money?"

"Lots, or none at all; I cannot tell which at present. Her fortune may be anything from half a farthing to two millions."

"Is the whole story chaff, Terry, or only just the last bit?"

"I'm as serious as matrimony itself, Ned. It's a wife certain, and a fortune, perhaps. I want a fortnight off work to attend to private affairs. Perhaps I may say good-bye to the office."

"Oh, I hope not, for the 'D.T.'s' sake."

"But I hope so, for my own. Good-night, old man."

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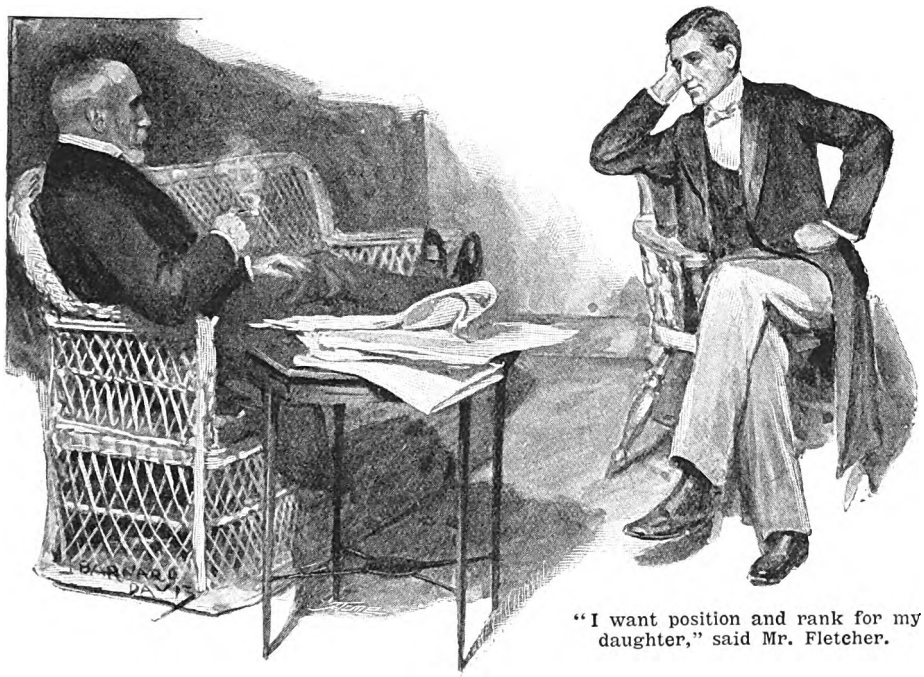

"I want position and rank for my daughter," said Mr. Fletcher.

III.

"Miss Fletcher at home?"

It was Terence O'Leary in the glossy tall hat and the prolonged and creaseless frock coat of extreme respectability and discomfort, at the door of the Metropole Hotel.

"Yes, sir. Miss Fletcher will see you, sir." said the boy in buttons, to whom he gave his card. "First floor this way, sir."

A doleful "Come in" answered his brisk knock at the door. She was alone in the pretty little private sitting-room, her gold curls fluffy and dishevelled, and the red stain of tears under her eyes. She had just leaped up at his knock from the soft cushions of a great broad easy chair, where she had coiled herself up like a hare in its form for a comfortable cry.

"What is it, Di?" he cried in dismay. "My own pet, you look like——"

"Don't, Terry," she broke in, "don't call me Di, and talk to me nicely like that. It's all over between us. You ought to curse me instead, for ruining your life."

"Well, I don't intend to. But do, like a dear little girl, tell me what it is all about?"

"I'm a weak girl, unworthy of your love."

"Talk sense like a good child; come to the facts."

She looked at him wistfully, surprised and a little hurt at his coolness.

"Pops came to me this morning."

"Hem—now I'm beginning to understand," muttered O'Leary under his breath.

She broke off with a piteous appealing look.

"Go on, Miss Fletcher," he said mockingly. "Pops came to you this morning—well?"

She took tight hold of her courage and went on speaking very quickly. "So long as he spoke about money I only laughed at him. But he said nothing about the money this morning. 'We have been good friends always, little girl' he said patting my head softly, 'and you've done pretty well what you liked with me. Are you going to throw me over for this new chap, Di?'

"'Don't talk like that, Pops,' I said, 'of course not. I'll be your own little daughter all the time, and we don't want the money, either of us.'

"Speak for yourself, my dear," put in O'Leary, the same half mocking tone in his voice.

His tone roused the spirit in the girl. "Perhaps father was right after all," she said, choking down a sob. "He didn't laugh at my grief. He coaxed and caressed me. 'It won't do, little girl,' he said. 'I have tried to brazen it out but it won't do. The one thought of my life has been to make you a great lady. I cannot part with that hope. You must choose between him and me.'"

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She paused for a moment, a rising sob caught her voice, but again she forced it back, "And I chose him," she cried with a kind of gasp. "I promised him," she went on slowly. "I would never marry without his consent. I'm very sorry Mr. O'Leary if you really mind, but I'll keep my word. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he answered, lightly. The mocking smile still survived his astonishment. She gave him one swift glance, as though she would have liked a tenderer leave-taking. But he walked straight to the door without another word, and she turned her head away disconsolately.

Softly and swiftly he came back with noiseless step on the thick carpet. He slipped his arm around the drooped neck and kissed her three times on the lips.

"Good-bye, again," he said—"for the present," and was gone.

He hummed an operatic tune softly to himself as he went gaily along Whitehall Avenue. There was no touch of the forlorn lover about him. Then he turned into Downing Street and stopped at the last house on the right-hand side—*the* house.

"I dived for you and I climbed for you. That's all," said O'Leary.

"The Prime Minister is in," he said to the footman—a journalist knows everything. "He came in about three-quarters of an hour ago. I want particularly to see him."

A sovereign passed and vanished like a conjurer's trick.

"I cannot, really, sir, I cannot. I have orders to say he was out to everybody. He's most particularly engaged."

"All I want you to do is to take up this card. You can say I knew he was in and wouldn't budge till you did it. If he says 'no' to the card I'll go away at once."

The Prime Minister did not say "no" to the card.

"This way, sir, please," said the returning footman, with great politeness. He turned a handle softly, and ushered O'Leary into an airy study filled and littered with books and papers.

A tall, slim, handsome man with wavy, brown hair, and wonderfully bright, brown eyes, and a complexion like a girl's, stood gracefully beside the big writing-desk in the centre of the room, with the card between his fingers, and a welcoming smile on his lips.

The smile died away slowly to blank astonishment as his eyes rested on the face of Mr. Terence O'Leary.

There was an awkward pause. The Prime Minister was too surprised to speak. But Mr. Terence O'Leary was completely at his ease.

"I fear there has been some little mistake," said the Premier at last, adjusting his pince-nez to look closer at the card. "I expected to see the distinguished Australian, Mr. Fletcher."

"Not exactly a mistake, Mr. Golfour," O'Leary answered quietly; "if you will give me a moment I will explain."

"Mr. O'Leary," the Prime Minister interrupted, "pardon me, I did not recognise you for a moment; the Australian sun has done you so brown. Do you know you are

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famous? All London is talking of your gallant rescue of the beautiful heiress, Miss Fletcher, in mid-Pacific. I read the account myself yesterday morning in the *Daily Telephone*. By the way, that accounts, of course, for the confusion and mistake about the cards."

"I'm afraid I cannot ride off on that excuse. I have to confess there was no mistake at all. I sent up his card deliberately because I thought you'd sooner see him than me."

"But you come on his business, I suppose?"

"Not at all: I come on my own. I have a favour to ask."

"Well?" said the Prime Minister, with a perceptible stiffening of manner.

"There is a difficulty, I understand, about the Governorship of New South Wales?"

"Well?" in a voice of bewilderment. "How is that relevant?"

"I want to be the new Governor."

After the first stroke of surprise was over, the Prime Minister lay back in his chair, stretched his long legs out, and laughed softly and good-humouredly.

"Of course you know this is absurd, Mr. O'Leary?"

"Of course, I know it seems absurd at first sight. Mr. Golfour, let us talk it over, if you don't mind. I'm a fairly competent man. You said so yourself once upon a time."

"More than that," interposed the Prime Minister with all his own winning graciousness, "but ——"

"Let me make the objections. I have neither money, position, nor rank for this distinguished position."

The Prime Minister nodded. "You have said it."

"Now listen. I am about to marry Miss Fletcher, the daughter of the Australian millionaire. I will get a million down on our wedding-day. Her father is by long odds the first man in the colony. There are the wealth and position for you at one stroke."

"But the rank?" objected the Prime Minister wavering.

"Well, you can make me a baronet to begin with. That will do for the present. I will wait for the peerage until I have earned it. My name, as you have been kind enough to say, is favourably before the public at present. The romance of the whole thing is certain to fetch them. Moreover, it lets the Government out of the Curley and Braggington dilemma."

"You fellows know everything," said the Prime Minister smiling.

There was a long pause. The wonderful brown eyes were fixed searchingly on O'Leary's handsome, resolute face.

"You'll do," said the Prime Minister suddenly. "This marriage is quite certain?"

"I hope to get Mr. Fletcher's permission to-day to put the announcement into to-morrow's *Times*. I only ask a conditional promise."

"Well, you have it. You are a wonderful man, Mr. O'Leary. Never before in the history of the Empire was an appointment so strangely rushed."

"I hope to justify your choice, Mr. Golfour. A thousand thanks, and good morning. I am going straight to Mr. Fletcher."

He found Mr. Fletcher smoking the inevitable Havanna in the hall of the Metropole, and greeted him with jocund cordiality.

"You come to see my daughter, I presume, O'Leary?" said Mr. Fletcher grimly. "I think she has a message for you."

"Thanks," said the imperturbable O'Leary, "I saw her this morning and got the message. Now I want a word with you."

"I don't know what you can have to say to me."

"You will know when I have said it. Won't that do?"

Fletcher led the way to the outer smoking room, which they found empty. "Have a drink? No. A cigar? Help yourself. Now fire away."

"I want to marry your daughter," O'Leary began.

"You said that before. Well, I say you shan't."

"*You* said that before. I want you to tell me why."

"I have already told you."

"We are in the humour for repetitions. Tell me again?"

"I want position and rank with my daughter's husband. I have worked for that all my life. I have made my money for that end and I'm not going to give it up to please you. My daughter has come to my way of thinking for my sake. She likes you. I don't deny it, but she likes her old dad better, I'm happy to say."

"And I like her all the better for that."

"You are very kind. Now don't you think we may say good-bye?"

"Not exactly. I want first to know what rank and position you require for your son-

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in-law. Shall we say a baronetcy and Governorship of New South Wales?"

"You are laughing at me, Mr. O'Leary, but neither are too good for my Di."

"That's not my question. Are they good enough?"

"I don't see the use of this foolery."

"Can't you answer a plain question, man? I won't ask another I promise you."

"You know the answer."

"You think that good enough for her, then?"

"Well, yes, if you must talk nonsense." Mr. Fletcher answered in surly bewilderment.

O'Leary turned aside and scribbled a few lines on a sheet of the hotel note paper, blotted the paper, and handed it across to Mr. Fletcher. "Read that," he said.

With growing bewilderment Mr. Fletcher read:

"We understand on absolutely reliable authority that the vacant Governorship of New South Wales has been conferred upon Mr. Terence O'Leary, who is to receive at the same time the rank of baronet. We are also able to announce that a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the new Governor and Miss Diana Fletcher, the daughter of the well-known Australian Millionaire."

Blank amazement sat on Mr. Fletcher's face when he had finished.

"What the deuce——" he broke out at last.

But O'Leary quietly cut him short. "Ten minutes ago," he said slowly, giving full effect to each word, "I had the Prime Minister's sanction from his own lips to the first half of that paragraph. If I get your sanction to the second half, it will appear in to-morrow's *Times*."

"Do you mean that?" Fletcher replied.

"Before Heaven I do. You can trust me."

Fletcher looked at him steadily in the eyes for a moment.

"I can, and do," he cried, and stretched out a big hand. "It's a bargain." O'Leary winced at the strength of the bear squeeze. "Not a word more," the big man went on briskly, "go straight to my little girl and tell her the good news. She's been fretting, I'm afraid. She'll be glad to know she can keep her daddy and her sweetheart both on hands."

O'Leary did not need to be told twice. He went up the broad stairs three at a time, and knocked at the sitting-room door.

"Come in," cried a faint, petulant voice.

"You see, I've come back," he said quietly as he entered and closed the door.

She started up from the big chair at the sound of his voice, and faced him with flushed and tear-stained face.

"How dare you?" she cried, "after—after what happened."

"Oh! I only come on a message from your father."

"My father!" said poor Di bitterly, "you have become good friends all of a sudden."

"Certainly, what's the use of quarrelling about trifles?"

"I'm very glad you don't mind," she faltered, "I was afraid that you might be——"

"Oh! no, not at all; there's as good fish in the sea, Miss Fletcher, as ever was caught. The proverb is particularly appropriate to us—don't you think so? I have promised to help your father in his plans."

"I don't understand."

"He has got a husband ready for you, a splendid catch. The new Governor of New South Wales, a baronet to boot, and a modest decent straightforward, moderately good looking chap as well, if I'm any judge."

"My father sent you with that message to me?"

"Certainly."

"And you came?"

"Well, you see I'm here."

"I'm ashamed of him and I'm ashamed of you. It's mean and cowardly and cruel of you both."

The tears shone in her angry eyes as she faced him defiantly.

"That's no answer to your father's message," he said quietly, and came a step or two closer, "will you accept this Governor and baronet?"

"No! no! no! a thousand times no!"

"Don't be hasty, Di, you may be sorry for it. Why, you haven't even asked his name."

"I don't want to know his horrid name."

"Then I must tell you without asking. His name is Sir Terence O'Leary." His arm suddenly clasped her waist, and looking up into his laughing eyes she read the truth there.

"But how did you, Terry, how could you," she murmured, as she nestled closer to him, "it's just like a fairy tale. I take it all upon trust just because you say it, but I don't in the least understand."

"It's very simple, Di. I dived for you and I climbed for you. That's all."

That was not exactly all. But what followed was intended only for private circulation.

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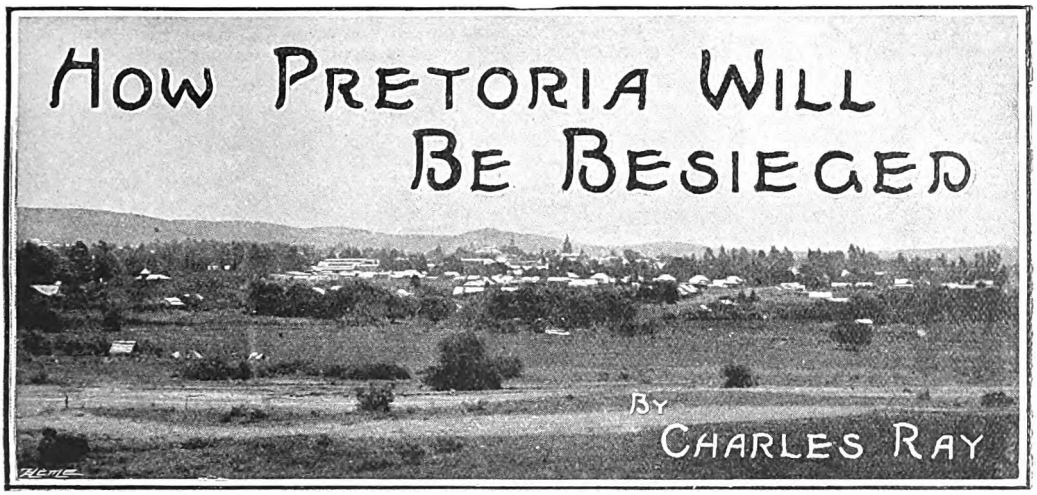
How Pretoria Will Be Besieged



By Charles Ray

Photo by G. W. Wilson & Co. Ltd.

A bird's-eye view of Pretoria.

If half we hear is true, the Boers are certainly not a musical race. And yet, for months before War broke out, pianos of all sizes and qualities, carefully packed in wooden cases, were being imported into the Transvaal by the score. Those who had the handling of these wonderful instruments were very much astonished at their weight. They had never known such pianos before. Strange to say, however, such men as President Kruger, General Joubert, Chief Secretary Reitz, and Commandant Cronje, were not at all surprised. They knew a thing or two about pianos. In fact, there were pianos and pianos. Pianos for discoursing sweet music were one thing, but the instruments imported into the Transvaal, though having the outward semblance of pianos, could distribute more than mere sound. They could deal death and destruction in a wholesale fashion. Never were such pianos known before. The explanation of the whole business was, that these seemingly inoffensive instruments concealed within their outward garb the various parts of the most modern artillery. The Boers knew war was coming, and particularly were they anxious to prepare for what would be the greatest incident of the war—the siege of Pretoria, and so they imported magnificent artillery in piano frames, in cheese cases, in egg boxes, and in butter tubs.

Exactly when the siege will commence it is impossible to say until the main Boer Army shall have met with a decisive and final defeat in the field. Indeed, there is a possibility that at the last moment, when the British

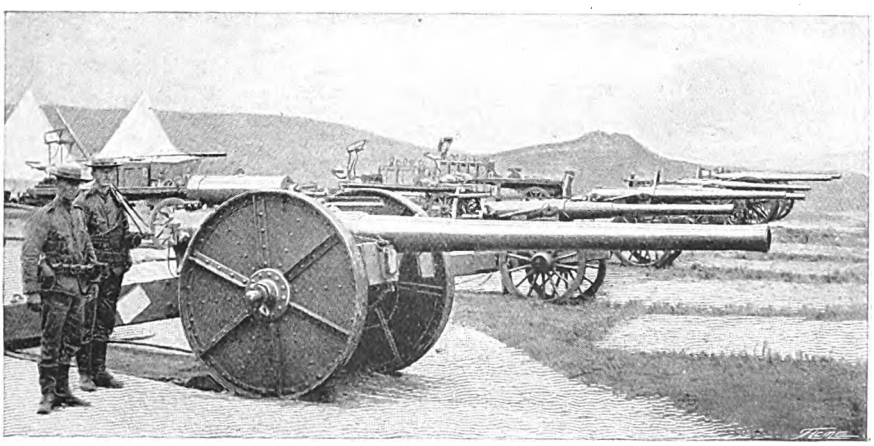


Photo by Canet.

Some of the large naval guns which will assist in the bombardment of the Pretoria forts.

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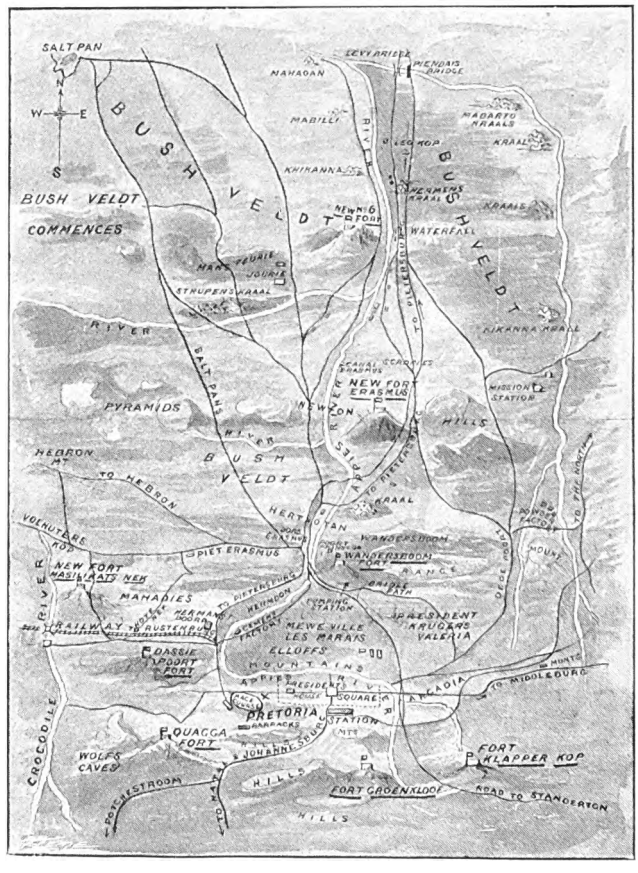
columns are advancing towards the Capital, the opposition of the Transvaal Boers will collapse as utterly as did that of their unwilling friends the Free Staters. If, however, the war goes on, there is no doubt that some time during the summer the chief city of Mr. Kruger will be subject to a siege.

All military experts are looking forward with eager anticipation to this incident of the war. It may sound very heartless to state such a fact in cold blood, but it is, nevertheless, true. And after all, students of arms have a good deal of reason on their side for such an anticipation. The siege of Pretoria will be the first military operation of its kind since the Germans invested Paris. But how much more terrible the bombardment will be it is impossible for soldiers, much less for civilians, to realise. It is sufficient to state here that according to the great work of M. Bloch, the famous military expert, artillery is now at least thirty times more terrible in its effects than it was in 1870. The devastation which can be wrought by the heavier kinds of siege guns is simply appalling. Even the lighter "big" guns can almost change the natural features of the country. An English volunteer at Arundel recently wrote home that he had watched a British "Long Tom" from Gibraltar "peppering" the Boers.

"They sighted the gun and fired," he wrote, "there was a terrific report, and the gun rebounded about five yards. A 50lb. shell shrieked through the air, and after waiting about a minute, we saw something like half a kopje blown sky-high about five miles away."

That is the effect of a 50lb. shell; what, then, will be the effect of the great Creusot guns which are said to man the Pretoria forts? There are, for instance, several 32 centimetre (12in.) coast-defence guns. Incredible as it may seem, each fires a shot weighing no less than half a ton, which can pierce a sheet of solid steel 4in. thick, or practically make a good sized kopje disappear entirely! These are the guns that our siege train with its 6in. and 8in. howitzers will have to put out of action before the forts can be taken. Of course, it will be impossible for the British to occupy Pretoria without first demolishing or taking the eight forts which surround the city. A gentleman who lived in Pretoria for some time, recently declared that he had been told by a Boer artillery officer, that if the British troops entered the capital, the great guns of the various forts would be turned on the town and "the invaders would be buried under its ruins."



A reduced copy of the Military Survey of the country round Pretoria, showing forts, &c. A similar copy to this is now being used by Lord Roberts.

Such an event is quite impossible, as the British will not dream of taking the city till they have first captured or demolished the forts. Far more likely is it that the British themselves will obtain possession of the fortifications and compel the capitulation of the city at the mouth of its own guns. Should

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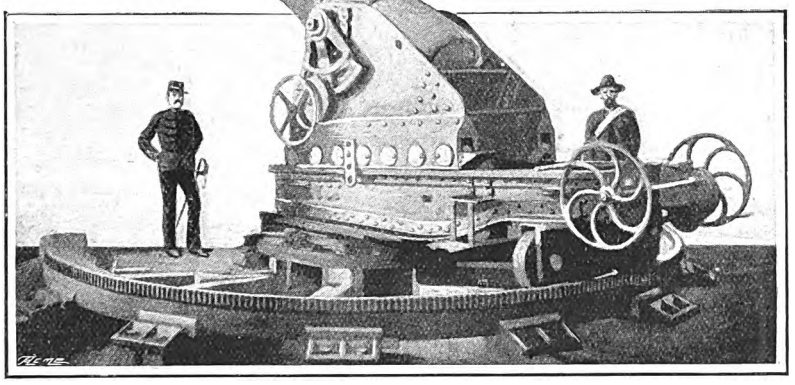
Pretoria itself be bombarded, many fine buildings would suffer. Of course, the Government buildings, the finest structure in the city, would form a splendid target, and, unfortunate as it would be, the destruction of the Dutch Reformed Church, on the opposite side of the main road, could scarcely be avoided.



One of the large Schneider-Canet mortars mounted within the forts of Pretoria. This will have to be put out of action by our 8-inch howitzers.

From a Photo

The illustrations which we give of the Pretoria forts are quite unique, and have never before been published. They are exact facsimiles of those in the possession of the War Office, and the only other copies are in the hands of Lords Roberts and Kitchener and their staffs. The forts vary in size, but are of the very latest pattern and construction. Everything is masked, and, but for the flag staff, no passer-by would ever dream that anything in the way of a fortification existed at the various spots. Each is well supplied with food, and underground pipes enable water to be pumped from the nearest river. There are tanks in each fort, which are now kept filled, and even if the regular water supply were to be cut off the garrisons could be sustained from these tanks for at least a month. All the forts are connected by underground telegraph and telephone wires. Some British officers who have lived in the Transvaal even declare that there are subterranean passages connecting many of the forts with the town of Pretoria itself. A mere glance at the military map which we publish will show that all the approaches to the city, except on the side of Delagoa Bay, are commanded by these forts.

To starve out Pretoria, which is said to be provisioned for two years, would be altogether too costly an operation. Neither is it one which would commend itself to our gallant army, and it will, therefore, be necessary that the forts be silenced or taken. A surprise assault is probably out of the question, and therefore a regular bombardment will be the method of attack. It is for this that a siege train exists and is now in South Africa.

But when our army approaches Pre-

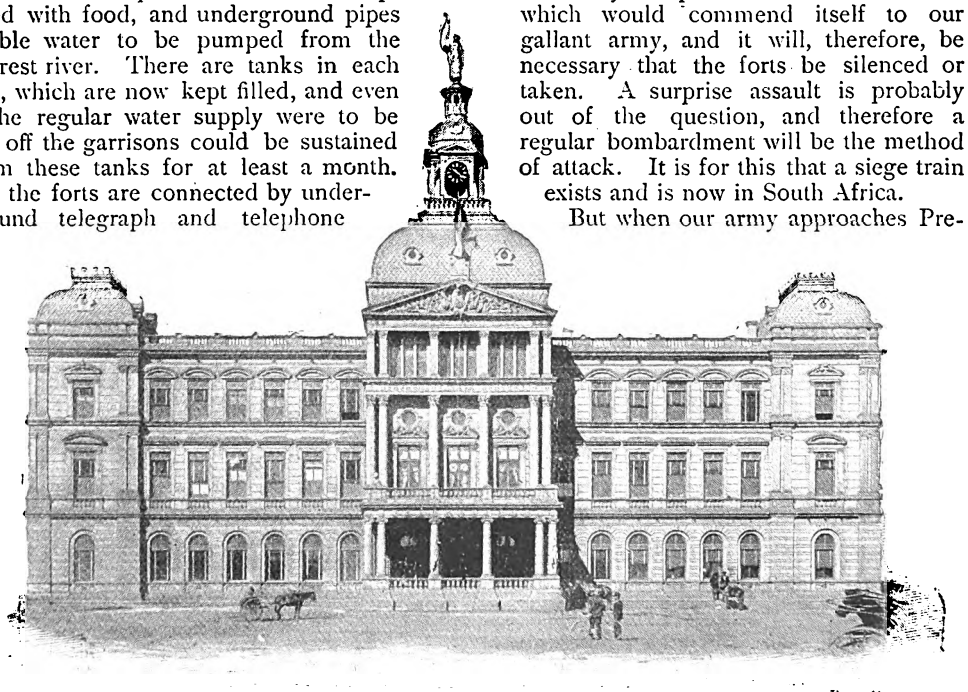


Photo by Barnett.

The Government Building and Houses of Parliament in Pretoria. This structure will be one of the first to suffer should the city itself be bombarded.

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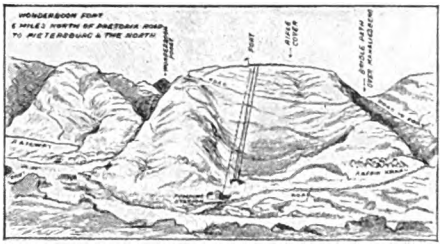
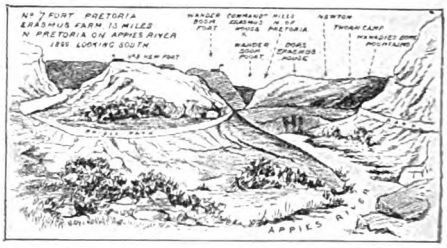
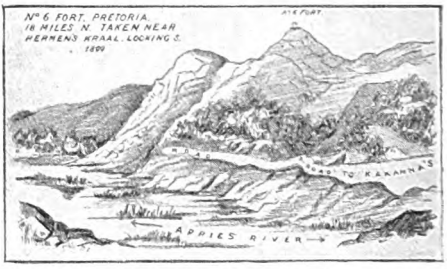


Wonderboom Fort, the largest of all the Pretoria forts, commands the valley to the North.



Fort Erasmus is situated North of Pretoria on the farm of Commandant Erasmus.

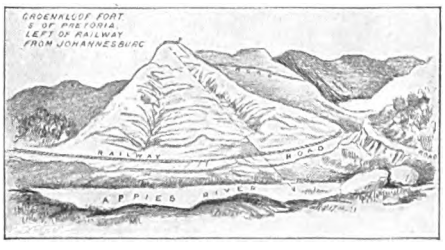
This fort, No. 8, commands the railway to the South of Musilikats Nek.



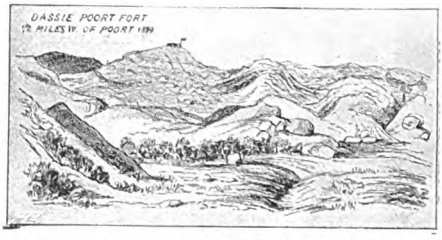
No. 6 Fort is one of the three new Northern forts which are said to have been built to cover the Boer retreat North after Pretoria falls.

toria, the Boer troops will not remain idle behind their fortifications; they will put out outposts with field artillery and do all they possibly can to harass our advance guard. These outposts will have to be driven in, and the main body of Lord Roberts' force having arrived, will at once bombard the forts and outlying positions. Exactly what will happen at this stage cannot possibly be foretold, as so much depends on the commanding officers on both sides and the men who are serving the guns.

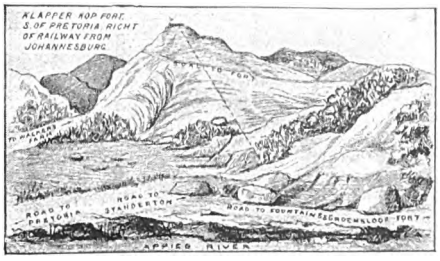
The nature of the country round Pretoria is favourable to the fire of howitzers, the shells of which, unlike those of ordinary guns, are not fired straight at their objective but at an angle. This enables an howitzer to be hidden behind a range of hills, and to drop fearfully



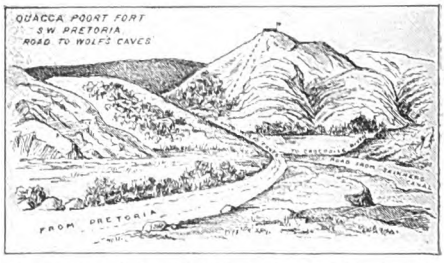
Groenkloof, one of the Southern forts, is very formidable.



Dassie Poort Fort commands the entrance to Pretoria from the West.



Klapper Kop Fort, also on the South of Pretoria, with Groenkloof, commands the Johannesburg road.



Quagga Poort Fort was built to flank and enfilade the new magazines south of the tow...

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destructive shells upon a fort without itself being liable to destruction. The use of smokeless powder quite prevents the besieged knowing whence comes the terrible devastation that rains upon them.

Of course, the Boers have not been idle, but under the advice of European mercenary officers have done their utmost to hamper the British advance on their capital. Naturally they will have cut down all trees and bushes and destroyed all buildings near the forts, so that when it comes to the final assault, the English will be terribly exposed to the fire of the Boer guns, without being able to find cover of any kind. It will be at such a time that British bravery will stand our soldiers in good stead.

The British will have a great advantage in holding the country all round Pretoria, for having repaired the railways, there will be no difficulty in moving their heavy guns about and getting up ammunition in large quantities. No doubt a continuous line of railway will be built round Pretoria so that the heavy guns may be shifted from point to point without difficulty. But it is particularly for the ammunition that such railways are valuable. This will be readily realised when we mention that something like 30 tons of shells are fired by one 8in. howitzer in a day.

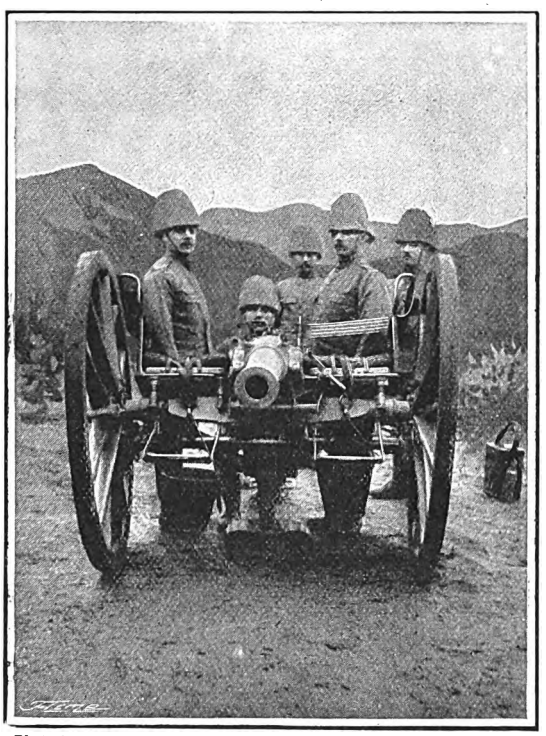

Photo by S. Cribb.

One of the 15-pounders which will drive in the enemy's outposts. This is how the gun will appear to the Boers.

Again the British will have a tremendous advantage over the Boers on account of war balloons which the latter do not possess. These balloons will be sent up at various points and by means of the new and perfected tele-photography, the exact positions of the enemy's forts and armaments will be discovered and the movements of the defending force followed.

Naturally, a great deal of the work of the British troops will be carried out at night, trenches will be cut, batteries advanced and hidden, and infantry brought up under cover of darkness. But the darkness will also favour the Boers in any sorties they may undertake, and we may expect that there will be some severe fighting during the nights before the final capture of the

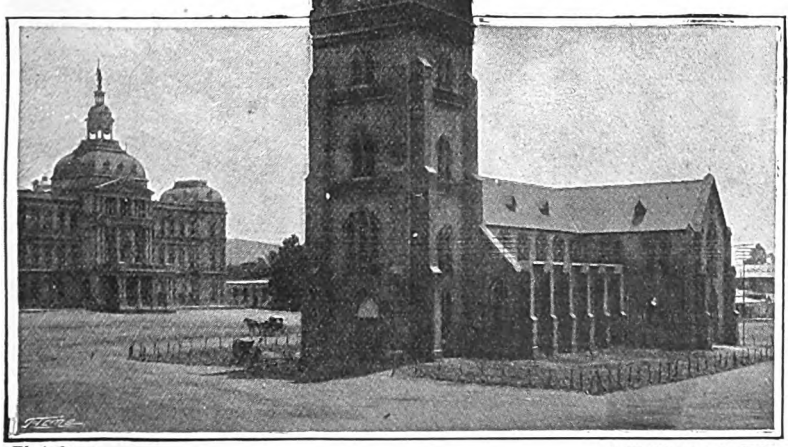

Photo by G. W. Wilson & Co. Ltd.

The Dutch Reformed Church, Pretoria's Cathedral, which may be accidentally damaged in the bombardment.

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capital. Special efforts will be made to obtain possession of two consecutive forts. Obviously, if these can be taken by surprise or assault tremendous advantage will accrue to our arms, for the formidable guns hitherto against us could be used to silence the forts on either side, whilst a wide passage uncommanded by the heavy guns of the enemy would be open for the passage of our troops.

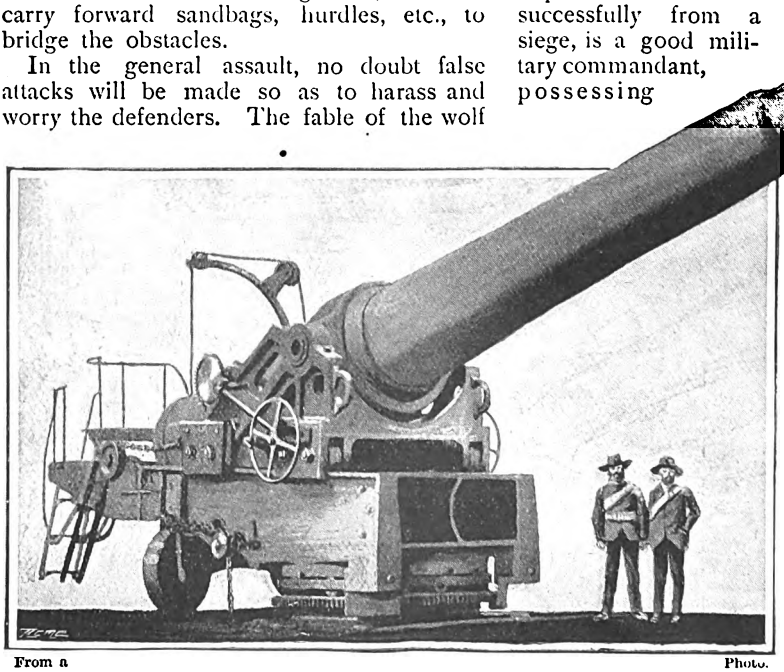
Photo by S. Cribb.

Officers of the siege train watching to see the exact places where the shells from their guns have fallen.

Perhaps the final assault of a fort is the most difficult part of a siege. The idea is to rush a body of men at great speed upon the fort while the inmates are yet demoralised by a heavy artillery fire; but here the country around Pretoria favours the Boers. It is full of ditches, and spruits, and crevasses, which will all have been filled with entanglements, such as knives and scythes with their blades turned upwards. Then barbed wire obstacles will have been placed everywhere to hinder the advance of our troops. To overcome these difficulties will fall to the lot of the engineers, who will carry forward sandbags, hurdles, etc., to bridge the obstacles.

In the general assault, no doubt false attacks will be made so as to harass and worry the defenders. The fable of the wolf and the boy will possibly be repeated, and when the real assault takes place, it is probable the enemy will look upon it as only a false alarm, and not be fully prepared to resist.

Many points of weakness in the defence will, no doubt, help the British. For instance, after suitable fortifications, there is no doubt that the greatest requisite for a town which hopes to come out successfully from a siege, is a good military commandant, possessing energy, judgment, tact and resolution, together with a thorough knowledge of fortress warfare. Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else, the Boers will be at fault. It is known that they have a number of European officers with them, but whether anyone possesses the required qualities of a good commandant for the siege is very doubtful.



From a Photo.

A huge 32-centimetre (12-inch) siege gun which arms one of the Pretoria forts.

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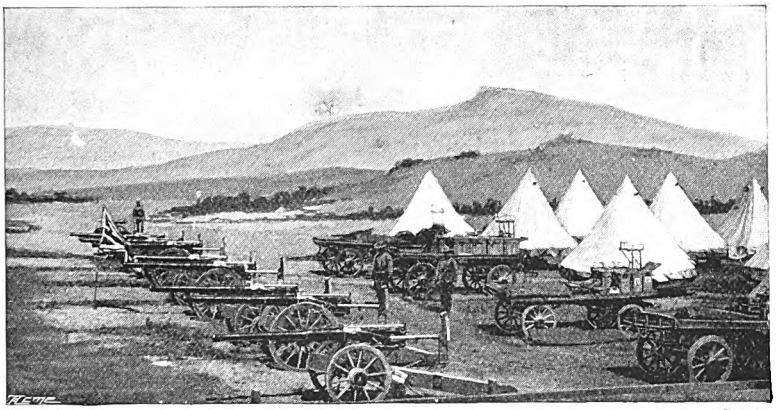

Photo by Cimet.

A group of naval guns with the besieging force.

To mention one point only, a good deal depends on the attitude of the civilian population in a besieged city. Of course, everyone is under martial law, but there are different ways of enforcing martial law, and civilians are apt to resent a too overbearing attitude on the part of their military governors. Sir George White, at Ladysmith, was an ideal commandant of a besieged town. All—not only the military, but the civil population—had absolute confidence in him and loved him for his bravery and courtesy, hence they were prepared to undergo any hardships rather than see their commandant obliged to capitulate.

But it is very doubtful whether any Boer commandant, or any foreign officer fighting with the Boers, could thus influence the civil population of Pretoria. The enemy seem to have a way of doing everything in the most unpleasant manner. If it is possible to ruffle the temper of non-combatants, they will do it; and with a large civil population opposed to the military authorities, it is doubtful if treachery would not soon be at work and result in the capture of the city. The forts of Pretoria are provided with searchlights, but, of course, if they are used at night to sweep the surrounding country and discover any possible surprise attack, they will also have the effect of showing our howitzer batteries where to fire. The greatest advantage the defenders have is in knowing their country so well, but with the plans and maps which are in our generals' hands this advantage may be overcome, and then good strategy and tactics, combined with splendid fighting qualities, must win the day.

At the time of writing this article it is said that the British will, in pursuance of the terms of their treaty with the Portuguese Government, land troops at Beira and march them across into Rhodesia, whence they will be in a position to attack the Transvaal from the north. Such a course might have a great influence upon the continuance of the war. As has been previously mentioned, there are no forts on the north-east of Pretoria. This route, therefore, would apparently lie open and almost unprotected to a British force advancing from the direction indicated. The Boers would, no doubt, march an army to meet our northern force, but that would mean the weakening of their commandos in the south. If a really large British force should pass through the Portuguese territory and advance from Rhodesia, the plight of the Boers would indeed be serious.

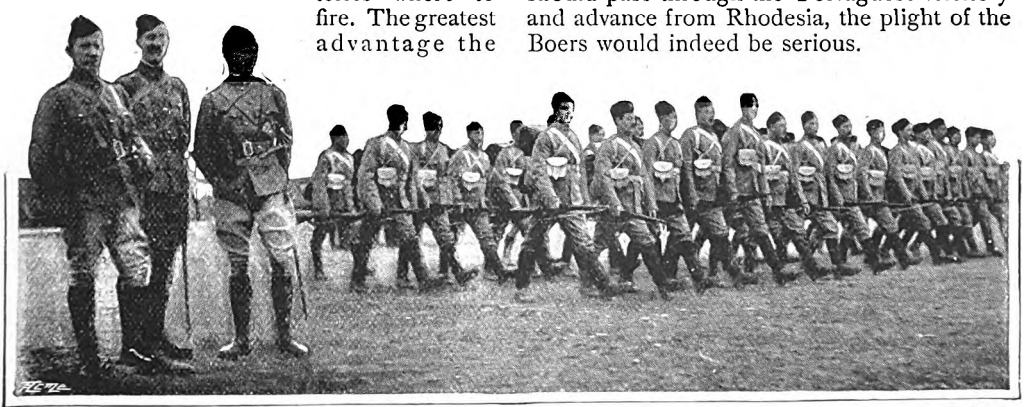

Photo by S. Cribb.

Men of the siege train marching into position.

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A Comedy of Errors

By

Frances Preedy.

Cannorth Castle, August 15th.

"Dear Miss Russell,—It will give us much pleasure if you will come and stop with us on the 1st of September for ten days. Though we have not the pleasure of knowing you, we have heard so much of you from your sister, that we much look forward to seeing you in person. I hope she is enjoying her trip abroad, and that she will be able to pay us her long-promised visit on her return. —Believe me, yours sincerely, Kathleen Trevor."

I read the letter out at breakfast time.

There was a chorus of "What luck for you, Jo!" from my family, with an envious sigh from my younger sister.

"Do you remember where Louise met Mrs. Trevor?" inquired my mother. "I don't seem to recollect the name, but they must have known each other very well."

"I never attempt to remember half the people Louise talks about," I said. "But I believe she got to know some Trevors when she was at Harrogate last year. Anyway, they must have liked her very much to transfer their affections to her sister."

Such an invitation had never come to any of the family before. "Cannoth Castle" sounded very grand, and, indeed, we soon looked the Trevors out, and found that Mr. Trevor was an Honourable, with a house in town as well as this place in Scotland.

My father was a doctor, and there were seven of us. But little dissipation came our way, except, indeed, to Louise, the eldest of us; who, as companion to a rich and well-born old lady, went everywhere, and did everything. She was now on a tour round the world—the "trip" to which we imagined Mrs. Trevor referred.

I was the stay-at-home one, and did some daily governessing when I could be spared from helping in the house.

A sister of eighteen studying at an art-school, a brother in business, and three younger ones, completed the family.

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I had been ill that spring, and London never suited me in the warm weather; so it was with a very joyful heart that I wrote to Louise to tell her of her friends' kindness, and got my clothes together preparatory to starting on my visit.

I imagined that it would be a smart house-party for the shooting, and wondered if I should ever look presentable. However, I reflected that the Trevors knowing Louise so well, would know that we were not well off, and would not expect much of me.

A lucky windfall in the shape of a coat and skirt to be made by a first-rate tailor, arrived in time for me to avail myself of it—a prize for my character as judged by my hand-writing offered by a ladies' paper.

"You look *somebody!*" observed Gwen, as she and my mother and the children stood by me on the platform at Euston, the morning of the 1st.

"That skirt hangs divinely, and the coat is a dream," she went on, eyeing me critically. "And with your new evening-dress and that sweet black one, I don't see why you shouldn't win an honourable or even a lord's heart."

I laughed, and a good-looking man who was passing, followed by a footman in livery carrying a bag and a gun-case, evidently could not restrain a smile, either, at my pretty sister's clear decided tones.

She turned and looked at him as he entered a carriage further on; then, as I took my seat, she remarked:

"If he's a lord, I shouldn't mind him for you."

"It's so likely he's going to the same place," I observed ironically.

But he was!!

Directly I saw him collecting his luggage at the little station I got out at, I made up my mind it would come in rather well in a story, though I did not intend myself as the heroine.

A footman came up to me.

"Are you for Cannoth Castle, Miss?" he asked, touching his hat.

I assented, and, as I walked towards the waiting carriage, the good-looking man came up to me.

"I think we are bound for the same destination," he said. "Perhaps I had better introduce myself. I am Captain le Grand."

("Then he is not a lord," I said to myself. "How disappointed Gwen will be when I tell her!")

Aloud I said, "And I am Josephine Russell."

I thought he looked rather queerly at me—at least I thought so afterwards, though I did not take much notice at the time.

"Then he is not a lord," I said to myself. "How disappointed Gwen will be when I tell her!"

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"They both looked rather uncomfortable when they saw me."

"I suppose your maid will come with the luggage," he inquired, as he got into the carriage after me."

"Oh! I haven't got one," I answered.

"Surely everyone is not expected to have a maid here!" I thought.

Captain le Grand looked rather surprised, but began to talk at once to me.

"Do you know the Trevors well?" he asked. "Trevor himself is an old chum of mine, but he left the service on his marriage, I'm sorry to say. His wife is delightful."

"I don't know either of them, even by sight," I replied.

"Indeed, it is rather funny my coming here at all; my sister knows them, and they kindly invited me to stop with them, as she is abroad. I have been hoping to hear from her in answer to my letter, but, as she is travelling about, it has probably never reached her. I asked her to tell me a little about Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, as I can't remember her talking much of them; and it is so awkward knowing nothing of one's host and hostess. In fact," I added, laughing, "I am taking them on trust, as completely as they must be taking me."

The rest of the drive was over far too quickly.

From a description of the Trevors' we passed on to conversation on every conceivable subject, and by the time we reached the castle, Captain le Grand and I seemed quite old friends; and I had promised to go to his butt for two of the grouse drives the next day.

A charming little lady received us in the drawing-room. She talked so fast, and seemed to have so much to say, that I could scarcely follow it all.

However, I at last fathomed that she was Mr. Trevor's married sister, and that she had been hastily summoned to act hostess, as her sister-in-law had been wired for, two days before, to help nurse a favourite cousin who was very ill.

"So dreadful, of course," Mrs. Terry rattled on, "and Kathleen, being a perfect saint, went off directly she heard she was wanted. She is very put out about this party, though—eleven people already arrived, and five coming by the night train. Quite a crowd and I dread the responsibility. I was told to take special care of you," she added, putting her pretty white hand on my arm.

"Kathleen is so vexed not to see you, though if the poor cousin recovers or dies even, she will be back before you leave.

"Oh, Tom!" she said, as a tall man entered, "this is Miss Russell, and here's

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Roger, and I've just been explaining everything to them."

I barely had time to shake hands with Mr. Trevor, before his sister carried me off, saying I must be dreadfully tired, and must rest before dinner.

"And your maid shall take you some tea at once," she added.

I felt nervous again; oh, why had I come to such a grand house, where they evidently expected me to be equally grand!

"I am so sorry," I began, "but I have not brought one. I am really not——"

Mrs. Terry interrupted me.

"Then you're just like your sister. I remember Kathleen telling me about her funny independent ways. How anyone can ever move without a maid, I can't imagine," she said, laughing, as she showed me into my room.

"Oh! Brown"—addressing a housemaid who was unfastening my box. "Miss Russell has left her maid behind her, so you must do everything for her. And dinner is at half-past eight," she added, as she left me.

What *did* she mean about Louise, I wondered; and why didn't Louise tell her that, as a family, we do not keep maids and valets?

However, I was much too tired to keep on wondering, and was soon enjoying a rest and a novel, while Brown unpacked my things and put my evening dress out. In my anxiety not to be late, I was in the drawing-room, as I thought, first. But a voice from the conservatory, which opened of one of the windows, showed me that someone else was as early.

"Lucky chap to get first innings with the heiress," I heard.

"Mrs. Terry said her sister-in-law had asked you up especially to meet her. Mrs. Trevor is evidently very anxious to get you comfortably settled. Wish she'd do as much for me."

Who was the heiress, I wondered, and when had Captain le Grand had time to meet her—for it was he who came out of the conservatory during this last remark, followed by another man whom he introduced as Mr. Monteith.

They both looked rather uncomfortable when they first saw me; but the room was filling by this time, and much, to my relief, Captain le Grand was told off to take me in to dinner.

It was a very cheery meal, and I soon felt my expected shyness quite unnecessary.

Captain le Grand was certainly very nice and easy to get on with. He evidently thought I went about a good deal, as he remarked it was strange he had never met me anywhere in town; and when I told him I had not been out much, he said apologetically, "Of course not. How stupid of me. You haven't had time to do many seasons yet, I expect."

Mother always says I look about eighteen, instead of twenty-one.

Once I caught Mr. Monteith looking at us with evident amusement. Perhaps he thought I was expecting to cut out the heiress!

In the drawing-room, when we ladies had all come in from dinner, I felt my frock fade into insignificance beside the other smart dresses; but it was rather a satisfaction to my pride to hear Mrs. Terry ask who had made the dress I had on when I arrived.

"I hope you don't mind my asking," she went on, "but it was such a perfect fit, and it's very rarely I can get a coat and skirt that doesn't hang like a clothes bag."

I said the tailor's name, and she nodded her head.

"Thought so," she said. "Would that we were all Miss Russells!" and a girl who was listening, remarked in an envious tone, "Ah, I only wish *I* could afford him."

I explained how it was I had been to him.

"A character prize!" cried Mrs. Terry.

"Come here, Roger," for the men were coming in from the dining-room, and Captain le Grand was making his way towards us—"Miss Russell has actually got a prize because her character is so wonderful. Get her to tell you all about it," and the bright little woman hurried off to start fresh conversations and make more introductions.

Our conversation was soon interrupted by our host, who came and seated himself by me.

"I am so sorry my wife is not here," he said. "She was most anxious to meet you; she is so fond of your sister, and has been ever since they were at school together. It was through their old schoolmistress, by the way, that we found out your present address."

I did not like to say that I never remembered having heard of a schoolfellow of Louise's marrying a Mr. Trevor—it would look as if I was so very forgetful—so I made some remark about their kindness in inviting me, adding, "But doesn't my sister ever write to Mrs. Trevor?"

"Very rarely. I believe they are both equally bad correspondents, though as firm friends as ever when they meet. It was

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through a mutual friend we heard that Miss Russell had gone to Switzerland."

"Round the world," I corrected, smiling.

"Really?" he said, looking puzzled. "I understood she had gone on a mountaineering expedition with some cousins."

There was a general movement for bed just then, and I went up, thinking that Mr. Trevor evidently had as bad a memory about his wife's friends, as I had about my sister's. And then I fell a-thinking of a pair of deep blue eyes, and a voice saying, "Good night, Miss Russell, and I shall look forward very much to the first and third drives to-morrow."

The first and third drives certainly did prove very nice.

I went into a real lord's butt for one drive; but he turned out to be very uninteresting, and a bad shot.

Captain le Grand was neither.

I found Mr. Monteith rather amusing.

He wanted to know what I thought of Captain le Grand, and then he told me quite a lot about him—how he had no near relations, only the old uncle with whom he lived when away from his regiment, and who, unfortunately, had threatened to leave his money elsewhere if his nephew married anyone but an heiress.

"The uncle is a mercenary old beggar," Mr. Monteith went on. "He thinks that there's no happiness in married life without money on both sides. I believe some people think a thing called "love" is preferable. But heiress or not, any girl ought to give her head to marry Roger—he's such a thundering good chap," concluded his friend, trying to look as if he did not mean anything personal.

Yet I thought somehow that he did.

Surely he did not think I was an heiress! Or was he merely warning me that no one but an heiress had a chance? I was puzzled altogether; but the next few days were so blissfully happy that I soon forgot every other fact except that for the first time in my life I had fallen in love. I was living in the present, and, coward that I was, I could not make up my mind to tell Captain le Grand I was not the heiress he ought to be looking out for.

After the first week I began to think he had found it out for himself, for there was a distinct change in his manner. He seemed to try and avoid me, and yet I could not help thinking he rather liked me. Somehow, too, I could not believe that mercenary considerations would have any weight with him. Still, there was that old uncle, and he might feel bound to try and please him.

I happened to be sitting beside him at dinner a few nights before my visit was to come to an end, and we seemed to get back rather more to the old friendly terms.

Looking at my dress, he asked if it was "the sweet black dress" he had heard of before he knew me.

"Gwen is very silly," I said hastily, feeling most uncomfortable.

Then he *had* heard her remark!

My other next-door neighbour asked me a question then, and as I turned to reply I heard Captain le Grand say to himself, "No one but an honourable or a lord has any business to apply, or any chance either, I suppose."

Was he still thinking of Gwen's silly remark, I wondered; and I made up my mind to ask him what he meant the next time I saw him alone.

"I didn't mean you to hear that," he said, as we sat in his butt next day, waiting for the birds to appear, then he added abruptly, "Do you think a man a cur who asks a girl to marry him, if she has money and he has nothing much to offer her?"

The remark seemed *apropos* of nothing, and I didn't know exactly how to answer it.

"Not if the girl shows she cares for the man," I said; and as he looked up at me, I changed the subject as best I could, for I felt I must keep him from saying anything which he might regret afterwards.

I hastily pulled a slip of paper from my pocket.

"I promised to show you this long ago," I laughed, "but have always forgotten to bring it out. Don't think too badly of me after reading it," and I handed him the character he had asked to see the evening Mrs. Terry had told him about it.

He read it in silence.

Then "excellent and economical manager," he quoted, "could turn her hand to anything, and would be happier in a cottage with simple surroundings than to live in luxury."

"Rather impossible for you to be happy then," he said drily.

"Not at all," I answered steadily. "A doctor's children—when there are seven of them, and he is not well known—do not usually enjoy much luxury. In fact, you may be interested to hear I have to work for my living."

"What!" he said, putting down his gun, and bending forward till he almost touched the little camp-stool on which I was sitting.

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"You are not one of the Miss Russells the millionaire's daughters?"

He scarcely gave me time to answer; and I don't think I will relate, even if I could, what happened in the next ten minutes.

"The more I loved you, the more I felt I could not ask you to marry me," Roger said presently. "Before I knew you, it was easy enough to laugh over Mrs. Trevor's matrimonial schemes, but afterwards I made up my mind I must go away and try to forget you, for I knew you would think I was after your wretched money." Then he added, "It won't be a cottage after all; even without my uncle's help, I can manage something better than that for my darling."

A discreet cough from behind.

Getting hastily up, we found to our dismay that the drive was over, and from our butt not one shot had been fired.

Everyone seemed very busy picking up the birds, when we appeared, and nobody seemed to have noticed anything unusual. We were grateful accordingly; but that every member of the party was a clever actor, was evinced by Mr. Monteith's remark as he walked down the hill with Roger. "Everyone wants to know if they are to congratulate you old chap, and I want to be the first."

Everyone did congratulate us, but I was feeling miserable. A letter from Louise had been awaiting me, which ran as follows:

DEAR OLD JO,—What on earth are you doing at Cannoth Castle. I have never met your host and hostess. The only Trevor I know is an old maid who lives at Harrogate. It must be some fearful mistake. There was a girl at school before I went there called Russell, whose father afterwards made a fortune in diamonds. Do you think they may have mistaken you for a younger sister of hers?

I managed to tell Roger about the letter during dinner, and afterwards he and I sought our host to tell him what an impostor I was.

"You are not one of the Miss Russells, the millionaire's daughters?"

To our surprise, and to my great relief—Mr. Trevor cut short my trembling and involved explanation with a hearty laugh.

"It's an excellent comedy of errors," he said, "which has resulted in our having as a guest a charming lady whom we should not otherwise have had the pleasure of knowing. And now I feel free to tell you that I heard from my wife a day or two ago, saying she had just had a letter from Miss Russell, who said her sister had joined her in Switzerland a week before. It was all evidently a mistake on the part of the worthy old schoolmistress."

"A lucky mistake for me," said Roger.

And as old Colonel le Grand happened to take a fancy to me, Roger and I will not fare so badly after all.

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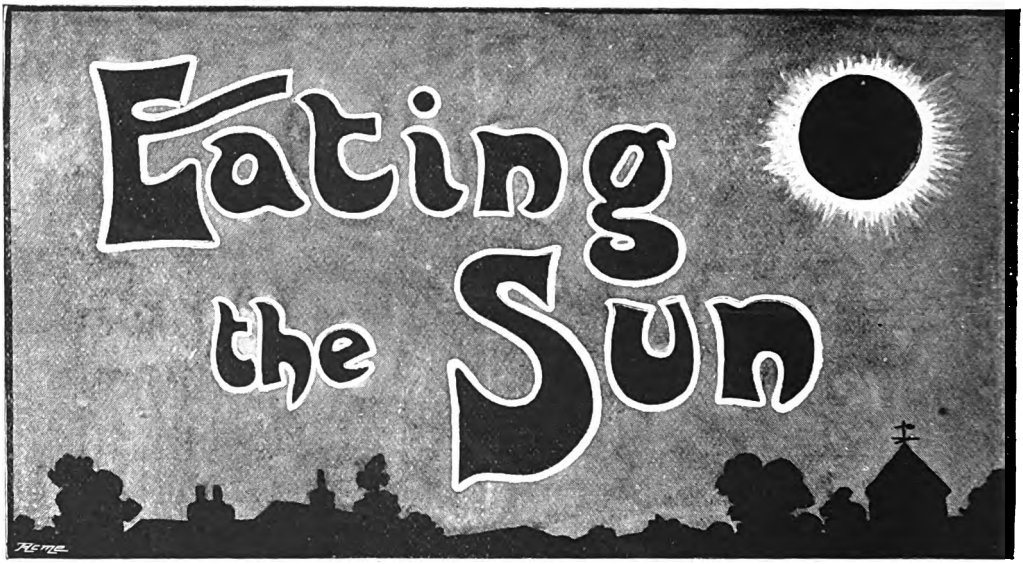

The Queer Side of Eclipses.

By Hector Grainger.

Precisely a week after this article has made its appearance, the great event of the month will have taken place. I allude to the eclipse of the sun, which everyone will be waiting with anxiety to see on the afternoon of the 28th. Since September 2nd 1870 this eclipse is the most considerable seen from the British Islands, and let us hope that the day will be a cloudless one, such an opportunity occurring very seldom in a single lifetime. Spain of all European countries is the one where the eclipse will make the best show; for there it will be total, and many expeditions from this country have been sent to the Peninsula, and are now eagerly awaiting the great day. The last total eclipse in Spain was in the year 718 A.D., and this was perhaps the most magnificent within memory. It lasted no less than three hours, during which time the stars were visible in all parts of the sky.

With the exception of an earthquake, a solar eclipse is probably the most awe-inspiring of all natural phenomena. and though to-day we of civilised Europe await its coming with no stronger emotion than curiosity, a little over two hundred years ago, it was the cause of the most lively terror, not only in such benighted countries as France and Germany, but also in Merrie England. We regarded it with much the same feelings as must have moved Adam when watching the first sunset. John Evelyn has a very suggestive note in his diary. On the 29th of February 1652, he reports, as follows: "To-day was that celebrated eclipse of the sun so much spoken of by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly anyone would work or stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers."

On February 25th 1589, was another partial eclipse, and this time its effects were still more sensational. It occurred on a Sunday, when most people were at church and many preachers made good use of the golden opportunity. The end of the world, they said, had come at last, and so scared were the people that thousands flocked into the open country, women fainting, men praying, and prophets waxing eloquent, until after a few hours the sun reappeared in a cloudless sky—then everybody went home again, feeling no doubt a little foolish.

However, all this sort of thing is over so far as we are concerned, but outside Christian lands an eclipse is still regarded in many countries as a very terrifying occurrence. Let us take China, first of all—and indeed, China should be taken first, for is not the Chinese

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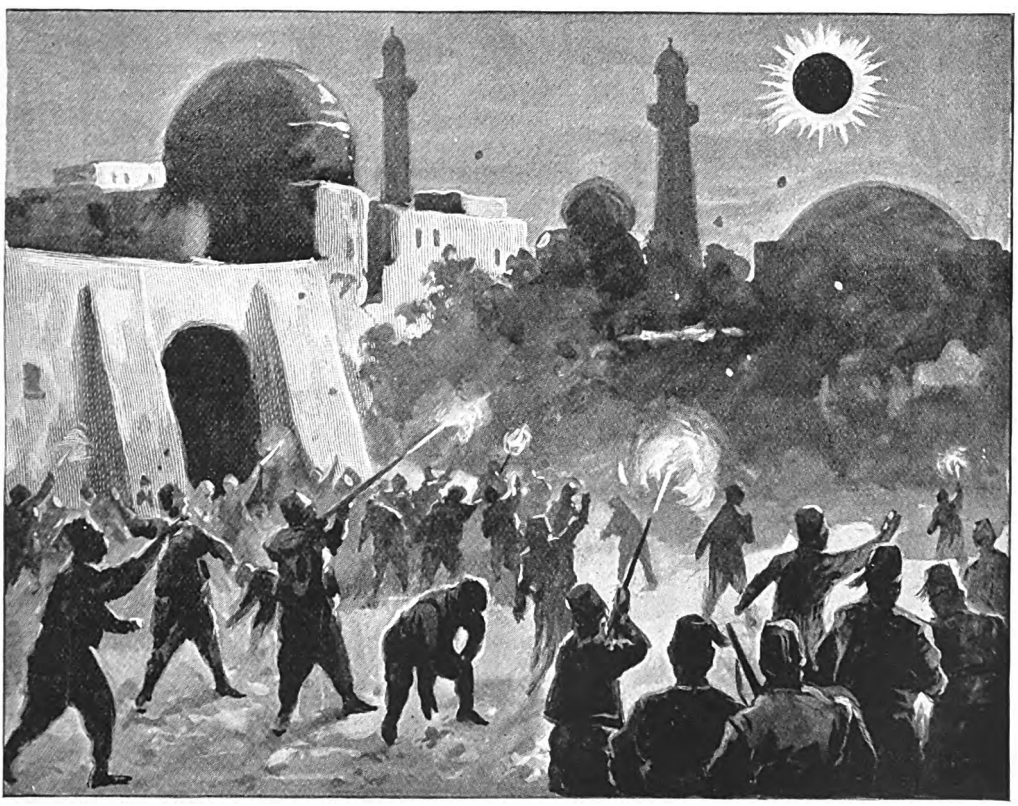
Emperor the Son of Heaven? This being the case, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that the Chinese should have been the foremost astronomers of antiquity. It is said that they had foretold a series of eclipses extending over no less than 3,858 years, and foretold them with more or less accuracy. Over 2000 B.C. the Emperor Hoang-Ti formed what is called the Mathematical Tribunal, whose chief motive for existence was to predict eclipses. The Tribunal is still in force at the present time, and the members are made responsible with their lives for the accuracy of their predictions. To-day, of course, mistakes occur but rarely, but a few hundred years ago it was different; the astronomers lacked modern instruments, and inaccuracies frequently occurred. On one occasion they seemed to have been entirely at fault, and when the great day arrived and the sun passed into darkness—behold! the Tribunal seated at feast, and in that peculiar physical condition when everything seems tumbling about one. Such a crime was unpardonable, and next day the whole Tribunal were executed with that drastic swiftness which characterises the yellow races. In the reign of the great Emperor Timur a similar occurrence seems to have taken place, but Timur was evidently a man of humor, and when various influential friends of the unfortunate members of the Tribunal stated, as an excuse for the criminal error, that the heavens had changed their motion in order to create a diversion for the King's pleasure, Timur shrugged his shoulders, and without telling them outright that they were a pack of humbugs, sent them home with orders to set the sky to rights again.

To-day in most provinces and towns of the Celestial Empire a solar eclipse is the cause of mighty commotion. The inhabitants flock out into the streets and go through all manner of antics, beating gongs and kettle-drums, screaming, falling on their knees, and rubbing their foreheads against the ground. For is not the sun being eaten up by the Great Celestial Dragon? Only make plenty of noise and the dragon will take himself off before he has quite managed to swallow the



In many Turkish towns during an eclipse the people believe the arch-enemy of Allah is trying to steal the sun, and they make a great hullabaloo in order to frighten the thief away.

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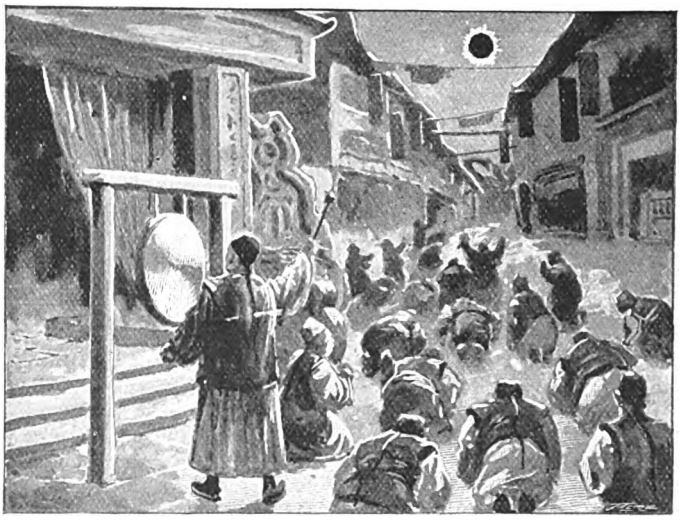
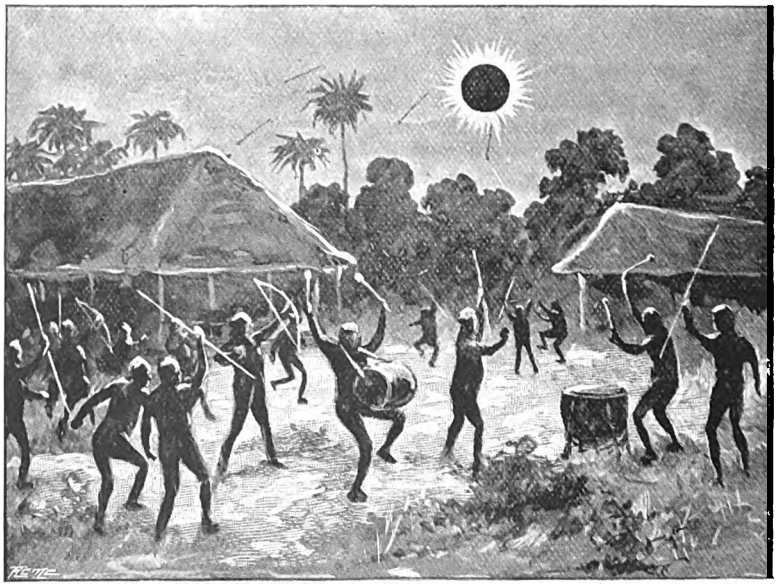


The Chinese are terribly alarmed during an eclipse. They believe the Great Celestial Dragon is attempting to swallow the sun; and they rub their foreheads on the ground and scream in fear.

vast orb. Now it must not be supposed that only the ignorant people take part in these extraordinary rites. The *savants* of China who know very well that the dragon is all nonsense, make as much noise as anybody. To make a noise is the proper thing to do on such occasions—it has been done for thousands of years, and we all know that the Chinese, no matter of what rank, stick to their old customs, however absurd these may be.

A custom somewhat similar obtains among the Arawaks of Brazil, but they, instead of seeking to frighten the moon, whom they say is the devourer, are bold enough to assault her. Arrows are shot, and spears flung into the sky, and when at last the shadow passes from the sun, the Arawaks trot home again fully persuaded that the moon has succumbed to their valour. Another tribe in South America, called the Naupès, if I mistake not, have an original and most ingenious explanation of eclipses whether of sun or moon. It is a quarrel, they say, between these two celestial bodies—a quarrel which it has been decided to terminate in single combat. This will never do. What if the moon kills the sun or *vice versâ*? The fight must be stopped before any serious injury has been done. So the natives yell to the tops of their voices in order to distract the attention of the combatants; and strange to relate, this method is invariably successful, both the sun and the moon coming out of the conflict uninjured.

But why go to America and China when superstitions of this nature still exist in Europe? In many Turkish towns eclipses are regarded with fear, and the inhabitants, believing that the Arch-enemy of Allah is pocketing the sun in order to hang it upon the roof of his gloomy abode, make a tremendous hullabaloo, and even shoot rifles at the invisible thief.



The Arawaks of Brazil believe the moon is attempting to eat the sun, and only by firing arrows and casting spears at the moon can they save the orb of day.

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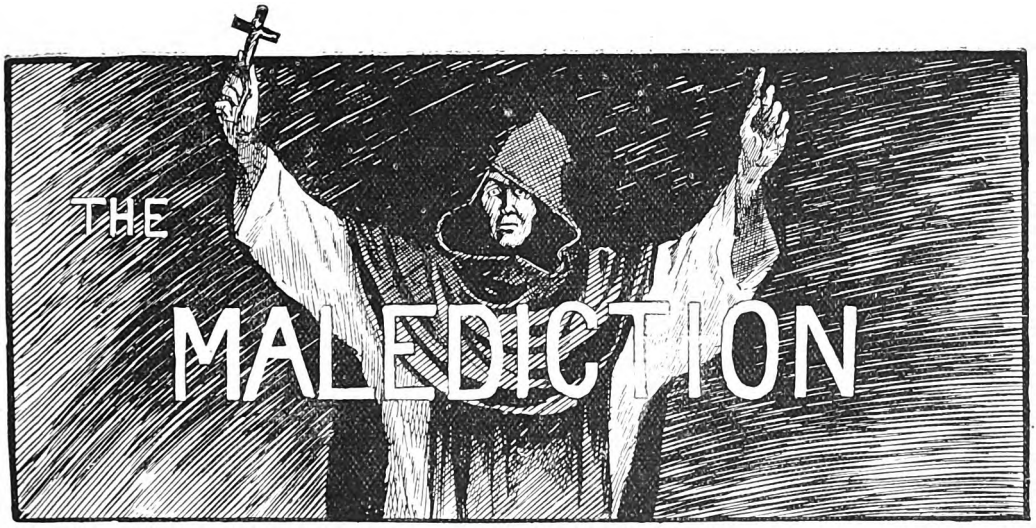

By Rafael Sabatini.

I stood erect and defiant, the point of my sword—to which the rash fool's blood still clung—resting upon my boot, and with cold contempt in my glance, I let my eyes wander over the score of idle dogs that encircled me—dogs that barked, yet dared not bite.

Two of them had raised my vanquished and unconscious opponent from the ground, and were endeavouring to staunch the blood which spurted freely from the wound I had given him. The others stood around us in a circle, growling and snarling like the curs they were, but taking care to keep beyond my reach.

"It is a nasty wound, Mein Herr," said one of those who tended the fallen man.

"The quarrel was of his own seeking," I exclaimed, angrily, "and he received his wound in fair fight. If there be one here who says that it is not so, to him I'll answer that he lies, and prove it upon his body if he dare to come forth and play the man."

Their snarling was arrested by the fierceness of my tone and gesture, and albeit their looks were black and sullen enough, their tongues were silent.

I vented my contempt in a harsh laugh of derision.

"So, my masters," I said, sheathing my sword and moving towards a point where the rabble was thinnest, "since none disputes my word, I pray you let me hence."

A way was opened at my approach. Not for me—as I had thought at first—but for another.

A tall, spare man, in the brown habit of a Capuchin monk, and with the cowl drawn over his head, elbowed his way through to where I stood.

His deep-set eyes met mine, and for a moment he held my gaze with a look of mingled sorrow and anger.

"So! You have been at your foul work again, Master von Huldenstein," he said in even, solemn tones that brought the blood to my face.

"You presume upon the safety of your sack-cloth," I answered hotly.

"And you, you presume upon the death of the Duke of Retzbach," he retorted with a show of righteous indignation. "When the Duke lived the edict was enforced, and men of your kidney were appalled from the ways of murder by the grim shadow of the Schwarzenbaum gibbet. But take heed, sir," he continued, raising his voice, "you shall not pursue your accursed trade with impunity. I will appeal to the King if need be, and you shall learn that there is still justice and retribution in Schwerlingen."

White with passion I stepped up to him, but he brushed me aside with a gesture almost of scorn, and my tongue—usually so nimble—clove to my teeth.

He bent over the unconscious man, whilst I looked on quivering with rage, and vainly racking my brain for a fitting answer.

Presently he turned to me again with flashing eyes.

"This man may die, sir," he cried. Do you hear me? He may die!"

"Then do your shaveling's trade, and shrive him," I answered with callous cynicism.

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Wonder and indignation seemed to choke his utterance for a moment. Then—

"Oh, God will punish you, you son of Cain," he exclaimed. "Your own murderous sword shall work your undoing, and if ever in your wasted life there should open out a way for better things"—he raised his right hand aloft, and his gaunt frame seemed to dilate and grow before my fascinated eyes—"may your accursed sword prove an insuperable barrier. In such an hour, if ever it should come to you, may God's curse strike you, and may His vengeance lay you low!"

A shudder ran through the crowd, as much at the words as at the frightful tone in which they were delivered, and many crossed themselves as if that monk had been the Devil.

"Silence, priest," I muttered, stepping close up to him, with my eyes on his. "Do not drive me to do that which I might regret hereafter."

"Hence, hence!" he retorted boldly enough. "There is more already on your soul than—"

He stopped abruptly. Almost unconsciously I had half drawn my dagger, and his eyes caught the glitter of steel. The colour left his cheeks, and he fell back mumbling some Latin fragments.

I laughed at his sudden fears, and pushing back my poniard I turned to depart. The crowd made a way for me in silence, and thus I passed out of his presence. I retraced my way to the city, which half-an-hour earlier I had left in the company of him who now lay between life and death, tended by a vulgar rabble and a Capuchin monk.

The sun was setting as I passed beneath the arch of the Heinrichsthor, and little did I dream of all that would come to pass before it rose again, or of how the dawn would find me.

I stalked moodily along towards the inn of the *Sword and Crown*, where, methought, I was likely to find an evening's entertainment.

"May God's curse strike you, and His vengeance lay you low!"

In my heart I carried many an evil thought against the priest who had dared to beard me in public, and launch upon my head his puerile malediction, but scarcely one for the poor wretch I had transfixed, and who—for aught I knew or cared—might die before morning.

From the scene of my encounter to the *Sword and Crown* inn I had come direct, and at a fair pace, yet the news of what had taken place was there before me. Even as I set my foot upon the lintel, old Armstadt came hurrying forward, his wonted suave and obsequious manner laid aside and replaced by a

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rude and offensive bearing that was new to me.

"Not into my house, Master von Huldenstein," he cried, harshly, barring my way with his burly frame. "You shall find no fresh victims beneath my roof."

This was plain speaking — and from a scullion to whose house I had brought endless custom! *Herrgott!* had I lived to be refused admittance to a tavern, and insulted by a gutter-bred wine-seller?

"*Sacrament!* You do not mince your words, you knave. Stand aside!" I thundered, advancing a step.

But he did not budge.

"This house is mine," he answered insolently, "and mine it is to guard its reputation. Shall I have it said that the *Sword and Crown* is a harbour for assassins and deriders of priests? Away with you!"

For a moment I looked about me in doubt, anger bidding me punish the insolent hound as he deserved, prudence telling me to begone.

Three or four passers-by had already stopped, curious to see the outcome of this unusual altercation. To own myself beaten and withdraw beneath their eyes was hurtful to my pride. And yet, to linger and persist in a desperate endeavour might provoke a scene from which withdrawal would be still more humiliating.

With a dull feeling of baffled rage, I realised that I must go; and so I went with the best show of dignity I could muster, and watching to see if any of the onlookers dared to comment upon my going. By my soul, if one of them had so much as smiled I would have picked a quarrel with him. But knowing me, they were wise, and let me go in peace.

Clearly I realised as I quitted the threshold of the *Sword and Crown*, how the wine-shop was from that hour symbolical to me of the attitude of all Schwerlingen. The town was closed to me. Go where I might the same reception would await me. To remain in the capital of Sachsenberg I must starve, and starving is an unpleasant occupation.

I realised to the full how much the Capuchin's malediction was accountable for this, and in my heart I repaid that meddling monk with curse for curse.

A pretty situation, truly! And yet not unexpected. Long ago I had foreseen that such would be the end of the vile life I had led, ever since my father had thrust me from his house in just and righteous anger.

Aye, I had seen it coming. Step by step I had come down the steep incline of knavery and dishonour, clearly beholding that which lay below, yet never striving by a single effort to stay my infamous descent. Possibly the devil had courted a greater blackguard, probably he had not.

Was there any degradation left through the mire of which I might still drag the proud old name of Huldenstein and my besmirched escutcheon? Methought not. I was like a man who had sunk into a morass—too deep to ever extricate himself, too firmly gripped to be able to push on, and for whom there is no choice but to await the end in the foul spot he has floundered upon.

But if I must wait, I would not wait in Schwerlingen where I was known, and where every glance bestowed upon me would henceforth be an insult. I must go at once! Go *where?*

This was indeed an unanswerable question.

Then a sudden longing seized me. A longing to behold again the castle of my father in the province of Hattau, the home that had once been mine and that belonged to all who bore my name, saving myself—the outcast. I grew suddenly eager to see those from whom I had been separated twelve years ago.

There was my old father. Who could tell?—perchance old age had softened his heart, and the approach of death would cast a forgiving mood upon him. There were my sisters; Esther, the eldest—she would be grey by now—and little Stephanie, who cried the night I left the castle. Then there was Fritz. Would he still remember the big brother who had been the first to teach him to sit a horse and hold a sword? I shook my head in doubt. Twelve years had slipped away since then, and Fritz was a boy of ten in those far-off days. He would be a grown man ere now!

As I brooded over all these things the resolve grew strong within me. I would go. I would set out at once! Then suddenly I came to a standstill, and a groan escaped me.

How was I to go? I had no horse—I had sold my last one a fortnight before; I had no money; I might almost say that I had no raiment. The very doublet on my back was threadbare and worn to its extremity; my breeches were in no better plight, and my boots were such as any groom might blush to own.

And yet go I must, and, by the Mass, go I *would*—aye even if—. Horror-stricken I checked the ugly thought. A while ago I thought there was no quality of dishonour

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"Shall I have it said that the 'Sword and Crown' is a harbour of assassins and deriders of priests?"

that I had not tasted. I was mistaken; there was still one. I might still become a thief, and demand money at the sword point. But I could not do it! I was still something of a Huldenstein!

Then I laughed—or was it through my lips, perchance, that the very devil mocked my better self? I know not. Suffice it that I derided my own scruples. I had grown over-nice in my conscience of a sudden, that I shrank from wresting an over-loaded purse from some rich fool who would not miss it. I had done deeds as foul if in a different way. Why should I stop at this? To a man whose honour was clean, it would be indeed, impossible; but to me— Bah! 'Twas the only course, and it would lead me—home.

I had wandered aimlessly through the streets during my ill-starred musings, and meanwhile night had fallen and it had grown late. The air I clearly recollect was sharp and frosty, although we were in April.

I came to a halt before the Church of St. Oswald, and stood for a moment with bent head, whilst the Tempter wrestled with my Guardian Angel. For the nonce the Spirit of Evil was overcome, and I turned at length, and wended my way towards the dismal house in the Mondstrasse, wherein I occupied a room on the ground floor. My way lay through the Northern quarter of the town, in which no lamps were hung until Wallenheim became minister in 1645—two years later than the events I now set down. There was a fair moon, however, and the sky being clear, the light was tolerably good—would that it had been otherwise!

I turned the corner of the Mondstrasse with a brisk step, and was already within fifty paces of my own door, when my attention was drawn to a tall cavalier approaching from the opposite end of the narrow street. His cloak fluttered behind him in the breeze, and the silver lace on his doublet glinted in the

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moonlight. That it was that, coupled with his stately bearing, made me suppose him a bird worth plucking, and—again fostering the vile intention which awhile ago I had stifled—drove me back into the shadow of a doorway.

I glanced up and down the street. Not another being was in sight. Absolute silence reigned, saving only the ring of his spurred heel on the uneven pavement. Of a truth the devil was in the business to deliver him thus into my hands!

I felt the hot blood surging to my head—driven there by shame for myself and the vile act which circumstances seemed impelling me to perform. The air was full of mocking sounds, even the faint rustling of the wind seemed to hum the word "thief" about my ears.

I loosened my sword in its scabbard and stood waiting. How slowly he came! I put my hand to my brow, and withdrew it moist with perspiration—the cold perspiration of horror. Pshaw! I was a fool, a sickly coward! Life is a game and the dice had fallen against me.

He was abreast of me, walking with bent head, and humming softly as he went.

Deaf to the last appealing cry of honour and conscience, I sprang out from the shadow, and drawing my sword I set the point against his breast, and barred his way.

He looked up, throwing back his head like a horse that has been suddenly reined in, and showed me a thin, aquiline countenance and pointed beard.

His lips parted, but before he could speak——

"If you utter a cry, as God lives, I'll drive this home!" I said fiercely.

He set his arms akimbo, and with his head slightly on one side, he eyed me with cool disdain.

"You are a bold knave," he murmured in tones that were light with easy banter, "but you are presumptuous. Holy Virgin, do I look like a woman, that you fear I shall cry for help at the sight of a single scare-crow?"

"Bravely and most wisely spoken, O fool!" I answered, stung not a little by his attitude and words. "Maintain that reasonable frame of mind, and our business will soon be settled."

He smiled serenely, the condescending, tolerant smile that a great lord might bestow upon a horseboy.

"You speak of business, may I inquire its nature?"

"Your purse and jewels. Quick!"

"If that be all," he said, composedly, drawing a couple of rings from his fingers, "we need waste no time."

He held out the trinkets, and I put forth my hand to receive them, keeping my eyes on his the while. One of the rings dropped into my palm, the other brushed against the edge of my hand, and fell to the ground. Instinctively I attempted to follow it with my

Before he could recover I had run him through from breast to back.

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eyes. That was my undoing. Quick as lightning, he availed himself of my momentary inattention, and knocking up my sword, he sprang back with a laugh.

Before I quite realised what had taken place, and the trick that had been played upon me, he had whipped out his rapier and thrown himself into a defensive attitude.

"Now, my master," he jeered, "I am in a better position to discuss with you the question of right to my purse—if, indeed," he added with fine scorn, "you be still minded to pursue the argument."

I was loath to do it, but there was no help. Courage, or rather the contempt of death, which only those who own a worthless life can know—was the last semblance of a virtue left me. To be held a coward, even in the estimation of one who knew me not, I would not suffer.

My sword clattered against his, and there we stood, engaged, with every nerve alert, and every muscle ready. Then of a sudden the priest's malediction recurred to me, and struck a chill through me. Was that glittering point that danced before me in the moonlight, destined to carry out the Capuchin's curse?

I shook the grim thought from me. Indeed, he forced me to it. It would need all my wit and strength if I would keep my life, for if ever Caspar von Huldenstein met his match 'twas then.

Up and down that silent street we went in our fierce combat, with set teeth and sterterous breathing. Trick after trick I essayed wherewith to circumvent his guard, and yet, for all he had a parry and a counter. Moreover the light was bad and the ground uncertain. But in the end I coaxed him to attempt a lengthy lunge; I swerved aside; he overreached himself, and before he could recover I had run him through from breast to back.

"In God's name, who are you?" I cried.

He sank down at my feet with a stifled groan, and there lay still.

I glanced about me with a feeling that was near akin to dread. There was no one in sight.

Then I knelt down beside him, and scarce knowing what I did, I completed my vile task, and stripped him of his jewels and a heavy purse. I arose staggering to my feet, and looked again fearfully about me. For a moment it occurred to me to attempt to dress his wound; but I dismissed the notion. I knew the nature of the hurt from the course my sword had taken. Why prolong his agony?

Next a wild panic seized me, and I fled madly down the street to my miserable lodging, which was but a dozen paces from the spot where he lay.

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The door was locked, and I had not the courage to knock, lest whoever came to open should see the figure on the ground. I struck my hand against the window. It proved to be unfastened, and opened to my touch. A moment later I stood in my room, shivering with the full consciousness of the foul deed. I flung away the purse as if it burnt me. My God, what had I done? Would I ever dare to go home now, and clasp my father's honourable hand in mine—mine that was now soiled with this double crime? How long I stood there thinking over what I had done, and sorrowing that it was not I who lay out yonder, I cannot tell.

Ah! Shall I ever forget those terrible moments? Shall I ever forget how the sudden realisation of the long career of sin and debauchery that lay behind me—the career that had culminated in the vile act just committed—how it overcame me and shook me with a strange, unknown terror—a feeling that the monk's malediction had in truth been the malediction of God? No; all this I am certain to remember until my dying day. Nor shall I ever forget how those dreadful fears for a moment passed away to give place to old memories that were as beautiful as they were sad. I lived fleetingly through the years which had preceded my downfall; and it was just those placid, trivial hours, when we neither enjoy deeply nor are deeply pained, that came back to me with such poignant force. For are they not the happiest hours of life—those hours of mere peace and content? All this swept through my brain in a few moments, and once again the present, with its peril and crime, returned, and, rousing myself with an effort, I crossed the room and groped for the tinder box. With trembling hands I struck the flint perhaps a dozen times before I succeeded in lighting the taper that stood upon the table. I flung myself down on the nearest chair, and burying my face in my hands, I sat there until a light tap at the door made my heart stand still. I sprang up to listen. Perchance I had been seen, and the guard had been summoned. If it were so—who knew?—perchance the monk would make his appeal to the king, and the edict would be enforced. I should die the felon's death at the hangman's hands, and then truly would his malediction fall upon me.

Then I laughed at my fears. Pshaw! The law came not with so timid a knock. Again I heard it, and unable to endure the suspense, I seized the taper, and went to the door. As I opened it a body fell across the lintel. It was my whilom opponent, and at the sight of him I shuddered, beset by a thousand fears.

He must indeed be a man of strong vitality to have dragged himself thus far. Was it mere chance that brought him to my door? It must be so.

Quick, before he could raise his eyes, I had let the taper fall and extinguished it with my foot. Then I knelt beside him and raised his head.

"Thanks, friend," he murmured faintly. "The light from your window guided me hither. I am dying. I was set upon by a robber in the street. He has given me my death wound in exchange for what money I possessed."

"Let me see to it," I answered, dissembling my voice.

"'Tis useless; you will but waste time, and I have not many moments left. Listen, I have something to say."

He paused for a moment, then—

"Do you know in this Schwerlingen a man named Huldenstein — Caspar von Huldenstein?"

"I have heard of him," I answered, with a vague tightening at the heart.

"Then seek him out. Tell him—tell him that he is now the Lord of Huldenstein. Tell him that his father died a week ago, and, dying, forgave him all. With his last breath he charged me with this message, and I came hither rejoicing that I might convey to one who, I believe, is destitute the news of his altered fortunes. As you see, he will never hear the message from my lips, but promise me that you will deliver it to him to-morrow. Promise me!"

"In God's name, who are you?" I cried.

"I am Fritz von Huldenstein, his brother," he gasped. He added something which I did not catch, then his head fell forward, and he lay still in my arms. I dimly recollect how—almost bereft of reason—I relighted the taper, and closely scanned the face of my dead brother, seeking to find some traces of the features of the boy I had known and loved. Then I flung away the light, and with a wild, mad shriek I fled from the house leaving the door wide open.

And that is how it came to pass that at sunrise I fell fainting on the threshold of the convent of the Capuchins at Loebli, and that to-day Caspar von Huldenstein is no more.

In his place there is Caspar, the lay brother, who in sack-cloth, with vigils and scourge, with fasting and prayer, seeks to make some atonement for the past, whilst waiting for the hour of his deliverance from the mental anguish for which there is one only cure.

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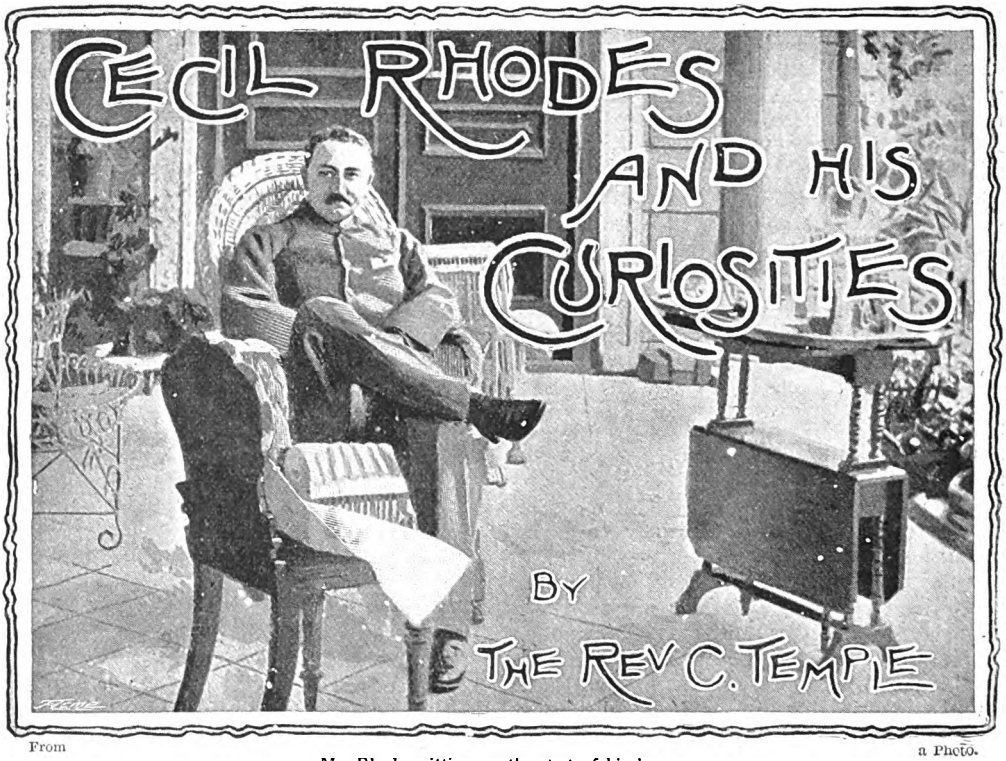
CECIL RHODES AND HIS CURIOSITIES

BY THE REV C. TEMPLE



From a Photo.

Mr. Rhodes sitting on the *stoep* of his house.

At the end of 1896 a friend of mine was in charge of a party of those wounded in the Mashona Rebellion, who were proceeding to Cape Town in order to recruit their health. Upon arriving at Beira he met Mr. Rhodes, who, in the middle of their conversation, received a telegram. Tremblingly the great man opened it, then, with a sigh of relief, said, "Thank God, it's nothing! I thought something was the matter with Jameson!" The wire contained the news that Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes's wonderful house in Cape Town, had been burned, and nearly all its priceless possessions destroyed. Still a few were saved, some of which I received permission o photograph.

As all students of Cape history are aware, Mr. Rhodes was at one time *persona grata* with the Afrikander Bond, and there was a widespread belief that he was destined to close the breach which for so long has existed between the English and Dutch in South Africa. Apparently he has failed, but this at least can be said: he has a genuine admiration for sterling Dutch qualities, and a passionate love for any relic perpetuating the connection of the Dutch with he Cape. The two silver snuff-boxes belonging to former Governors of the Cape, when it was a Dutch possession, are much prized by him. One celebrates the victory of the Dutch Admiral Loutman, over our own Admiral Parker, on August 17th, 1781. Upon it there are carved the ships of Loutman's Fleet, the flags and names of his captains, and a bellicose inscription. The other box contains the inscription, "De Jan Rodenpoots Foren le Amsterdam, in de Yare, 1772, Johan Willens, Geboren, 1742."

The seal is shewn of the old Waterboer Griqua Republic, a country now known as Griqualand West, and interesting as being the scene of Lord Methuen's severe fighting. The discovery of diamonds in the Waterboer territory made it valuable, and led to bitter discussions between England, the Free State, and the Transvaal.

The seal of the Orange Free State relates to the time when England possessed Sovereign rights over the Republic. British Sovereignty was withdrawn from the territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers in February, 1854, and the inhabitants were left to form a government in any manner that they chose. This

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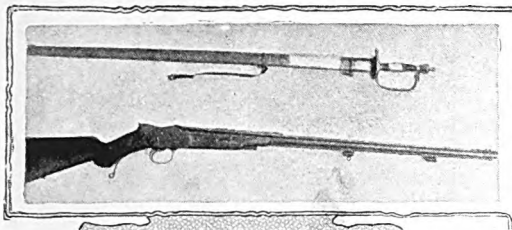
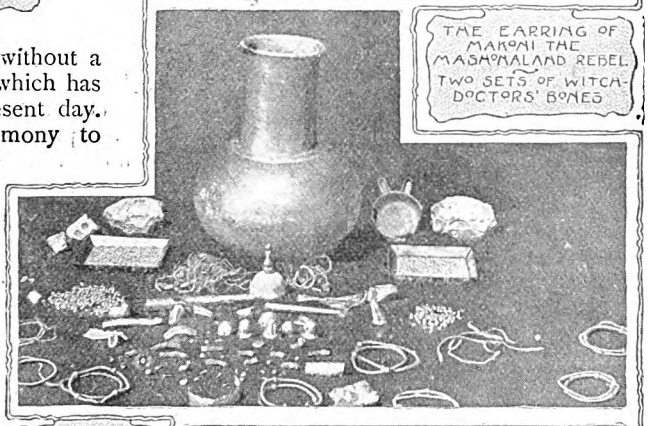
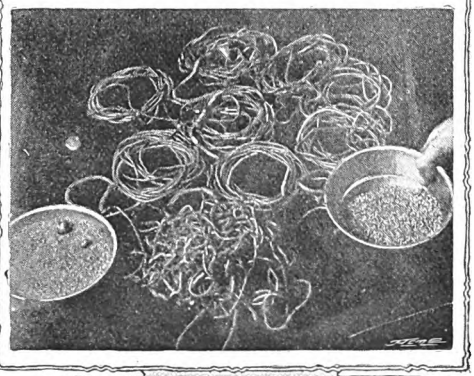


MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE GIVEN TO LOBENGULA BY PRES. KRUGER

THE EARRING OF MAKONI THE MASHONALAND REBEL. TWO SETS OF WITCH-DOCTORS' BONES





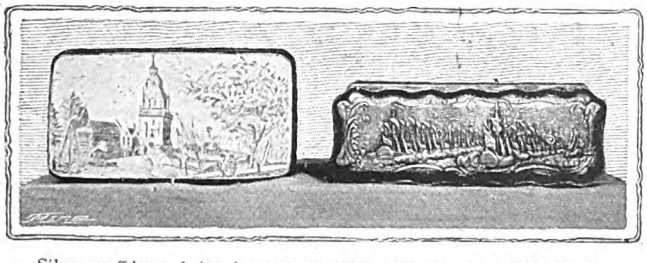
VASES, BEADS, NUGGETS AND GOLD ORNAMENTS FOUND IN THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND

SOLID GOLD WIRE WORK AND BEADS FOUND IN THE ANCIENT RUINS OF MASHONALAND

they did by resolving themselves without a moment's delay into a Republic, which has been maintained up to the present day. This seal bears eloquent testimony to British Sovereignty, for written round the Royal Coat of Arms is the sonorous Latin inscription, "Victoria Dei Gratia Brittania. Reg. F.D."

Most readers will probably remember the downfall of Lo-Bengula, the King of the Matabele, and the substitution of civilised government for the most absolute military despotism in South Africa. Therefore his official seal will possess more than ordinary interest. It is of solid silver, made in the form of an elephant. The matrix, similar in form, has the inscription, "Lo-Bengula, King of Matabele and Mashona Lands."

One of the most curious of Lo-Bengula's treasures is the solid silver drinking-cup in the form of an elephant. This cup was given to the savage chief by the Tati Company, a corporation constituted under Sir John Swinburne in 1868 to prospect for gold in his territory. The savage, but noble owner, was exceedingly proud of this possession, and many a long draught of champagne he had from it. Other interesting curios connected with Lo-Bengula are the two-handled drinking tankard, inscribed upon it being: "U'Lo-Bengula, King of the Amandebele." It holds two quarts, a fact which speaks eloquently for the Chief's thirst. Mr. Rhodes has tried to drain it at one draught, but failed, though not ignominiously.



Silver snuff-boxes belonging to former Dutch Governors of Cape Colony.

The King was very fond of smoking a native-grown tobacco called "Inyokagwai," so a few admirers of the dusky potentate presented a pipe to him, sending it out by the Rev. D. Carnegie.

In addition to the handsome

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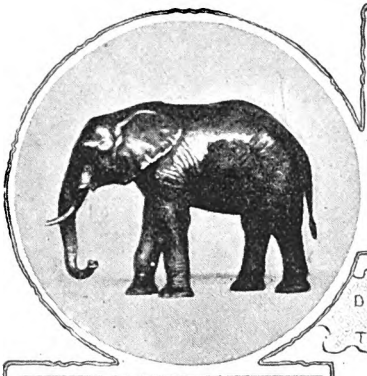
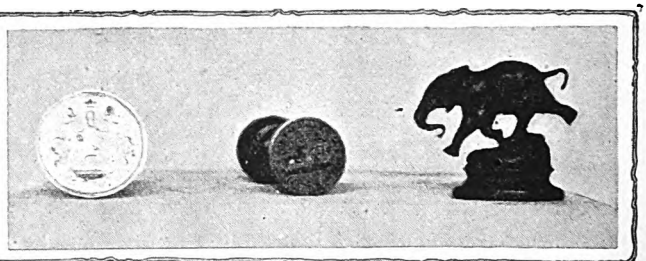


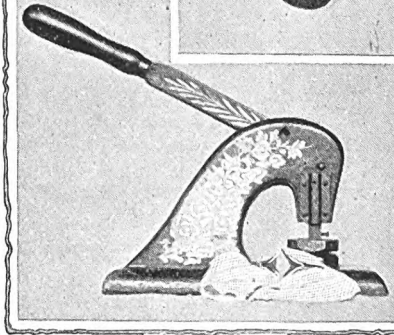
LOBENGULA'S DRINKING CUP GIVEN BY THE TATI Co



OFFICIAL SEALS ORANGE FREE STATE ~WATERBOER~LOBENGULA

LOBENGULA'S DRINKING TANKARD HOLDING 2 QUARTS

LOBENGULA'S PIPE



LOBENGULA'S SEAL PRESS AND BABAAN'S BRACELET

elephant seal above described, Lo-Bengula possessed a lever press seal bearing the same figures. At the base of this press, lying upon an handkerchief, the reader will notice a bracelet. This has a peculiar interest, for it is of gold, and was given by Her Majesty the Queen to Babaan, one of the favourite and most influential 'chiefs' of Lo-Bengula, who came over to England in 1889 as the special envoy of the King. Babaan returned to his country, and in a great "indaba" conference at Bulawayo described his experiences declaring that the white people were most wonderful, and he especially emphasised the fact that they came out of the ground like ants—a reference to the exits of the Underground Railway.

On the same picture with Lo-Bengula's rifle will be seen a sword. It belonged to the Chief, Luki Janti, who was killed in rebellion against the Government of Cape Colony in 1898.

The two sets of bones shown in the following photograph belonged to Umpotuwan, the "isanusi," or witch doctor, who was the leading instigator of the Matabele Rebellion of 1896. By the throwing of these bones, Umpotuwan exercised the power of life and death, and in the old days of Lo-Bengula hundreds had been sentenced to death through their instrumentality.

The remaining photos portray beautiful vases and solid gold beads, ornaments, nuggets, and wirework discovered in the wonderful, ancient ruins of Mashonaland. Mr. Rhodes is especially proud of these, for, to a certain extent, they attest the value of the country which he has opened up. Many, and among them Mr. Rider Haggard, as all who have read his intensely fascinating romance are aware, believe that modern Rhodesia is synonymous with the ancient Monomatapa, the country of Solomon's Mines. Whether this be so or not, Mr. Rhodes points to his golden curios, and says: "Now we know what the ancients worked for! There is work for us, too!"

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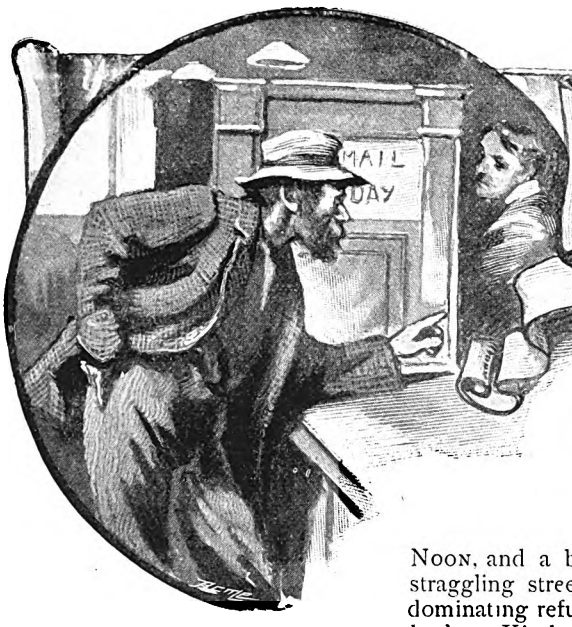

Birkenhead

By Edward Noble.

"If you have a son, for ever on the dun,
The sort of chap who'd ruin any family;
Take him by the heels, and never mind his squeals,
While you dump him far afield, in a colony."
Songs of McGrabbut.

Noon, and a blazing South African sun falling on the straggling streets, the corrugated iron houses and the dominating refuse heaps stacked by the mines of Kimberley—Kimberley, the home of the diamond and the dumping ground of the world's failures. Noon, and a bummer* standing on the threshold of a millionaire's office.

He was a tall, bearded, sunburned man, clad in the nondescript garb of poverty; in his eyes a look of lassitude, in his step a hint of shuffle, suggesting Cape smoke† or the end of a draggle-tail march; he was dusty, unkempt, haggard; a man to avoid in any lonely roadway, but a common enough species at the headquarters of wealth in a mining centre.

He paused one moment in the vestibule, examining the Company's sign manual, then drew himself together and entered the swinging doors. A dozen clerks were in the office poring over books and files of papers. A notice-card hung on the netting garrisoning the outworks of the counter, carried the legend, "Mail Day." A busy hum came from the farther office and the click of a dozen machines echoed in the sultriness.

The man waited a minute in patience, then, as no one moved, he leaned with his elbows on the counter and called to the nearer desks:

"Say you! tell your boss I want to see him."

A white-faced clerk raised his eyes and motioned with his pen to the card.

"Never you mind," said the man; "whether it is mail day or duff day, but do as you're bid."

The clerk approached from the back of the room, and stood eyeing the intruder. "What do you want?" he questioned. "Mr. Jasper is engaged."

"Is he?" said the man. "Then you tell him I'm waiting to see him;" and he lounged across to a seat.

The clerk advanced to the grille.

"Who shall I say?" he asked, in some trepidation.

The visitor glanced up without concern, and one word left his lips—"Birkenhead." Then he sat down to wait.

Five minutes elapsed. The man was polishing the barrel of his revolver with the corner of an unclean handkerchief, and the clerks, gathered in a group, watched him askance as they speculated on the scanty means at their disposal for ridding the office of similar persons.

When the messenger returned there was a look in his eyes which indicated annoyance; but he advanced to the barrier, unbarred it, and beckoned to the waiting man. "Will you come this way?" he said. "Mr. Jasper will see you at once."

The truculency with which the man had brimmed vanished in a moment; he rose without a word, and followed the other down the passages to the Principal's room. The door was closed upon him.

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* Loafer. † Whisky.

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Mr. Jasper had risen from his chair on his visitor's entrance, and as the clerk departed, he advanced with outstretched hand.

"God bless my soul!" he cried; "what's come to you, Callaghan? Why . . . ."

"Stay!" cried the other with a gesture of entreaty; "not that—Birkenhead fits me best these times."

"But, my dear chap . . . ."

"To oblige me, Jasper."

The millionaire shrugged his shoulders, and, pointing to a chair, sank again to his own. "As you will," he replied. "But that does not answer my question. What's come to you?"

Birkenhead flinched, but he held himself erect and replied without hesitation—again in monosyllable.

"Drink."

His friend waited some moments without speech. He watched the ragged specimen keenly, reading him as he would read a book; then, as the silence became irksome, he broke in with an encouraging smile.

"Come," he cried, "your answer tells me you still have courage. To recognise one's own delinquencies is half the battle—to determine to face them and to conquer them is a minor difficulty."

The man's face lighted up; he looked at his prosperous companion with a tinge of amusement.

"There you are wrong," he returned, "I can't determine. I have no will—obstinacy if you like—but no will. You see, I know what's wrong with me; but, I can't face the medicine. Funny case isn't it?"

"There's no such word as 'can't' in the dictionary," said Jasper with a hard intonation.

"In yours, no—in mine, it's well defined."

The millionaire's eyes took a softer gleam, and he leaned forward tapping the arm of his chair.

"By the way," he said, "Sir Julian was here the other day. He is looking old . . sadly old . . I think he would be glad to meet you. He is now at the Cape—won't you meet him half way . . ."

Instantly the unkempt figure drew back. His eyes grew hard and the heavy jaw took a sullen immobility.

"My father did his level best to ruin me," he replied. "I will never meet him."

"That's not pretty talk, old chap."

"Maybe—but I mean it."

"At all hazards?"

"Aye—at all hazards."

"Of course," said Jasper, mindful of that stern, set jaw—"of course, you know me well enough to understand that I don't wish to intrude, to say anything that will give you pain; but I can't forget our friendship—our days at college and all the rest of it. If I can do anything to smooth matters, command

The Lancers clattered through the streets amidst a roar of cheering.

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me. God bless my soul, Callaghan, do you think I can see you sitting there in rags and not feel anxious to help you?"

"If by help, you mean money," said the other, "I don't want it. But, if you will do another sort of favour for me I'll be your debtor for ever."

"Go on—tell me what you want."

The man stood up, unbuttoning his seedy coat, and releasing from the buckles a leather belt.

"You see," he said, "I'm not stoney. There's £200 in that belt—my allowance for the next six months—it came to-day. If I keep it," he went on slowly, "it will melt in a week. It has always gone so hitherto—and now, while I'm straight, I ask you to take it. Money is no good to me—I have no use for it. It has been my curse—will you hold it?"

Jasper watched him closely. The sentences tumbled out in jerks, hot and cold. There was a ring of defiance in the voice; a suggestion of tears in the soft, blue eyes; but no hint of determination, no indication of the resolve which seemed so nearly allied to his action.

"I will take charge of it for you—if that is what you mean," said the millionaire. "You can draw on me as you need."

"I shall not want to draw. Invest it in something good . . for Elsie's benefit." He fumbled in his speech, and his voice rang harshly. "I hear," he resumed, "that she is . . to be married. Her father should . . be able . to . send her a bit of a present. . . The first, Jasper, . . the very first, eh?"

He turned to search his pocket, and, drawing thence a soiled copy of the *Cape Times*, found a passage, and placing the paper beside his belt on the table, motioned with his hand. "Read that," he said.

Jasper leaned forward to see. The extract ran thus:

"The marriage of Miss Elsie Callaghan, granddaughter of Sir Julian Callaghan, Bart., of The Firs, Oxted, Bucks, England; and niece of Mr. and Mrs. Barrosa, the well-known Mine Owners, of Kimberley and Johannesburg; to Mr. Horace Stevanage, of The Cottage, Godalming, Surrey, England, has been definitely fixed for the 18th ultimo. The wedding will take place from the house of the bride's uncle, where Sir Julian has recently arrived in order to be present at the ceremony."

Mr. Jasper read carefully to the end; then, rising, came round the table and stood beside his friend.

"I knew," he remarked quietly. "Sir Julian told me when he was here. Stevanage is a good sort. He deserves his luck."

The derelict drew himself stiffly to his full height.

"My daughter," he replied, "knows what is due to her family. She has grit . . . I have none . . . er . . . you will accept the trust, eh, Jasper?"

"I will, my boy."

"Just a line, you know—it might appear in the list—'a present from a . . . friend.' No! no maudlin sentiment; just a word that I may see and understand—savvy?"

He held out his hand, but his friend detained him.

"Wait," he cried. "Where are you going?"

"Bloemfontein."

"It's not safe. In a month we shall be at war."

"I should like to think it possible," said the man with grim sarcasm.

"Pish! I tell you it will come. Shake yourself together—straighten up. Come, you can do it if you try. Stay and have lunch with me, I will see what can be done."

"For me?" he questioned satirically. "I'm all right—let me slide."

"Nonsense. Shake yourself together."

"Can't."

"Can't? Gad! there's no such word."

The derelict reached out his hand and touched his friend lightly on the shoulder. He smiled as he spoke.

"By Jove!" he said. "I wish I could say that."

"You can say it."

"In that tone of voice? Impossible. If I could, I too would be a millionaire."

Then he turned on his heel, clapped his disreputable hat jauntily on his head, and left the office.

In Natal the man was known as Birkenhead. No other patronymic assailed his ears from Durban through to Ladysmith and Bethlehem; but in Bloemfontein, and among the Free State Farmers the name was twisted with a guttural snarl into a thing no rooinek can pronounce.

For fifteen years he had been in this country, a derelict through debt from the British army. Sir Julian Callaghan after many arrangements with his son's creditors had refused any longer to foster his extravagance as he termed it—a discipline which should have been attempted sooner, or not at all. Then Callaghan came with his wife

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and child to the Cape, where his friends had secured him an appointment.

But the office was not built that could hold him within its walls, the town was not founded that could keep him on its roll of citizenship. Three years at Cape Town saw him permanently a wanderer; his wife dead; his child, a lisping mite of four, installed in his sister's home, and himself in receipt of an 'allowance' on condition that he remained away.

From that time the man drifted steadily and with admirable persistence. Natal, the Free State, and Transvaal had harboured him in turn; but his relatives saw him no more; the very existence of his child, until he stumbled across that message, seemed to have passed from his ken. He knew that he was degraded; that for his child's sake he must remain adrift, dead to the world that had known him; but, when this news came, a great revulsion set in, followed by spells of methodical drinking; until, sobered by poverty, he came down to Tin Jerusalem* to draw his allowance and see his friend.

With Jasper he had always remained in touch; letters from odd corners of the great Continent found their way at long intervals to the millionaire's office; and in them Callaghan usually represented himself in great spirits, on the edge of a big success, and fluent in his denunciation of his father's policy.

Now all this was over. He had seen his friend, had arranged his gift, and was again adrift on the broad rolling veldt, working his way coastwards.

Talk of fighting was in the air; with grim patience he plodded onward, praying that this time at least the thing might be true. War was the only trade he knew; the roar of guns and the thunder of many feet the only music he loved. He hastened on and came to Bethlehem. Here definite news of the impending struggle met him, and he pressed forward; sometimes afoot, sometimes by wagon; sleeping now on the open veldt, now in the stoep of a friendly farmer, until at length he came, lean and gaunt, to the outskirts of Ladysmith.

The town was full of troops. The noise of war sang in his ears, and he listened with a longing that was pitiable in its intensity. He drew down to the camp and for a day sauntered wistfully among the men, formulating plans, breaking them; building castles of redemption; sniffing anew the smells of the life that had been his; forgetful of hunger, forgetful of his irretrievable past, remembering only the dim hope that had come to him.

Towards night, the —th Lancers, his old regiment, clattered noisily through the streets, and passed to the camp amidst a roar of cheering. There rode Jackson, a major now; there rode Stafford Walsingham, Colonel. Gad! he had known them as subalterns and had run with them in the race which had left him broken. Now they were in high command, while he had attained to the level of those camp-followers of theirs; but with less evident purpose.

The sight stirred him as no other could. He felt that thrill of anguish which comes at intervals to the most besotted. His brain was sick with thought. The memories stung him, and he crept away half dazed with the paltriness of his life, until a friendly trooper, noting his wayworn aspect, offered him a drink. Then he turned on his heel and fled swiftly to the town.

Some shillings still remained in hand; enough to procure a scanty meal and a semblance of lodging. He slept that night unballasted by liquor and the morning saw him at the depôt, an accepted trooper of the Natal Light Horse.

Again it was noon, and the burning sun sat high in a cloudless sky. Scarcely a breath of air stirred; a langorous heat-wave shivered over the scorching hills, and in the plain, at their foot, the breath of the red-hot earth rose steadily upward.

Since morning troops of dust-clad warriors had filed slowly out of camp, moving like rows of dusky ants towards the hills. At noon a halt was called, and in a moment the lines broadened, formed in groups, and became motionless. For an hour they remained thus, then the bugles; a settled formation, and the narrowed rows crept onward.

Horse, foot, guns, ambulances, all contributed the crunch of an army slowly debouching on the plain. Dusty-brown men crawling over dusty-brown earth; dusty wagons, dusty guns, whole regiments clad in dust moving steadily forward: all blended with the colour of the country; all pulsed, vigorous in the glare of the pitiless sun.

This for hours, then, as the afternoon waned, little jets of fire leaped from the silent boulders; guns unlimbered, trained, roared. The movement had commenced.

Splutter — Boom-m-m — Whirr — Ping!

* Kimberley.

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Shells, bullets, a blaze of fire. Ha! The enemy were there. "Guns to the front! Unlimber!" Splutter — Boom-m-m — Whirr! A myriad wasps filled the air. The shells shrieked high in the blue ether; little spurts of flame broke overhead. Thud—Crash! They broke and fell like hail from heaven.

And all the time widespread lines of men climbed the nearer kopjes, and a cloud of dust hung in the air, far on the enemy's flank.

A troop of Lancers rode ahead of the main body of cavalry here. Major Jackson led them, and as they crept warily forward, scenting the enemy's position, his eye caught a discordant note in the line. He wheeled his charger and came down upon a man of the Natal Light Horse, riding loosely with his knees.

"What are you doing away from your regiment?" he cried.

The man saluted. "I want to be in it," he replied.

"Do you?" said the Major; then paused, staring in his face. "Ha! What's your name?"

"Birkenhead, Major."

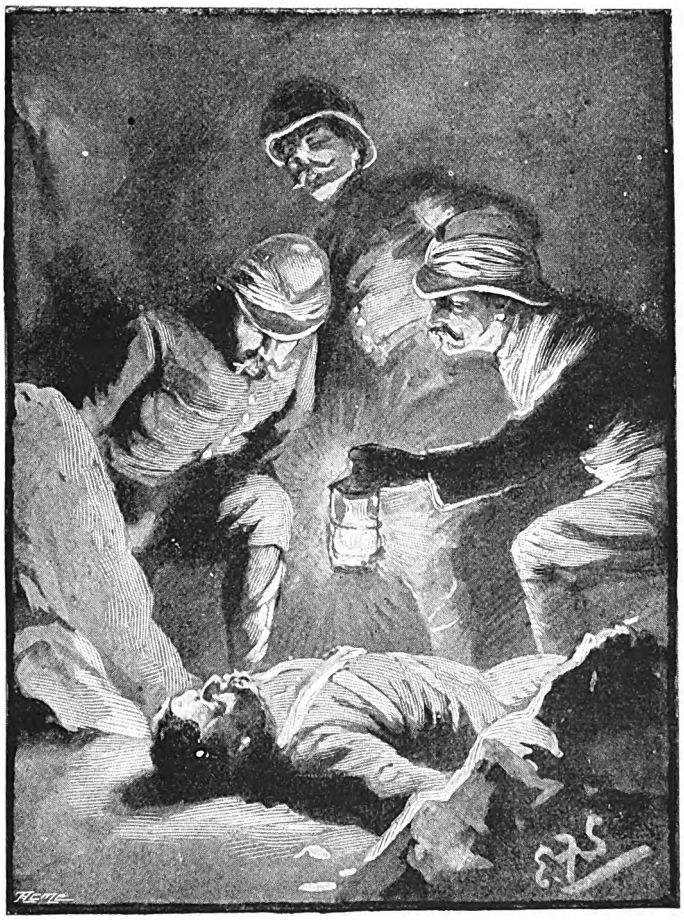
"The devil . . . er . . . . join your troop when we fall back."

Again a salute, then they cantered forward.

Fifteen minutes later they had wheeled to the rear, and the men prepared for the attack.

Slowly they had come; slowly, with infinite caution across miles of veldt, stealing round for a flank attack on that perilous hillside. Now they were there; Lancers, Carbineers, and the Natal Light Horse; a jumbled mass of men joking, laughing, waiting for the signal and the word.

The noise of battle waxed louder; from desultory crashes it had grown to a permanent roar. The men sat their horses in an agony of doubt, Birkenhead, wild-eyed, in his place among them. Ah! would it never come? Then—on a sudden and at last—a word, a blare of bugles, and the earth shook beneath their feet.



He stooped over the body of the man, pushing the lamp to his face. "Callaghan!" he cried.

They debouched at the foot of the hills and swept steadily upward. Already they had run the gauntlet of a line of concealed marksmen, swept over them, stabbing, shouting, swearing, and come out at the far side with a dozen empty saddles; but the strength of the enemy lay far ahead. The roar of fighting sang in their ears; they knew their comrades were forcing their way to the summit of that long, boulder-strewn hillside towards which all the morning they had worked. Could they be in time.

The valley through which they rode opened out, and they saw the turmoil of flurried men. A broken line of unkempt

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warriors straggled towards them—the Boers in full retreat, rushing for their horses.

"Charge! Follow me, and remember Majuba!"

Remember Majuba! Who could forget it? Not the colonel, riding like a machine well in advance; not the men; not Birkenhead—Majuba, flags of truce made screens for murder; treachery, "niggers fighting"—who could forget?

A tempest of sound ran through the ranks as the men broke from a canter and settled down to ride. The earth shook; they were drunk with the lust of battle—Ping—Crash—Boom-m-m. Who heeded these? The Lancers, the Carbineers, the Light Horse? Bah! they were riding horses, carrying sabres, swinging steel. . . .

They stormed through the retreating army, plunging, stabbing, cutting, mad with the zest of slaughter, and came to the summit.

"Halt! Re-form! Charge!"

Again the bugles and again the deadly rush and clang of arms. Down the slope now at breakneck speed; leaping, stumbling, swearing. Horses ridden by men, horses masterless, galloping, galloping, as though the world held no aim or object higher than the annihilation of mankind.

Birkenhead still rode with the best—bareheaded, his cheek slit and dabbled with blood, his sabre dripping. Ping! A bullet struck the trooper at his side and he fell like a ripped tree; but the horse leaped on. Crash! A bullet met a front-rank horse and he fell over with his rider under him, his legs kicking in the air.

"Get up!"

Birkenhead lifted his mare as he would have lifted it to a gate in the hunting field and passed onward.

A Boer kneeled on the ground before him, his rifle levelled at a wounded officer. Crash! Birkenhead's sword had cut down the man, and he collapsed, loose and jointless, like a house of cards.

Halt! Re-form! Open order! Now in mass, now by companies, now in dozens, wheeling, galloping, lunging; then again—ping!—the wasp had stung this time with precision. A bullet through the breast. Hah! The man spat blood—his horse swerved under him.

"Get up, mare—get up!" O God! it was growing dark . . dark. . . .

The thunder of rushing men died suddenly. A blurr of red flame dazzled his eyes; an acrid taste was in his mouth. Birkenhead no longer rode in the van—the "bummer" lay now on the staring veldt, limp, broken, motionless.

Night fell. The blue vault blazed with countless stars. High up, low down, everywhere were stars shimmering in the darkness. The black earth looked up responsive, apeing the myriad fires with flaming globes of light—light of another species, smoking, hissing, blurred, carried by men.

Bearer parties moved now about the hill-top, searching the boulders, lifting the dead, tending the wounded. Here, there, far, near, they stole about like giant fire-flies, hovering on the bush, and, as they went, cries rent the still air—cries for water, cries of pain, jokes, laughter, orders.

"Let me lie, matee. I'm done."

"Rot, Corporal, you'll be sergeant-major before you've done."

"Light my pipe, someone."

"Jest look at that orficer behind me! I'm all right. See to the Colonel."

"Water! Water! Oh, God, give us water!"

Major Jackson, of the Lancers, with a party of bearers, searched the farther field. He came at length to a little group of three, stranded in silence, amidst the boulders.

"Troopers of the Light Horse," he cried. "Turn 'em over lads. Move them gingerly."

A stalwart horseman stood with the lamp, throwing its light upon them one by one.

"Dead," said the Major. "Dead—all dead. Lay them down a while. . . Stay! Show that light again."

He stooped over the body of a man, and pushed the lamp to his face—"Callaghan!" he cried. "I'd swear to it."

"Beg pardon, Major," said the sergeant; "Birkenhead—see his ticket."

He had unbuttoned the man's tunic and found his card—"556 Trooper Birkenhead. Natal Light Horse."

"Then the ticket lies," said the Major. "Hold! what's that in his hand?"

He leaned over and pressed the fast stiffening fingers apart. A newspaper cutting—a portion of the *Cape Times*, a fortnight or more old. Major Jackson spread it out and glanced at the heading——

"Marriage of Miss Elsie Callaghan and Mr. Horace Stevanage."

"Hah!" said the Major. "I thought so . . . . er . . . Leave me with him, boys . . . Give me a light . . . er . . . I'll stay here a bit . . . Marriage and death . . . Good Lord! it's grim."

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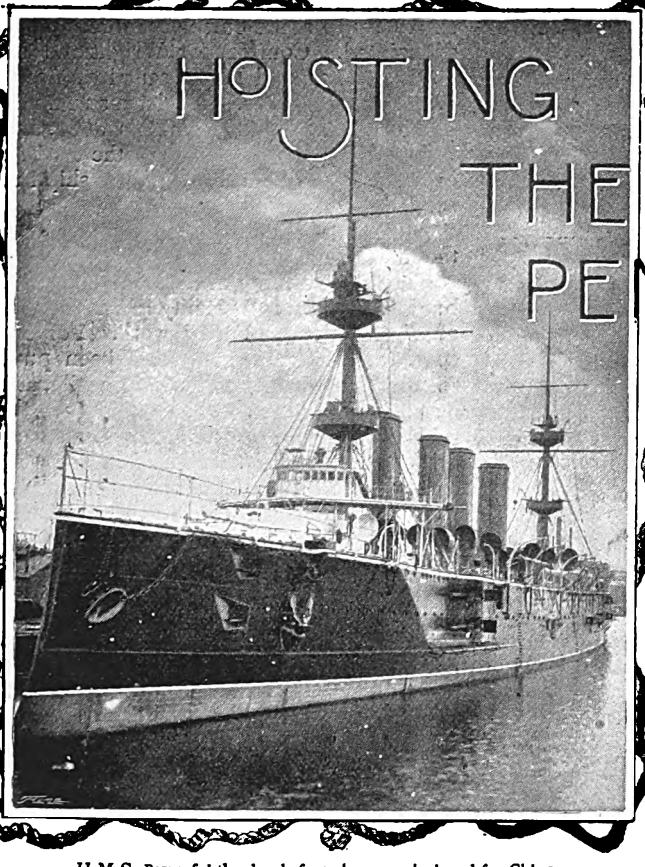
HOISTING THE PENNANT



H.M.S. *Powerful* the day before she commissioned for China.

Being the First of a Series of Articles on How the Navy is Run.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, of Southsea.

This is the first of a deeply interesting series of articles on "How the Navy is Run," which will appear in the Royal Magazine *during the ensuing twelve months. Mr. Hurd, the author of the articles, is an expert in all naval matters, and has devoted much time and energy in collecting such material and illustrations as will make the series more complete than anything that has hitherto been published in a popular form on the British Navy. The photographs which will illustrate the series have been taken by leading naval photographers and by officers on board our battleships and cruisers.*

The subsequent articles will deal with naval life in all its phases: the daily routine on board a warship; how the vessels are prepared for action and an enemy tackled; the mystery of a bluejacket's wardrobe; the gigantic work of feeding a battleship; all about Jack's own particular police and prison system; how Xmas Day is spent in the Navy; paint and promotion—a story of a compact; the revels of crossing the "line," etc., and, finally, the paying-off of a warship after it has been abroad for three years.

No one who is interested in any way in our great Navy, the bulwark and the safeguard of the nation, must fail to read the whole of these articles.

"Captain the Hon. George Granville to Her Majesty's ship *India*, on commissioning March 3rd, 1900." In this wise does the Admiralty announce that the majestic warship which has been swinging at her anchor off Portsmouth Dockyard, a great, silent, uninhabited floating fortress, is to be transformed into a thing of life for dealing out death to the country's foes. The official announcement appears a fortnight or three weeks in advance, and by nine o'clock on the eventful morning, this gallant officer makes his way to the dockyard and boards the ship he is proud to have the privilege of commanding.

As he draws near, the boatswain gets ready to pipe his captain on board. The crew have mustered on the quarter deck, the officers stand at the gangway, and the commander, the captain's right hand, waits nearest the side, in readiness to receive his chief.

As the last stroke of nine o'clock is heard, the band plays the National Anthem, the White Ensign flies up the ensign staff, and the sister emblem of naval life, the long pennant, flutters from the masthead, together with a white flag. Meantime, the ship's clerk produces from an envelope an official document, which he hands to the captain. With all due solemnity this

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officer reads in loud, resonant tones: "I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty," and so on. In short, he is ordered to commission the ship, and though the recital of the terms of the commission is not a new experience to the audience, no captain can take over the command of so fine a ship as H.M.S. *India* without some sense of emotion.

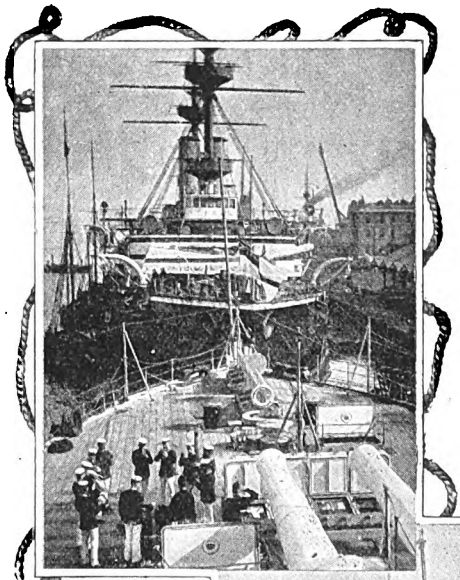
At once everyone comes to salute, and the captain graciously acknowledges the reverence that is shown to his high office. He is then introduced by the commander to each officer in turn, and, this formality over, Captain Granville addresses the ship's company thus:

"Officers and men of the *India*,—you and I are going to be shipmates for three years, probably more. We've all got to pull together to make the *India* the smartest ship on the station. If you work as hard as you can you won't see much of me, but," he adds sternly, "if there is any slackness then I am afraid we shall have to make ourselves more intimately acquainted. Commander Wright and I are old shipmates, and I have sailed with several of the other officers. We have as fine a set of officers as ever trod a ship's deck, and it rests with you, men, to make the *India* the envy of the fleet, and the happiest ship in the service. Pipe to general quarters."

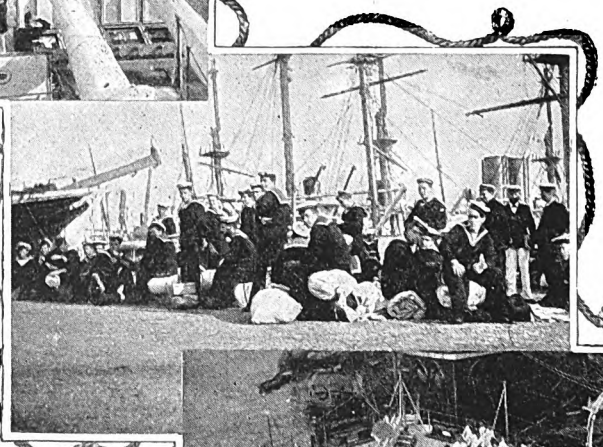
All is immediately orderly confusion, and the first drill of the commission begins.

Thus does a modern leviathan take on life; but behind all this formality lies a great deal of organisation and hard work. For many days dockyard workmen have been putting the finishing touches to the ship, while, at the naval depot, bluejackets—many of them specialists in gunnery, torpedoes, navigation, or signalling—have been selected to make up the crew, and if the local resources have been unequal to the task, word will have been sent to Devonport and Chatham for additional men. These will have been brought round to Portsmouth by rail, or by sea, all the baggage of each man in a single sack, for Jack does not carry an extensive wardrobe round the world with him.

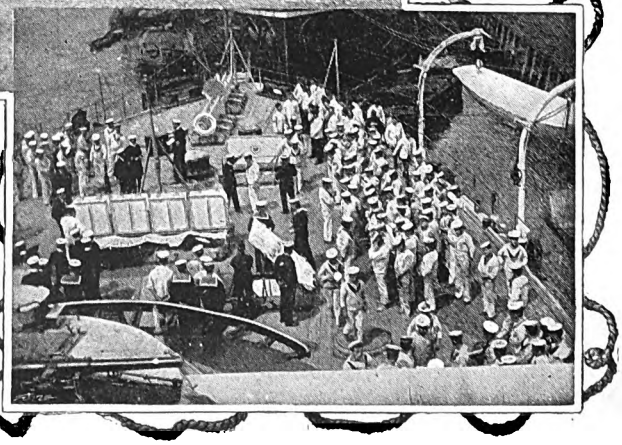
Then comes the task of the commander, first



Hoisting the pennant, the band playing "God Save the Queen."



Jack and all he stands up in waiting outside the depot for the ship to commission.



The commander of the commissioned ship reading out stations, messes, etc. The men are shown drawn up to receive their various orders.

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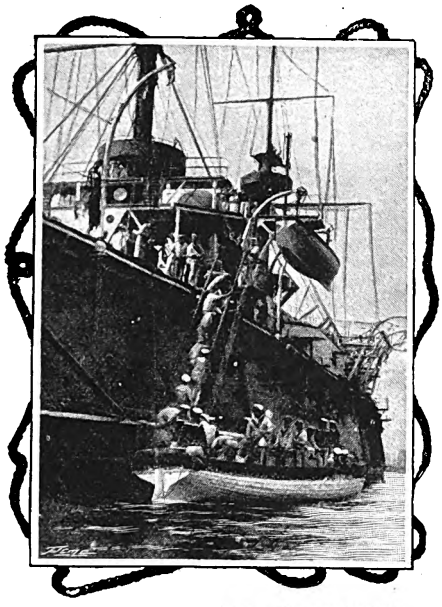
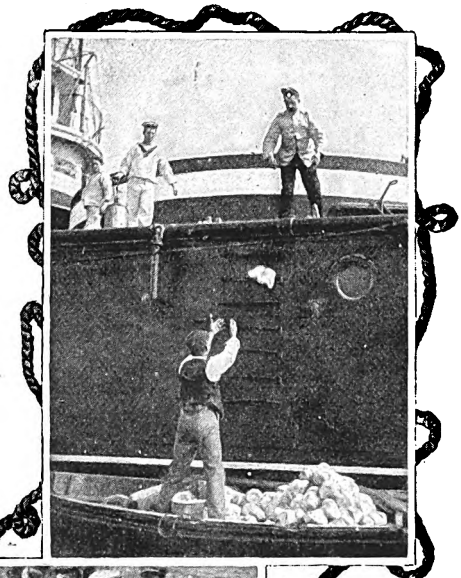


The final stores being shipped, the vessel sails next morning.

lieutenant, and other officers in mapping out the organisation of this floating war-palace. This is no simple matter, and a day or two before the date for commissioning they proceed on board and hold conference with the engineer officer as to the design of the ship and the disposition of the crowd of seamen, stokers, engine-room artificers, cooks, naval artisans, marines, and other ratings, each one of whom must know on the morning exactly where to put his baggage and where he will have his first meal, otherwise all would be confusion. Consequently, in and out and all about the great ship the officers wander, taking in all her features. Then the work of organisation is seriously taken in hand, with the assistance of the master-at-arms—the head of the ship's police, and a person of no mean importance, as Jack readily learns. The whole life of a ship depends on what is known as the watch-bill, whereby the men are divided up into two bodies called watches—the Port (the right hand side of the ship) and the Starboard (the left hand side)—and every man has a number allotted to him, those of the port-watch having the odd numbers, and their shipmates of the starboard the even numbers. The watches are further sub-divided for the sake of convenience in manning the boats, working the guns, and "messing," as seamen call their meals.

This watch-bill is the foundation of the organisation of a warship, and the first work of the commander and his colleagues is to take as many cards as there are men, and to assign to each man a number corresponding to the exact place where he is to stow his belongings, sleep, move, and have his being. In this way the watch-bill is made, and from it the gunnery officer compiles the quarter-bill, by which the distribution of the men for working the guns is settled, and the fire-bill is also



The embarking of provisions on a commissioned warship is a big task, and is carried out in various ways. This shows one way in which food is taken aboard.

Boxes of eggs are not forgotten.

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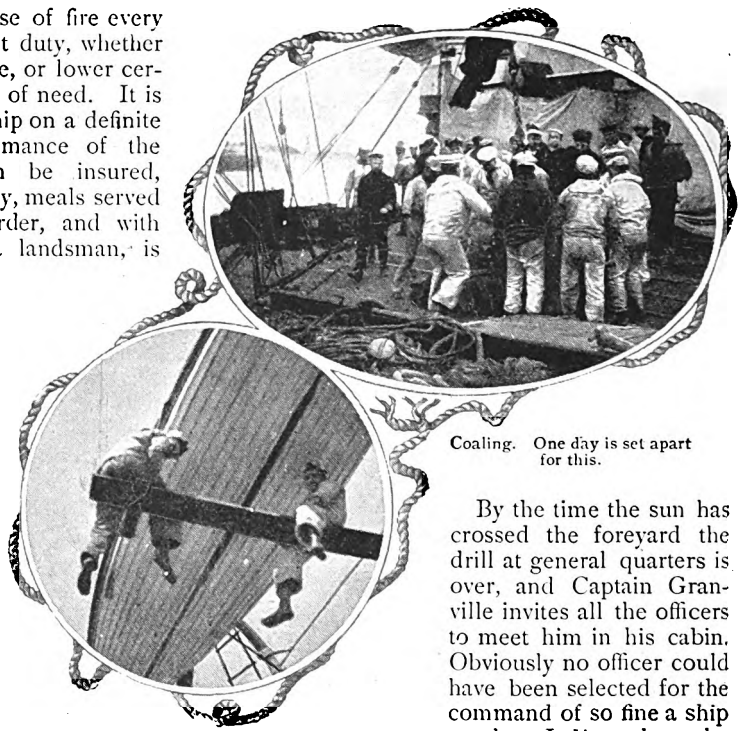
drawn up, so that in case of fire every man may know his exact duty, whether it be to assist with a hose, or lower certain of the boats in case of need. It is only by organising the ship on a definite system that the performance of the multifarious duties can be insured, drills carried out properly, meals served regularly, in perfect order, and with a smartness that, to a landsman, is subject of wonder.

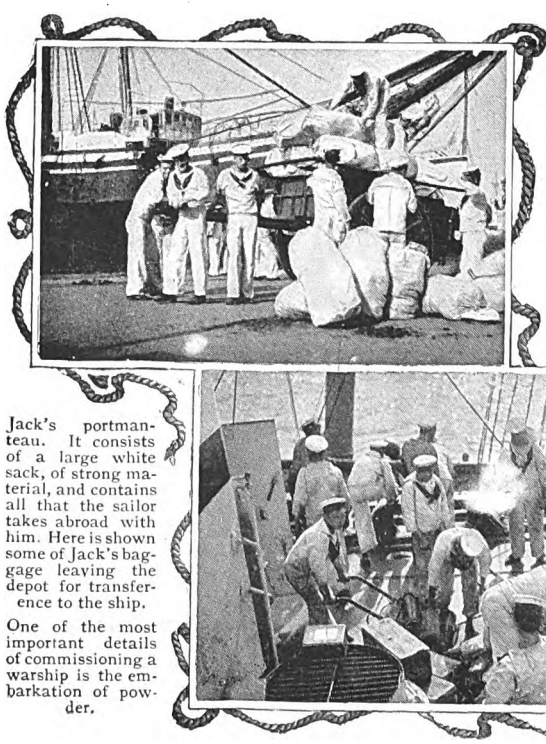
When the captain, after the formality of commissioning is at an end, cries "Pipe to general quarters," each man is therefore acquainted with the topography of his part of the ship, and he at once flies to his post. The captain makes the rounds, has a word of praise or blame here and there, but is satisfied that he has a fine ship and a ship's company that can be licked into shape. And he is determined to lose no time over it.



Coaling. One day is set apart for this.

Cleaning the boats after coaling.

By the time the sun has crossed the foreyard the drill at general quarters is over, and Captain Granville invites all the officers to meet him in his cabin. Obviously no officer could have been selected for the command of so fine a ship as the *India* unless the Admiralty were cognisant of his high genius, and after he has called for "Success to our Commission," which is honoured with foaming champagne, Captain Granville gives the commander a few hints in observance of discipline; the doctor receives instruction in the ventilation of the sick-bay; the engineer learns how many boilers are necessary to give a certain speed, the paymaster is told on what days the captain will count his cash; and then, one by one, the officers drift out of the cabin, leaving only the captain and commander to agree between themselves how much of what has taken place is solder and how much sawdust. In this wise does H.M.S. *India* pass from the reserve to the active list of Her Majesty's navy.



Jack's portmanteau. It consists of a large white sack, of strong material, and contains all that the sailor takes abroad with him. Here is shown some of Jack's baggage leaving the depot for transference to the ship.

One of the most important details of commissioning a warship is the embarkation of powder.

The first few days on board a newly commissioned warship are very useful. It is astonishing how soon officers and men "shake down," as it is called, and there is nothing that promotes this process

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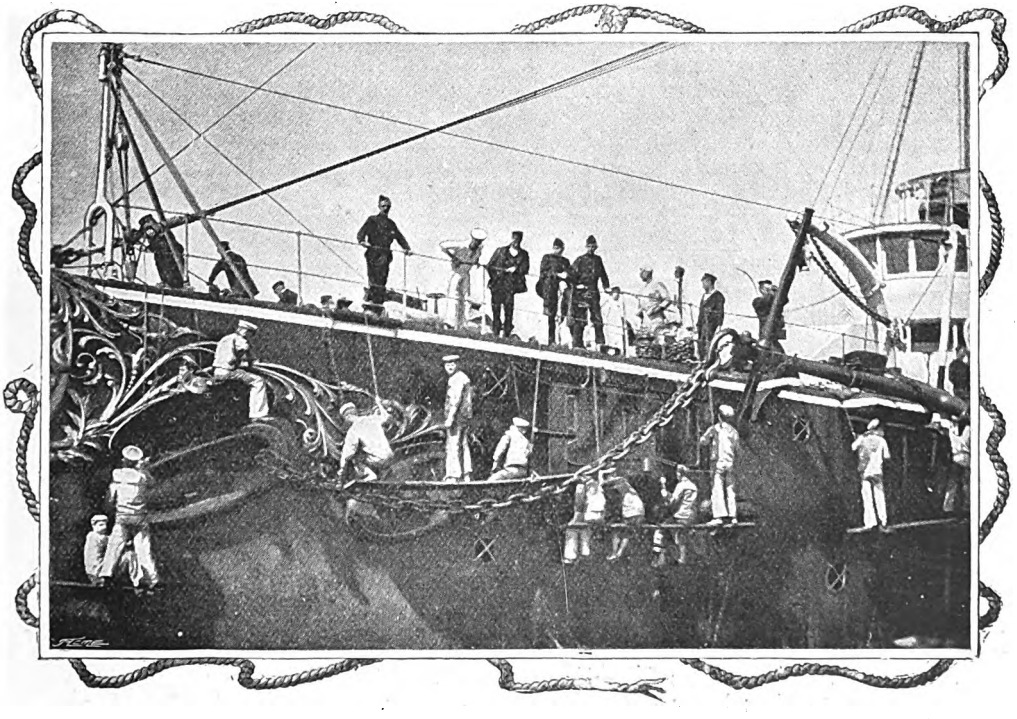
better than the drills and the hard work that are necessary to fit the ship to go to sea.

A newly commissioned ship may appear to a landsman all that an officer can desire. But ask her captain. He will tell you of paint that does not look sufficiently fresh, of brass-work that needs a great deal of elbow-grease and brick-dust. Other officers and warrant-officers—the latter glorified bluejackets, the backbone of the navy, according to Lord Charles Beresford—are head over heels in business. There are stores, provisions, water, small arms, ammunition, and a hundred and one other things to be got on board, and almost certainly the ship will have to be coaled. Other men will be occupied in the shell-rooms, and the engineers and their staff will be busy, to distraction, overhauling the ship's machinery, while the doctor will cast a keen eye over the sick-bay, as the hospital on board is called. The gunnery officer will have his time fully filled up seeing that the guns are in good order, the navigating officer will test all his instruments, and the lieutenant, borne specially for torpedo duties, will busy himself and many seamen specially trained for the work in preparing his devilish weapons for early practice at sea.

Drilling, working, and playing, Jack does not find time hang on his hands in these first few days, and within ten days or a fortnight from the morning when she is commissioned the great ship will steam majestically to Spithead and carry out a trial of her machinery in the Solent for a period of four hours. If this test proves that she is efficient her fate is sealed. The Commander-in-Chief having learnt from the captain that all is well on board, and having held an inspection, the date is fixed for her departure. When the day arrives for final farewells to England, home, and beauty, the captain seeks by signal the Admiral's permission to "part company." This being given, the bugle sounds, and a steam-engine somewhere in the bowels of the armed fortress begins to work, and with a rattle and clatter the anchor is weighed, catted, and secured, and then the great engines commence to work, the screws move at increasing speed, swishing the water, and the leviathan leaves for service on some foreign station, and Jack and his officers go out into exile for three long years for the sake of their Queen and of the grand world-wide Empire and British commerce that call for protection.



Cleaning the side of the ship to prepare for the port admiral's inspection before leaving the next day.

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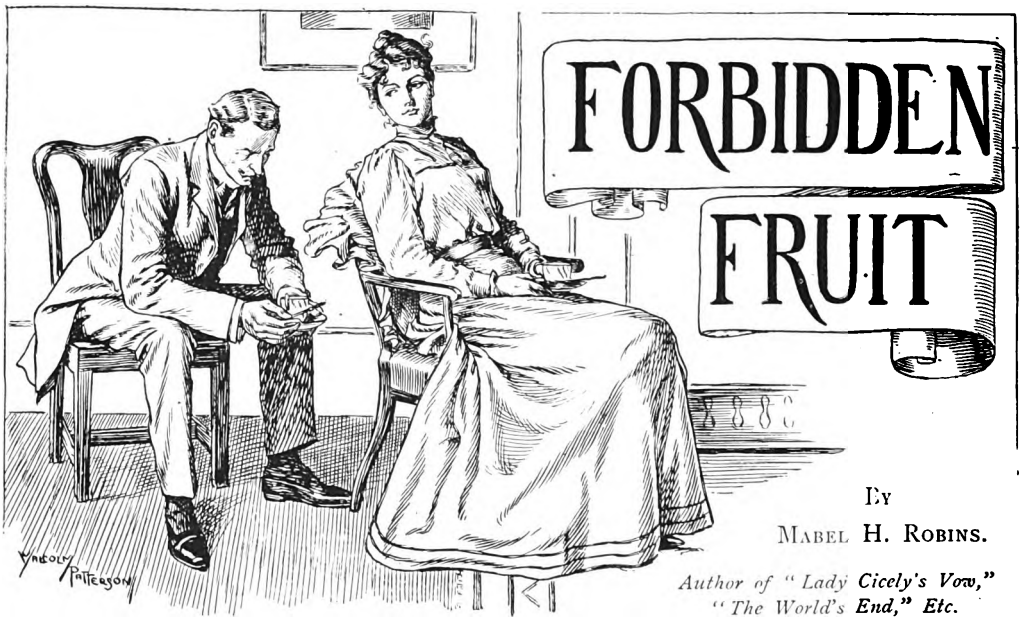

By
Mabel H. Robins.

Author of "Lady Cicely's Vow," "The World's End," Etc.

I.

"I have asked Paul Kesterton down to join our house-party, Nancy," said old Sir George Carew to his favourite grand-daughter. "He will be here in time for the dance to-night, but I want to talk to you about him before he arrives."

Nancy lifted her pretty face with interest. "Who is he?" she asked. "He sounds nice."

"That is just what I am afraid he is not," replied the old man gravely. "From all the tales I have heard, he is not at all nice. Indeed, I should not ask him down except for the sake of my old friend Kesterton, whose nephew and heir he is."

"And do you want to warn me against him, then?" asked Nancy smiling.

The old man looked at her lovely face and dainty figure, and his shaggy eyebrows met in an anxious frown.

"That is exactly what I want to do," he said. "The man may be all very well in his way. He is, I believe, very good to look at, and from all accounts has a charming voice, but——"

"But? And what is the 'but'?"

"Well, he is very fast; he keeps race-horses, and is altogether undesirable, and not at all a fit companion for a young girl. That is why I thought it better to warn you, dear. It would be so dreadful if—if you lost your heart to him; because, of course, a marriage with such a man I could not allow, and I should not like my little Nancy to suffer. So I thought it would be better to advise you to have as little to do with him as possible."

The girl laughed amusedly as she threw her arms round the old man's neck and kissed him.

"All right, grandfather," she cried; "I shall be able to take care of myself!" But all the time a persistent longing assailed her to see this bold, bad, yet apparently irresistible man.

It was later in the afternoon and Sir George was driving Paul Kesterton up from the station.

"The Grange is quite full," the old man said. "I daresay you will find many acquaintances among the guests."

"And your little grand-daughter Nancy? I suppose she is quite grown up? I remember her as a fluffy golden-haired baby when I was a boy, and being asked to kiss her. I remember how very much I objected to the performance."

Sir George laughed. "I am afraid you would not object so much now," he said. "Nancy has grown up very pretty. I hope we shall be able to keep her near us always. Young Borthwick of the Manor is very much *èpris*, and it would be a most suitable match altogether. Nothing would please her grandmother and myself better. It would be most

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satisfactory in every way. I only trust nothing will happen to prevent it."

"And Miss Carew? Is she content to fall in with the arrangement?"

The old man pursed up his lips, "Nancy, of course, will consent to whatever my wife and I think best."

And Paul shrugged his shoulders.

II.

THE fiddlers had struck up and the dance had begun. Nancy had scarcely spoken to the new arrival, but she looked at him with interest after her grandfather's conversation, and his tall figure and strong face found favour in her eyes.

She was, indeed, a little piqued that he did not ask her to dance. The evening went on, and she saw him going round with all her cousins, and she knew she could dance better than they.

A waltz had begun, and she was standing by herself for a few minutes. She turned round suddenly, and found Paul watching her from the door.

She tilted her chin a little higher, and then he came up to her.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" he asked.

"I have already promised it to someone," said Nancy ungraciously.

"The someone does not seem very anxious to claim it, does he? The dance has begun some time."

Nancy flashed an indignant look at him, but meeting the laughter in his eyes, she smiled too, and placed her hand on his arm without another word.

It was certainly the best dance she had had that evening. On and on they went, moving round in perfect harmony to the music, until the fiddles, suddenly growing quicker, broke forth in a presto, and hurried away into silence. Then Kesterton and Nancy stopped, and he took her out into the cool hall.

"You can't think what bad things I have heard of you," said Nancy with a mischievous glance, as they sat down.

"Indeed?" he answered, as he turned to look at her with his dark eyes; "I hardly think my peccadillos would form a very interesting topic. Perhaps you have undertaken to reform me?"

"Indeed?" he answered. . . . "Perhaps you have undertaken to reform me?"

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There was an underlying amusement in his tone which annoyed Nancy.

"Before wishing to reform anyone," she retorted, "one would take some interest in the person. I have not the slightest desire to reform you, but I mean to make a study of you all the same. You are a *rara avis*—a specimen I have never yet come across."

He watched her varying colour with enjoyment, and smiled.

"You are not consistent," he said. "You contradict yourself. Surely you must take some interest in a thing of which you make a study?"

She shook her head with a mischievous smile. "Not at all," she replied. "One has to study the most uninteresting things sometimes, and I rather pride myself on being able to master the driest subjects."

He leant towards her with his arm on the back of the sofa on which they were sitting, and regarded her thoughtfully before he spoke again.

"How fond your teachers must be of you!" he then said slowly. "I should think you are held up as a pattern to the whole school, are you not?"

Nancy looked at him indignantly. The use of the present tense was such a direct insult to her twenty years. Then as the music had recommenced she rose with dignity from her seat.

Kesterton rose, too. "May I have another dance later on?" he asked.

"No," her lips parting with a smile, "You have been too rude."

"Then shall I leave you here, or would you rather go back to the ball-room?"

Perhaps Nancy was disappointed. Perhaps she had expected to be pressed for another dance, but not a suspicion of chagrin could Kesterton detect in her voice as she answered—

"I will go back to the ball-room, please," and so he took her back and left her.

They did not meet again until tea-time the next afternoon for the men had been out shooting all day.

The hall was looking warm and comfortable, and most of the party had gathered round the huge log fire.

Kesterton came and sat behind Nancy's chair as she was drinking her tea.

"I wonder what is the connection between apostles and spoons!" he said looking intently at the small silver spoon in his hand as if the explanation he asked for were an all-important matter.

Nancy laughed, "I am sure I don't know," she said. "Perhaps the apostles had a tendency that way. Even nowadays dwellers in Church-land are more susceptible to the influence of the softer sex than other men, don't you think?"

"Are they? I am afraid I have never considered the matter." His glance had deserted the silver spoon and was now resting on the small animated face only half a yard distant from his own.

"Why, yes," she went on, "There are many clergymen whose congregations are wholly composed of women, and wherever they go they have 'twenty love-sick maidens' following in their train — and sometimes matrons, too."

Kesterton smiled. "I begin to believe," he said, "that you are a student of human nature after all. How are you getting on with your last new study?"

"My last new study?" she repeated, wonderingly. "Which do you mean?"

"Why, myself of course," a little impatiently. "You said you were going to study *me*."

She shook her head. "I have given up all idea of that now," she said.

"Why?" he asked, a vein of disappointment running through his tone. "Am I too dry a subject even for you?"

A little thrill of pleasure ran through her because he had remembered her words.

"It is not because you are too dry," she said, "but because you would not be improving to the mind."

"I don't see how you can know that until you have tried," he said coldly.

"If you had been told a book were bad and you were advised not to read it, would you feel inclined to do so?"

The fire leapt up, and Nancy was startled as she met the quick flash of anger in Kesterton's eyes, but his voice was very quiet as he answered—

"I think I should be just; I would not take other people's opinions on the subject, but I would read the book and judge for myself." And then he rose from his chair and went over to the other side of the hall.

And Nancy wondered how it was that she had never found Gerald Borthwick such a bore before as she felt him to be now, when he hurried into Kesterton's vacated chair.

III.

It was a few days later and Kesterton came into the room where Nancy was sitting over the fire.

"Miss Carew," he said, "it is very bad for

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"This is nice," said Nancy. "How they will envy us when they hear of our adventure!"

you to stay indoors all day. I am going out for a walk; will you come with me?"

Nancy looked up lazily from her book. "It is too cold," she said, "and I am sure it is going to snow," glancing at the dull leaden sky, "and I hate snow—don't you?"

"It is more likely to thunder than to snow," he said persuasively—"do come."

Nancy hesitated a moment longer and then gave in, and in five minutes' time she was ready dressed and the two were wending their way through the park, the frosty ground ringing hard and crisp beneath their feet.

They went on in silence for a few minutes until they were quite out of sight of the Grange.

"And now," said Paul, "you are going to tell me all the bad things you have heard about me, and inform me who are the people who said them."

Nancy shook her head determinately.

"I shall not," she said. "I never repeat tales. Besides," a little shyly, "I have made up my mind not to be influenced by them. I intend to follow your advice and judge for myself."

A swift gleam of pleasure lit up his eyes. "Thank you," he said simply. He looked at her for a moment and then remarked, "How different you are from your cousins."

"Am I? In what way?"

He hesitated a moment. "They seem to be such warm-hearted girls, while you—you are like that icicle hanging there," pointing to the tree above him; "just as lovely, just as pure, just as cold, and"—lowering his voice so that she could only just catch the words—"just as far beyond my reach."

Nancy's pace grew a little quicker, and a faint access of colour rose to her cheeks. "You do not practise what you preach," she cried. "How can you judge what I am like

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when you have known me such a little time?"

"I judge you as I find you," he answered; "and you have been very freezing to me."

They walked on talking idly, and neither of them noticed how late it was getting nor how the day was drawing in. A sense of fatigue at last woke Nancy to the state of her surroundings.

"How dark it is and what a long way we have come!" she said. "It will be very late before we get back!"

"It is not so late as you think," said Kesterton. "It grows dark so early now. But we have come further than I intended. I wonder where we are." He turned round and glanced about him. "That looks like a farmhouse over there. Let us go and spy out the land. We might be able to get something to eat and drink—for you will miss your tea—and perhaps a trap to take us back —for I am afraid you are dreadfully tired. I ought not to have brought you so far."

Nancy went with him, nothing loth. The wind was getting up and it was much colder than when they had started, and now the fact had been brought to her notice, she felt very tired indeed.

Kesterton's eyes had not deceived him. The light he had seen from the distance proved to be a farmhouse, and the farmer, being a tenant of Sir George's, welcomed the two with effusion. Mrs. Brown made Nancy sit down by the blazing fire, and after a few minutes' absence returned with two steaming cups of coffee and some hot cakes of her own baking.

"This *is* nice," said Nancy as Paul sat down beside her. "How they will envy us at the Grange when they hear of our adventure!"

"We are very lucky," said Kesterton, watching her with a smile. "We might have been stranded and obliged to walk home. Won't you have any sugar in your coffee — ah! then you don't know how coffee should be drunk!"

"Which is the right way?"

"It ought to be as sweet as love, as black as the devil, and as hot as—well, the lower regions!"

"Nancy laughed. "I am afraid I prefer it without the love," she said, "and the other qualities only in moderation," and she filled her cup up to the top with cream.

"Ah, you are wrong!" said Kesterton, purposely taking her words in an emblematical sense. "You should not defy Love in such a reckless way,

Without love, our solid joy,
Life's but a foolish empty toy
And hardly worth possessing."

"May I ask what you are doing with your arm round my granddaughter's waist?"

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"I don't agree with you," she said thoughtfully. "Speaking as an on-looker, I think life would be much happier were there no such thing as love. Think of the sorrows, the tears and heart-breakings that would be saved."

"And think of the smiles, the joys, and the happiness which would be missed." He turned and looked at her curiously. "You speak only as an on-looker then?" he queried. "You have never experienced the tender passion yourself?"

"Never," with a little deprecating wave of her hand, "and I hope I never shall. People look so foolish when they are under its influence."

He laughed amusedly. "Was I not right in calling you an icicle?" he said. "But you will not be so always. You will fall in love one day like everybody else, and will look just as foolish, too."

She moved her head restlessly under his gaze, but did not answer. Instead, she rose from her chair and went and looked out of the window.

"Why it is snowing," she exclaimed, "snowing hard!"

"What a good thing we are driving back," said Kesterton, joining her. "We shan't get wet, as it will take us a very little time to get home."

"I shall not trust you as a weather prophet again," she said, scornfully. "You said it was more likely to thunder than to snow."

"Did I?" laughing. "I daresay. You see, I wanted you to come out with me so badly."

The dog-cart was outside waiting for them.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked, looking anxiously at her. "Let me turn your collar up, or the snow will get into your neck."

He turned up her seal-skin collar until it reached the edge of the seal-skin toque and quite concealed the golden coil of hair. Mrs. Brown, standing a few yards off, wondered why such a small action should take such a long time.

"Now," said Kesterton, "you are an entire seal; there is nothing left of you but your eyes. What sort of eyes do seals generally have?" lowering his voice to a whisper, so that only Nancy could hear. "Are they large and grey and—very soft, and are they shaded by the longest lashes that I have ever seen?"

And the long lashes fell beneath his glance, and the grey eyes were hidden; but the sudden rush of colour to her cheeks was concealed beneath the friendly shelter of the seal-skin collar.

IV.

THE days flew by only too quickly. A fortnight passed, and the party at the Grange was soon to break up.

The weather had been kind, and a hard frost had prevailed; so that the lake in the grounds had borne for the last week, and skating had been the order of the day.

Fortunately or unfortunately an attack of gout had kept Sir George to the house, so that he had not been a witness to his grand-daughter's growing intimacy with the man he had warned her against.

For Paul and Nancy had been inseparable, and to-day, while the two had been skating round the lake hand in hand with the dry fresh air blowing in their faces, Paul had asked Nancy to be his wife, and Nancy had said "yes."

It was only as they were walking home together that the outer world was remembered, and the first little cloud came across their happiness.

"I don't know what grandfather will say," said Nancy, anxiously. "He so particularly warned me against you."

"And he told me that his one desire was that you should marry Borthwick. I am afraid he will be very disappointed."

"What shall we do?" said Nancy.

But Paul did not seem much concerned. "If the worst comes to the worst, my darling," he said, "we must run away."

And then, as they were alone, he stepped under the trees, and taking her face in both his hands, he bent his head and kissed her.

But Nancy was not quite so satisfied as he. "Grandfather will never give in," she said. "He is so antiquated in his ideas. He thinks marriages ought only to be brought about by convenience."

There was a sound of a halting footstep on the frozen ground close beside them, and Nancy started violently as Sir George appeared round the tree.

"I am afraid this is an occasion when I am obliged to undergo the common fate of all listeners," he said grimly.

They neither of them answered, for his sudden appearance had been rather alarming.

"May I ask what you are doing," the old man asked sharply of Kesterton, "with your arm round my grand-daughter's waist?"

Nancy tried nervously to free herself, but Paul only held her closer.

"Nancy has promised to marry me," he

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said simply, while an expression of resolution settled down on his face.

Sir George's eyes gleamed. "What does this mean, Nancy?" he cried sternly. "I told you, you were to have nothing to do with him."

"I am sorry, grandfather," she said with a lovely upward glance at Paul, "but I could not help loving him."

"And you, sir," turning to Kesterton, "I call your conduct a breach of trust. I was so careful to confide my views concerning Nancy's future to you."

"You told me you wanted her to marry Borthwick," Paul replied scornfully. "Then let Borthwick win her."

"Do you mean to say that you both mean to persist in this folly?"

"Nancy and I are going to be married, if *that* is the folly you mean."

The old man looked at them sternly beneath his shaggy eyebrows for a moment, and then an expression of triumph crossed his face and he chuckled audibly.

"I may be antiquated in my ideas," he said grimly; "in fact I know I am—for as long ago as the Creation Adam and Eve realized the attractions of forbidden fruit. Do you know that it was my greatest wish and your uncle's keenest desire"—turning to Paul—"that you two should marry? If I had told you this beforehand you would both have detested each other; but now I have succeeded by going about the matter in my own way. Each of you looked on the other as forbidden fruit. Eh? Ah! I have lived long enough in the world to understand the contrariness of human nature, and all I can say is—God bless you my children." And then he kissed Nancy, wrung Paul by the hand, and hobbled away.

And the two stood looking at each other blankly.

"Do—do you care for me so much now," faltered Nancy at last, "now that I am no longer 'forbidden fruit.'"

But Paul took her in his arms and held her closely.

"My darling!" he cried passionately, "such love as ours would have flourished just the same no matter where, when, or how we met."

I wonder if it would!

A KAFFIR WEDDING.

A CHARMING group! Zachais Malehe, the coloured gentleman in the centre with an orchid or some such flower in his buttonhole, has just taken Annie Makoa (she stands at his left hand) to wife. Both husband and wife are converted Kaffirs, and the wedding took place last year in the Lutheran Church at Bloemfontein shortly before the outbreak of the unfortunate war between Great Britain and the Boer Republics. It is queer to notice the contrast of black and white in the ladies' appearance, but with all the best will in the world, it is impossible to express much admiration. This applies also to the gentlemen. Top hats on a Kaffir visage are somehow or other scarcely affinitive from an artistic point of view.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

A Dusky, but Distinguished Wedding Party.

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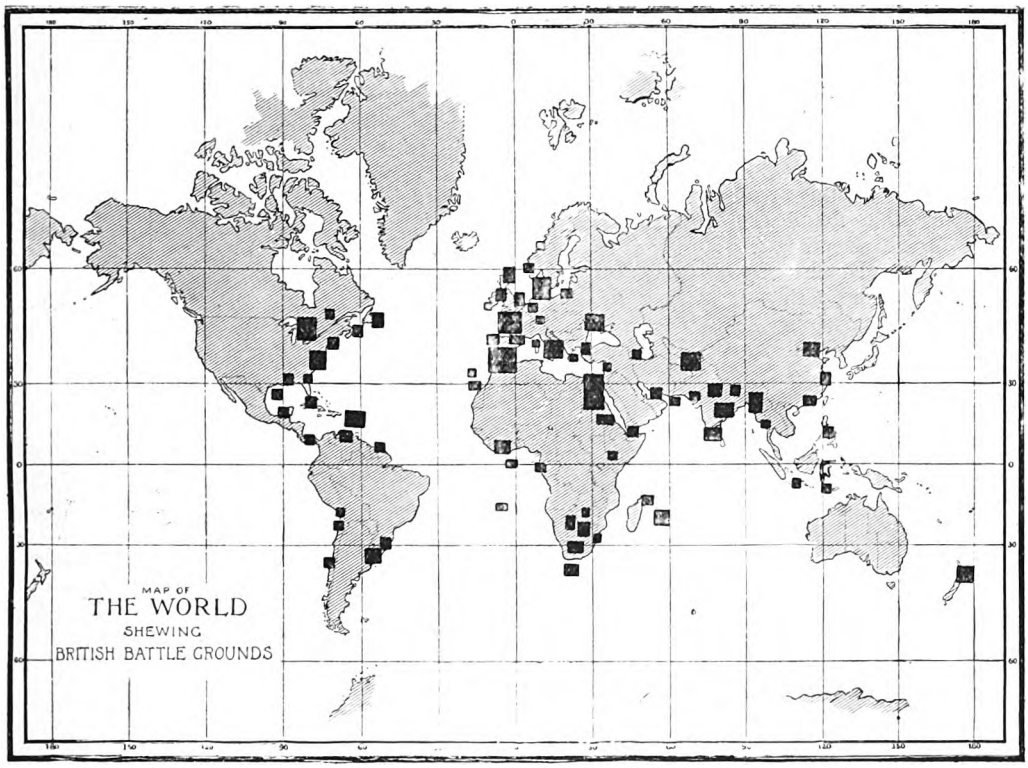

WHERE BRITISH BATTLES HAVE BEEN FOUGHT.

By P. W. Everett.

Illustrations by J. S. Smith.

That the sun never sets upon the Empire of the Queen has long been the proud boast of every Englishman, but we rarely pause to think what this enviable position has cost us in lives and money, or of the number of battles we have fought to make the British Empire the most powerful the world has ever seen.

Not until we begin to tabulate our chief wars is it possible to realise how long the list is, and how few countries there are in which the British soldier has not fought and died.

Since the year 1066 we have fought no fewer than 467 important engagements with foreign foes, and if we were to include all skirmishes, minor encounters, sorties, and the like, the total would easily be doubled or even trebled. However, for the purpose of these investigations I will confine myself to the principal battles, 467 in number, omitting altogether the minor engagements above referred to, and our unfortunate Civil wars,—though it is interesting to note, in passing, that the total number of fights, which can be fairly classed on the Civil side of our war ledger, considerably exceeds 100.

Of the 467 battles, no fewer than 217, or nearly one half the total number, have been with the French. We have fought them on land, we have fought them on sea, we have fought them in France, we have fought them in England; but the French have rarely made effective landings on British soil; we have fought them in Germany, in Holland, in Belgium, in Spain, in the West Indies, in America, in Egpyt, in Italy—indeed, there is hardly a country or a sea that has not witnessed a fight between ourselves and the French. Alone and unaided we have fought them when the Russians and the Spaniards have been their allies, though, on the other hand, the French on more than one occasion have had to contend with the united strength of the British in alliance with one or other of the lesser

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European Powers; and the sum total of it all has been that, out of 217 principal engagements with the French, we have won 184 and lost thirty-three—a proportion of nearly six battles won for every battle lost.

The French, too, have been our friends as well as our foes. We have fought with them in many interesting circumstances. I may specially cite the campaigns against the Saracens at the end of the eleventh century, against the Dutch in 1872, against the Russians in the Crimean War, and finally against the Chinese in 1860.

The French landed several armies in England during 1216 and 1217, but were ultimately defeated.

The last French invasion of England happened in 1545, when Admiral d'Aunebaut landed 2,000 men on the southern shore of the Isle of Wight. He, however, lacked both the material means and the moral courage to push the advantage home to Portsmouth, where a British fleet was lying, and retreated somewhat ignominiously on the approach of the English warships. Since that time, it is pleasant to know, no foreign foe has set foot on English soil.

England has, however, once since then been seriously threatened by a hostile fleet. This was in 1667, when the Dutch, under de Ruyter, blockaded the Thames, bombarding Sheerness and destroying enormous quantities of stores and ammunition. For a time the excitement in London, and, indeed, throughout the country, was tremendous. Many of the inhabitants seriously contemplated flight, whilst the hiding of valuable possessions became general.

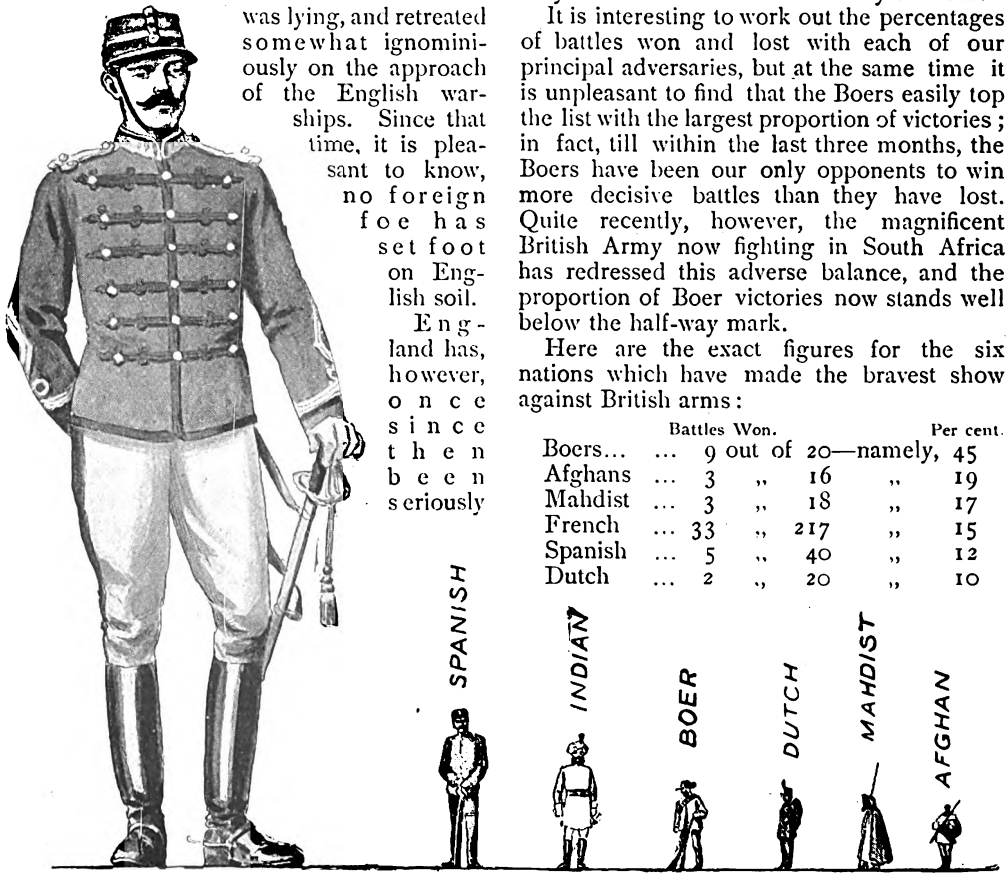
Thirteen ships were sunk in the river at Woolwich, and four more at Blackheath, to bar the way of the dreaded Dutch fleet. Fortunately, however, these preparations were not really needed. An English squadron engaged the enemy; a number of Dutch ships were destroyed, and de Ruyter retired as gracefully as he could,—content, according to his own statement, that he had "thus insulted the great mistress of the sea." On this occasion, though England was, in a sense, invaded, none of the enemy landed on British soil.

Next to France, Spain, with forty battles, has been our most frequent opponent, five only of which ended in the enemy's favour.

It is interesting to work out the percentages of battles won and lost with each of our principal adversaries, but at the same time it is unpleasant to find that the Boers easily top the list with the largest proportion of victories; in fact, till within the last three months, the Boers have been our only opponents to win more decisive battles than they have lost. Quite recently, however, the magnificent British Army now fighting in South Africa has redressed this adverse balance, and the proportion of Boer victories now stands well below the half-way mark.

Here are the exact figures for the six nations which have made the bravest show against British arms:

	Battles Won.				Per cent.
Boers...	... 9	out of	20	—namely,	45
Afghans	... 3	,,	16	,,	19
Mahdist	... 3	,,	18	,,	17
French	... 33	,,	217	,,	15
Spanish	... 5	,,	40	,,	12
Dutch	... 2	,,	20	,,	10



The heights of these figures show the proportion of battles fought against the British by these various nationalities.

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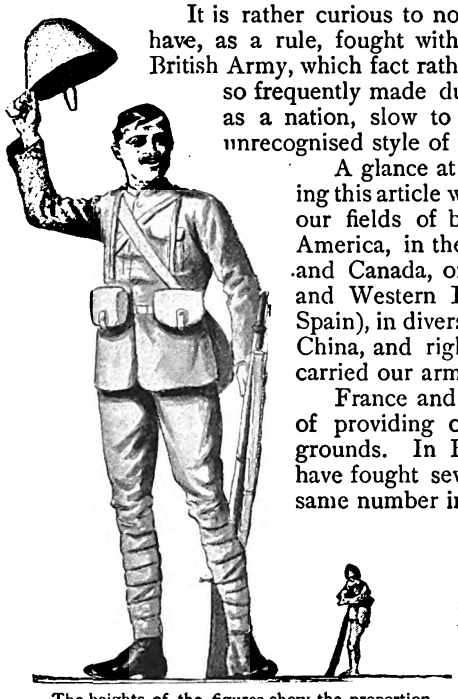

The heights of the figures show the proportion of battles won and lost by the British.

It is rather curious to notice that the least civilised nations have, as a rule, fought with the greatest success against the British Army, which fact rather tends to emphasise the assertion so frequently made during the present war, that we are, as a nation, slow to adapt ourselves to any novel, or unrecognised style of warfare.

A glance at the map of the world accompanying this article will show how widespread have been our fields of battle. In various parts of South America, in the West Indies, in the United States and Canada, on the high seas, all over Southern and Western Europe (especially in France and Spain), in divers parts of Africa, in Southern Asia, China, and right away to New Zealand, we have carried our arms.

France and Spain tie for the doubtful honour of providing our most frequently used battle-grounds. In France and around her coasts we have fought seventy big fights, and exactly the same number in and around Spain.

India comes next as the scene of thirty-two battles, then North America with twenty-seven, the West Indies with twenty-four, and the Soudan with fifteen.

It is interesting, in view of our present naval supremacy, to note that we have not fought a battle on the sea since the time of Nelson, though out of the total of 467 battles over 40 per cent. have been naval engagements. The exact figures are as follows:

Land	264
Sea	191
Land and sea simultaneously	12
	467

Still further analysing these figures, we find that of the land battles 213 have been British victories, and of the sea fights 157; *i.e.*, 80 per cent. and 82 per cent. respectively of the total numbers. This would seem to show that we are rather better fighters on water than on dry ground. There is a good deal of comfort to be derived from this interesting result, for we know, from many recent experiences, what splendid fighters our soldiers are.

As one would naturally suppose when one calls to mind our war history, the figures show that far more battles have been fought during the nineteenth century than in any of the previous centuries, whilst, of smaller periods of time, the years from 1809-1815 have been the most prolific in fighting in the 834 years under consideration. But, as a matter of fact, we have been fairly regularly engaged in war, in one part of the world or another, all the way through.

We have fought the Turks, the Portuguese, the Saracens, the United States, the Arabs, the Chinese, the Russians, besides those nations already mentioned, and others too numerous to name; indeed, there are few nations or tribes in any part of the world against

Taking all the victories won over the British, these squares are in proportion to the number of victories of each nationality mentioned

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whom we have not at one time or another pitted our strength.

We have had some strange allies too; of course, the French and Spanish in many engagements have fought side by side with the British red-coat; but it is perhaps not so well-known that we have also been allied, at various periods in our history, with the Dutch, the Russians, the Danes, the Germans, the Austrians, and the Portuguese.

Furthermore, at times, it must be confessed that we have been somewhat fickle in our favours. The Spanish, for instance, were fighting with us in 1548, and against us less than twenty years later; the Dutch were our allies in 1625 and our foes in 1652.

As the reader has no doubt noticed, I have preserved discreet silence concerning our battles with the good people of the United States. My reason for so doing is because these, with the exception of one or two small and isolated combats by land and sea, fall under the category of civil wars, the American War of Independence being as much a civil war as that between Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. The less said of any of our battles with the Yankee the better, for despite the reckless bravery of our men, we never emerged very brilliantly from any of them; they were combats between father and child, Sorab and Rustum, and the younger generally proved the stronger.

What money we have spent in our fighting has without doubt been made up many times over by the rich possessions that have been thereby added to the British Empire.

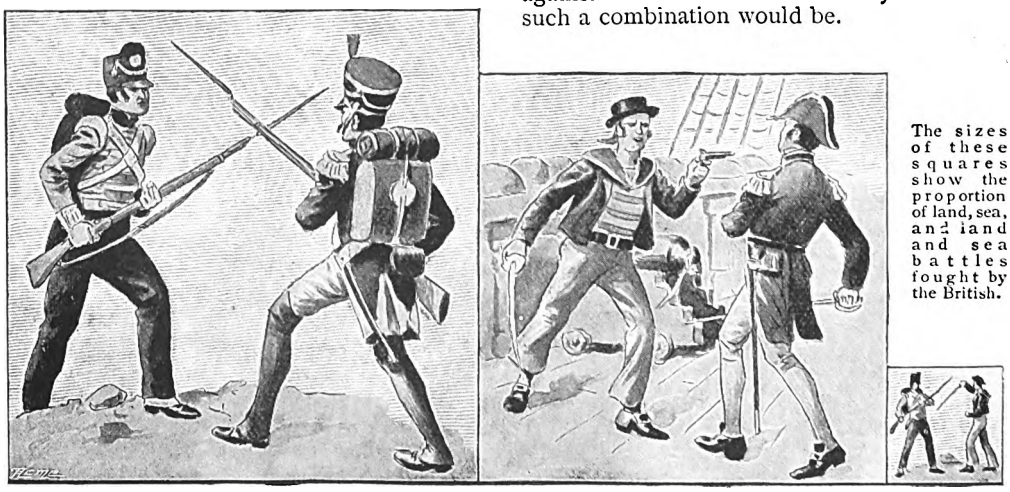
What we have lost in life may be roughly estimated; it is certainly not stretching the figures unduly to state that each engagement has cost us 200 lives on the average; thus (including our Civil Wars, and bringing the total number of important battles to 600), we have a loss of life, calculated by multiplying 600 by 200, *i.e.*, 120,000. To this total must be added at least as many more for minor engagements, sickness, etc., making a grand total of 240,000.

These figures, it must be explained, include only the killed; no allowance is made for those who have been wounded in the battles. The total, therefore, is perhaps not so large as might be expected, but it would hardly be fair to include the wounded, for, it must be remembered, that though in an average engagement there are nearly ten times as many wounded as there are killed, the greater proportion of the wounded eventually recover.

The figures, too, are sufficiently appalling without any special efforts being made to increase them. Nearly a quarter of a million mne sacrificed to the Demon of War!

How are we to reckon the loss to the British Empire of so many men in the prime of life, even though spread over a period of 800 odd years? It is almost incalculable. If these 240,000 men had been all living 400 years ago, and had been married (there have always been plenty of marriageable women in the world) their progeny to-day, would at a very low estimate, have totalled 120,000,000 souls. Three times the whole population of the British Isles!

There is happily little probability that England will ever again face America in battle. On the contrary, it may some day happen that the Briton and the Yankee stand together against a common foe—and truly invincible such a combination would be.



The sizes of these squares show the proportion of land, sea, and land and sea battles fought by the British.

Land. Sea. Land and Sea.

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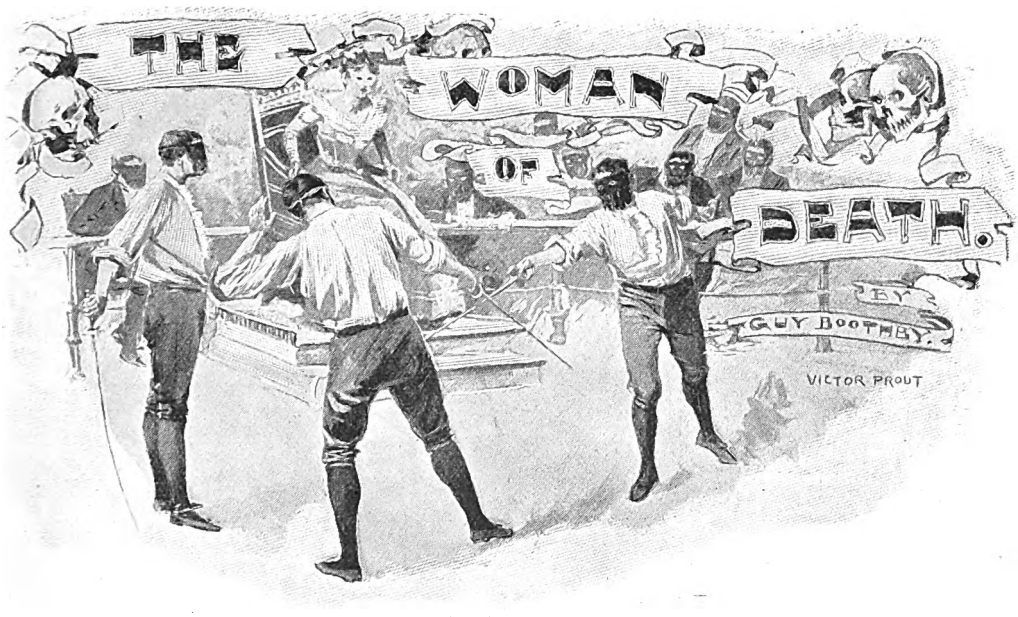

INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH joins a Parisian club, of which the fortnightly amusement is a compulsory duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame d'Espère, a lady of his acquaintance. In England Middlesborough becomes engaged to Cécile de Tarvenac, and discovers shortly afterwards that her father is a member of the above-mentioned club, and has been summoned to Paris by the Woman of Death. Madame d'Espère, hearing of Middlesborough's engagement, offers him her love, and, on being repulsed, declares herself his and his *fiancée's* enemy.

CHAPTER IX.

THE little dinner to which Middlesborough had invited his bride-elect and his future father-in-law at the Café des Ambassadeurs that evening, could scarcely be regarded in the light of a success. Cécile was tired after her journey, de Tavernâc was by no means in an amiable mood, while Middlesborough himself had not as yet recovered from the scene with Madame d'Espère, to which allusion has already been made.

De Tarvenac was excited and morose in turns, ate little and drank less. His host noticed also that he examined his watch repeatedly, as if he were recalling an appointment and was afraid of missing it. What that appointment was Middlesborough could easily guess. Ever since he had heard de Chartres' voice in the study at the Manor House, his suspicions had been steadily growing. He remembered that this was Friday evening, and that it was also the evening of the fortnightly duel at the club.

Shortly after ten o'clock they left the restaurant and returned to the Rue Joséphine.

"I fear that in half-an-hour I shall be compelled to leave you," said de Tarvenac, as they entered the drawing-room. "I have an important appointment at eleven o'clock. In the meantime, Middlesborough, I should be grateful if you could spare me a few moments' private conversation."

On hearing this, Cécile immediately glided from the room, leaving the two men alone together.

"Do you remember what I said to you on the evening that I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance?" the elder man inquired, after a pause that had lasted some few moments.

"I can recall every incident of that evening," Middlesborough replied. "What is the particular one you desire to bring to my recollection?"

"You may recollect that I told you then that something might very shortly occur to separate me from my daughter. That something is now about to happen. To be plain with you, I am not well. My heart has been troubling me a great deal of late. In obedience to the summons I received in England, I am proceeding to-night to a certain place

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where it is just possible that I may receive a shock, which can certainly do me no good, and may bring about the end of all things, so far as I am concerned."

Middlesborough saw that the other was trying to prepare him for the fatality that might occur.

"But must you go?" he inquired. "Is it wise, situated as you are, to run so great a risk?"

"I must," de Tarvenac answered. "I have no option. My honour is involved."

"Then what am I to do?"

"My desire is to remind you of your promise to take care of Cécile," de Tarvenac replied. "That you love her, I know. That you will be a good husband to her, I feel sure. Should I, by any untoward chance, not come back, I want you to break the news of my death to her as gently as you can. She loves me, poor child, she loves me."

His voice shook with emotion. He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. In a few moments, however, he had recovered his composure, and was able to talk freely once more.

"I thank you," she said, "you are very good to me, Evelyn."

"I may rely upon your doing what I ask?" he said.

"You may," Middlesborough answered. "But I wish I could persuade you to tell me something more of what you are about to do. I do not like the idea of your running such a risk. Is it impossible for you to tell me where you are going?"

The other shook his head.

"I can tell you nothing more," he returned. "I fear I have told you too much already. And now let me call Cécile."

He left the room, and a few moments later Cécile entered. When she crossed to her lover, he saw that she had received a shock.

"Evelyn," she said, "I want you to tell me what is the matter with my father? His manner seems so strange to-night. It frightens me. He says he is going out, and does not quite know when he may return. What can he be going to do?"

"He is probably going to some political meeting," Middlesborough replied, who scarcely knew what answer to give her. "Do not worry, dearest. He will be with you, safe and sound, in the morning."

"I pray that he may," she faltered. "Nevertheless, I am anxious about him. Evelyn, would you do something for me?"

"Anything that lies in my power," he answered. "In what way can I serve you?"

"Do you think you could find out where he is going, and follow him, in order to see that he comes to no harm?"

"If you really wish it I will do so," he replied. "But I do not know whether I have the right to spy upon him, and even if I do, I doubt whether I should be able to do much good."

"It would relieve my heart of such a load

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of anxiety, if you would," she said. "You know how dearly I love him?"

"In that case, I will do as you ask."

"I thank you," she said; "you are very good to me, Evelyn."

He took her in his arms, and looked into her eyes. Was his own and her father's folly to recoil upon her innocent head? He prayed that it might not.

Presently de Tarvenac returned, dressed for going out.

"Good night, Cécile," he said, drawing his daughter to him. Then he added once more, but very slowly, "Good night, my own dear child."

"I am afraid I must be going too," Middlesborough remarked. "Good night, Cécile, and remember, that to-morrow morning we are going shopping together, in the Rue de la Paix."

She tried to smile, but the attempt was not very successful. A moment later de Tarvenac and Middlesborough left the room together.

"In which direction are you going?" Middlesborough inquired, when they stood upon the pavement before the house. "I shall take a cab. If you are going my way I might give you a lift."

"My destination is at the opposite end of the town," said the other. "I am afraid I have not much time to spare. If you will permit me I will wish you a good-night."

They stood facing each other for a moment, and then shook hands and parted. The younger man watched the other walk away down the pavement, then he called a cab and bade the man drive him home as quickly as possible. Happen what might, he knew that he must reach St. Germain in time to witness the duel that was to take place that night. But then, as he asked himself, what good could he do? If de Tarvenac were killed he would be powerless to interfere. He had promised Cécile that he would follow her father; and in that case how was he to explain what had really occurred?

On reaching his own residence he procured his mask and the disc, which was his proof of membership, and then returned to the cab. It was only with the assistance of a bribe, that he persuaded the cabman to drive him such a distance beyond the fortifications, but at last he succeeded and they started on their journey. When they reached St. Germain he stopped at the cross roads, a hundred yards or so from the lodge gates and alighted. He waited until the man had turned his horse and was driving Pariswards, before he moved. Then he walked on to the gates, rang the electric bell, and was presently confronted by the gatekeeper. In response to the other's inquiry as to what he wanted at such an hour, he produced the small disc which he had brought with him, whereupon the man bowed and respectfully invited him to continue his walk to the house.

He was about to ring the bell, when the door was opened by one of the impassive servants he remembered so well. He crossed the vestibule and passed into the hall beyond. According to custom, he dressed as quickly as possible and made his way upstairs to the room in which the combats were conducted. Everything was just as he had seen it on his previous visits. The bell sounded for the seconds to enter the room; they were followed by the servants carrying the swords.

As on previous occasions the same parade was made of examining the weapons. The bright steel blades bent and quivered under the strain placed upon them, until a sufficient number had been declared to be perfect. Then the bell once more sounded; the doors on either side of the room opened, and the combatants entered the arena. The man who made his appearance from the right was of middle height, broad in shoulder, and as unlike de Tarvenac as it was possible for a human being to be. With a feeling of hope in his heart that he might have been wrong in his suspicions, Middlesborough glanced at the man's antagonist. Knowing de Tarvenac so well as he did, even the mask and the change of costume were not sufficient to conceal his identity. There was no mistaking the shape of the head and the contour of that long slender body.

Motionless as statues, the two stood waiting for the appearance of the woman who was to give the fatal signal. That evening, however, she was somewhat later than usual. At last she entered and passed slowly down between the lines of masked spectators to her chair. With a grace there was no mistaking, she bowed to the assembled company, and as soon as she had seated herself, and the combatants had in their turn saluted her, she gave the signal for the duel to commence. By the time their swords had crossed, Middlesborough had experienced many sensations. A sickening fear had taken possession of him and, for the first time in his life, he was testing that anxiety for another, which is perhaps the keenest torture a man can endure. De Tarvenac was an ideal swordsman, and luck, on this occasion at least, proved kind to him. His opponent, while being a good fencer, was

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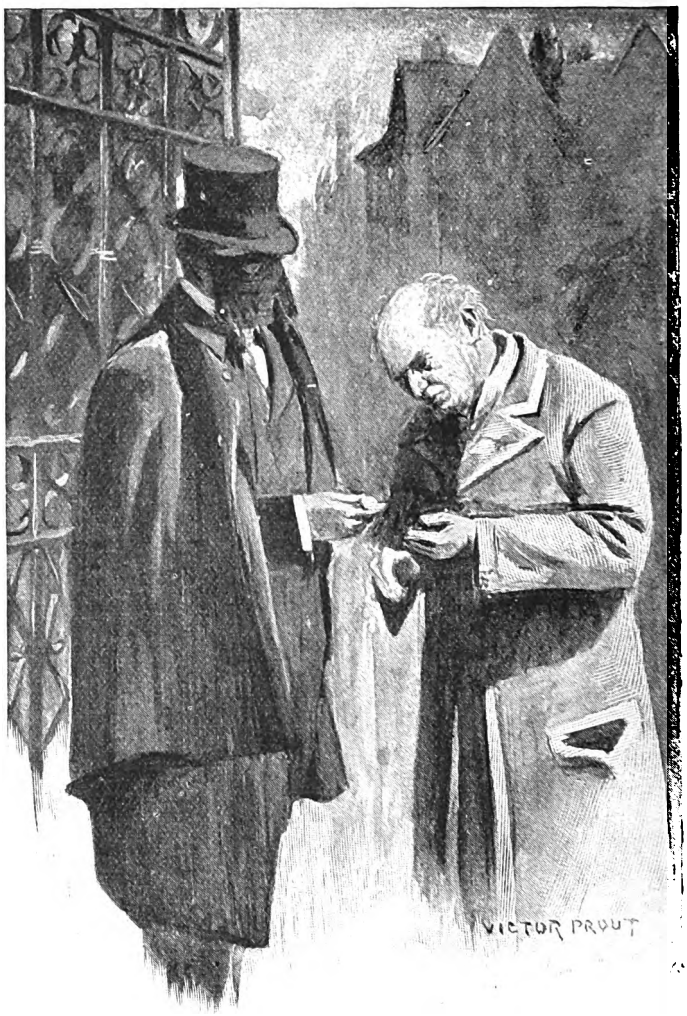
by no means his equal. At last the seconds interposed, and called upon the combatants to rest, after which the duel was renewed with increased vigour. As before, Middlesborough hung breathlessly on every turn and twist of the swords. Then the idea dawned upon him that de Tarvenac was only playing with his man. More than once he was presented with an excellent opportunity of terminating the struggle, yet on each occasion he declined to avail himself of his advantage. It was like a cat playing with a mouse. There was a refined cruelty about it that was unmistakable. Middlesborough's gorge rose at the man, and he noticed that several of the members in his vicinity moved uneasily in their seats. The strain was becoming more than human nerves could endure. Why did he not put the poor wretch out of his misery? Why did he keep him at the sword's point, holding Death before him, yet never permitting himself to strike? After a time, however, he came to the conclusion that the farce had lasted long enough. Then, in a flash, his sword slipped within the other's guard; his wrist turned, and a second later there was the sound of a heavy fall, and the duel was at an end. Middlesborough could bear no more. He did not wait to see the victor make his bow, nor to see the wounded man carried out, but rose to his feet and staggered into the ante-room where he swallowed an amount of brandy that would have intoxicated him at any other time. Then, when he had changed his things, he left the house, filled with an intense loathing of himself, and also for the man who was Cécile's father.



He produced the small disc which he had brought with him.

It was two o'clock when he reached his own residence. A heavy shower had fallen and his clothes were wet and splashed with mud. But he paid no attention to them. He was thinking of de Tarvenac's return, and was wondering whether he would feel any remorse when he found himself under the same roof with his daughter, and thought of the man he had killed that night. In his sleep he went through the whole of that dreadful scene again and again, and woke in the morning feverish and unrefreshed. Never, happen what might, would he enter those unhallowed doors again.

It had been arranged that he should spend the following morning with Cécile. He had promised her one of the prettiest necklaces to be found in Paris, and they were to visit a shop in the Rue de la Paix together in order to choose it. Yet, try to overcome it as he would, he felt a repugnance in going near de Tarvenac's residence. In vain he tried

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to make himself see the injustice of such a proceeding. Whatever his feelings might be towards the father, it was most unfair to inflict punishment upon the daughter. Accordingly, after breakfast he drove to the Rue Joséphine and climbed the stairs to the flat occupied by the Count de Tarvenac and his daughter. For the reason that he was shown into Cécile's boudoir, he began to hope that he would not see de Tarvenac. But he was destined to be disappointed. When he entered the room it was to find the Count seated at the writing-table by the window, busily engaged upon his correspondence. On hearing Middlesborough's name he rose from his seat, a very different man to what he was when the other had wished him good-bye on the previous night. Then he had been like a man under the sentence of death, now he reminded his visitor of one who had won for himself a new lease of life.

"*Bon jour*, my lord," he said heartily. "Is it not a lovely morning? Cécile has gone to her room to prepare for the excursion."

Middlesborough looked at the man, and thought of him as he had last seen him, standing in the arena looking down upon his prostrate antagonist. He felt that he must refer in some way to the other's fears of the previous night, yet he scarcely knew how to approach the matter.

"Since I see you in such good spirits this morning," he remarked, at last, "I can only suppose that the business, of which you spoke last night, passed off better than you anticipated?"

"Very much," de Tarvenac replied. "I frightened myself unnecessarily. One of the most defective arrangements of our system is the fact that one cannot see further ahead into the future."

Middlesborough was about to offer some reply to this ambiguous speech, when Cécile entered the room.

"I trust you will spend a happy morning together," said de Tarvenac, with a suspicion of a sneer as he bade them farewell. "Paris has more amusements to offer than Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, has it not, my Lord?"

"I think we are all happier than we were last night," Middlesborough returned.

De Tarvenac threw a glance at him—the other's face, however, told him nothing. By the time he had convinced himself of this, Cécile had drawn on her gloves, and this important operation having been satisfactorily accomplished, they set off on their excursion.

It was the first time that Middlesborough had had Cécile to himself in Paris, and he was going to make the most of the opportunity presented to him. It was a lovely morning, and for this reason they decided to walk in preference to driving. They accordingly made their way on foot to the Rue de la Paix, where, as many a lover and husband has found to his cost, are to be found some of the most tempting shops in all the world.

Here the necklace, which Middlesborough had seen and promised to Cécile, was tried, and finally purchased. It consisted of a double rope of large pearls, and her lover found that he could easily imagine how they would become that fair young throat. From one shop they passed on to another, pur-

Middlesborough gazed at the man, and thought of him as he had last seen him, standing in the arena and looking down at his prostrate antagonist.

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"Ah, Lord Middlesborough," said Madame d'Espère, "I had a presentiment I should meet you this morning."

chasing some souvenir at each, until Cécile stood aghast at the amount her lover had spent upon her.

"How quiet you have suddenly become, dear!" said Cécile, after they had been walking for some little time in silence. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing at all," he answered, with a forced smile. "Forgive me if I have seemed dull. I am rude enough to confess that at the moment I was thinking of something else."

The truth was, an indescribable feeling of depression had suddenly taken possession of him. Try how he would to shake it off, he could not rid himself of the notion that something unpleasant was about to happen to them. As it turned out he was not far wrong, for as they approached the Rue des Pyramides, Middlesborough descried a well-known figure walking along the pavement towards them. *It was no less a person than Madame d'Espère!* Had there been time to do so, he would have turned back in order to avoid her, but a glance showed him that it was too late. She had seen them.

"I wonder what she will do?" said Middlesborough to himself. "Heaven send she does not make a scene in the street."

As they approached each other Madame D'Espère uttered a little exclamation of astonishment, and then came forward with outstretched hand.

"Ah, Lord Middlesborough," she said, as if the meeting were one that gave her unmistakable pleasure. "I had a presentiment when I set out this morning that I should meet you. May I ask you to present me to Mademoiselle de Tarvenac? As one of your friends, I am anxious to have the opportunity of offering her my heartiest congratulations."

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Middlesborough hesitated for a moment. He would have preferred to have kept Cécile away from her, but under the circumstances it was impossible.

"Cécile," he said, turning to his sweetheart, seeing there was nothing for it but for him to consent, "permit me the honour of presenting you to Madame d'Espère?"

Cécile bowed gravely and, as she did so, Middlesborough noticed that her face was very white, and that there was a frightened look in her eyes.

"I am an old friend of Lord Middlesborough's," said Madame, as she watched the girl's face and noticed the expression upon it. "He told me when he called upon me yesterday of the honour you had done him. Now that I have seen you, perhaps you will let me add that I think he is indeed to be congratulated?"

The compliment uttered so sweetly was but little better than an insult.

Cécile murmured something in reply to it. Then her lips quivered, and for a moment she looked as if she were about to faint.

"You are not feeling very well, I fear," said Madame d'Espère, who was still watching the girl's face. "If I were in your place, Lord Middlesborough, I think I should take Mademoiselle home at once. It is very warm for walking, and perhaps she is tired. Do not let me detain you."

Then, with a low bow, she continued her walk, leaving Middlesborough too greatly concerned about his sweetheart's condition even to notice her departure. He proposed to call a cab at once in order to convey her back to the Rue Joséphine, but she shook her head.

"I am much better now," she said with a little sigh. "I wonder what it could have been that upset me? I felt quite well until I spoke to your friend. Then I seemed to grow cold all over. I have never met any one like her before."

"She is a strange woman," Middlesborough replied. "And she affects people very strangely."

"Have you known her very long?" Cécile inquired, with what was almost a touch of fear and jealousy combined. "She spoke of herself as your old friend."

"I have known her scarcely six months," he answered. "I was introduced to her by the poor Duke de Rheims at Monte Carlo last winter."

"I am afraid of her," said Cécile. "You will think me foolish, I know, when I say so, but all the time she was looking at me, it seemed as if I could see blood dripping from her hands. Of course it was the wildest fancy, and yet so vivid was the delusion, that it made me feel quite faint and ill. What could it have been I wonder?"

"I cannot think," Middlesborough replied. "However, she is gone now, and you must forget all about her. In all human probability you will never see her again."

"I sincerely hope I shall not," Cécile answered. "She has frightened me more than I can say."

After that they continued their walk, and, to distract their thoughts, talked of other things as they did so. At intervals, however, Middlesborough noticed that his sweetheart gave little shudders, as if she had not yet been able to rid herself of the remembrance of her introduction to Madame d'Espère.

On their return to the Rue Joséphine, they found de Tarvenac preparing to go out.

He was still in excellent spirits.

"Cécile seems as happy as if you had presented her with the contents of all the jeweller's shops in the Rue de la Paix," he said as he patted his daughter's cheek. "There is nothing that can gladden a woman's heart so quickly as a judicious expenditure in jewellery."

"I am afraid Evelyn wasted a great deal of money upon me," said Cécile. "I told him that I was not accustomed to such extravagance. It had no effect on him, however."

"If you are wise you will make hay while the sun shines," Middlesborough replied with a laugh. "I have heard it said that a man is extravagant with his sweetheart, but stingy with his wife."

"I don't think you will ever be stingy," she answered, with a smile at her lover.

Then, before he could warn her, Cécile had entered upon a description of their meeting with Madame d'Espère.

"Madame d'Espère?" cried de Tarvenac with a face that in an instant had grown as ashen as her own had been in the Rue des Pyramides. "Do you mean to say, Middlesborough, that you introduced my daughter to that woman?"

"I am sorry to say that I could not help myself," Middlesborough replied. "We met Madame d'Espère, and she solicited the honour of an introduction to Cécile. But what do you know of her?"

An awkward silence fell upon the trio; it was broken by de Tarvenac, who, turning to his daughter, said:

"Cécile, for your own sake as well as for mine, I implore you never to let that woman

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"She is one of the devil's agents," he cried, "and if you give her an opportunity she will drag your pure soul down to the hell in which she rules."

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come near you again. She is one of the devil's agents, and if you give her an opportunity, she will drag your pure soul down to the hell in which she rules. Do not let her approach you. Spurn her, drive her away as you would the foul fiend, her master. Remember this, if she obtains any influence over you, you will never know happiness again."

Cecile stared at her father aghast. Never in her life before had she heard him talk like this.

"Come, come, my dear Count," said Middlesborough, who saw how the girl was being frightened, "it is not quite so bad as that. Madame d'Espère may be a very singular woman, but it cannot be said that she is as wicked as your words imply."

"In that case it is easily seen that you do not know her as well as I do," answered the Count. "I am glad to hear it, for if you did, marriage between yourself and Cécile would be impossible."

His daughter uttered a little cry.

"Forgive me," said de Tarvenac, putting his arm round her and looking at Middlesborough as he did so. "Perhaps I spoke with too much warmth. My dislike to Madame d'Espère carried me beyond the bounds of prudence. Nevertheless, she is a person with whom, if I were you, I should have as little to do as possible."

Then, making the excuse that he had an important appointment, for which, if he did not hurry, he would be late, he left the room.

"How foolish it was of me to have said anything to him about our meeting with that woman," Cécile began, when they were alone together. "I am always so thoughtless."

"You were not to blame," replied her lover. "How were you to know that your father was acquainted with her, dear? But, there, let us forget all about it. She has caused us enough unhappiness, and, as I said in the Rue des Pyramides, in all probability we shall neither of us see her again."

Feeling that she must be tired, and that it would be better that she should be alone for a little, he kissed her and bade her good-bye. When he reached his own house, his major-domo inquired whether he had seen the Vicomte de Chamberêt, who had called about ten minutes before? Not being successful in seeing Middlesborough, the latter had asked permission to write a note. When it was handed to him Middlesborough tore it open and scanned the contents. It contained an invitation for that night, but wound up with a sentence that made the other's heart stand still for a moment.

"Is it not sad about poor de Gonville? By this time you have doubtless heard that his body was found this morning floating in the Seine, near the Pont de Neuilly. Like de Rheims he must have been killed in a duel, for there is the mark of a sword thrust through the chest. I am told that his family are distracted with grief."

Middlesborough walked slowly to his study. When he endeavoured to remember the figure of the man who had fought de Tarvenac, the previous evening, he could recall the fact that he very much resembled de Gonville. If that were so, the latter must be accounted another of the Woman of Death's victims. Through her agency two of his best friends had met their deaths, and one of them, without doubt, at the hands of Cécile's father. Overwhelmed by the news, he ordered his carriage, and drove to one of his clubs to make further inquiries. From what he learnt there, it appeared that de Gonville had last been seen a little before eleven o'clock on the preceding evening, when he had seemed in excellent health, but in somewhat low spirits. Nothing was known of his movements after that, until a brief intimation from the police authorities reached his family to say that his body had been found by some boatmen, floating in the Seine, a little below the Pont de Neuilly. It was still in evening dress, and it was plain that he had not been killed for the purpose of robbery, for the reason that his watch and chain, and money, still remained in his pockets. On examining the body later, a wound of the description made by a duelling rapier, was found on the left side.

"And this led to a curious discovery," said Middlesborough's informant.

"From the nature of the wound it was plain that he had been killed in a duel; it was also certain that, at the time he fought it, he must have been dressed in other clothes."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Middlesborough, in a voice that, try as he would, he could not keep steady.

"*Because there was no rent or cut in the clothes he was wearing when they took his body out of the Seine*," answered the other, with the air of a man who offers an irrefutable argument.

"Then it was as I supposed," said Middlesborough to himself very slowly, as he went down the steps of the Club a few minutes later. "Poor de Gonville. Who will be next?"

(To be continued.)

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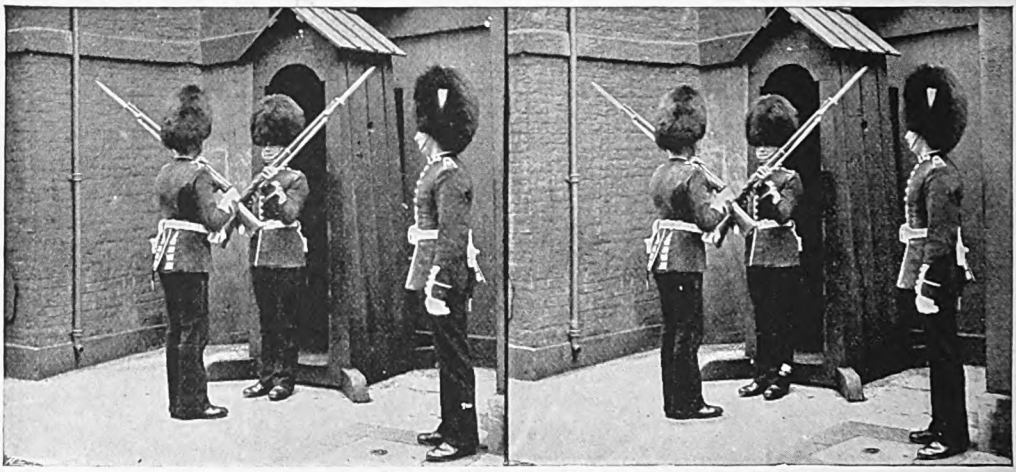
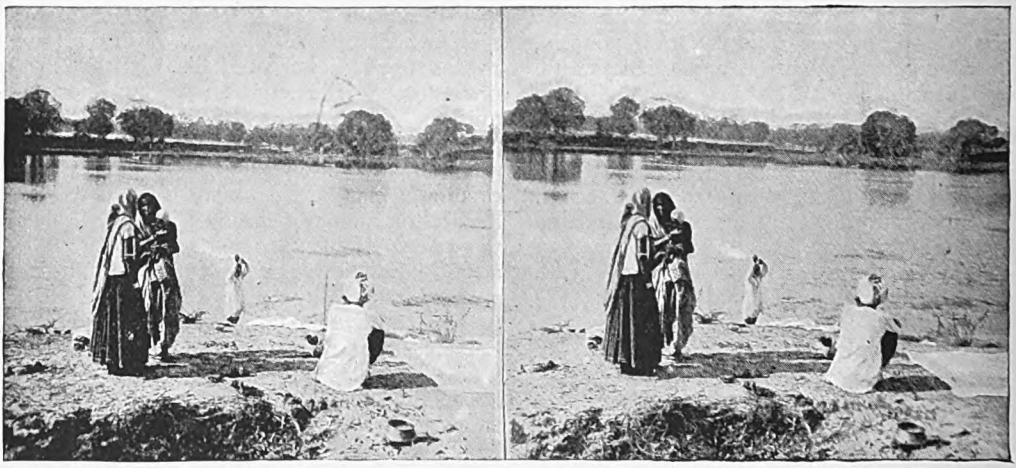
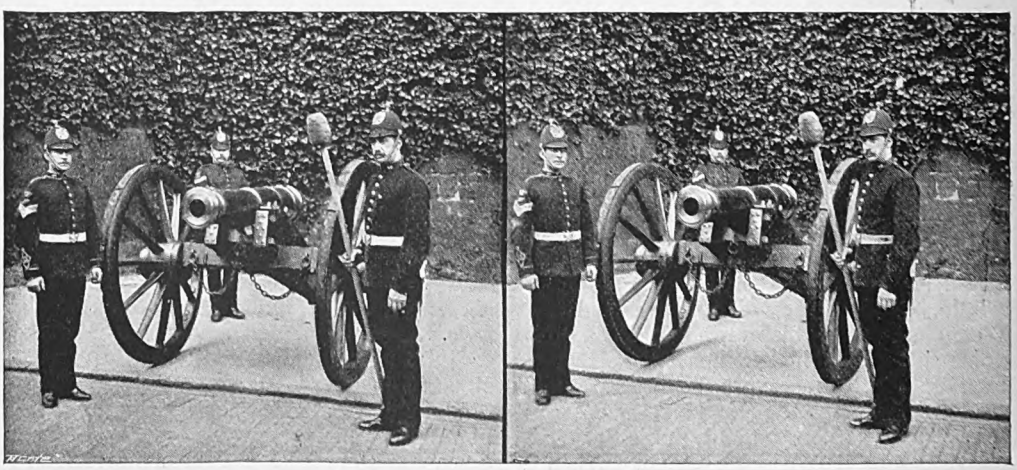
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



Grenadier Guards Relieving Sentry.



Indian Washermen.



Royal Artillery with One of their Obsolete Guns.

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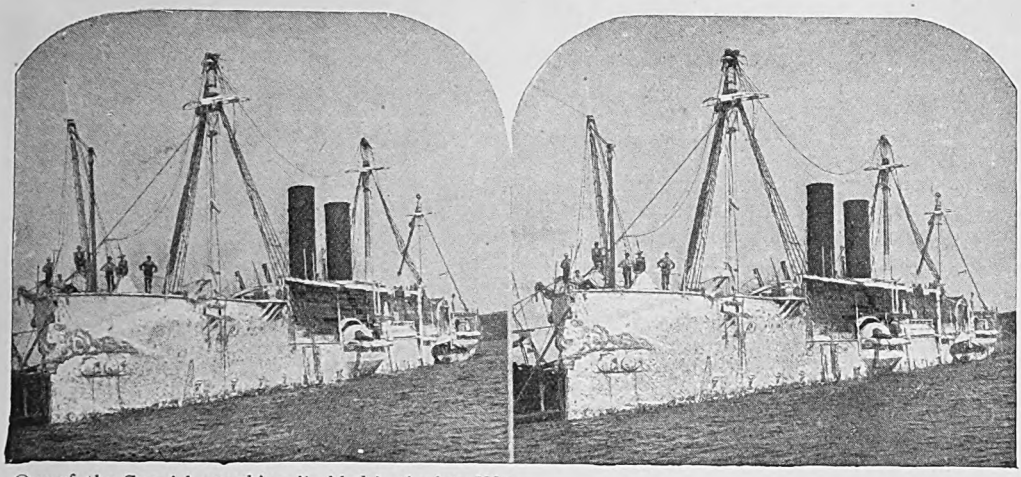
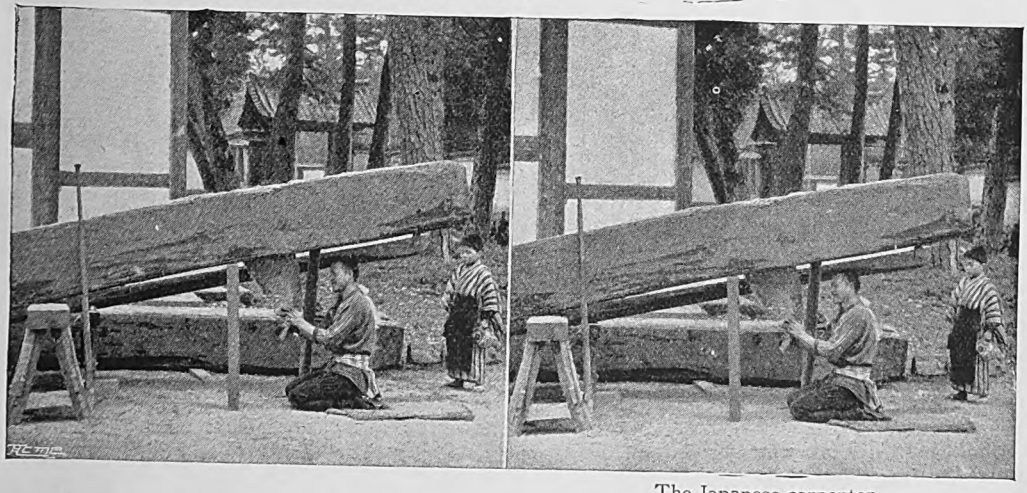


One of the Spanish warships disabled in the late War.



The Japanese carpenter.

A beautiful billiard-room.

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GAZING AHEAD.

Photo by F. Ollo.

Looking for the Birds.

HAVE you ever realised that we are always gazing ahead—always endeavouring to peer into the future? What will a day, a week, a month, a year bring forth? we ask. Before the war broke out everyone was asking when it would come, and now we are all endeavouring to foretell when it will end. Great as this question is to the Briton, to the Boer, to the native African, there is to a certain class in our land a far greater question—a question which equally with the war resolves itself into a matter of life and death, but without the excitement or the glory of war to cast a halo around it.

The country maiden in our picture is gazing towards the south for the advent of the birds which shall proclaim the coming of Spring. But in London, and Liverpool, and Birmingham, and a score of other large cities and towns of Britain, there are hundreds of thousands of little children longing and praying for the warm, bright weather. They are not looking for the birds, for they never see these harbingers of Spring, but they believe that with the lengthening of the days, the time is fast approaching when they will once more gaze upon the green fields with their buttercups and daisies. They may well be found gazing ahead.

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Do not let other calls, however just, prevent you from doing your share towards helping the Fresh Air Fund. All letters, applications for collecting cards, etc., should be addressed to the FRESH AIR FUND, ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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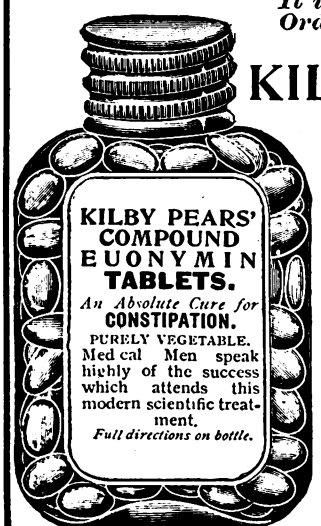

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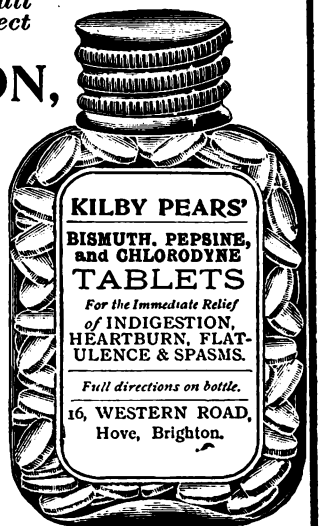
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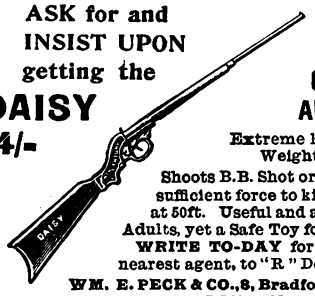

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	5	

Every person who solves it will be entitled to participate in our Grand Money Distribution Scheme, in which we are offering £250 in Cash Prizes, and we Guarantee that NO PRIZE will be LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS. Even if you do not care to compete for a money prize you will find the puzzle interesting enough to form a valuable addition to your home circle. It is not necessary to use our printed diagram. The diagram can be roughly made out, and the figures filled in on a sheet of note paper.

The diagram shows nine squares, with the figure 5 occupying the centre square. The puzzle is to place a different figure in each of the remaining eight squares so that on the columns being added the result will be 15 each way. That is to say, each column will add 15 up and down, across each row, and diagonally from corner to corner. You can use the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and can place them exactly as you choose in order to obtain this result, but the figure 5 must not be removed from the centre of the square.

At first sight you may think the puzzle is much simpler than it really is. As a matter of fact, you will find it necessary to think hard and experiment a good deal before you get it correct. But it is very interesting, and is surely well worth trying.

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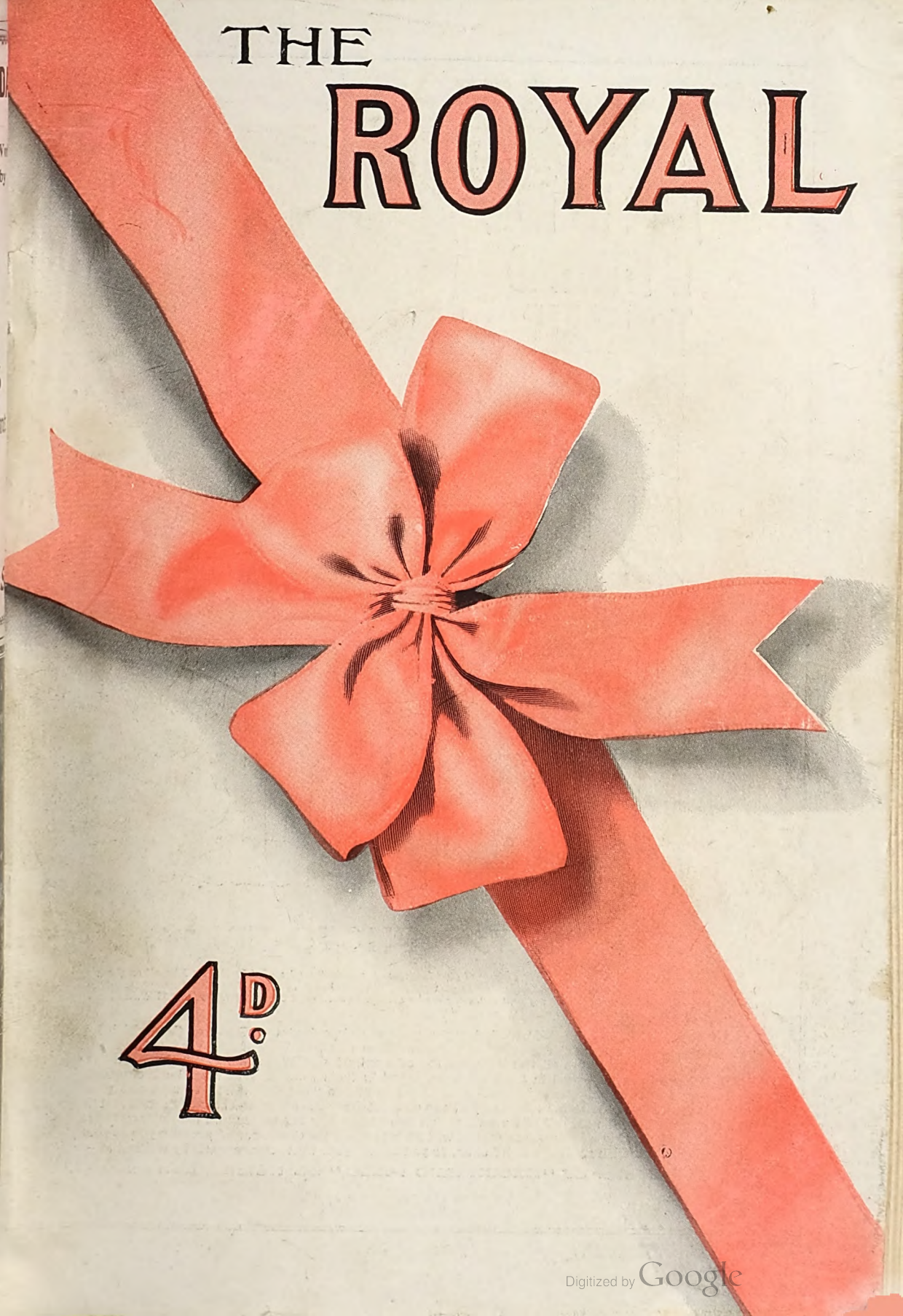

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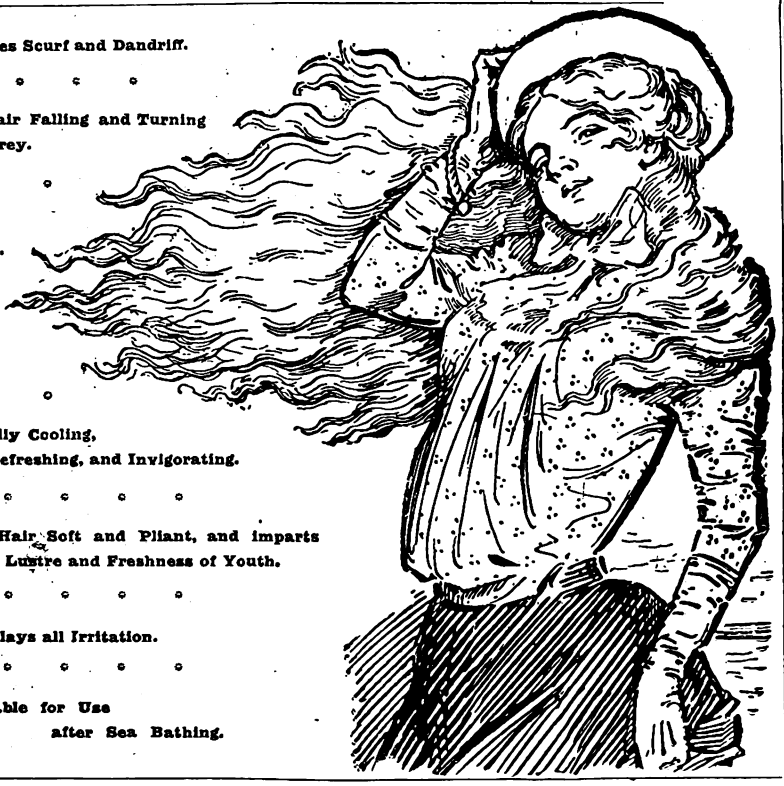

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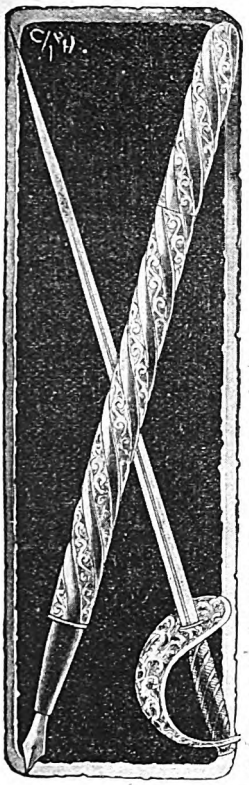

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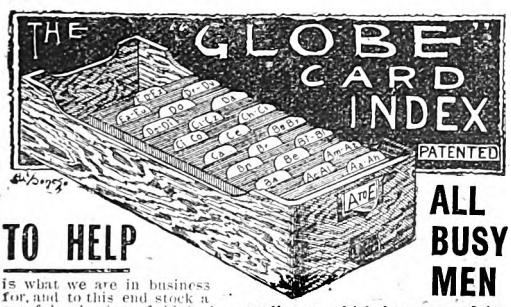

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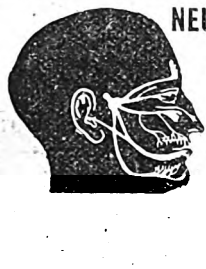

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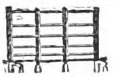

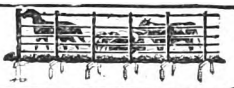

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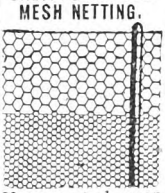

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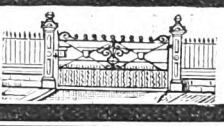

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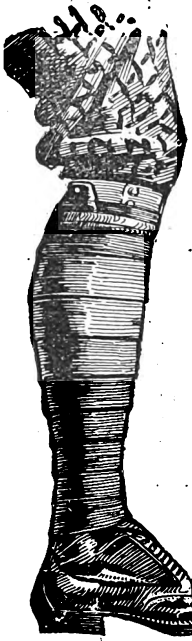

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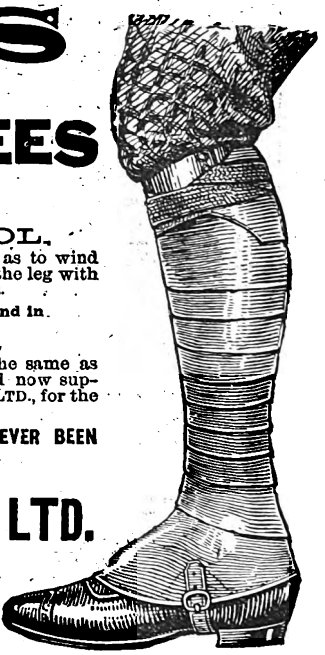

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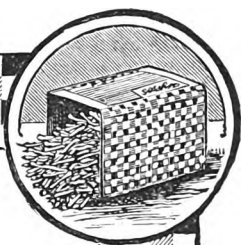

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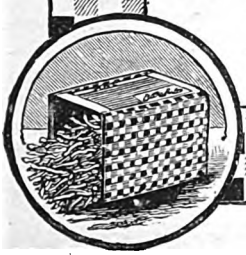

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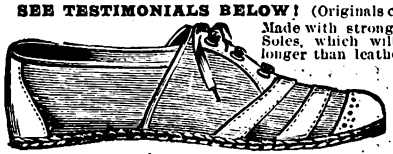

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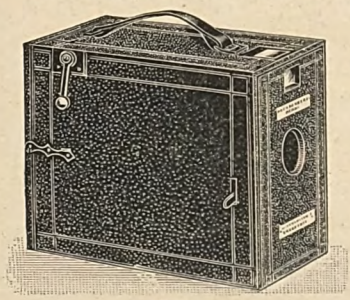

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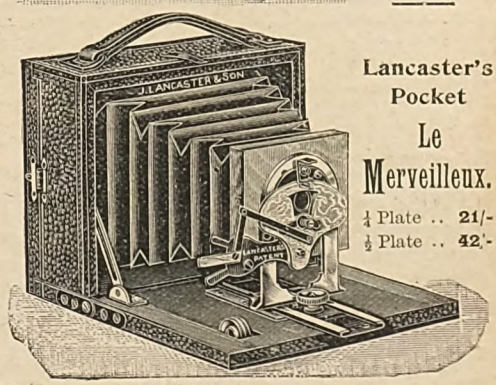

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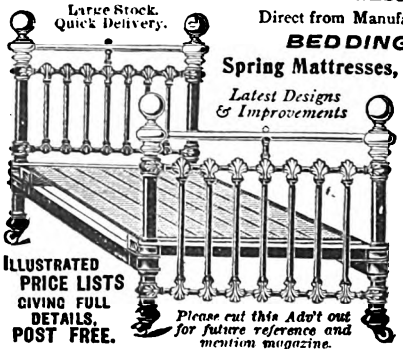

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1900.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by the Editor		
LORD KITCHENER WOUNDED NEAR SUAKIM From a Drawing by J. J. Cameron.		*Frontispiece*
THE ART OF THE CAMERA Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	187
A BUNCH OF EDELWEIS. A Complete Story Illustrated by Malcolm Patterson.	GEORGE GAMBLE	193
THE RISE OF KITCHENER Illustrated with Drawings and Photographs.	REGINALD MAINGAY	199
A NILE EVENING. A Complete Story Illustrated by Edgar Lander.	DAVID BEDDOE	210
WOMEN WHO DO MEN'S WORK Illustrated with Photographs.	FLORENCE BURNLEY AND KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER	214
THE CAPTIVE MAID. A Complete Story Illustrated by D. Murray Smith.	BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL	219
DAILY LIFE ON A BATTLESHIP Illustrated with Photographs.	ARCHIBALD S. HURD	227
AN ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT. A Complete Story Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.	BENNET COPPLESTONE	233
THE QUEEN AND HER FAMILY AS ARTISTS Illustrated from Drawings by the Queen and the Empress Frederick.	MARGARET COLLINSON	240
"JUBERILL JIM." A Complete Story Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.	F. TALBOT TOWNSEND	243
TOMMY ATKINS AT PLAY Illustrated with Photographs.	HECTOR GRAINGER	247
THE GUARD BOAT OF YANTLETT CREEK. A Complete Story Illustrated by Henry Austin.	GEORGE A. BEST	251
FOOTBALL AS A FINE ART Illustrated with Photographs.	H. L. ADAM	257
BLOWING UP A BRIDGE Illustrated with Photographs.	E. W. KITCHIN	260
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story Illustrated by Victor Prout.	GUY BOOTHBY	262
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		271

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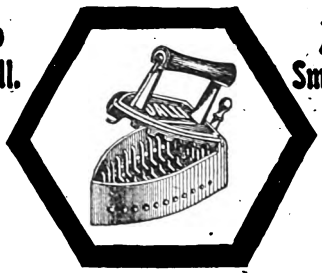

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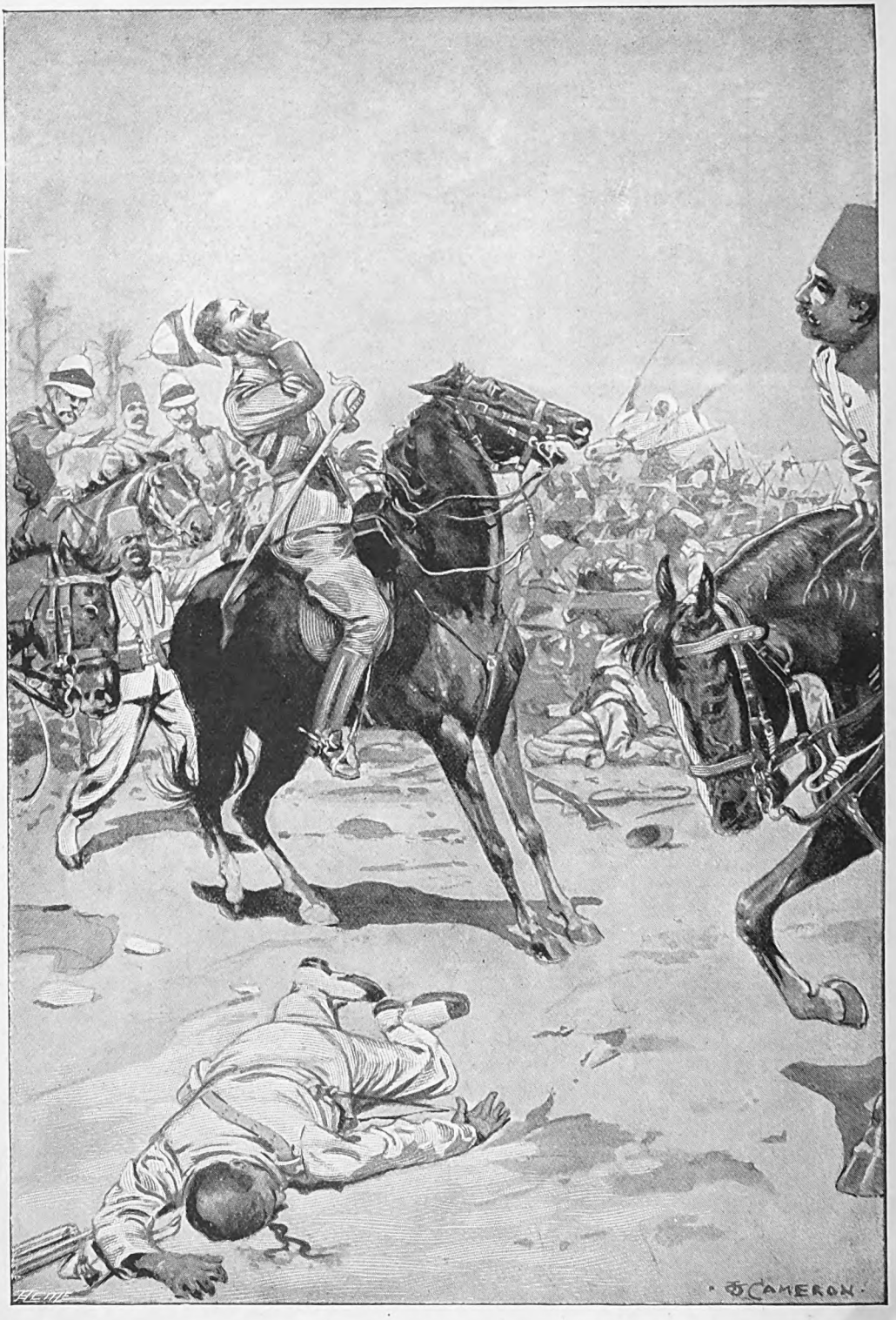

LORD KITCHENER WOUNDED IN THE FACE NEAR SUAKIM. (See page 208.)

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

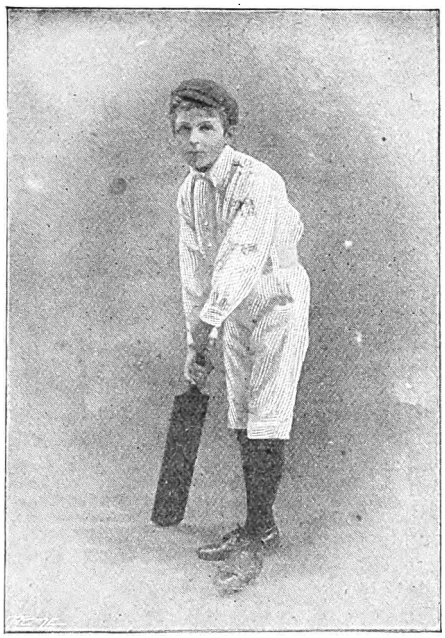

Photo by Madame Lallie, Regent's Park.

Trimming. The art of trimming photographs is, if the truth be known, one of the most difficult attainments in photography. Many and many an excellent photograph is ruined by being left too large. The sky is out of proportion to the trees and scenery, or the whole balance of the picture is destroyed by a tree being left in.

The judicious use of the knife makes a marvellous difference. It turns an ordinary commonplace landscape into a beautifully balanced little picture. I am quite certain that a vast number of my readers have never thoroughly appreciated the possibilities of proper trimming. Just go over some of your prints, and apply the knife. You must use care, for nothing is more insidious than paring the edges of photos. But if you have any real sense of the artistic you will improve your pictures a hundredfold.

Vignetting.

Another, but entirely distinct method of getting rid of the superfluous in photographs is by vignetting. To vignette evenly is not always easy. The secret of success in this instance lies in keeping the printing frame in constant motion.

One of the best methods I have come across has the further advantage of being one of the simplest imaginable.

Take a fishing-rod, or lath, or even a walking-stick, and fix it so that it projects out of one of the upstairs windows of your house. At the end of the rod tie a short length of string—a few inches are enough. To the string make fast a long double or treble thread of worsted. Don't tie the worsted direct to the stick, lest it cut through.

At the other end of the worsted you must fix a board or piece of stiff cardboard capable of carrying the printing frame. This is easy enough. Tie four pieces

Photo by Lafayette.

Two Little Pets.

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of string, one to each corner of the board, and, drawing them together, tie them to the worsted three or four feet from the ground. You will thus have a sort of tray, the string at each corner being seven or eight inches in length. On the tray you place your printing frame with the vignetter. Now turn the arrangement round and round so that the worsted becomes well twisted.

The effect of course is, that when you let go, the worsted unwinds and thus spins the frame. Having unwound itself it continues twisting until it has wound itself in the opposite direction, when presently it stops and unwinds itself again. One good twist at the outset, will keep the frame in motion for an hour or more. It is needless to add, that the longer the length of worsted, the longer will the frame wind and unwind of its own accord.

This apparatus will be found exceedingly useful if used in a diffused light, for printing pictures from a cracked negative.

Photo by Frederick Downer.

The Spirit of the Night.

Double Exposures.

Some very amusing results are to be obtained by the double exposures of a film or plate. We all know the comical effect of an accidental double exposure. Few people, however, have deliberately set to work to manufacture a picture by photographing two entirely different objects or views on the same plate.

It is not art nor is it even serious photography. But it is very amusing. There is more than a double element of chance. It is not merely a question of the success of the two different pictures. It is a question of what the combined result of the two will be.

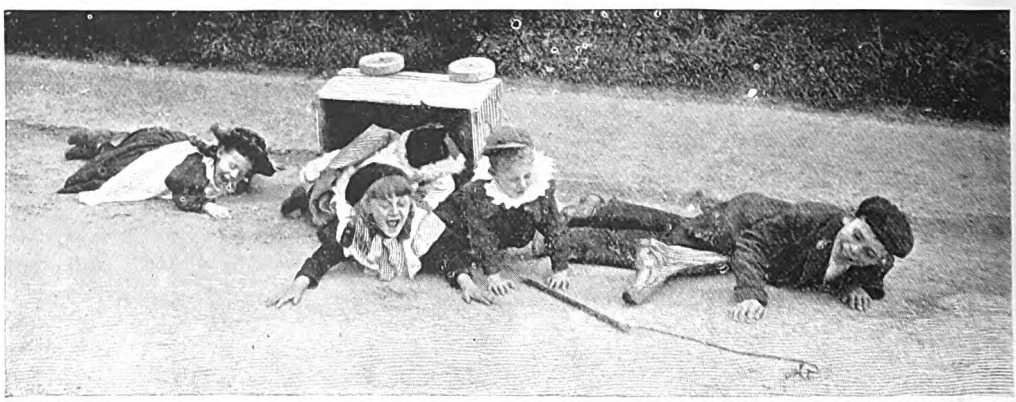

Photo by F. A. Fawkes.

A Spill.

Readers will notice with amusement the expression on the faces of the children in their attempts at a good pose.

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With some skill and care really curious and startling effects are obtainable. A lovely river frontage can be put to a town house. or an omnibus planted in the middle of the front lawn. With respect to heads you get sometimes the most curious results, but they are very difficult; indeed, a success is almost a fluke.

Spirit Photographs and Ghosts.

I AM not prepared to express too decided an opinion on spiritualism; but I do suggest that many a spiritualistic photograph is really and truly infinitely more prosaic and commonplace than the victim imagines.

The mysterious shadowy figure looming in the corner of the interior view you have taken is not nearly as mysterious as it seems. The fact is, many so-called spirit pictures are the results of very skilfully doctored plates prepared before their sale to the amateur photographer.

They have already been exposed. A picture of someone dressed up in ghostly attire, or perhaps a mere face is photographed with an intensely black background. Having been developed and fixed it is again sensitised and is ready for sale. The result is, of course, that when a fresh picture is taken there appears as part of the new picture the first shadowy figure, the transparent background of which allows the new background to show up quite plainly.

Plates of this description are kept in stock by many dealers in photographic materials, and can be obtained if specially asked for.

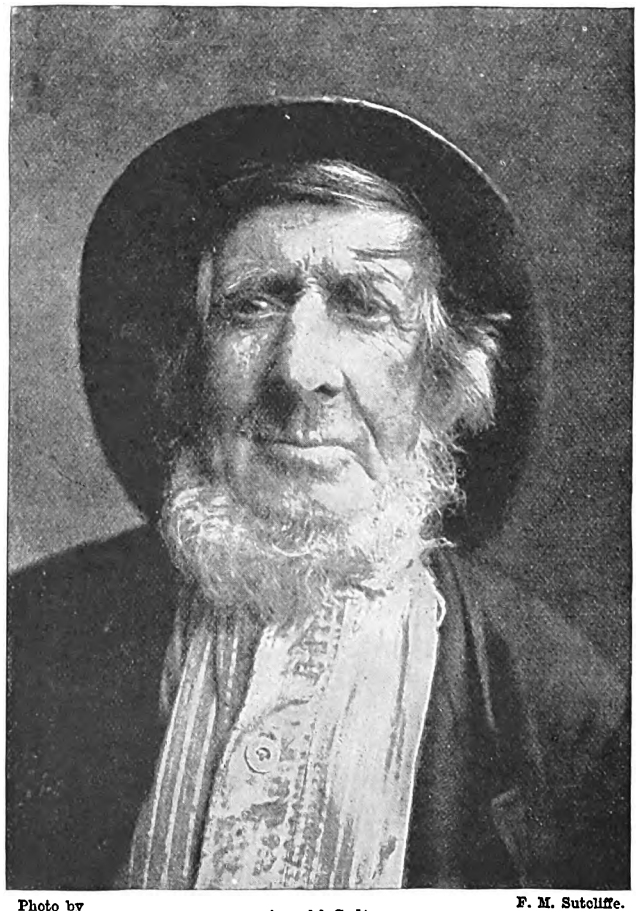

Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe.

An old Salt.

Photography for the Million.

THE advent of the hand camera completely revolutionised photography, at any rate, with respect to its popularity. Formerly, a few amateurs used to indulge in a pastime requiring very considerable skill. But the apparatus was costly, and, moreover, of considerable weight, and bulky.

Then came the period of "press the button and we will do the rest." That meant that anyone using a little care, and gifted with a modicum of intelligence, could get most satisfactory pictures. Moreover, the apparatus was of a most convenient size, and light.

Still, although the snapshot camera had brought the possibility of taking pictures within the power of most ordinary individuals, the question of price was a serious limitation. America led the van in solving this problem, until excellent hand cameras could be got for three guineas, two guineas, thirty shillings, and, finally, for one guinea.

The Pocket Kodak.

THE pocket Kodak has, I should suppose, sold by hundreds of thousands. It is small, and it certainly gives a very sharp little picture. But, to my mind, cheap as the pocket Kodak is, it is not altogether satisfactory. The

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

THE WATER CARRIER.

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pictures are too microscopic. Even a magnifying glass fails to make pocket Kodak results of much interest to anyone but the individual who took them.

Mind you, I have seen some wonderful enlargements. One amateur of my acquaintance, during a visit to Egypt and a journey up the Nile, must have taken fully a thousand pictures. He printed them off, and mounted them in batches of thirty and forty, and framed them. They make an interesting collection. Some of them, however, he enlarged, and each one is quite worthy of a frame to itself.

A Five-Shilling Camera. A Pocket Kodak costs one guinea, and is only partially satisfactory. What, then, is to be said of a camera that gives a photo of more than twice the area, and costs only five shillings?

By the time this article appears in print the Brownie Camera will be on the market, and I can only believe that its advent will mark the demise of the pocket Kodak. I have handled the little affair, and a more marvellous five-shillings' worth has, to my knowledge, never been devised. The lens is a good one, and every fitting works like a piece of clockwork. The pictures, too, are 2½in. square. This is an excellent size, and capable of being enlarged into really first-class pictures.

Of course, it is a box camera with fixed focus fitted with an instantaneous shutter. Time exposures can, however, be made, and some of the time-exposed results that I have seen are most excellent. The same can be said of the snapshots I have taken. With proper surrounding circumstances the five-shilling Brownie will give you as good a result, if somewhat smaller, as a five guinea camera.

View-Finders. In one respect only do I think a slight improvement possible. There is no view-finder. For the money, I suppose, one could scarcely be expected, but an extra sixpence, or even shilling, should have been able to cover the cost of adding one, and I am sure it would have been appreciated. There are two angle lines marked off indicating the picture that will be included, so that a little practice will enable one to snapshot with accuracy without a finder.

Photo by R. W. Copeman.

An Early Lesson in Stock-Rearing.

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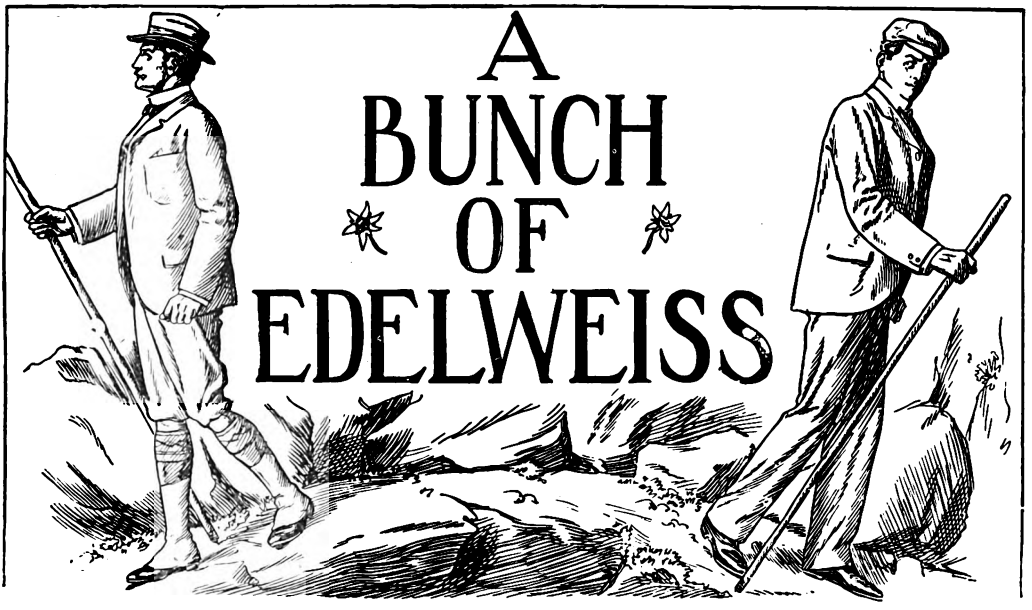

A BUNCH OF EDELWEISS

By George Gamble.

Author of "A Farrago of Folly," etc., etc.

"And so you would really——"

"Really what?" she encouraged.

"Like a bunch of edelweiss?"

"I should greatly prize it—if——"

"If what?" he filled in.

"You—you brought it to me."

The woman made another appropriate pause. Then she went on to say that she would think so much more of the desired flower if it were plucked—for her—from some dangerous crag—well, not very dangerous; just sufficiently dangerous to show that the accomplishing was worth the attempting. She added softly that she did not want one of the dried specimens—as worn in their hats by the tourists, and offered for sale by the guides: such things seemed so easy to obtain, so mechanical, so unenticing, so—so unreminiscent. She liked her souvenirs to have some memorial qualities; and flowers purchased ready-pressed for keeping were as transient in their interest, as worthless in their emotional value, as alleged curios bought at a bazaar. Besides, concerning this particular bunch of edelweiss, this bunch of living edelweiss, she would like it for its rarity, for its difficulty, for its—its beauty. And, above all, she would like it for its suggestions of—of devo——thoughtfulness.

Gerald heard the well-judged breaks of voice and deviations of phrase, Gerald saw the nicely-guided downcast lids and tremulous mouth; but, as he also heard the melodious utterance with its sweet softenings, and as he also saw the black thickness of the lowered fringes and the red ripeness of the mobile lips, he in nowise took account of that which was well-judged or nicely-guided.

"And if," he said eagerly, "if I obtain your wished-for flower—the flower that I shall be only too delighted to get for you—what shall I win in exchange?"

The woman laughed.

"Ah, you men always want something in exchange!"

"Only from certain people, my dear Lillian."

"Surely it's more blessed to give than to receive."

"That depends from whom one receives—and what."

"Well, name your—your return."

"A photograph—of——"

"Mont Blanc?"

"Certainly not!"

"What? Not of the 'Monarch of Mountains,'" she asked playfully.

"No; of the Queen of Women—and of Men," he answered earnestly.

Then ensued a voluble silence.

"But," murmured Lillian, "when one

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"I want a kiss from you as the seal of a treaty that you will—one day be my wife."

gives a photograph—one promises the original. Now I——"

"Have done that in advance," reminded Gerald, taking her hand—also a kiss.

"Don't be stupid as well as greedy," she admonished. "They'll see you from the windows of the hotel."

"Granted—if they can see through a clump of pines."

"Oh, those people could see through a brick wall, if they thought on the other side sat a pair of—f——"

"Fools?"

"Friends."

"And we would sharpen their sight still more: are we not a pair of lovers?"

"That," she replied evasively, "would not interest them. They only unshutter their eyes, they only crane their necks, for people who are going to be lovers. The folly accomplished, they are interested no more. So, if you still want to be accounted interesting—and I assure you that *I* do—you will not let anyone know that we're engaged."

"Especially as I've so little money," he said bitterly.

"Well, don't remind me of it," she murmured, "or——"

"You will forget me entirely?"

"Or I'll love you more than ever."

"Why? You delicious enigma!"

"Because, if you remind me that you are only a good-looking pauper, I shall have but yourself to think of, and not your future property. And then I shall be as helplessly in love with you as you are—or as you say you are—with me."

The clause—cunningly restrictive—in her last sentence, brought about its desired result; and Lillian had the satisfaction of hearing her lover renew his protestations of fondness. Suddenly, remembering a certain appointment, she bade her devoted admirer go forth upon his search for that bunch of edelweiss: the floral emblem of noble purity, constancy, truth—and several other fantastical things.

Gerald had not long departed when his place was taken—literally and figuratively—by another man. The in-comer was of about the same age and height as the outgoer: twenty-seven years and sixty-nine inches. He was dark, whereas Gerald was

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fair; but as Lillian was "between colours," she had no predilection or disinclination for either complexion. And she had more than one reason, if not excuse, for encouraging this man to talk.

"How I wish, my dear Miss Hurst," he began pleasantly, "that I could plant this arbour in my grounds at home!"

"Surely you could have a similar one built!"

"And twelve more like it," he said, laughing.

"Then why desire this particular one?"

"Because of its past associations—and——"

"And?" she questioned archly.

"And its present contents," he concluded.

"You could afford even those," she murmured.

"Yes, I'm not a poor man," he said quietly.

"No; you have my friendship."

"A woman's friendship is either the legacy of her love, or the alms of her indifference."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Go on."

"I'm neither a mendicant nor a legatee. That is to say, my dear Miss Hurst, that I'm not so—at present. But as you've up till now (kindly or unkindly, I don't know which) refrained from telling me if there is any chief claimant on your emotional bank-book—I am not yet aware as to whether I shall be beholden to your charity or to your goodwill. We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by those we possess. Now, you, no doubt, have powers of selection as well as of attraction and retention, and—I'm not sure that you will so select me. But I'm positive that I'm not echoing a merely local sentiment when I say that you are as rare and worthy as a bunch—nay, a bundle—of edelweiss."

At that she confessed to him one of the dearest wishes of her heart. He smiled; he sighed; he spoke:

"And so you would really——"

"Really what?" she encouraged.

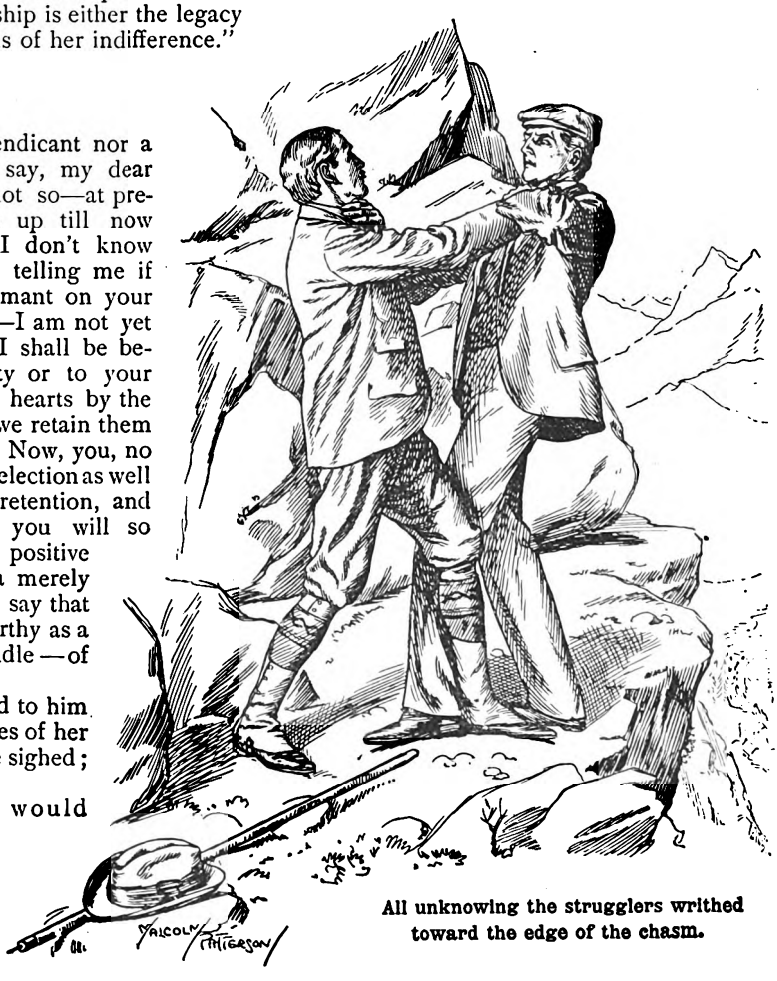
"Like a bunch of edelweiss."

"I should greatly prize it—if——"

"If what?" he filled in.

"You—you brought it me."

The woman made another appropriate pause. Then she went on to say that she would think so much more of the desired flower if it were plucked—for her—from some dangerous crag—well, not very dangerous; just sufficiently dangerous to show that the accomplishing was worth the attempting. She added softly, that she did not want one of the dried specimens—worn in their hats by the tourists, and offered for sale by the guides: such things seemed so easy to obtain, so mechanical, so unenticing, so—so unreminiscent. She liked her souvenirs to have some memorial qualities; and flowers purchased ready-pressed for keeping were as transient in their interest, as worthless in their emotional value, as alleged curios bought at a bazaar. Besides, concerning this particular bunch of



All unknowing the strugglers writhed toward the edge of the chasm.

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edelweiss, this bunch of living edelweiss, she would like it for its rarity, for its difficulty, for its—its beauty. And, above all, she would like it for its suggestions of—of devo——thoughtfulness.

Francis heard the well-judged breaks of voice and deviations of phrase, Francis saw the nicely-guided downcast lids and tremulous mouth; but, as he also heard the melodious utterance with its sweet softenings, and as he also saw the black thickness of the lowered fringes and the red ripeness of the mobile lips, he in nowise took account of that which was well-judged or nicely-guided.

Some words of some women would not deceive a cretin or a philosopher; if by those words most men are deceived, it must be that most men are unreasoningly susceptible to beautiful lines and colours, to sweet sounds and suggestions.

However, although Lillian certainly repeated herself, Francis just as certainly repeated Gerald; and although the first was purposeful and the second unwitting, the woman nearly laughed as she noted that the one man continued with almost the identical words of the other.

"And if," he said eagerly, "if I succeed in finding your desired flower—the flower that I'll be only too happy to gain for you—what shall I gain in exchange?"

"Oh, you men! How you repeat yourselves!"

"My dear Miss Hurst! What do you mean?"

"That you men always want something in exchange."

"Well, I don't want a kiss from you as——"

"What!" raising voice and brows.

"I don't want a kiss from you as something in exchange for my flower; I want a kiss from you as the seal of a treaty that you will—one day be my wife."

Lillian started; Lillian smiled; Lillian said that she would give him an answer when he brought her a certain bunch of edelweiss. Made confident by the woman's smile—a smile of apparent surrender—a smile of seeming agreement—the man, with but few further words, set forth upon his commissioned quest.

Alone, the coquette sat thinking. She recollected that Gerald was poor, and that Francis was rich. And she went on to remember concerning her own position. She was twenty-five, and, well, very far from hideous; she called no one mistress or master; she had no encumbrances, not even parents; she had no "past," not even a short one. And then she remembered that, although her income was not large, it was larger than Gerald's; but that, although he was very fond of her, she could not pretend that he loved her for her money: had he not postponed their marriage till his prospects should widen, till that weakly dodderer, his uncle, should depart for a better—another world? Still, as squeaking doors hang long, it was probable that someone would get tired of waiting for someone else; and even if he did not get tired, but went on to—to lose her, he would soon get over his fruitless devotion, his unmistakable devotion, his positive, absolute, undying devotion. Yes—she knew that Gerald loved her, and she knew that she did not hate him; but there—she would soon recover from her—her fancy. And then she would be able to enjoy the wealth of the other man, the wealth that was nearest.

And so, in that little bower of gentle solitude and blissful innocence—beside those unblighted trees, beneath those unworldly clouds, before those uncalculating mountains—Lillian Hurst decided that the wealth that was nearest was the wealth that was dearest, decided to dismiss Gerald—nicely, and to accept Francis—condescendingly. And as for the edelweiss, she forgot it.

After many hours of walking and climbing, of trudging and clambering, the two men chanced to meet. Each liked the other; each lived unaware that the other was his rival. Therefore, they joined company with little hesitation and less regret. They would have experienced nothing of either of these emotions, but for their separate general quest. Both had been unsuccessful; both knew the difficulty and the danger of their task; both cared not at all for the danger; both were fearful only of not meeting with a specimen of the desired flower, of having to return to a certain woman empty-handed. Neither thought of the possibility of chancing merely upon a single bunch; neither at that moment would have greatly troubled if he had so thought: because, then, neither knew that the other was in search of the rarity—especially not, that it was to pleasure the same princess. Accordingly, after a while—naturally all unconsiderate of the last-mentioned innocence, and still without thinking of the aforesaid possibility—each confided to the other that he was looking for a bunch of edelweiss. Both laughed. Neither breathed a name—*her* name.

Following more walking and climbing, more trudging and clambering, Gerald caught

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They advanced simultaneously and placed in her lap each the half of a bunch of edelweiss.

a glimpse of a tuft of the desired edelweiss. He did not shout; he did not laugh; he made no sign; he merely wondered if the flower had been seen by Francis. The men stood on a mountain path; at one side, stretching heavenward, rose a great cliff; at the other dropped a great chasm. In this narrow but unleapable gulf, about three feet down the face of the opposite wall, on a little projecting rock, grew that one tuft of edelweiss—shy, solitary, retiring, remote.

"Has he seen it?" wondered Gerald.

"Is it accessible?" speculated Francis.

Both stopped.

"Look at that fine cloud above us!" said Gerald.

"And at this great cliff behind us!" said Francis.

Both turned.

"What rugged and noble majesty!" cried Gerald.

"What solemn immensity!" outcried Francis.

Both ceased.

"He hasn't seen it," Gerald decided.

"I can get it," Francis determined.

Both waited.

"Well, we don't seem to have a great deal of luck."

"No; perhaps it's because we are together."

"I vote we try separating," proposed Gerald.

"I second that well-timed vote," agreed Francis.

"We'll go different ways, old man."

"We'll have to if we want to separate."

"I mean that I'll go this way—you that."

"Each down the road."

"What do you infer?"

Both stood facing the cliff; both, having their backs to the chasm, had their backs to the flower: each wondered if the other could see through his occipital bone. However, Francis went on to explain that, as the road (or rather, path), although it jutted from the cliff like a shelf (or rather, step), yet formed in itself a hill, and that, as they were both at the top, each, by turning his back on the other, and moving straight forward, could go *down* the road. They did so, first agreeing to meet on the same spot in an hour's time. As each, descending in a diametrically opposite direction, lost sight of the other, both started to run.

Gerald raced down *his* side of the sloping path till he came, as he judged he would, to a place where he could outflank the chasm. Scrambling, sweating, swearing, he toiled back again—only, this time, on the flowerward side of the gulf—till he almost reached his ardently wished-for blossoms. Francis

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had done a like thing: with the exception that, not having quite so far to go, he had done it a trifle quicker. When Gerald reached the identical spot, Francis was just getting up from having lain down and reached over and snatched off the prize.

"I saw it first!" shouted Gerald.

"I *got* it first," muttered Francis.

Panting and sobbing with their late exertions, they faced each other. The farce was returning to a comedy. They grinned; they glared; they growled. The comedy was merging into a drama.

"Give it to me!" Gerald demanded.

"It's mine!" Francis declared.

"Sneak!" howled Gerald.

"Thief!" roared Francis.

As Gerald made a desperate snatch at the emblem of noble purity, Francis unwittingly let it fall to the ground. Gerald stooped for it. Francis pushed him off. They clinched.

Separate, these two young men were merely two warm coals; linked, they blazed into a fiery mass. Rage smote them dumb, deaf, blind. In strength they were about equal; in agility Gerald was slightly the better; in determination Francis was slightly the better. It would have been well if one had been greatly the other's superior; as it was, the fight promised to last longer.

Moment succeeded moment and the struggle continued. Each had determined that, happen what might, he should be the one who would lay the little bunch of edelweiss at the feet of Lillian Hurst. Backwards and forwards swayed the men on the narrow ledge. Neither would release his hold of the other. Every moment they became more mad, more irresponsible for their actions. They had forgotten all else but Lillian and the edelweiss, and each was determined to go to any length rather than relinquish the innocent little flower which was to secure for him a partner in life.

All unknowing, the strugglers writhed towards the edge of the chasm. They drew near; they drew nearer; they drew nearest. And still locked in a fierce embrace of fury, madness, murder, these two victims of a woman's caprice—and of their own youthful folly—wildly swayed with half their bodies leaning over the deadly gulf.

In the meantime, Gerald's mother, miles away in the garden of that quiet hotel, sat reading. She had just received three letters, which had followed her about the continent. The first informed her that her brother was ill; the second, that he was dead; the third, that he had left the bulk of his fortune to his favourite nephew, Gerald. Sorrowing at her brother's new death, rejoicing at her son's new life, she ran forth to tell the mingled tidings to her friends. The first she met was Lillian, to whom she sobbed and smiled her tale. The women embraced—curiously enough. Then the elder wished to know where was her boy, and the younger said that he had gone to pick somebody a nice bunch of edelweiss. The elder hoped that nothing would happen to him; the younger echoed this hope quite fervently. And she arranged—with herself—to tell Francis "No!" and to ask Gerald "When?"

God alone knows what thoughts boiled and bubbled in the brains of those two furious men while fighting on the chasm's edge; they themselves could not have told: all that each was aware of was a fierce desire to get his opponent beneath him. At last the determination of Francis wore down the agility of Gerald; and Gerald succumbed. As he felt himself beaten, the anguished man, for the first time during the fight, found his voice:

"Lillian!" he moaned. "Lillian!"

Instantly the grip of Francis relaxed.

"Was — that — flower — for — her?" he panted.

"Y-e-e-s," sobbed Gerald; "for whom else?"

Soon, they were friends again; at any rate they were calling each other nothing stronger than "fool." The potential tragedy revolved backwards through drama and comedy nearly to positive farce. The ex-fighters had compared notes.

Some hours afterwards, when they had descended the depths of remorse and mounted the heights of rejoicement, when they had brushed each other down and otherwise removed the stains of their struggle, when they had crawled back arm-in-arm to the hotel, and when they had found the smiling Lillian seated in the bower of gentle solitude and blissful innocence—they advanced simultaneously, and placed in her lap each the half of a bunch of edelweiss.

"It is somewhat bruised and faded," began Gerald.

"But is the more emblematical," continued Francis.

Lillian stared.

"Yes," said Gerald gravely, "and we have each brought you the half of a single bunch in order that we may convey to you a suggestion of our devo—— thoughtfulness; and a sense of our admiration of your ability to play a double game. And that's all."

"And that's all," echoed Francis.

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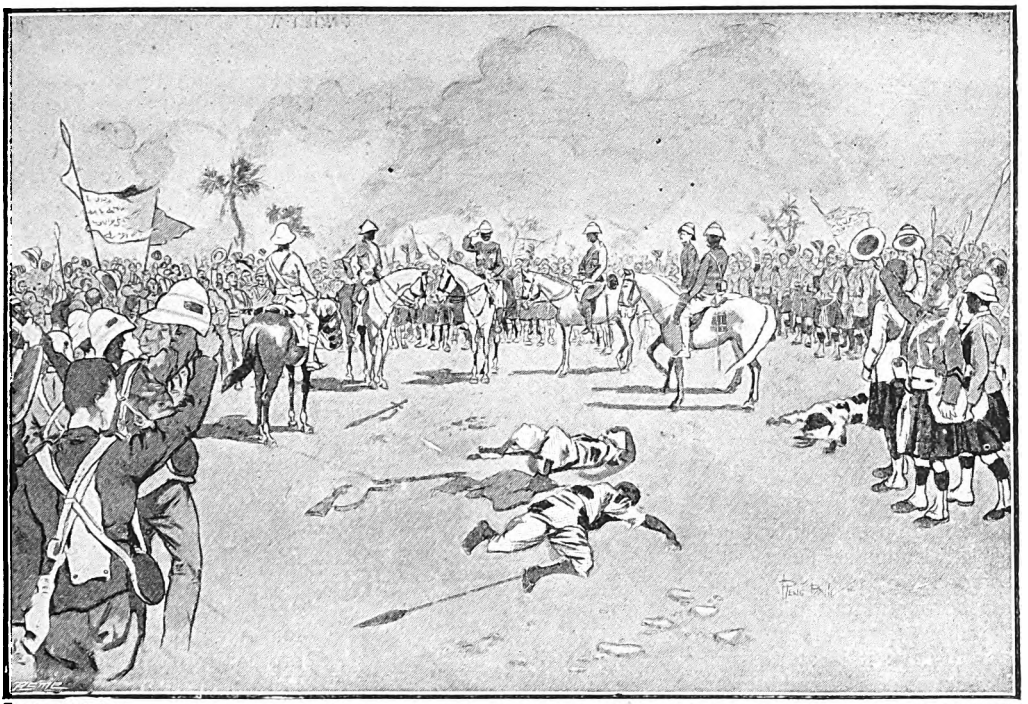

From a Sketch by René Bull.

British troops cheering the Sirdar after the Battle of Atbara.

THE RISE OF KITCHENER.

By Reginald Maingay.

This article is unique in that it is the only matter published which gives a consecutive account of Lord Kitchener's life from his boyhood onward. Some time has been occupied in collecting the material from sources all over the kingdom; and the remarkable photographs illustrating the article, several of which were taken by Lord Kitchener himself, will no doubt be regarded with the deepest interest by our readers.

"He was a smart, intelligent, growing-up lad," says Henry Quinlan, the blacksmith of Crotta, Co. Kerry where Lord Kitchener lived when a boy; "and we all expected great things of him; though, indeed, we never thought he'd climb as high as he has." Smartness and intelligence are two qualities we very well believe the young Kitchener to have possessed—the man who by dint of smartness and intelligence, "crushed the Moslem in his pride" and brought peace and order into one of the most turbulent countries in the world. And as to "growing-up," why, Mr. Quinlan has coined, on his own, a new and marvellously vivid phrase, and one which must not be omitted by any future biographer when describing the great soldier's boyhood. To-day Lord Kitchener stands over six feet in his socks, and is, moreover, slightly though strongly built. At the age of fourteen, therefore, his appearance must have been decidedly "growing-up"—lanky, long-limbed, gawky; and when, still trusting to Mr. Quinlan's memory, we add that, save for the heavy moustache, Kitchener's face is still very much the same as it was thirty-seven years ago—behold! a perfect portrait of the victor of Atbara and Omdurman when he watched the village blacksmith shoeing his father's horse.

Some time in the early forties Colonel Kitchener, Lord Kitchener's father, took up his abode at Gunsborough House, a small country place some few miles north of Listowel, and it was there that Horatio Herbert, his second son, was born. Of his childish characteristics I have no knowledge. Probably, if his nurse could be unearthed, we

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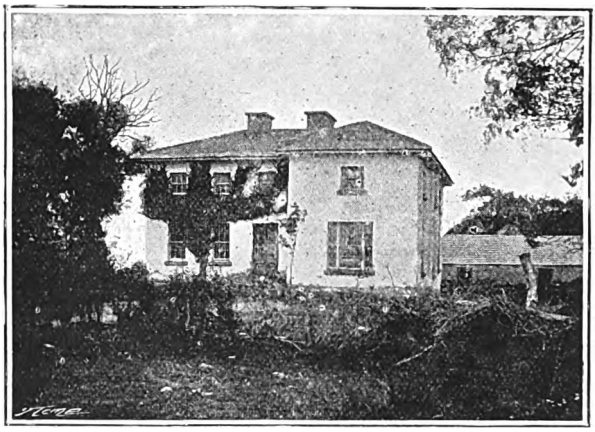
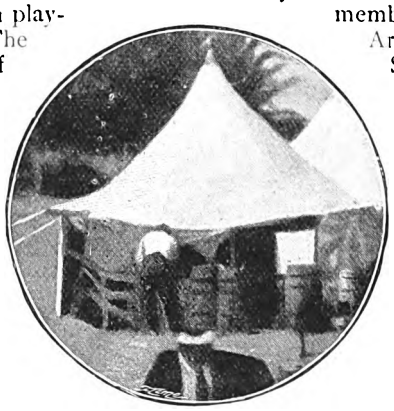


From a Photograph specially taken for us by Daly & Son, of Tralee.
Gunsborough House, County Kerry, where Lord Kitchener was born.

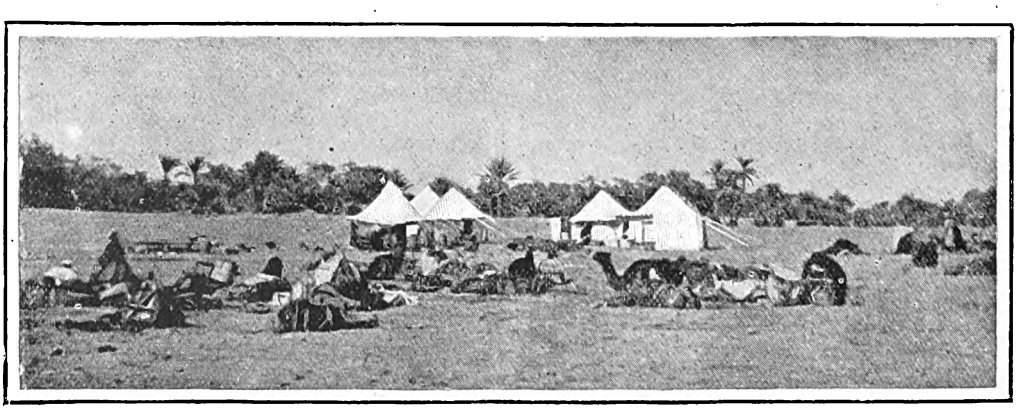
should hear that he was "that masterful," and took a special delight in playing with leaden soldiers. The accompanying photograph of Gunsborough House, shows it rather the worse for wear to-day; it is at present untenanted, and to all appearance very likely to remain so.

Somewhere about the commencement of the Crimean War, Colonel Kitchener with his family—there were five children, four sons and one daughter—left Gunsborough House and took up his abode at Crotta House, Kerry, some seven miles from the sea, a fine old place with extensive grounds.



This unique photograph, taken during Lord Kitchener's stay in Palestine, shows the future Sirdar outside his tent, in working costume.

What with war and house-changing those must have been exciting days in the Kitchener family, and our first precise information as to the future Sirdar dates from that time. Mr. Quinlan, the village blacksmith already mentioned, has much to say beside the fact that the young "Lord Herbert," as he persists in calling his hero for some reason or other was smart, intelligent, and "growing-up." I have a wonderful letter of his beside me as I write, and would very much like to publish it just as it is, "without all ornament, itself and true," but refrain for fear of bringing on myself the old fellow's wrath. He tells me all about the children, "and fine, healthy children they were"; how he remembers seeing the four brothers, Arthur, Walter, Herbert, and Shavala (if Mr. Quinlan's pen has not played him false, the last-mentioned brother rejoiced in a very Hibernian name) tramping about the country or hanging around his smithy and yarning by the hour. "But," he hastens to add, in evident fear lest I should imagine that these four youths wasted the shining hours, "they were well educated," their education being entrusted to Mr. Allen Freeman, a gentleman who lived for some years in Crotta House.



From a Private Photograph.

The camp of Lord Kitchener's party in Palestine. The tent on the extreme left is that which was occupied by his lordship (then Colonel H. H. Kitchener).

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Mr. Jeremiah O'Keeffe, a wool merchant, at present residing at Tralee, has also a vivid recollection of the Kitchener boys. What he remembers best of all is the sight of Herbert and his brothers being driven rapidly in a one-horse trap from Crotta House to the coast—a distance of about seven miles. "I was then," says Mr. O'Keeffe, "a burly lad going to school, with my books under one arm and two sods of turf under the other—the latter being part payment in kind to the schoolmaster, and went to make up the schoolroom fire—and very often the Kitchener trap and I ran on parallel lines over half a mile of smooth road."

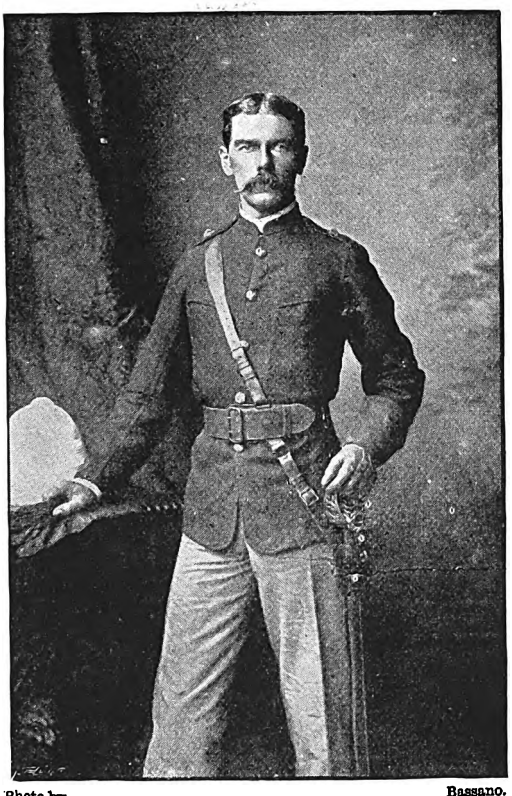
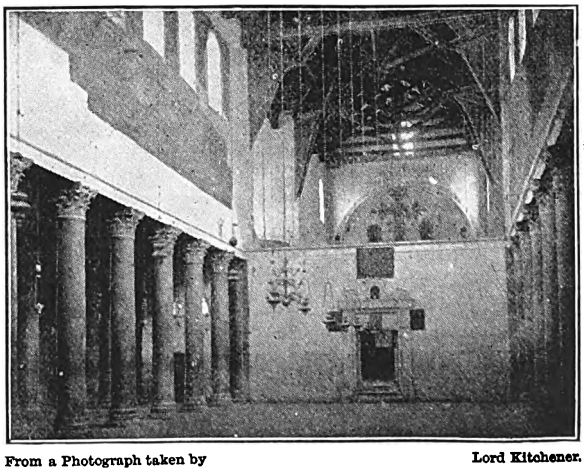


Photo by Bassano.
Lord Kitchener. From a photo taken many years ago, at the time he commanded the cavalry in Egypt.

Mr. O'Keeffe often saw the young Kitcheners bathing. "And I thought them," he says, "pretty expert swimmers, but they appeared to lack courage when the waves were high. The rough children of the coast often laughed at their cowardice. Cowardice! that cowardice has no place in the Kitchener vocabulary recent events have proved."

Colonel Kitchener, like many another retired military man, turned his attention to the peaceful industry of agriculture. There are many inhabitants of Kilflynn and its neighbourhood who remember him as a kind of oracle, and greatly looked up to by all the farmers who came to ask his advice from near and far. He was, however, by no means a rich man—quite otherwise, in fact; the atmosphere of Crotta House was that of decent poverty, so that whatever positions the Colonel's children have attained, these were entirely due to their own unaided efforts.

Neither as boy or youth was Lord Kitchener considered especially clever as cleverness is commonly understood. But he had, and all who knew him were agreed upon this point, those qualities which are far more helpful in the hurly-burly of modern life than elegant literary discrimination or scholarly acquaintance with the Greek tragedians, I mean smartness and intelligence (to use Mr. Quillan's expression), or, in other words, energy, practical resourcefulness, independence, ambition. I said that Kitchener was not considered clever in the ordinary sense of the word, and forgot to mention his almost phenomenal gift for mathematics. As a boy the rule of three puzzled him not, and a friend of mine, who knew him when a student at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, told me that the ease with which he grappled with abstruse



From a Photograph taken by Lord Kitchener.
The interior of the church at Bethlehem, built over the Grotto of the Nativity by St. Helena, mother of Constantine.

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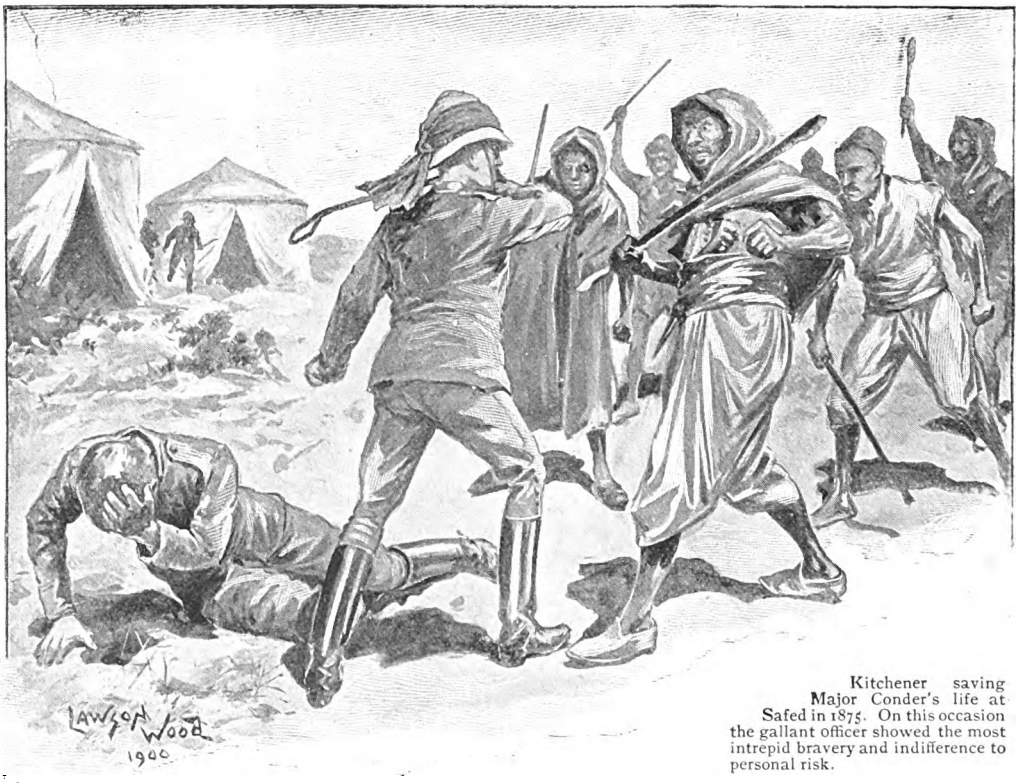

Kitchener saving Major Conder's life at Safed in 1875. On this occasion the gallant officer showed the most intrepid bravery and indifference to personal risk.

mathematical problems was only equalled by an accurate rapidity in totting up figures which a banker's clerk would have envied.

1870 saw the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and young Kitchener, not yet twenty-one, hurried from England to offer his services to *La Belle France*. He took part in various engagements at the commencement of the campaign, and participated in a balloon ascent with two French officers. But a severe attack of pneumonia laid him low, and it was only by a miracle that the illness did not result in death.

Before the end of 1870 he was back again in England, and in 1871 he entered the army as lieutenant of the Royal Engineers.

Now, at last, Kitchener's career had begun in earnest, and it is highly characteristic of the man that, impatient of the ordinary routine of the army and its hopeless prospects of speedy advancement, he should look eagerly about him for some employment or enterprise in which he might gain experience and work off some of his super-abundant energy. The wished-for opportunity soon arrived. Early in 1874 an expedition was sent by the Palestine Exploration Fund to carry out a survey of Western Palestine. Kitchener offered his services, was accepted by the directors of the expedition, and in due time arrived in the Holy Land.

It is surprising, considering the dramatic incidents that took place during this period of Kitchener's career, that recent writers should have ignored or made but scanty allusions to all that happened to him in Palestine in

An Austrian picture of Lord Kitchener.
(From a recent cartoon in "Der Floh," Vienna.)

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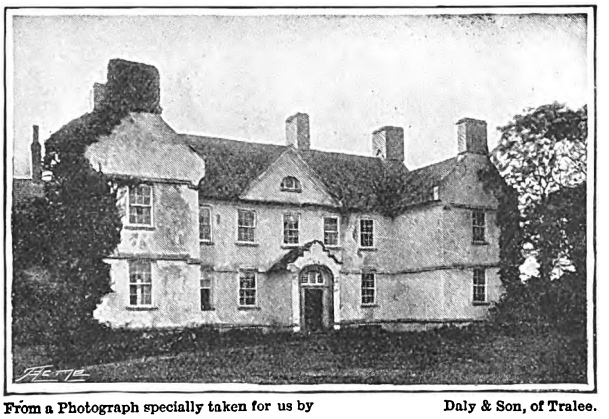
the years 1874 and 1875. I have been fortunate enough to meet a gentleman who took part in the expedition, and was intimately acquainted with Kitchener and Major Conder, the chief of the surveying party. It is from him that I received much valuable information concerning the future Sirdar and victor of Atbara when he was still a "youth to fame unknown." On one occasion I remember remarking that the lot of officers serving under Kitchener was not altogether enviable. "So I've heard," he returned, "and you know it rather surprised me. He must have changed a good deal since I knew him. Of course, in those days he was not in a position of authority, and that may account for the difference. All I can say is that he was as good company as a man could wish to have, full of life and high spirits." He then showed me a photograph of what appeared to be a group of gipsies lounging about in a tent. "That's Kitchener," he said, pointing to a lithe figure with a smiling very bronzed face, reclining in a corner of the tent. I thought of the Sirdar as I had seen him in all the splendour of his general's uniform, and remarked that he did not seem to have given much thought to his toilet. "No," laughed his friend, "we none of us did, and he least of all. Why, after a few months travelling about Palestine he looked more like a tramp than an officer of the British Army. His clothes wouldn't have fetched a threepenny-bit at any 'old clo'' shop in Whitechapel." This only shows how easily Kitchener adapts himself to circumstances. If there is one man in the army to-day whose personal appearance is invariably immaculate for neatness it is Kitchener's. In Palestine time given to the toilet would have been time wasted, and Kitchener has never wasted a moment in his life.

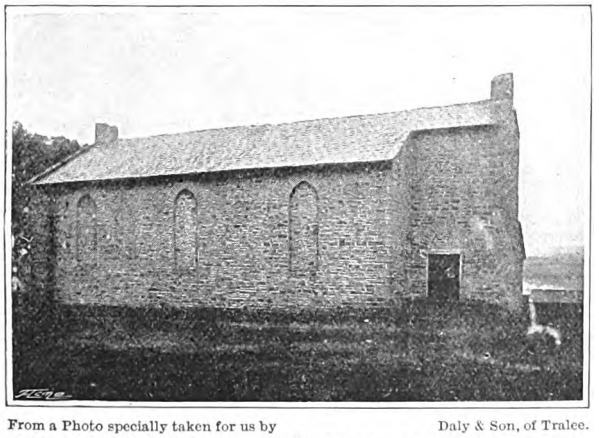


From a Photograph specially taken for us by Daly & Son, of Tralee.

Crotta House, Co. Kerry, where Lord Kitchener lived as a boy until he left Ireland.

Photo by Bassano.

Lord Kitchener, from the first photo taken after his appointment as Sirdar.



From a Photo specially taken for us by Daly & Son, of Tralee.

Kilflynn Church, Co. Kerry, where Lord Kitchener worshipped as a lad.

It was a lucky day for Major Conder when Kitchener and he became companions, and not merely because a cleverer and more industrious assistant would have been impossible to find. Twice during the months they worked together Kitchener managed to save his chief's life. The first instance occurred in the neighbourhood of Ascalon. After a

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Well done, Sirdar!

Reproduced from "Moonshine" of Dec. 17th, 1898, by kind permission of the Proprietors.

day of unusually strenuous work in the dry and almost unbearable heat of summer Palestine the two men decided to take a dip in the sea. Conder, imprudently, for the coast was known to be dangerous, swam far out and was carried by a strong current into broken water, where without assistance he must inevitably have perished. But Kitchener, who was disporting himself nearer the shore, saw his friend's plight and immediately swam to his rescue. He was a powerful swimmer, having mastered the art when a boy in Ireland; but it was only after a long struggle and by dint of almost superhuman efforts that he managed to bring himself and Major Conder back in safety.

The next incident occurred a few months later, and it is perhaps the most dramatic in Kitchener's career. The survey had been almost accomplished, and the party had arrived at Safed, a little town in Galilee. Those were days when a Christian was very rarely seen in that part of the country, and the town of Safed itself was a hotbed of Moslem fanaticism. The camp had hardly been laid out when an Emir stalked to Major Conder's tent and began insolently to examine and throw about everything he could lay his hands upon. One of the servants protested, whereupon the intruder vehemently assaulted him, and on Major Conder coming to the rescue, seized the latter by the throat and shook him with the utmost fury. Conder managed to knock the man down and break a few of his teeth, but by that time a horde of about two hundred yelling Moslems had arrived on the scene and the situation had become extremely perilous. The assailants had a few old guns in their possession and fired into the camp, luckily killing no one. Then followed a regular fusillade of stones, one of these striking Kitchener and bruising him badly on the thigh. Both he and Conder did their utmost to pacify the fanatics—in vain: the dreadful cry of "Allah! Allah!" had gone forth, and some sheiks, newly arrived, were doing their best to incite the crowd. It was then that a man, armed with a heavy club, made for Conder, knocked him over and struck him on the head. "I must inevitably have been murdered," writes the Major, "but for the cool and prompt assistance of Lieutenant Kitchener, who

Photo by Lekegian & Co., Cairo.

The last portrait taken of Lord Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army.

From a Snapshot.

Lord Kitchener directing the Battle of Omdurman.

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managed to get to me and engaged one of the club men, thus covering my retreat. A blow descending on the top of his head he parried with his cane (he had no other weapon), which was broken with the force of the blow. A second assailant wounded his arm. His escape was unaccountable."

Conder managed to send word to the Governor of the town, but before relief arrived, the exploring party—all more or less hurt — were forced to beat a precipitate retreat, and leave the camp in the hands of the yelling mob. When they had gained a position of comparative safety, Kitchener was found to be missing, and the party gave him up as dead. Later on, however, he turned up, covered with blood, having had a narrow escape from a negro who had attempted to cleave his skull with a huge scimitar. Assistance arrived just in time to save the camp from being looted.

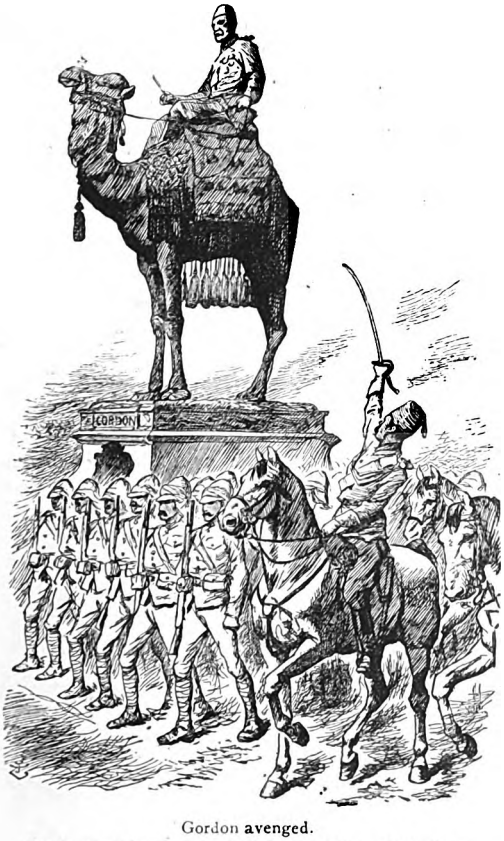
After this unpleasant experience, Conder found it necessary to start at once for the coast, deeming it unsafe to finish the survey

From a Photo taken by Lord Kitchener.

The valley of Michmash, above which Jonathan and his armour-bearer put to flight the Philistine Army.

before the ringleaders of the attack had been punished. But the tribulations of the party were by no means at an end. Arriving at the monastery of Mount Carmel, nearly all were struck down by malarial fever, Kitchener taking it more severely than the others. The gentleman I have already mentioned as one of the party took it but slightly, and was already on the high road to recovery, when one burning afternoon Kitchener wailed to him from his pallet: "Oh, for the Lord's sake, give me some of that beer!" "Don't you listen to him," said Major Conder, for beer was considered about the worse thing for a man struck down with malarial fever." "Oh, you shut up!" cried the sufferer, and continued his pleadings. "For a long time I was obdurate," continued my informant, "but at last I weakly gave way and handed him half a glassful. He drank it eagerly, and was at once violently sick. I tell you I was in a fright. But instead of dying Kitchener fell into a deep sleep, and when he woke the fever had left him."

When partially recovered the party was broken up, and Conder and Kitchener started for Jaffa. A few miles from the town Kitchener, still in a very weak state, could no longer sit his horse, and fell on to the sand. Leaving him there, Conder rode into the



Gordon avenged.

The famous "Punch" cartoon after the taking of Khartoum. Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors.

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town to look for assistance, but on his return found him gone. Kitchener had not been long in the sand before he had picked himself up again, and made his way on foot to Jaffa, where his companion eventually discovered him asleep in bed at the hotel.

The next two years Kitchener spent in London, busily engaged in laying down the Palestine Exploration Fund's map. Meanwhile the ringleaders of the attack at Safed, and especially the Emir, who had nearly succeeded in murdering Major Conder, were seized and imprisoned, and when Kitchener returned to Palestine in 1877 to finish the interrupted survey he met with quite an ovation at Safed, and shortly afterwards received the repentant Emir, who came into his tent to express contrition for his misdeeds.

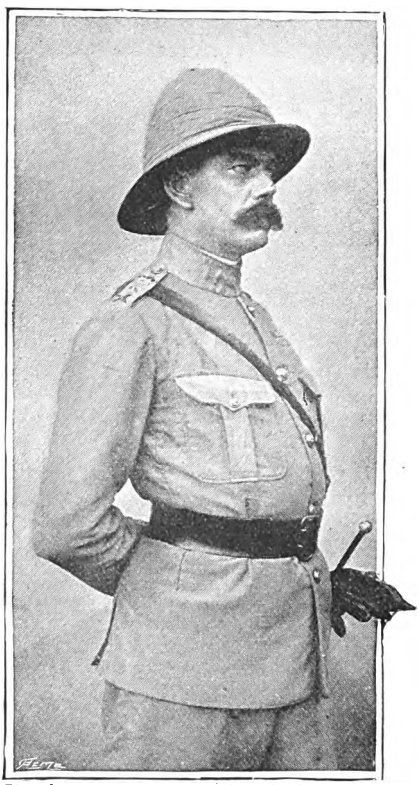

Photo by Lekegian & Co., Cairo.

This is the only photograph of Lord Kitchener which shows the scar on the neck left by the bullet-wound he sustained near Suakim.

Despite the somewhat rough treatment he had undergone, Kitchener never repented his sojourn in the Holy Land. Indeed, the years had been invaluable to him, having provided him with splendid opportunities for studying the Moslem and his ways. For herein lies one of the secrets of Kitchener's success—that wherever he went, and in no matter what capacity, his chief concern was to gain a complete knowledge of the people, their manners and vernacular. In the turbulent years that were to follow his special knowledge was to stand him in good stead. It is even said that on more than one occasion he was able to glean important information by disguising himself and mixing with the natives.

The five years following his final farewell of Palestine Kitchener spent alternately in Cyprus and Asia Minor. Shortly after Cyprus had become an English protectorate he was sent there to organise the Courts, a difficult job which he executed with tact and skill extraordinary in a man of his age. The fact is that Kitchener, unlike his only living superior in military matters, Lord Roberts, was by no means born to be a soldier and nothing else. Had he chosen to become a diplomatist, a stock-broker, or a wine-merchant, his success would have been inevitable. He was born with an aptitude for success, and no doubt, had the church taken his fancy, he would ere now have become a bishop.

Kitchener abandoned Cyprus for a military vice consulship at Erzeroum, and returned to Cyprus a couple of years later to carry out a survey of this island. It was in 1882 that he took the first step on the path which was to lead him eventually to Khartum. Trouble was already brewing in the Soudan, and hearing that the Egyptian army was being organised by Sir Evelyn Wood, he recognised his opportunity with unerring instinct, lost no time in offering his services, and was appointed second in command of a regiment of cavalry.

If hard work and perpetual change and excitement makes the

Sirdar: "Now then, little dog, out of the way—or I shall be over you."

"Moonshine's" amusing cartoon of the Fashoda affair, Sept. 24th, 1898. Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors.

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time fly, the next ten years, that is to say, until he was made Sirdar, must have passed very quickly for Kitchener. The military authorities, recognising at once his marvellous insight into the native character, put him in the Intelligence Department, and it was as an Intelligence Officer that he went through the Wolseley campaign. Negotiations of the utmost importance and various delicate missions were entrusted to him from the very commencement of his Egyptian career, and carried out with invariable discretion and tact.

It was also as Intelligence Officer that Kitchener accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column on that foolish, heroic, disastrous enterprise known as the "Gordon Relief Expedition." With the possible exception of the first Boer war, this campaign is perhaps the most humiliating in British annals. Kitchener's subsequent march on Khartum shows how deeply he took to heart the lesson this fiasco, with its failure of transport and intelligence departments, taught him. It is worthy of remark that recognising at the commencement of the expedition its utter impracticability, he drew up on his own a scheme for the relief of Khartum and the rescue of Gordon, which was, of course, promptly overruled by the War Office. However, one cannot blame the authorities of having kept Kitchener in the background. Perhaps they were wise enough to recognise at once the futility of such a proceeding. In 1883 he was promoted captain; in 1884 major, and his name was mentioned more than once in the dispatches.

From a Photo taken by Lord Kitchener.

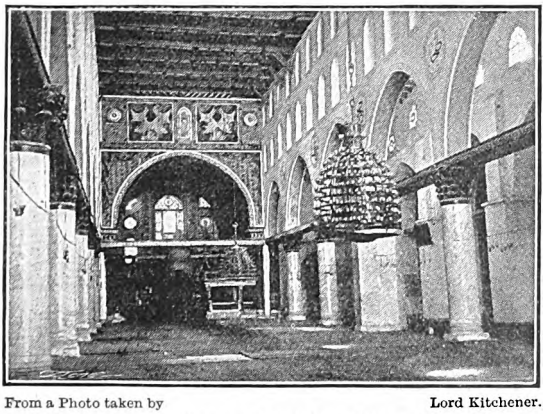
A unique view of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Photo by J. P. Clarke, Cambridge.

Lord Kitchener in his robes as I.L.D.

Following on the Gordon fiasco, Kitchener was fully employed in those innumerable little fights and raids and expeditions which continued during the formation of the Egyptian army. At last, in 1886, he emerged from comparative obscurity, succeeding General Watson as Governor of the Red Sea Territories. Immediately things began to hum. The police system was drastically reorganised; peremptory proclamations were issued; raids set in motion, and finally the notorious Osman Digna received at Tamai a ruining defeat.

The following year Kitchener was made commander of Suakim, and, though, as usual, he did, both as regards quantity and quality, the work of ten men, his commandantship closed with an incident very nearly approaching disaster. Early in the year 1888 he organised an attack on Osman Digna's camp, having heard that the Emir's men were away on a raiding expedition. Before daybreak he dispatched his force, some 400 strong, remaining himself with a mounted corps to await results in the rear. All prospered well at first. The camp was captured after a short defence, and the Egyptian force followed hotly in the rear of the retreating



From a Photo taken by Lord Kitchener.

The mosque built on the site of King Solomon's palace.

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foe. But the raiders, returning earlier than was anticipated, suddenly appeared on the scene, and falling on the flank of our men, routed them and put them to flight. Kitchener had to retire hastily, but before he could get into safety was severely wounded, a hostile bullet breaking his jaw and remaining embedded in his neck. This wound caused him much annoyance, his surgeon after sundry painful operations failing to discover and extract the bullet. Lord Kitchener has many times since joked about this, saying that he must either have swallowed the bullet or spat it from his mouth without knowing it.

After this reverse Kitchener returned to England where he was received with honour and nominated aide-de-camp of the Queen. But no sooner was his health recruited than he was back again in Egypt, and before the end of 1888 he had avenged himself on Osman at the battle of Gemaizeh, when with splendid dash he led a Soudanese brigade over the enemy's trenches. At the battle of Toski the following year he commanded the mounted troops, was mentioned in the dispatches for bravery and received a C.B.

Two years later, on the resignation of Sir Francis Grenfell, he was appointed Sirdar, and his magnificent career from that date onward is too fresh in everybody's memory to require detailed recapitulation. Suffice it to say that the campaign which ended with the recapture of Khartum is perhaps the most perfectly organised and faultlessly conducted of this century. Everything went like clockwork, despite all the Khedive and our own War Office could do to hinder the great work. With the latter glorious body Kitchener dealt as few generals before him have ever dared, and a little incident characteristic of his methods will bear repeating. He had sent home for a special kind of breaching gun. The War Office suggested another kind. The Sirdar repeated his orders. Next he was informed that the War Office guns had been forwarded, whereupon he dispatched a politely insolent message home, saying that he was very grateful, but the War Office could keep its guns, as he could throw stones at the Dervishes himself. And the guns he asked for were forwarded without delay.

Photo by Lekegian & Co., Cairo.

The latest photo. of Lord Kitchener, taken just before he sailed for South Africa.

There is, unfortunately, no denying that Kitchener's methods during this long campaign were ruthless to a degree that we seldom find in Englishmen. He was no doubt justified in all he did, even as he was justified later on in refusing Cronje time to bury his dead; but all the same we English prefer methods which smack less of the Turkish or Russian soldier. Not to mention such deeds as the killing of wounded Dervishes, the destruction of the Mahdi's tomb and the desecration of the Mahdi's body, an incident like the following, described by Mr. Winston Churchill, is not pleasant reading. It occurred after the victory of Atbara. "A platform was erected and adorned with flags. On this, surrounded by his staff, the General took his stand. The Emir Mahmoud, his hands bound behind his back, was then compelled to march past at the head of the army, preceded by an enormous flag on which was inscribed in Arabic characters: '*This is Mahmoud, who said he would capture Berber.*'" This trampling on a fallen foe, though done merely so as to impress the native mind, is

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emphatically distasteful to Englishmen who glory, and with right, in the world-wide reputation they have earned for themselves for treating vanquished foemen with chivalrous courtesy and gentleness.

The moment Kitchener arrived in South Africa as Lord Roberts' chief assistant things commenced to look up. To borrow a correspondent's expression he "immediately began to make himself unpleasant." "I suppose, Lord Kitchener, you mean to reorganise everything," said a gentleman in Cape Town. "Re-organise, sir?" replied the head of the staff,—"no, organise." And he set about it with a will, forcing all or sundry to put their shoulders to the wheel. He is a heavy task-master and his rule is the rule of fear.

When it was announced that Kitchener was to serve as Lord Roberts' lieutenant, many people shook their heads. Kitchener to serve in a subordinate position? No, it would never do. There would certainly be "ructions" before a few months had passed. So said the wiseacres. But the months slipped by, and so far from "ructions," order and plan was rapidly being shaped out of chaos; in other words Roberts and Kitchener were working together like one man. The fact of the matter is that the War Office for once in a way did the right thing at the right moment. Had any other officer except Lord Roberts been appointed Kitchener's Chief, the policy would have been madness. As it was the authorities were well aware that the one officer Kitchener venerated and would be proud to serve under was Lord Roberts. For Kitchener is not quite the man devoid of feeling, the mere war machine, the late Mr. Steevens would have us believe him. "I would gladly blacken Roberts' boots for him," was his reply to a sympathetic friend who came to condole with him on his appointment.

A French portrait of the Sirdar running away from Marchand at Fashoda! It will be noticed that the Gallic prophecy was a little faulty.

(From "La Silhouette," Paris, Oct. 2nd, 1898.)

Photo by Bassano.

This is the photograph of himself which Lord Kitchener prefers above all others that the public should possess.

Kitchener is not beloved either by his colleagues, his subordinates, or the home authorities. He is respected, he is trusted, he is admired, but he is not beloved. Nor does he seek affection; obedience and industry are all he requires; the man who meets with these requirements is certain to get on, the man who fails to do so he casts aside. He is a strong man and quite devoid of sentiment, a hard man if you will—a man of ice and iron; but above all, a *man*.

The various photographs of the Holy Land accompanying this article were taken by Kitchener on his travels, and are now published by the courtesy of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

From a Snapshot.

The solemn memorial service at Khartum in memory of Gordon. Lord Kitchener is one of the four helmeted figures standing in front of the ranks before the Chaplains.

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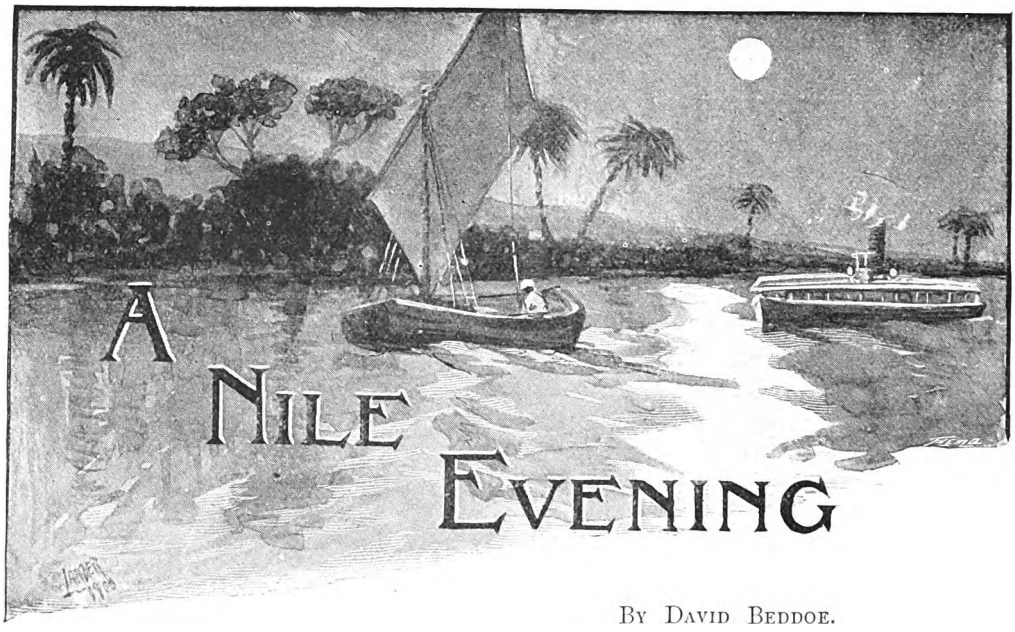

A Nile Evening

By David Beddoe.

Leaning over the stern rail of the *Osiris*, a small paddle-wheeled boat, half-steamer, half-dahabeah, as she chunked, chunked down the Nile on her way from Bedrechein to Cairo, were a man and a girl, and they, with many more, whose voices now came faintly from the open deck amidships, had been to spend the day at the Apis tombs of Sakkarah.

The man was one Thomas Halliwell, whom ill fate had sent from his law books to Egypt to recoup his damaged health, and spend his small savings in the process.

The girl was an American, companion to one, Mrs. Pillsbury, whose high-toned voice came aft with dogmatic clearness.

And the man was in love with the girl, the companion of Mrs. Pillsbury, of Chicago. That is why he danced about Cairo, and took night excursions on the river when he ought to have been at Helouan in the warmed dining-room.

He knew it, but he could not help it. His wits had taken leave of him ever since, some ten days before, when he had met this Miss Millis at the Continental dance.

It was Mrs. Pillsbury who had introduced him, and since then it was only Miss Millis whom Thomas Halliwell thought about. He forgot even for a while that for which Harley Street had sent him away. But there was not joy altogether in it, for the man, in spite of brilliant prospects at the bar, was poor, and when he thought over things at night, as in the quietude of his own room he sat taking off his boots, he had a bad time; and he swore at the hardness of fate as he threw his boots out on to the mat without a thought for the nervous old ladies who slept on the same corridor.

It was a beautiful night, a night such as you get only on that oldest of rivers, full of the subtle charm and glamor which comes of sand, water and the semi-tropical moonlight. On either side stretched the desert, silent and illimitable, dotted here and there by little mounds of sand and a few palm trees. Right away aft reached the shimmering waters of the Nile, flowing gently and solemnly to the distant sea.

From the bank came the subdued creaking of the shadoofs where the men still pulled at the rope, the distant barking of a dog, or the faint noise of the sakkeyah which the oxen turned. And the man in the shadow of the wooden awning forgot the bad time that might come later on, and made love to the girl simply because love was in the air and he could not help it. Then almost insensibly there came to his lips Fitzgerald's famous lines, and he murmured low:

> "A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!"

"Oh, so you know Omar?" exclaimed the girl in surprise.

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"Yes, why not?" inquired the man.

"Oh, I did not know you were given to such things. I always thought you were so eminently practical."

"I love that old Persian," said the other. "He is a man and a brother."

"Especially when he says:

'Oh, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of the distant drum,'"

replied the girl laughingly.

"Quite so. That is my condition exactly. I always feel like that when I am with you, you know," he hazarded,

"So, and do you feel like that just now?" asked the girl, half smiling.

"Yes," replied the man, bluntly. "On nights like this I forget everything, except that it is good to be here, living and enjoying; and I shut my ears to that confounded drum."

"Why, what is it saying to you, Mr. Halliwell?"

"Work and damaged health," said the man half lightly.

"But you are better, surely, since you came out here?" she remarked, sympathetically.

"Much," replied the other. "Lucky for me, too."

"Why? Must you get back soon, then?" asked the girl with ready intuition.

"Yes, I really ought to stay until the end of the season, I suppose; but I cannot manage it."

"But, surely, if that is so, you ought to stay."

"I know that, but I must get back to work," replied the man, half bitterly.

"Are you so fond of work, then, that you are going to risk your health?"

"It isn't that," replied the man, quietly; "it's money."

"Money, money; it's always money with you men," exclaimed the girl, almost impatiently.

"Um!" remarked the man. "There are some things I want more than money."

"So!" replied the girl; "and what are they?"

"Health for one thing."

"Oh!" And there was something in the manner of her saying it which seemed as if she had expected another answer. "That is the best of everything, of course."

"Not quite," remarked her companion.

"No? Why, what is better?"

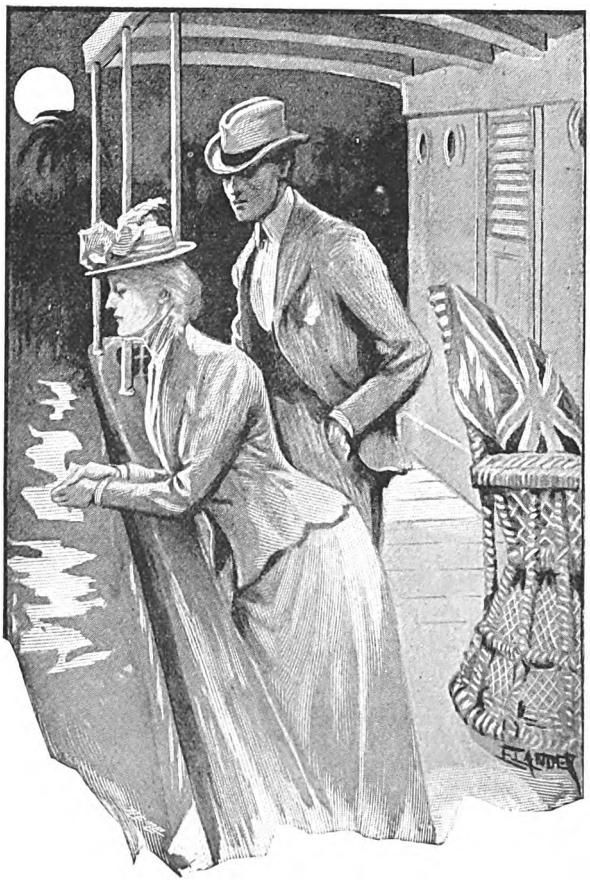
The man bit his lip. He was going to make an ass of himself; he knew he was. Confound the girl! What business had she to look so pretty? Far better go back and join the others while there was yet time.

"Shall we go?" asked his companion, remarking the silence. "You find it chilly, perhaps?"

"Chilly, oh, not a bit of it. Look!" he exclaimed, "what a beautiful effect the moonlight has on the ripples."

And they leaned over the rail together to watch where the rays struck the small wavelets running in long undulating lines of silver after the boat.

"Ah," said the girl, "what strange thoughts a night like this puts into one's head. Some-



"I'm in love," said the man, trying to get a glimpse of his companion's face.

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how one seems to think differently than at other times."

"Eh," exclaimed the man, arousing himself. "You are right. It does. Makes one forget the cares of making a living; puts thoughts into one's head which ought not to be there; and tempts one to say things," he added slowly, "that one might regret in the morning light."

"Does it affect you in that way?" asked the girl, laughingly. "You've said nothing so far," she added, daringly.

"But I shall presently," murmured the man grimly, though he answered aloud: "Not that one regrets them for themselves, you know, Miss Millis, but one has to keep a close watch over oneself."

"Oh, how strange you are to-night; anything on your mind?" asked the girl simply.

The man looked at her. "Yes," he replied, grimly. "I'll tell you if you care to listen. Perhaps you can give me some advice."

The girl leaned further over the taff-rail, and seemed to be intent on watching the silvered wavelets. "Yes."

"I am in love," said the man, trying to get a glimpse of his companion's face.

"So! Marry the girl then," came the prompt reply.

The man's eyes brightened. "Well, I can't, you see," he answered slowly. "That is the difficulty."

"Won't she have you, then?"

"I haven't asked her."

"Oh—then how do you know?"

"Well enough," said he. "The old story—money—feloos, as these johnnies here call it," he added, jerkily.

"That is what you wanted money for, then, is it?" asked the girl, half smiling.

"Yes, confound it."

"Would you marry the girl if you had? You see, I want to know before I can give proper advice," she added.

"Marry her!" exclaimed the man. "Ah!"

"Has she no money either, then?"

"The nicest girls never have."

"O——h!"

"No. 'Tis only the ugly ones who have, like that Miss Curtis, of Chicago, who is coming out shortly, so the papers say—a millionairess twice over."

The girl looked round. "Is she ugly, then?"

"Sure to be," said the man.

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Um—not that I know of," replied the man, lamely. "But I'd bet my bottom dollar, as you Americans say, that she is."

"Oh! I'd like to know what Miss Curtis would say if she heard you."

"But you see she won't."

"O——h!" said the girl, looking again at the river stretching out one sheet of silver and black into the distance. "And the girl you care for, is she pretty?"

"Yes, too pretty for my peace of mind."

"English?"

"U—m," said the man—"no, American."

"Oh, really; countrywoman, then, to the hideous Miss Curtis, of Chicago?"

"Yes, but ten times better."

"No money, perhaps, then, Mr. Halliwell?"

He did not reply. He was looking at his companion, and as he looked the threads of his self-restraint, which had been stretching, stretching, reached the breaking point.

"I say, Miss Millis—" he exclaimed, leaning towards the other, "cannot you guess whom I mean? Don't you know who the girl is whom I'd give my soul to have?"

"I?" she asked, in well-feigned surprise. "I, Mr. Halliwell?"

"Yes, you," exclaimed the man, flinging prudence to the winds. "It's you I want."

The girl did not reply. She looked away over the river, where the moonlight danced on the ripples, and on her face was something smiling and glad.

"Confound it," said the man, savagely. "I'm sorry that I ever met you."

"Why, pray?" said the girl, drawing herself up.

"Why?" burst out the man; "because I am poor as a church mouse—poorer, by George," he added, bitterly. "But, I say, Miss Millis, please forget what I have said. I beg your pardon."

"No, I won't forget," replied the girl, slowly. "And besides, why should I? You have done me a great honour."

"Don't speak of that. It came out. I could not help it."

"Do you regret it, then?" asked the girl, facing him.

"Regret it—no!"

"Then why not wait for my answer?"

"But what is the good?" said the man, bluntly. "There are hard facts to be faced. I could not afford to marry even if—the girl would have me," he added, striving to speak impersonally. "Besides, she would not wait."

"How do you know?" she murmured, quietly.

"What! If I get all right, and do some good at the bar, will you marry me — will

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you wait?" And a great eagerness came into his pale, keen face.

The girl did not reply. She only looked at him for an instant. Then a little fleecy cloud came over the moon for awhile, and when it passed by, the man and the girl were laughing. Then the man sobered down. "Ah, I am afraid that you will have to put up with a lot for some time," said he.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a faint smile, "life will be full of shifts."

"Tut, never mind," exclaimed the man, gaily. "'Twill only be for a few years. I'll soon get all right. Then I'll work as I've never worked before."

"I wish I could help you," said the girl with a sigh; "but you know what I am."

"Yes, I know," said he, gently—"companion to old Mrs. Pillsbury. But you'll help me more than you think. You don't know how I'll work when I have you to think of."

"Pity one hasn't the money of that ugly Miss Curtis," said the girl regretfully.

"Oh, never mind her. I'd rather have you without a dollar than Miss Curtis with her millions."

"Poor Miss Curtis!"

The girl laughed softly and remained silent for a moment or two. Then she added with sudden earnestness: "But you won't leave until the end of the season now, will you?"

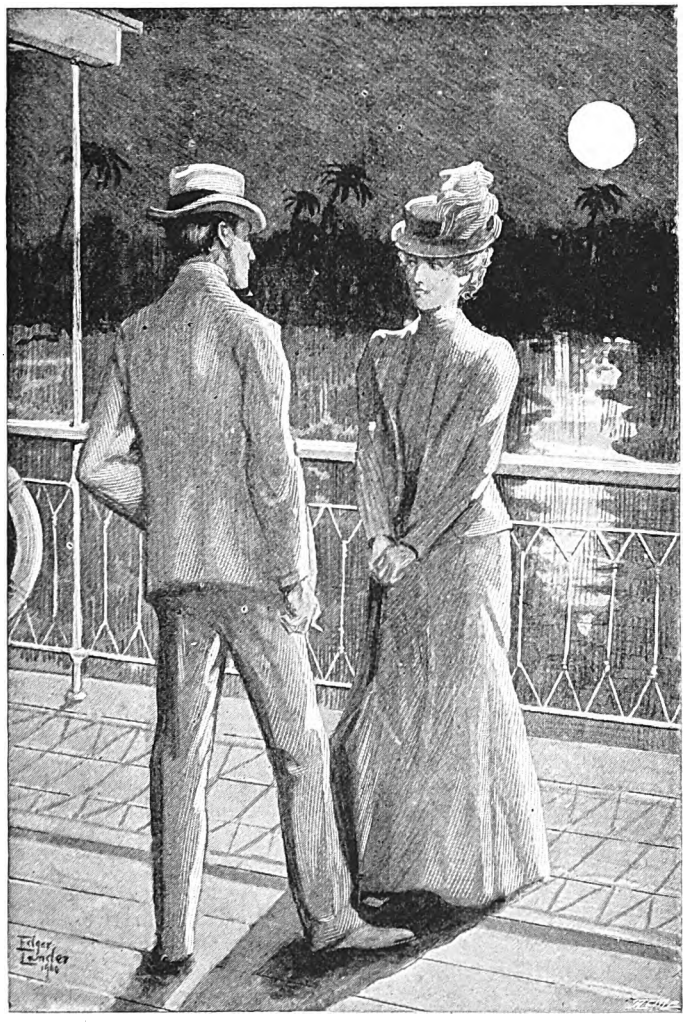
"I must," said the man. "I'll have to go and earn some dollars, or what will Poppa Millis say?"

"Poppa Millis?"

"Yes, of course, your Poppa, eh?" he exclaimed laughingly.

"But his name is not Millis," said the girl, looking suddenly away.

"Not Millis? How does that come about. I understood all along—— Ah, he is your stepfather perhaps?"



"I am Miss Curtis of Chicago."

"No," she returned slowly, still avoiding his face; "it is a mistake of Mrs. Pillsbury's that. Millis is my Christian name."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the man. "What a queer thing not to know the name of the girl one is going to marry. Not that it matters two pins, of course."

"But it does," said the girl smiling archly—"at least, I hope so."

"Not a bit of it," repeated the other. "Here, I say——" He broke off, and caught hold of her wrists, "What is the joke? Why are you smiling?"

She gave a little cry, which was half a sob, half a laugh, and, freeing herself, said, "I don't know, unless it is because I—— I am Miss Curtis, of Chicago!"

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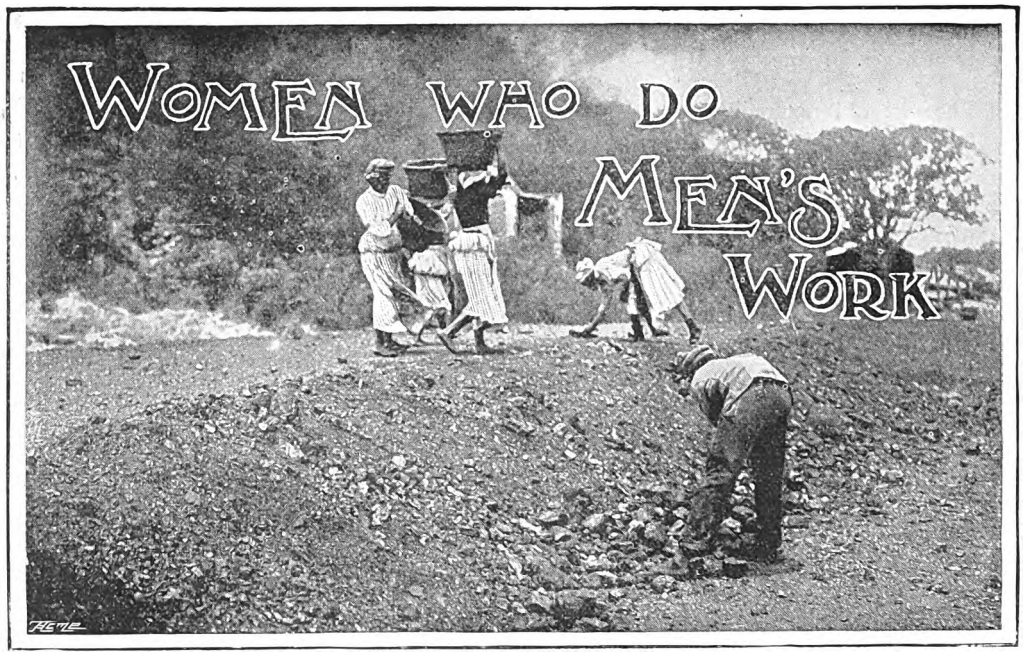

From a Photo.

By Florence Burnley and Kathleen Schlesinger.

Woman was never intended to be the lazy member of the community, nor has she ever deserved such an epithet, but the question of the fitness of her work, whether self-imposed or enforced, is rightly engaging the consideration of many at the present time.

The accompanying series of photographs will, however, serve to illustrate some curious features of the labour of our toiling sisters at home and abroad.

Formerly women used actually to work in the pits in many collieries in England and Wales, but now this is no longer allowed and their energies are restricted to the pit-brow and the screening stage. To the uninitiated these terms will need a little explanation perhaps. The pit-brow is the mouth of the colliery where the cage travels up and down the shaft, with its three decks packed with "tubs" or small trollies on four low wheels. As the cage comes to a standstill, three men dexterously clear the decks, guiding the tubs (of which there are two to each deck) on to the staging at each side of the shaft. Here they are handed over to the gentler—we must not in this case say the weaker—sex, and the pit-brow lassies run them off to the "tippler," a contrivance which tips up the tubs, shooting the coal down a shaft into the lower stage, and then giving the trollies a parting impulse which assist them on their return journey to the shaft.

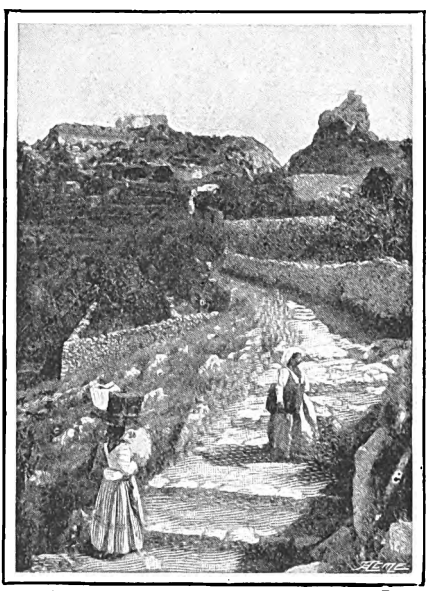

Photo by Edizione Brogi.

Women carriers of Capri.

Now this sounds very hard work, and would be, no doubt, to any one unused to it, but the lassies make light of it; the tubs weigh only 9cwts., and run easily and smoothly

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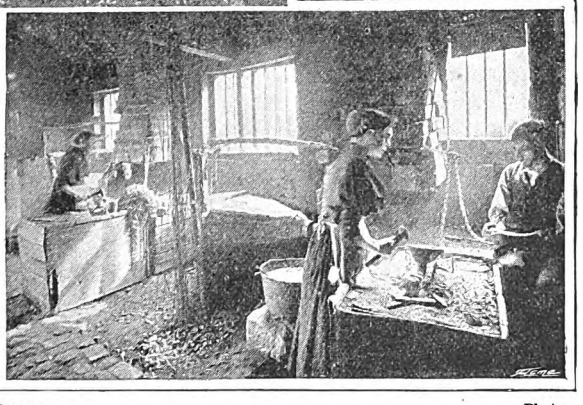
Photo by E. Reeves.
Mrs. Steere, the only woman grave-digger in England.



Women chain-makers forging a chain. This is perhaps the hardest work that women are engaged in in the United Kingdom.

From a Photo.

along, and there are four girls to work the tubs on each side of the shaft.

The pit-brow women are mostly unmarried and earn from two shillings to two and twopence a day, and they work at the rate of ten hours a day.

On the lower stage, the screeners do much lighter work, sorting the coal and breaking up the lumps which contain foreign matter, such as stone or copper; for this work they receive fourpence a day less than their sisters at the pit-brow, whom they greatly envy. As soon as a vacancy occurs above—generally in consequence of the marriage of one of the lassies, the best of the screeners is promoted to fill the coveted place.

The costume of these women can certainly lay no claims to picturesque grace, but it is simple and meets the needs of the case; the bright-hued kerchief tied tightly over the hair keeps out the coal dust, the fish-wife skirt turned up over a pair of men's trousers reaching just below the knees, and the coarse apron of butcher's blue, are garments which, while allowing the limbs perfect freedom, are also calculated to stand rough usage.

This, although real toil, is not the hardest labour in which women engage in our island, for that of the chain-makers is far heavier still, and, what is worse, it is carried on inside factories rendered almost unbearable by the heat of the furnaces.

It was in the chief centre of the industry that the accompanying photographs were taken. These do not give the slightest idea of the utter wretchedness and misery of these forgers of chains, who, toiling like galley-slaves twelve hours a day in unwholesome sheds and factories, scorched by the heat of the furnaces, blistered by the bits of red-hot iron flying about, earn starvation wages of about seven to ten shillings a week.

From a Photo.
Women chainmakers. The beginning and the end of their work.

Look at the chain round the girl's neck in the illustration, and at the rods held by the woman at her side! When a woman succeeds in "working in" forty-six of these rods, which are nine feet long, she earns three shillings, out of which she has to pay for her "breezes" or fuel. This is the process: The iron rods are heated in the forge, of which the women work their own bellows; the red-hot iron is then bent and cut on the hardy, each link has to be twisted

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and passed through the last, and, finally, comes the hardest work of welding or closing the link by means of many blows from the hand-hammer on the anvil, as shown in one of our photographs.

It is pitiful to think of these slaves forging links at the miserable rate of five-and-four-pence a hundredweight, minus the fuel charges on which, more often than not, the masters make a profit of 100 to 200 per cent. Thus, after forging over 700 links in thirty-six hours, a woman receives less than half-a-crown for her labour. What would the dainty damsel say who is unfastening the chain from her pampered dog's collar when about to take him for a pleasant ramble in some cool, shady lane, if she could see the attenuated, hungry-looking girl who received the handsome wage of three farthings for making the chain complete with swivel and ring, and who would thankfully eat half the dog's dinner at any time in the day?

It is with relief that we turn to less gloomy scenes, and no greater contrast could be imagined than the life of the peat-carrier in the Shetland Isles, who has the inclemency of the weather to contend against, and little else. It is quite evident that her load is not a very heavy one, for she walks along knitting industriously the while. The Shetland maiden has a rival in the work of peat-carrying who can double the amount easily. This is the Sheltie pony to whose curious wooden saddle two *cassies* or straw baskets filled with peat are suspended.

Photo by R. H. Ramsay.
A Shetland peat-carrier.

From a Photo.
A woman cinder-washer. This is a branch of the chain-making trade.

Photo by Millard.
Women pitters at Wigan, which is the only place in England where women are still employed in that capacity.

The lot of our dusky sisters in South Africa is a hard one after marriage; the husband buys his wife for a few cows and a string or two of beads, and henceforth she is his slave and chief labourer; all the hardest work falls to her share. It is therefore not surprising to find Kaffir women acting as luggage bearers to a shooting party of white men, carrying the tent poles, the bedding, and the provisions for the shooters securely poised on their heads; they prove indefatigable porters, requiring little food or rest. When a halt is called the women lay down their burdens, and proceed to cater for the comforts of the inner man of their lords and masters before touching a morsel themselves, or taking their well-deserved rest. Another specimen of the work undertaken by the African woman is seen in the snapshot of the unloading of the boats at Klein Popo in German Togo, a district wedged in between Dahomey and the Gold coast, where the natives cultivate cereals, red and white beans, ground nuts, etc.

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Photo by Mr. F. Wootton Isaacson.
Native women carrying the baggage of a South African sporting party.

There is a mission established at Klein Popo, which faithfully battles againt fetichism, the depraving cult of the Togos, but it is a thankless task. As may be seen from our photograph, the men sit and take it easy in the boats, smoking their pipes and giving their orders, while the women carry the cargo of seeds and oil on to the shore, where the children and inquisitive little dogs investigate the nature of the contents of the large round jars.

No one expects, on turning to the Sunny South, to find the women taking toil or anything else in this life seriously, more especially in Italy, the land of the *dolce far niente*, and the picturesque photograph of the Italian peasant girl of Northern Italy playing at work as she carries her light basket of sweet-scented hay on her shoulders quite justifies that opinion.

The girl makes a pretty picture, but one feels that it would be useless to expect steady, regular work from her any more than one could expect to find her light-hearted gaiety and artless grace among the work-soddened chain-makers of Great Britain She is a type of those who take life easily in Italy, whereas another photograph shows us a contrast.

The scene changes now to the rocky island of Capri, where the grand old patriot, Garibaldi, spent the declining years of his life. Here, if you call for a porter to carry your trunk full of heavy books from the shore to the dizzy heights of the rocky village where you intend to read virtuously during the "long," a strapping wench with brawny arms steps forward, hoists the burden on to a low wall or bank, stoops, arranges on her well-poised head a little round pad, and before you have well got over your astonishment at these proceedings, she has started up the winding stairway at a good swinging pace. As the male population is engaged in fishing or gardening, women and girls do the fetching and carrying in Capri, where, although the population is poor, you never see a beggar.

Photo by Emilia.
An Italian woman of the peasant class playing at work.

The most serious career of all ever taken up by our toiling sisterhood is surely that of Mrs. Steere, the grave-digger, who is, I believe, the only female sexton in England, although it is said she has now a rival in Vienna. This venerable grave-digger is a native of Lewes, where her husband was the original sexton of the cemetery; he died nineteen years ago, and his widow, who had always assisted him in his work, took his place officially, and carried on his occupation unassisted for many years. She is now about seventy years old, and the natural infirmities of her

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great age have caused her to relinquish the actual labour, although she still superintends the making of graves, and, I am told, *takes pleasure* in filling them up. The old lady, in fact, looks back with justifiable pride on her singular and gruesome occupation.

In the Island of St. Thomas, which has been characteristically described by Anthony Trollope as a "Niggery—Hispano—Dane—Yankeedoodle sort of a place," we find the women to the fore again in the heavy labour. The island used to be the chief coaling station for the passenger steamers of the Royal Mail Line, but latterly its importance in that respect has materially dwindled.

Scottish peat-carriers.

Photo by C. Reid.

From the accompanying photographs we see that it is the negro women who stack the coal as it comes from the collieries, and carry it on their heads in round baskets to such boats as still call at the harbour; their mops of thick woolly hair generally suffice instead of mats under the baskets.

Photo by Byron.

Negro women coaling a steamer at St. Thomas, West Indies.

Clad in short calico petticoats, they march sturdily along the pier to the steamer, and empty their load into the large iron barrel, which, when full, is raised on to the deck by means of a crane, and finally shot into the hold. Our photograph portrays the curious scene.

Photo by The Deutsches Colonialhaus, Berlin.

Native Women unloading a boat at Klein Popo.

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The Captive Maid.

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

I.

THE sunset glow of an evening in late summer was suffusing with roseate light the vast circular plain which lies east of the great chain of Anti-Libanus, on the edge of the desert—a plain which owes its fertility to the beautiful rivers of clear water that flow around and across it.

The swifter of these, known as the Pharpar, pursues a tumultuous southern course, until it is lost in the lake that lies seven miles away from the white city, but the Abana, called by some "Chrysorrhoas," or "The Golden Stream," makes its way straight to Damascus, the most famous town of all Syria, the dwelling place of Syria's kings.

The white dome of the Temple of Rimmon, in the centre of Damascus, gleamed like the bell of a huge tropical flower, and below, surmounting the flight of steps that led up to the shrine, the great doors of cedar inlaid with brass stood wide open, for the King was about to issue forth in state, after making his obeisance to the god of his people.

On either side of the steps were ranged the King's Archers, a body of picked men, all beyond the common height and build, and each distinguished by some special deed of valour which earned for him the reward of being near the King's person.

The captain of the company, standing midway up the steps, outvied his men in stature and in splendour of person and bearing; and there were many who, looking on him that day, whispered that he was the kingliest man in Syria, and that the time would come when Axares would lead the whole host to battle, and be in the forefront of victory. "Throw him your amulet, Ela," whispered Mandane, the bright-eyed daughter of the King's Chamberlain, when Axares rode past in the royal procession to the Temple; "so will you make him yours."

But Ela, the girl to whom she spoke and who held a high place amongst the Court beauties, shrank back, replacing the bracelet on her arm, and, hiding her face, for Axares' eyes had met hers with the careless indifference of one to whom the persons in the crowd were all of equal value.

Her pride rebelled from such scanty tribute to her charms.

"The Captain Axares has no need for amulets," she said, with a quiver of the lips she tried to make disdainful. "He fears naught and he cares for none."

Yet for her the brightness of the day had gone now the King's Archers were past the window in the Chamberlain's house at which she sat.

But she was wrong about Axares. For him love was no longer an unknown gift of the gods, and his thoughts were occupied with someone who had taken no part in the day's festivities, but whose face seemed to him fairer than any of his countrywomen. So, with his dark eyes reflective under their marked and level brows, and with his lips set in content under his short, dark beard, he stood, waiting the King's pleasure, on the Temple steps.

Suddenly the inner doors of hammered gold swung open, and, preceded by the standard, a pole surmounted by his name, the King stepped slowly forward, leaning on the arm of his Captain-in-Chief, Naaman, foremost in rank among the nobles of the realm, and first in the King's favour and esteem.

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Shouts of "Ben-Hadad" rent the air from the expectant crowd beneath, and Axares, giving to his men the order to salute, stepped aside to make way for the royal progress. It was a strange sight this, of the two first men in Syria, the contrasts between them bringing into relief the characteristics of each.

The King's features were of too heavy an order to be comely, and their expression, imperious and watchful, was singularly unchanging; even the victories he had lately gained had not stirred him to an evidence of enthusiasm, yet he was in many instances a just ruler and a loyal friend.

The man on whose arm he leant, not for support, but because it was the royal custom, and the prerogative of the King's favourite, was one whom he had selected always for his favour, and who for two years now had held the highest and most coveted appointment in the land, that of commander of the host, with even more than all the usual privileges and emoluments.

The King delighted to honour him, because it was he, Naaman, who, drawing a bow at a venture, with his keen eyes directed towards the spot where he knew the King of Israel drove his chariot amongst the Jewish troops, had pierced the joints of the breast-plate and inflicted the mortal wound of which Ahab died at even.

The Jews did not resent the death of their King, for he had oppressed them greviously, and they considered that Jehovah himself had permitted his death at the hands of this heathen, but it seemed strange and terrible to them that the man in greatest authority in Syria, next to the King himself, should be this Naaman, a leper; one who, in their country, would have been isolated from his fellows, branded with a taint that debarred him from all human joys and advancements, and from participating in the worship of his God!

The Syrians, however, looked on this deadly evil in a more lenient way, and to them there was no sense of repulsion at the sight of the Chief Captain, side by side with the King, moving freely in their midst, his dark eyes shining from a face that, though unblemished in the fineness of its contour, was "white as the driven snow."

They moved together, with stately steps, down to the King's chariot with its team of beautiful Arabian horses, black, without a fleck of colour on their shining skins, laden with jewelled and embroidered trappings. Behind them came a procession of high officers of Court and State, and then the King's Archers closed in and descended the steps, as the priests of Rimmon shut the doors of the Temple and withdrew to the inner shrine to complete the sacrifice.

So ended the obeisance of the King to Hadad-Rimmon.

II.

"My lord, what ails thee? Why dost thou look so disquieted and moody?"

It was the wife of Naaman who spoke when her husband, newly returned from his attendance on the King, sought her on the terrace, where, in the cool of the evening, she wandered with some of her maidens.

He made a gesture of weariness, and bade her dismiss those who were with her and sit with him on the parapet of the tower that looked out over the great plain. The glint of the river where it wound through the city was cool and peaceful, and Zeresh's hand when she laid it on his brow was pleasant to his troubled mind.

"What is it that you want, Naaman, my heart's lord?" she murmured. "Is there aught that the King has denied to thee?"

"Nought," he said briefly.

"You are Ben Hadad's friend and counsellor, and you are the husband of Zeresh," she said tenderly, for she was possessed of great wealth, and her olive-tinted face had a spiritual charm that was rare amongst the full-lipped and voluptuous-eyed Syrians; "Why then should my lord bend his brow and gaze so sadly towards the mountains? Does he seek fresh warfare?"

He made a sudden gesture of self-repudiation. "I would be clean," he said, "I would be as other men are, for thy sake, Zeresh, as well as for my own."

Then Zeresh, holding her peace for a moment, turned away from him and burst into bitter weeping, for this was the haunting spectre that dogged them both. And now it had risen again just at the moment when she most counted on its absence.

Naaman rose, and, telling her gently that the shadow was gone, entreated her to think no more of what he had said but to hasten the evening meal, so that they might eat and drink and be glad. She went therefore slowly to her own room, deep in thought, and her maidens clustered round her anxiously, wondering what had happened.

"Where is Merab?" she said, looking round on them all. "Go you and send her to me. I want no one else."

She sank into the carved ivory chair with its arched arms that stood in front of her polished

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steel mirror, and covered her eyes with one hand as though even her own reflection disturbed her. A moment later a light step crossed the room, and a girl, dressed in the loose white garments of the Israelites, stood before Zeresh, a bunch of white lilies and pinks clasped in her folded hands.

She was a girl whose exquisite loveliness was like that of a sculptured angel, so perfect in curve and contour were the chiselled features, so pathetic their pallor, and the wistful gaze of the large soft eyes. She was quite young, almost on the borderland of childhood, but a world of thought and care and sad experience lay in the depths of her eyes, and in the small folded lips.

"I am here, lady," she said after a moment, in a low, sweet voice.

Zeresh raised her eyes, and a look of pleasure came into them as she saw Merab.

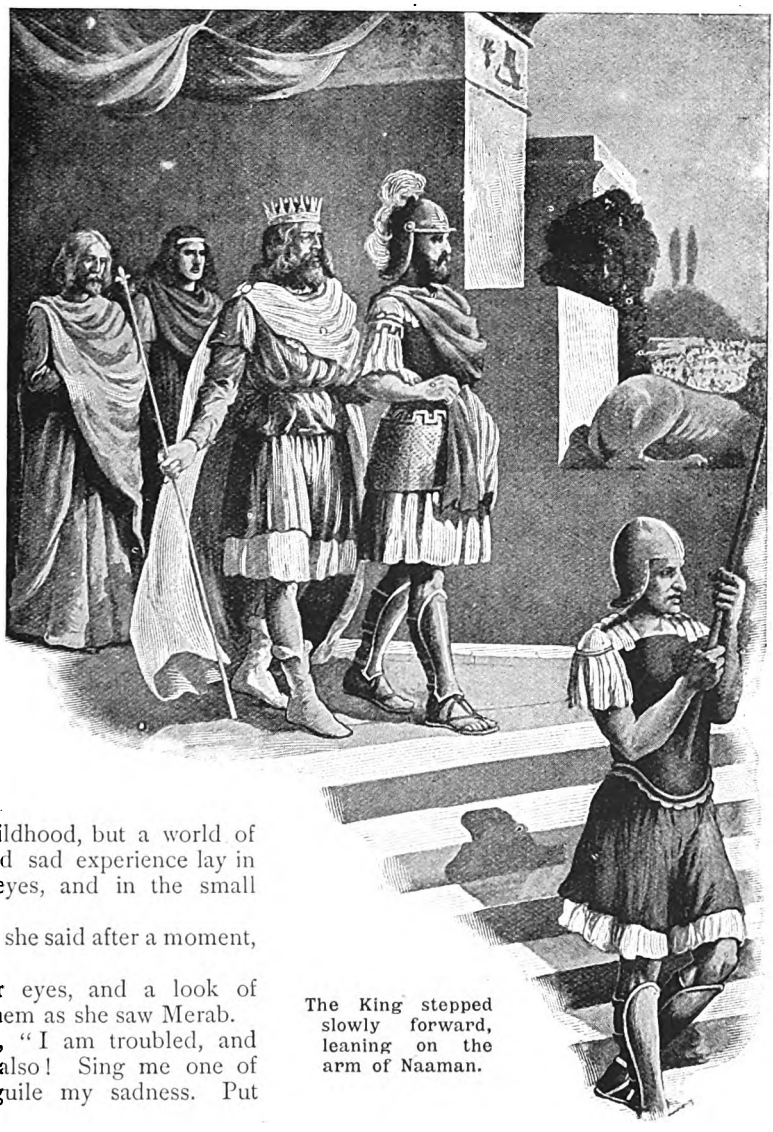
"Child," she said, "I am troubled, and my lord is troubled also! Sing me one of your songs and beguile my sadness. Put your flowers aside."

"They are for you," said Merab gently. "I thought they would look well woven into your hair."

Zeresh smiled, well pleased.

Merab's beauty and tender girlish ways had captivated her heart, sore in its childlessness, from the moment when Naaman, at his triumphal home-coming from the last war, had said:

"Here is a little maid whom we made captive, from the tents of Israel; take her, she is the spoil I brought for thee; she is of good birth amongst her own people and she seems gentle-natured. Let her wait upon thyself."



The King stepped slowly forward, leaning on the arm of Naaman.

And Zeresh, taking her as a gift from the Sun-god and touched by the tears that shone in the girl's eyes, had treated her with kindness, consoling her for her exile in many ways and giving to her all the chief duties as well as the lightest, connected with her person.

Laying her flowers down on the ivory dressing-table, Merab fetched her musical instrument—a quaint, three-stringed one—and sang first a plaintive song of mourning, and then a wild barbaric melody of triumph and rejoicing.

The dark look faded from Zeresh's face;

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Someone passing the gate started at the vision.

and at the end she sprang up, clapping her hands and calling to Merab to bring her silken robes and jewels, and to weave the flowers into her coronet of hair.

"I would fain look my best to-night, and win my lord from grievous thoughts!" she said. "Perchance I will send for thee to sing to him, Merab, after the supper is ended."

She swept away to the banqueting hall, and Merab went out to the garden to dream of her distant home under the stars.

As the night fell, she drew nearer to the gate through the bars of which she could see the glimmering lights from the bazaars, and hear the tread of soldiers where they passed upon their rounds.

She might have been the spirit of purity and innocence as she stood there motionless in her white dress, one drooping hand clasping her lute, in the other a branch of white flowers.

Someone passing the gate started at the vision, and stopped, saying with a courteous salute: "The evening is good, is it not? Is Naaman keeping at home to-night? I would speak with him."

"He is within," answered Merab. "He sups even now with Zeresh."

Axares, for it was he, felt a thrill of passionate tenderness as the lovely eyes met his; this captive maid had a strange attraction for him with her pure, sad face, so different in its gaze to the bold challenge of the Syrian girls when their hero passed by.

He lingered and talked with her through the gate, and she was won to tell him of her life in Judæa, of the father and mother whose only child she was, and of the great Temple in which she was wont to worship the God of her people.

"Will you give me one of the flowers you hold?" said Axares humbly, when at last he felt that he must not linger at the gate, "they seem to be like yourself, Merab, and I would fain keep it in remembrance of you."

"My lord does too much honour to his servant," answered Merab with proud humility; yet this warrior, heathen and conqueror of Israel as he was, seemed to her the goodliest man that she had ever seen.

He stretched his hand through the gate towards her; and it was new and pleasureable to Axares to plead for what was usually given with a readiness that deprived the gift of all its grace.

"I should prize it very greatly," he said gravely. Yet he had never asked a boon of any maid before.

She broke off a blossom from her branch, and, stepping to the gate, she laid it in his hand; then, before he could detain hers, she drew the folds of the light scarf that lay round her shoulders over her head, and with an obeisance walked away into the shadow of the trees beyond.

While Axares, putting the flower inside his leathern doublet, passed on to the doorway of Naaman's house, and was shown into the Chief Captain where he sat at meat.

Both Naaman and Zeresh welcomed him gladly, for he was their near kinsman, and his presence was always desirable to them.

Not only was he a mighty man of valour, but he had more learning than most of the younger men, and especially the soldiers of his time; for he was of a grave and high-

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souled nature, and the amusements of the Court seemed often frivolous and wearisome to him.

He admired Zeresh greatly, finding a sweet unselfishness in her marriage to Naaman, and preferring her stately somewhat frigid ways to the more free and alluring ones of many of the Syrian ladies.

He, too, found Naaman unusually silent and ill at ease; all the efforts of Zeresh to win him from his unhappy mood had been of no avail, and, sick at heart, she left the two together, and sent for Merab to the Terrace to sing to her and comfort her.

The sound of the fresh young voice, with its soft lute accompaniment, was wafted across the garden to the banqueting hall, and presently Axares, attracted by it, came out to them and stood leaning against the parapet, his face in shadow, his whole soul absorbed with the beauty of the singer's tones, and face, and attitude.

"How fares my lord?" asked Zeresh, when the song ended.

"Not well," replied the young Captain, "he seems strangely disturbed and moody to-night."

"Will he not come and listen to the music?" she continned.

"It might well soothe him to ease of soul," said Axares, "yet he would not be persuaded."

Zeresh sighed heavily. "If only—" she began, and broke off with a gesture of despair. But Merab, springing up, laid a hand upon her arm and said earnestly, "I would that my lord would go to the prophet who dwells in Samaria; then would he be cured of this malady."

"Of whom speakest thou, child? Knowest thou not that it is impossible to find a cure. The gods look down on this evil thing unmoved."

But Merab's eyes were filled with the glow of earnest faith, and she entreated Zeresh to give heed to her while she told of all the miracles wrought by Elisha.

"Is not death a greater thing than this?" she said. "Yet to Elisha it was nought."

"Your tales are wondrous, child," said Zeresh, a hope springing up in her heart. "I will speak of them to my lord even now."

And arising, she hurried away from the terrace.

There was silence between the two for

"Beloved, thou art a queen among women, and with thee for wife I should feel a very king among men."

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some moments; then Merab would have gently passed Axares with a murmured word of farewell, but he caught her hand and detained her.

"Is it even as thou sayest about this prophet of thine?" he asked her.

"It is even so," she answered.

"I could find it in my heart to wish that I had been born an Israelite instead of a Syrian," said Axares, "then, perhaps, thou would'st have looked upon me with favour, Merab."

She was silent, the hand which he held trembling, in his strong clasp.

Her face was turned away from him, and he bent down to find some answer in her eyes.

"Merab," he said, and never surely had Axares' voice softened to such tender pleading, "there is nought in the wide world I would not do for thee; hast thou not a word of kindness for me."

"I am but a captive," she faltered, trying to draw her hand away from his.

"It is I who am thy captive," he exclaimed, "to do with as thou wilt. Beloved, to me thou art a queen among women, and with thee for my wife I should feel a very king among men."

Then she lifted her face to him, and there was such a radiance in it that he knew her heart was his, in spite of all barriers that lay between them.

And with a mental vow that he would gain her freedom and cherish and protect her from all further harm, he folded her in his strong arms, and kissed the beautiful eyes until they lost their sadness, and shone with the joy of a great love.

Never since the first moment of her captivity had Merab known happiness and peace of mind until this night.

But alas! even at that moment the evil that jealousy can work had begun to cast its deadly blight upon them.

They did not dream that a spy who had followed Axares when he came to Naaman's house had witnessed both their meetings.

He was a servant of the King's Chamberlain, and had been sent by Mandane with a letter to Axares, chiding him for his coldness to her friend, the beautiful Ela, and bidding him come that evening to one of the terraces of the King's garden, where they would walk after supper and wait for him.

The servant, who knew that the letter was of immediate importance, learning that Axares had gone to Naaman's house, followed him, and decided to loiter until the young captain came forth.

Hidden therefore in a fringe of trees, he watched until Axares, quitting Merab, went out by the terrace gate, and after delivering Mandane's letter, returned and told her all that he had seen.

The blow to Ela's pride and self-esteem shattered all the love she had hitherto felt for Axares, and in a storm of furious despair she turned to Mandane to help her in gaining some revenge upon the lovers.

"That he should dare to slight me for this captive girl, this Jewess, this slave," she cried passionately; "I would that I could compass her death. Help me, Mandane; tell me how best I can avenge myself."

III.

So on the morrow when it was known that Naaman, having received Ben-Hadad's permission to go to Judæa, had departed with a large train of chariots and horses and men, and with rich gifts for the prophet of Samaria, in return for which the King demanded his restoration to health, Ela and Mandane sought an audience of the King.

"What would you with me, fair maidens?" said Ben-Hadad smiling, when they made their obeisance to him.

"We would tell thee of a plot that touches thee nearly, O King," answered Mandane, "since it is against Naaman, whom thou honourest. We are assured that this Merab the Israelite hath sent him on a fool's errand, knowing well that her people will take from him his liberty, and perchance his life."

Ben-Hadad's eyes flashed, and a frown gathered between his brows.

He turned and gave a brief order to one of his guards.

"Fring hither Zeresh, and the maid from Israel who is of her household."

"But that is not all," continued Mandane; "she hath another meaning in what she doth. For she hath won thy captain Axares to love her, and she would that he may take Naaman's place as Commander of the Host."

Ben-Hadad struck the ground with his staff, and, calling to another of the guards who stood near him, bade him summon Axares also to the Palace. Then he remained silent until they were all assembled, when he said to Merab: "Stand forth, and tell me of this prophet."

As she stepped forward quietly and stood in the centre of the King's Hall in her white robes, without an ornament or a jewel, and only the white band round her dark hair, she looked the loveliest woman there, and even Ben-Hadad himself was struck with the regal bearing of this Jewish maid.

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With her eyes steadfastly on his, she spoke of Elisha, relating all the wonderful things that he had done, and how he was in the counsels of the King of Israel, and could tell him when the Syrians were coming to war against him and which side would win the battle. How he had prophesied the death of Ahab at the hand of a Syrian, and many other things.

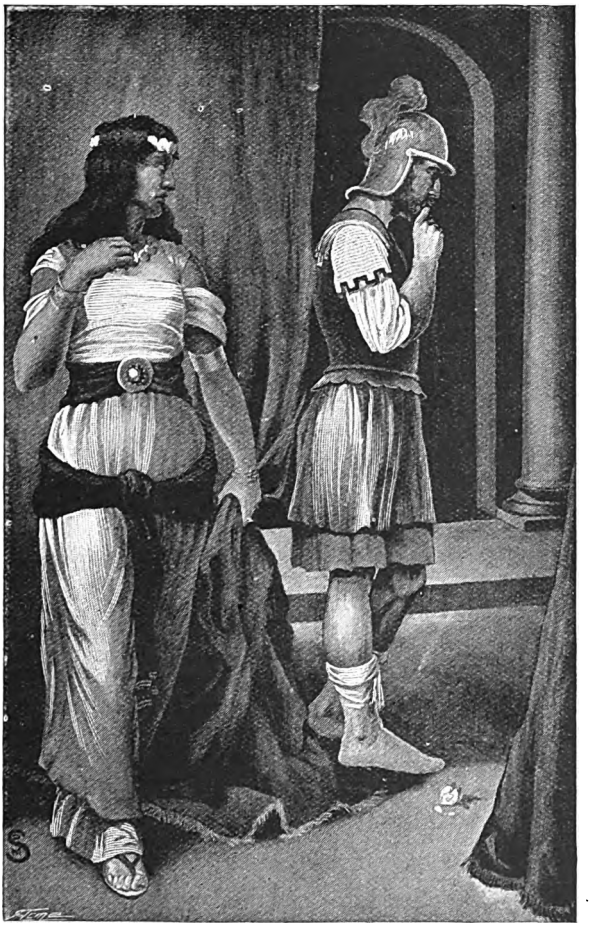
Then Ben-Hadad said: "Art thou willing to stake thy life on the power of this Prophet?"

And she folded her arms on her breast, and said: "I am willing."

The King was silent for some time, looking long at Merab, debating as to what he should do with her. At last he said:

"So be it; if Naaman returns in safety and healed of his malady, thou shall have freedom and honour; if otherwise, thy life is forfeit."

Then he dismissed them all, and Zeresh went home sorrowing and lonely, for Merab was taken to the prison hall, there to wait till news should come of Naaman.



"I, Axares, could win the king's pardon for thee, if thou would'st."

But when Axares, heavy-hearted, would have left the King's presence, Ben-Hadad sternly commanded him to remain in the palace, and not to leave its precincts without express permission.

It needed but a glance at the malicious triumph in Ela's face as she passed him with Mandane to show Axares whose hand had wrought all this disaster, but her gaze fell abashed before the scorn of his look, and she knew that whatever happened either to Merab or to him his deathless love would belong always to the Jewish girl and his deathless hate to the woman who had parted them.

The days dragged heavily on, for still there came no tidings of Naaman, and still the King's order kept Axares at the palace, while Merab lay desolate in prison, only upheld from sinking into despair by her steadfast faith and courage.

Twice Axares found means to convey to her a few words of loving re-assurance, but the risk was great, and it was not possible for her to reply to him.

He had made up his mind that on the day which brought evil tidings of Naaman, he would manage with the help of the King's Seal, to obtain access to Merab, and, having contrived her escape, would drive her himself in a swift chariot out of Damascus. Then, if they were discovered and overtaken, he would die with her.

He had little hope of any other fate; Ben-Hadad would be implacable in his wrath if harm came to Naaman, and Axares dared not believe that such a miracle as the Chief-Captain's return, safe and sound, could happen.

He was dreaming listlessly of this dreary future one day in an ante-chamber of the Palace, when a light laugh rippled near him, and a flower adroitly flung from between parted curtains struck his lips and fell at his feet.

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He made no attempt to pick it up, and a moment after, Ela, for it was she, drew the curtain aside, saying:

"They are fools who dream of the moon when the sun is shining. Is my poor flower despised, Axares; it touched thy lips but now."

He looked away from her indifferently, while he answered:

"The lips are far away from the heart, and my heart is guarded by another flower, which was not given unasked."

Her face darkened and all its beauty vanished as she replied:

"Merab, the captive, whose treachery will soon now be rewarded! Fool! to waste thy love on one who hath brought thee disgrace, and will bring thee death, perchance, while I —" she paused, and strove to soften the harshness of her voice, "I, Axares, could win the King's pardon for thee, if thou wouldst."

She drew nearer, and laid her fingers on his arm, but he shook them off as though they held some blight, and said:

"I have done no wrong, and I desire no pardon either at thy hands or the King's. The treachery is thine, and I would die a thousand deaths rather than owe aught to thee. Begone, or I shall forget thou art a woman in thy falseness!"

She shrank before his righteous anger, then turned and confronted him with flashing eyes.

"*She* shall pay the penalty for those words of thine," she said. "Thy punishment shall be to know that it is for thy folly she suffers."

And then the woman lost control over herself completely. She clenched her hands, stamped her feet, abused the warrior before her, and heaped every insult to which her tongue would give expression upon the absent Israelitish captive. Never before had Axares seen a woman in such a fury. Even he would have thought it impossible that a Syrian maiden, considered by her own people as beautiful and refined above the average, could thus have acted like a barbarian from the eastern provinces of the Empire But he was able now to understand how Ela had consigned an innocent girl to the dungeon. He knew her nature.

Axares stared at her, shocked at the violence of her pent-up fury, and as they stood thus a great tumult arose in the courtyard, and many of the King's household came running through the palace crying: "They come! they come!" While through the doorway a concourse of people could be seen and heard approaching with shouts of acclamation for someone who rode in their midst.

"It is he!" exclaimed Ela, while a ghastly pallor crept over her face, and a trembling into her limbs, as she realised the meaning of this joyous welcome.

"It can be no other," said Axares, the light of a great and amazed gladness dawning in his eyes. "Hark, they are entering the audience-chamber of the King; there is the summons for the Guards."

And without another word they hastened together to the great hall of the Seven Kings, where Ben-Hadad granted audiences of State.

The King was already seated on his throne and the hall was thronged, while every eye was turned upon Zeresh and Naaman, who stood at the King's right hand. And Axares knew that the miracle had come to pass, for the chief-captain's skin was no longer white as snow but was as other men's; his leprosy had departed—he was healed.

"Seven times have I dipped," he said, "in the clay-coloured stream of Israel, even as the prophet told me, and at the seventh time I was made whole! Wherefore I have brought with me two mule-burdens of earth wherewith to build an altar to the God of Israel. For he is greater even than Rimmon."

"It is well," said Ben-Hadad. "Bring hither Merab, the Israelite captive."

And when she came, he said: "Approach near to me."

So she went close to the King and bowed her head.

Then taking the chain of jewels from his own neck he laid it round hers, and turning to them all, he said:

"Know that Merab is free from this hour, and the eight talents of silver which Elisha the Prophet refused, these shall be hers; and she may depart to her own land in peace whensoever she wills it. But and if she will dwell with us, then shall she be held in honour by the Syrians, and she may ask what boon she will; it shall be granted to her."

She lifted her face, dazzling now in its beauty and radiance, and stretching out her hand to Axares where he stood apart, she said:

"If the King wills, I would that Axares would ask the boon for me."

And the King said: "He may ask."

So Axares, stepping forth and taking her hand before them all, said:

"I would ask that the King shall consent to our marriage, and thereafter shall permit us to visit the people of Merab, and to return again to dwell in Syria."

And the King said: "It is granted. Go in peace."

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DAILY LIFE ON A BATTLESHIP

Photo by R. Thiele & Co

Being the Second of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Jack's day begins at four o'clock in the morning, when most properly regulated persons are very sensibly and soundly asleep. As a matter of fact a warship is not a vessel in which naval officers and men prance up and down the world's seas—eating, and drinking, and making merry, chewing tobacco, swallowing grog, and telling lusty yarns smelling of the sea—fishy. Jack Tars do not languish in genteel indolence until the call comes to fight for the flag. An admiral remarked, not long ago, that bluejackets earned their pay like horses and spent it like asses. Apart from Jack's little failings ashore, it is a fact that there are few men of his class who lead such downright hard-working lives. Look at any naval veteran! If he has served as a seaman he will have a face like a wizened apple, and his rheumatics and other pains are the legacies he has gained for his old age by standing ready in past years in all climates and all weathers to right the wrongs of his Queen and country. There are exceptions. Some men pass through the severe mill of naval service with slight effect, but the constant activity, the exposure in heat and cold, despite the generally healthy conditions of the life, often leave their story printed on face and hands and constitution. Old salts of the quarter-deck you may find, but of those men who work amid the whirl of the machinery in the ships bowels, with the temperature it may be at 130-140 degrees Fahrenheit, or in the stokeholds — what become of them in old age? At fifty most of them are worn out. Many leave their health, their sight, and possibly their hearing behind them in the engine-rooms or stokeholds, and come ashore for the last time old men of seventy or thereabouts, though they have seen but fifty birthdays. But blue-jacket, stoker, engine-room artificer, or marine, they all love the sea and its life, though it is far from realising many landsmen's dreams of lazy days on the ocean while the ship glides over gently rippling waters, and past strange romantic coasts.

Bluejackets work as hard as horses, and

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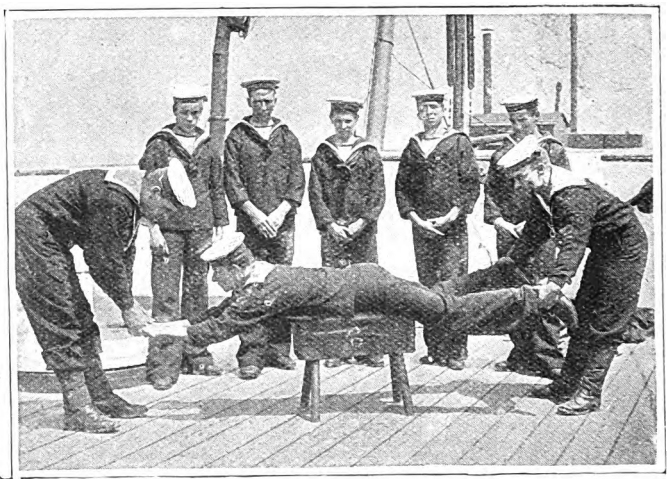
they never know what it is to sleep more than four hours at a stretch afloat. Stokers and others get a clear eight hours as a rule; that is one of the compensations of their lives. "Idlers" such men used to be called as were not actual fighters—but the word was no real reproach, and has been superseded by the word "daymen." All the men in a warship labour in one way or another, and in time of war even paymasters are at the doctor's right hand. Bluejackets owe a duty to their Queen, to the flag, and to the country. It is their part in times of peace to prepare for war, and they do it by drilling continuously from New Year's Day to the last day in December, and so on year after year.



A "dry" swimming-class on board ship. This is how Jack learns the movements of the arms and legs.

Jack receives visitors. A sailor explaining the working of the guns to his mother.

Jack gets his pay usually on the Friday following commissioning. A number of local tra es-men — watch-dealers, tailors, photographers, stationers, etc.— are then permitted by the master-at-arms to bring their goods on board for the sailors' inspection. The scene which takes place is depicted in this photograph.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

Jack is forced to be an early riser, for the ships must be as clean as a Dutchman's house by eight or nine o'clock, or there would be a hullaballoo that would not soon be forgotten. It has already been explained in a former article that a ship's company is divided into watches, and the precise time in harbour, when the men of the early watch have to fling themselves out of their hammocks to relieve the middle watch, depends upon the admiral or the captain, if the ship is not cruising in a squadron. The hour at sea is always four o'clock. At that hour punctually the ever-restless boatswain's mate wanders round the mess deck, shrilly piping and shouting, "Starboard watch" (or Port, as the case may be), and daymen rouse out—rouse out—"'Eave round, 'eave round, 'eave round, show a leg, a purse, or a stocking."

In this connection it is interesting to note that purser was the old name for the ship's paymaster, from whom the men obtained the long blue stockings, which in cold weather they sometimes wear when asleep in

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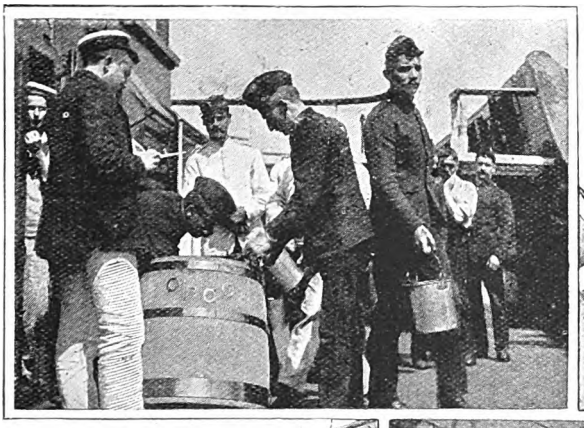
their hammocks. No man can shirk his duty to get up by any excuses, and soon all are gathered on the quarter-deck scrubbing and washing it, while the so-called "daymen" are busy below, if the ship is in harbour, supplying the water.

At sea, in modern ships, the water is pumped by the fire-engine, and the daymen do not have to man the pumps for washing the decks. They have to do this, however, in harbour when, as sometimes happens, there is no steam, even in one boiler. Every man becomes for the time a deft housemaid. Dressed in his old blue serge working suit, Jack flies about the flooded deck in his bare feet, his trousers tucked up to his knees. While all this mess and commotion is going on above, the men of the other watch, who turned in at 4 o'clock, sleep below, but shortly after 6 o'clock it is their turn to respond to the call of the boatswain's mate, and, lashing up their hammocks, stow away all the night gear in readiness for the first meal of the day. Table and stools are placed out and Jack's bedroom is transformed into his meal room. Between half past six and seven breakfast is served, a simple meal of which more may be written in another article. It is a meal only in a complimentary sense, and is quickly despatched. Within half an hour, or an hour—usually about 8 o'clock—the bugle sounds to "quarters," and the work of cleaning is resumed; on this occasion the guns are taken in hand and burnished until they meet with the approval of the gunnery lieutenant and gunner.

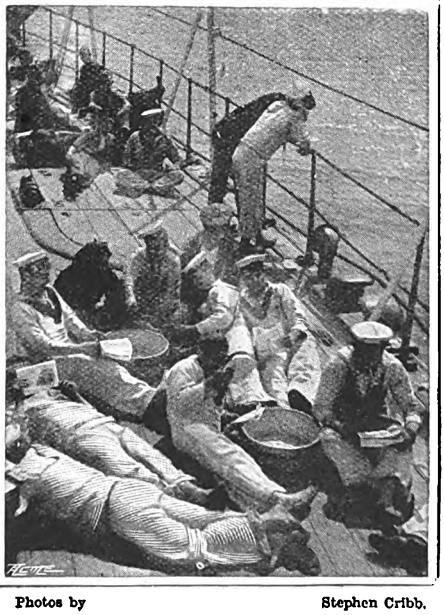
Meantime the engineers' staff are carrying out a similar task of cleanliness below for the benefit of the engines and boilers, for a modern ship has about two score of engines for propulsion, ventilation, steering, water distilling, boat and ammunition hoisting, and many other purposes, and there are eighteen or twenty or more boilers. When the guns are made "beautiful as the morning," the decks where breakfast has been eaten are swept and tidied, and other finishing touches put to the ship's toilet. Soon after 8 o'clock—or an hour later in winter—everything is in apple-pie order, the men parade in divisions, and as the colours are hoisted each officer and man stands at the salute.

The naval day has now really begun. All hands muster and are inspected by the officers of their divisions, who seem to scrutinise every detail of the men's dress and call over the coals every man who, having had time to tidy himself since he tidied the ship, is not smart in appearance. The tolling of a bell tells all and sundry that the hour has come for prayers; the Roman Catholics fall



Grog is served out to the men under the eye of an officer.

After dinner the men are allowed for forty minutes to drink, smoke, and yarn. They sit about the decks as shown in the photograph, and make the most of their short period of recreation.



Photos by Stephen Cribb.

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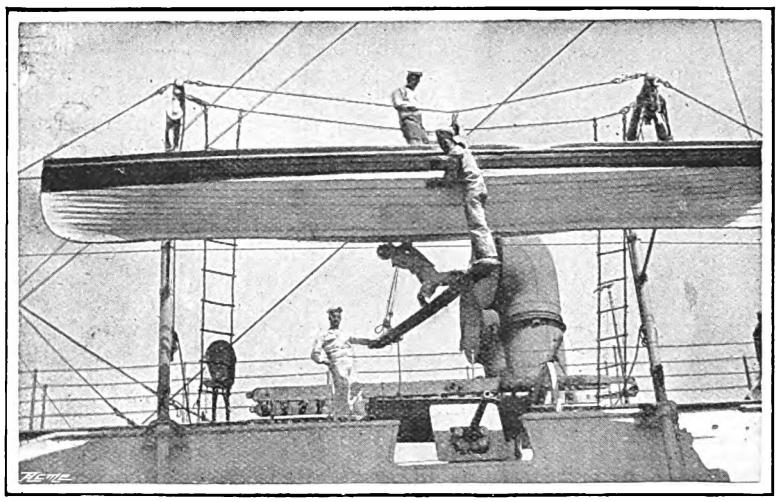

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Cleaning boats.

out and the other men are marched to the quarterdeck.

On every warship, except little torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, the day begins with prayers. These are said after divisions by the chaplain, or, if the ship has no "Padro," as he is called, by the captain. His religious duties done, Jack has a short time to himself—a "stand easy"—when he eats his real breakfast—not a meal provided by the authorities, but one for which he pays out of his own pocket. Possibly, during this short rest he gets an opportunity to have his first smoke of the day. This short period of relaxation is followed by the morning's drills or exercises according to a programme which will be explained subsequently.

These drills last until 11.30, when the ship is once more tidied, and the first lieutenant serves out punishment to each delinquent, while from the lower regions ascend smells more or less savoury, and more or less strong, according to the character of the day's dinner.

Meantime, on the bridge the navigating lieutenant will be busy with his sextant, noting the position of the ship and the sun. At noon he gives his report to the officer of the watch, who forthwith proceeds to the captain, who by this time will have disposed of the serious cases which the first lieutenant will have passed on to him, for even a "first Luff's" power of punishment is limited. The officer of the watch finds the captain at leisure. "Twelve o'clock, sir," he exclaims, and indicates briefly the latitude of the ship. On the captain signifying that he is satisfied, the sentry strikes eight bells, the boatswain's mate pipes for dinner, and in a moment the men are "hard at it," for after such a morning's work in fresh salt air, who would not be a good trencherman? Half an hour suffices for the meal and then under the eye of one of the officers the grog is served out—what it really is, how it came to be so called and other details must be explained on another occasion, when the mysteries of Jack's food and drink—real mysteries—are revealed. Lanterns are lighted and from them pipes are set smoking lustily, giving off an aroma that would paralyse a good many landsmen, for "ship's tobacco" is distinctly strong. For a full forty minutes the men

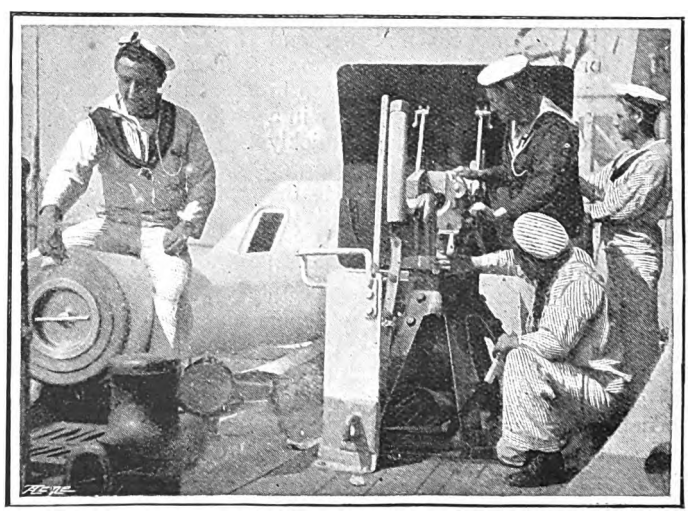

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The sailors take a pride in keeping their guns highly polished.

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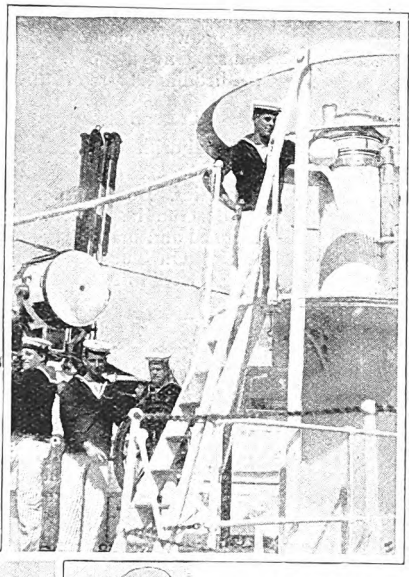
drink and smoke and yarn and joke in groups, and then the mid-day "spell-oh" ends. At a quarter past one all is orderly commotion, decks are cleaned up once more, small arms are petted and burnished, and drill begins for one watch and lasts until half past three o'clock, while the other watch goes below, probably to sleep or to make or mend clothes.

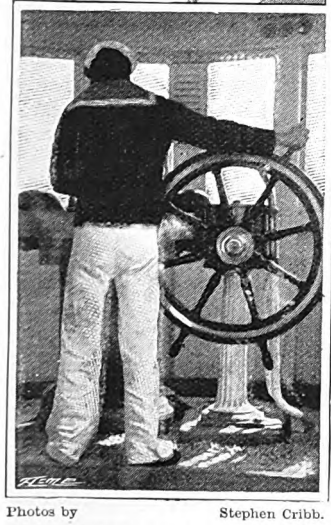
At half past four all the ship will have been tidied, mess tables and stools will have been placed out, and the men sit down to their supper, and change into their night "rigs." Supper at 4.30, according to the Admiralty's regulations. This leisure time is usually seized by slaves of the weed for a smoke as well as for supper. In half an hour the signal is given, "Out pipes and smoking lanterns," and if the ship is at sea, guns are secured for the night, boats hoisted in, divisions are inspected; and if in harbour at this time, men who have permission to go ashore for a little recreation leave, while their companions have a short time to themselves to smoke and talk, play cards or draughts, sing songs, dance, or prepare some theatricals—for Jack acts. Thus the men while away two hours or so of freedom.



The steering gear of a battleship.

Taking in signals from the flagship.

At half past seven, "stand by hammocks" is the pipe, and all hands put down their hammocks and hang them up, and have an opportunity of eating their real supper, for which they pay themselves. But before this the commander will have paid a visit to the deck. More smoking; more yarning follow as a rule. At sea the men of the first watch (8 to 12 p.m.) are mustered round the capstan for their night duties. At 8.30 there is a final clean up of the decks, clothes bags are stowed away neatly, at 8.45 the cry once more is, "out pipes and smoking lanterns," and a quarter of an hour later the commander makes his inspection round. A short spell of leisure is again vouchsafed, and by ten o'clock the mess deck is quiet in healthy slumber, save for occasional creakings of hammocks and fitful snores.



Photos by Stephen Cribb.

The man at the wheel.

It remains to indicate the never changing round of each successive day of the week, apart from the routine already referred to, and this may be done by giving a ship's calendar.

MONDAY.

Morning: General drill. Prepare for action and place out the torpedo nets at the ship's sides ready to repel any foe.

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Afternoon: Gymnastics and small arms drill. At 6 p.m. wash clothes. Inspection of guns. Once a month, on a Monday, the bedding is aired in the open.

TUESDAY.

Morning: Divisional drill. Torpedo running for practice.

Afternoon: Gymnastics. Boat sailing. Small arms drill. Gun inspection. Steamboats manned and manœuvred every other week. On Tuesday forenoon hammocks have to be scrubbed.

WEDNESDAY.

Morning: Torpedo exercise and nets against torpedo attack, placed outside ship. Drill for Marines and drill for seamen ashore, if possible, with field guns.

Afternoon: Cutlass exercises. Explosive mines, electric cables and the electric circuits of guns inspected by officers. Midshipmen and sailor boys drill with gun, small arm, and cutlasses.

THURSDAY.

Morning: Parties of seamen and marines exercised in landing. Drill in passing ammunition from the shell and powder compartments up to the guns.

Twice a month, Thursday forenoon, the men muster to verify their numbers, every two months their bedding is inspected and every three months their clothes are inspected, and the Articles of War are read out, together with any new regulations.

Afternoon: "Make and mend clothes," this is the time when Jack enjoys himself. It is his half holiday, and if he is in harbour, tradesmen come aboard with goods for sale.

FRIDAY.

Morning: "General Quarters," when the ship is prepared in every way as for action and the men drilled in all their warlike duties.

Afternoon: The ship's boats are armed as though there were pirates or slave runners to be dealt with. There is practice at laying out an anchor, and the gun-cotton is tested.

Once a month "fire quarters" are held on Friday. Every man stands to his duty as though the ship were on fire.

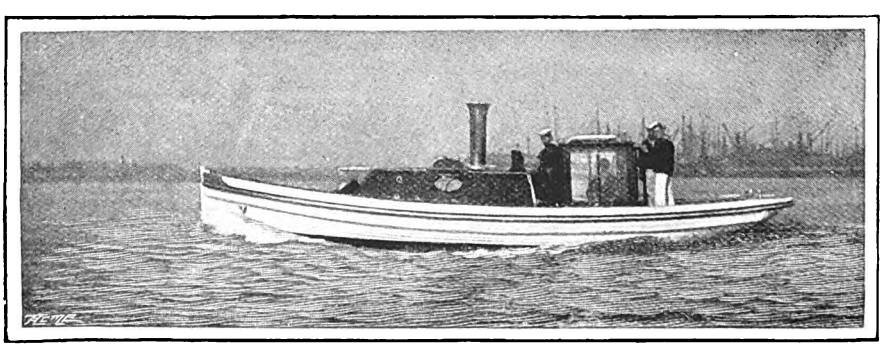
SATURDAY.

This is the day for cleaning up the ship in the most thorough way and, if in harbour, men who have friends or families in the district often get leave to spend the week-end with them; other men go ashore to stretch their legs. Occasionally, also the ship's pumps are tested on this day.

SUNDAY.

None but absolutely necessary work is carried out on Sunday. At 9.30 the men are mustered in divisions in their best clothes—white duck if in the tropics—and are inspected by the captain. After this formality the chaplain conducts morning service and for the rest of the day the men are more or less free.

These particulars leave a good deal of the sailor's work unmentioned, because much of it cannot be set down, it is so multifarious and varies according to circumstances. Variations are inevitable in certain hot latitudes in order that all the hard work may be done in the cool of the early morning, and completed in the evening, leaving the hot hours free. But apart from these departures from the ordinary procedure on board a man-of-war, Jack is a seven days' clock, wound up by the Admiral of the squadron, or by the captain if the ship is cruising alone, and when he does not go according to time, someone wants to know the reason why. But as a rule, Jack runs well up to his programme time.



The officers' launch going ashore. Stephen Cribb.

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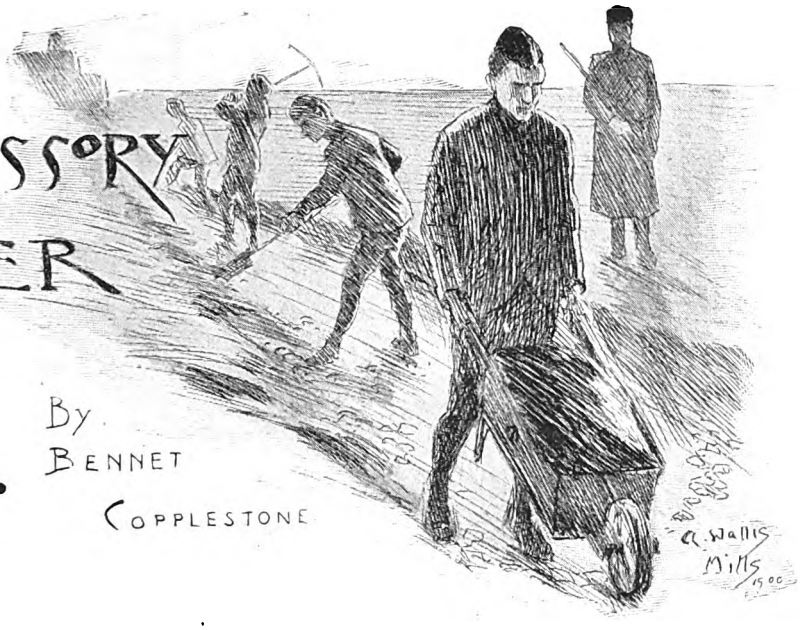
An Accessory After The Fact.

By Bennet Copplestone



Many years ago, when I was as yet a bachelor, I rented a little four-roomed cottage on the northern slopes of Dartmoor. My cottage was fitted into a niche in the hillside above the tiny river known as West Orry. Along the high road to Plymouth, which wound round the hill a hundred yards beneath me, was strewn the village of Oryton. Four pounds a year my residence cost me, and though I used it for less than four months out of the twelve, I did not reckon the rental as excessive. It was a good sound cottage, rain and wind proof, built of stone without and honest axe-hewn timbers within, and slated over all substantially. I lived in the kitchen, cooking my food in the wide open hearth, and slept in the other ground-floor room. The rest of the place was given up to baggage and rubbish.

In the second year of my tenancy, one morning early in June, this story began. It is a bold bad record of illegality, deliberate and unrepented of. I may be said to have taken off my coat and gone in heartily for crime. Even now a stern country might tear me from my unsuspecting family and cast me into prison—if the stern country thought it worth while.

The hour was a little after one o'clock and the morning dark. I had been fishing until late on the previous evening, and was sleeping like a sportsman, yet the creak of the raised sash was loud enough to waken me. When I was fully awake I heard the kitchen window, which had lost its balance weights, slam down

"Oh," I thought, "some one has got in or been guillotined."

I jumped up, lit a candle, pulled on some clothes, and looked about for a weapon. A geological hammer was lying on the mantelpiece. I was accustomed to use it scientifically to break coals.

Then I took the candlestick in my hand and opened the kitchen door. On the far side of the room against the wall a man was standing. As the light showed his figure, he jumped to the hearth and caught up a log of wood, my substitute for a poker.

"Keep still!" cried I sharply, presenting my spiked steel hammer. "Look at this."

I held up the candle in my left hand to make his movements clear to me.

"If you are set on fighting," I went on, "I must, unwillingly, oblige you. But you will probably get hurt."

He dashed down the piece of wood.

"What do you want me to do, mister?" he asked, roughly.

"Isn't the question rather, what do you want in my house?"

"It is pretty plain what I want," he answered, bitterly.

From the first second I had noted his dress, which was a quite unmistakable livery. I had seen men dressed like that in scores at Princetown

"If you want a meal——" I began.

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"I have eaten nothing for two days."

"Then get to that cupboard, in Heaven's name, and browse away. But first pull down the blinds."

He lowered the blinds, shutting out the view from a square mile of moorland, and went at the cupboard like a starving wolf. I used to treat myself well in respect of provisions, and the old lady from the village, who cleared up my place and did the messier parts of the cooking, kept me well furnished with the produce of her homestead. My visitor fell to cold ham, cold tongue, cold chicken, butter, honey, fresh bread and clotted cream, and after a fine miscellaneous feed lasting some fifteen minutes, looked up gasping.

"Ah," I said, interpreting the appeal. "Drinks? Cider, or whiskey?"

"Whiskey."

I showed him where the bottle stood, and fetched a demi-john of spring water from a corner of the room.

"I am sorry that I have no soda," I observed, politely.

"This is good enough for me," he gasped, filling a great tumbler with a surprisingly weak mixture of whiskey and water. "My thirst is worth a fiver to a free man."

The phrase, and the man's moderate use of spirit, astonished me, and while he drank I intently searched his face. Presently he had done. He was sitting at the table with the candle before him, and I was leaning against the wall a yard or two distant. Up to this point he had hardly looked at me, but now he turned his eyes full upon mine. As he surveyed my features I saw a great surprise spread over his face, and cover up every other expression.

"The deuce," he cried, "Isn't your name Coppleстone?"

"It is."

"Had you not two brothers at Clifton? They must have been your brothers."

"I had."

"I remember them well," said the convict, quietly.

"What do you want me to do, mister?" he asked roughly.

It happens that in my family there is a most persistent type of head and face. Very few people are at all like us and we are exceedingly like one another.

"I suppose I do not look like an old friend of your brothers?" went on my visitor.

"To be candid, you do not," I said. "Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"What is your name, and in what House were you at Clifton?"

"My name is Templemore. I was in the School House. So were your brothers. The elder one was Head of the School in 188—, and, of course, was also Captain of Football."

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There was no doubt left in my mind. The man's voice and manner had wholly changed; he spoke now like a gentleman, like a public school man, like a——

"Were you at Cambridge?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes, Peterhouse."

"How long have you been over there?" I inquired, indicating Dartmoor Prison.

"Three years. The sentence was five years."

"You were—— "

"Guilty? Oh, yes. It was called manslaughter."

His candour pleased me. He might easily have pretended innocence, and I should not have believed him. His outspokenness showed character and intelligence.

"I am immensely grateful for the excellent meal, Mr. Copplestone," said my convict, "and I will only ask one more favour." He looked down at his clothes. "Any old things would serve my turn. Still, refuse if you think fit; do not let me get you into trouble."

"Templemore," I answered, deliberately, "I am not going to send you back to prison. What are your plans?"

"Plans? I have none."

"Then why in the name of insanity did you escape at all?"

"Because the opportunity was too good for a prisoner to resist. The day before yesterday I had no thought but to serve out my sentence, yet I made a bolt that same afternoon. A fog came down when my field gang was a mile from the prison, and while the officers scurried about getting us together, I was left by accident alone. I am a West countryman, Mr. Copplestone, a native of Totnes. I have fished every water on the Moor, and know every tor and valley. When I was left alone the free air of the moor got into my brain and set me running. I had noted the bearings of the prison a score of times and shaped my course to the north without a thought of difficulty. I got clear in the first dash by the purest luck, and after that trusted to my wits and my local knowledge."

"Meanwhile you were searched for to the west and south," I put in eagerly.

"I have not a doubt of it, Mr. Copplestone. That a prisoner should go north into a barren wilderness was outside the calculations of half-educated officials. Soon after my escape I picked up a feeder of the West Dart and followed it up to its head on the shoulder of Great Mis Tor. There among rocks as big as houses I passed the next day. Then at night I struck across to the lower end of Tavy Cleave, and came on past Hare Tor. I was looking round for a solitary cottage, from which to steal a meal and perhaps some clothes, when I chanced upon yours."

"And chance has not served you badly."

"It has served me very well, Mr. Copplestone, though your falling window nearly took my hands off. By the way, please do not think that I am anything but an amateur at burglary."

"I do not doubt it," I said smiling. "You made such a poor job of the present effort. Never mind the burglary. The pressing subject is yourself. You are a dozen miles from the prison, and clear away from present pursuit. Surely you must have thought out your next move."

"I tried to, but couldn't manage it."

"Have you no friends?"

"Not in England, at least."

"And, of course, no money?"

"Not one farthing."

"Then I plainly see that I must run this escape myself. My genius is nothing if not inventive."

"But consider the risk to yourself."

"My dear fellow, I have incurred the wrath of the Law already. I have fed you and I am going to clothe you. For these offences I could be punished, and I object to being punished. In order to save myself I am going to get you off altogether."

"You are most kind, Mr. Copplestone," said the convict. "But you cannot really get me clean away. No one has ever permanently escaped from Dartmoor Prison."

"Hasn't one? Then it is high time that we made a new record."

I looked at my watch.

"It is just two o'clock," I said, "the dawn will begin to show at three and by half-past it will be broad day. The people down in the village yonder are not usually about before five, but we cannot afford to run any risks. Come into my bedroom."

I was shocked to see my visitor stand erect at once and stiffly follow without a word. He had been broken to obedience until an order, though coming from one without authority, was a thing not to be questioned.

"Now, I said, pulling my bath into the centre of the room, "off with those clothes and have a tub. We are fortunately both of middle size. You will want shoes, socks, flannel trousers, cricket shirt, tie, Norfolk jacket, and cap. There they are. I give you these because accuracy of fit is not

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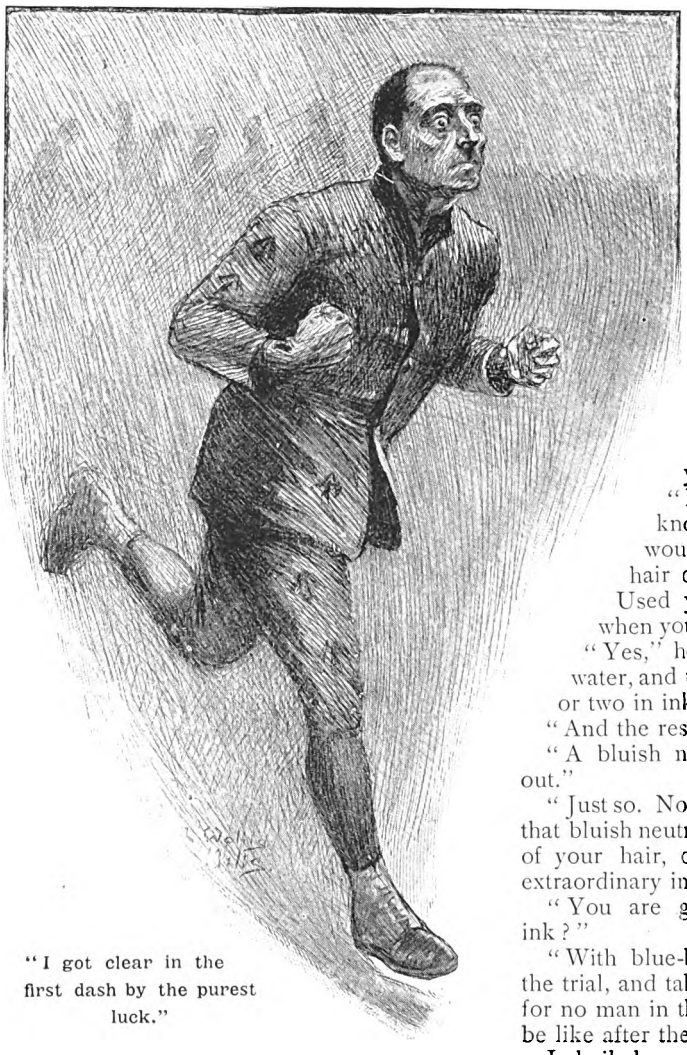

"I got clear in the first dash by the purest luck."

expected of them. Now I will find a spade and dig a grave at the bottom of my garden."

I went outside and opened a wide, shallow trench under a big hedge. The soil was too thin to allow of deep burial. When I had finished I returned for the convict's clothes, and covered them up with earth and spread rubbish over the spot.

"You are now a free man," said I, entering the bedroom; "the livery of servitude is buried. Now let me look at you."

The convict was no longer ferocious or ruffianly in aspect as he sat before me dressed in my easy clothes.

"It is lucky for you, Templemore," I remarked, "that you were put in Dartmoor instead of in Portland, and that the spring sun here spends most of his power on evaporating mist. You are not more sunburnt than I. Now in the rocky oven of Portland the prisoners are burned brick red by June, and raw umber by August. It is your hair, not your skin, which worries me."

"Which of its qualities—the colour or the shortness?"

"The shortness, of course. The colour matters little as I am going to change it."

He stared. "What! Have you——"

"No, of course not. I did not know that you were coming or I would have provided a stock of hair dye. But I have a substitute. Used you to stain your gut casts when you went fishing, Templemore?"

"Yes," he said, "I soaked them in water, and then dipped them for a minute or two in ink."

"And the result was?"

"A bluish neutral tint which never came out."

"Just so. Now I think that a combination of that bluish neutral tint with the reddish yellow of your hair, ought to produce an effect of extraordinary interest."

"You are going to dye my hair with ink?"

"With blue-black ink. Brace yourself to the trial, and take your last look in the glass, for no man in the world knows what you will be like after the experiment is completed."

I boiled a great quantity of water and thoroughly soaked Templemore's head. Then I partially dried his hair, and rubbed the ink in hard with a sponge. I treated his eyebrows and eyelashes, his cheeks and chin and upper lip, in the same way, and finally set him by the open window to dry. Dawn had come and the light penetrating the blinds helped me to inspect my work.

The convict's head, I say, was reddish-yellow by nature and I had dyed it with blue-black ink. Painters tell us that blue and yellow on being mixed together become green, and that blue and red produce purple. My patient's hair, therefore, had it respected the Canons of Art, ought to have become green or purple, or some colour compounded of the two. It did not. Under my hands it

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lost all acquaintance with any named colour, and settled down to the hue of wet mud. No result could have been more surprising or more satisfactory. Templemore was disguised perfectly, and what was even more important, his appearance was in no way remarkable. There are a great number of persons whose hair is of the hue of wet mud. I ordered him to shave, but bade him spare the bristles on his upper lip.

When the whole series of operations was over he hardly knew himself. It was with difficulty that I drew him from the absorbing inspection of his new identity, and put before him the rest of my plans.

"You must be my guest for the present," I said, "but it will not do for you to remain in the cottage just now. I must prepare my old lady—that is to say, the whole village—for your arrival. Do you know the Rattle Brook, beyond Links Tor?"

"Yes."

"Good. Here is a spare rod and winch, and see—I will put you up a few casts and flies in this envelope. You can have my fishing-basket and we will fill it with provisions and whiskey and tobacco. Now be off. Go to the Rattle Brook and fish or sleep all day. Do not slink about or hide. Walk boldly, for you are no longer Templemore, a convict; you are Mr. Harcourt, my maternal cousin."

"Is it really safe?" he asked, nervously.

"I am staking my liberty on it," answered I gravely. "The valley of the Rattle Brook is the most abandoned waste in this whole desolate moorland. It is a maze of green mushy bogs and black peat, cut through by a coffee-coloured stream. Go there with confidence, and in the afternoon be somewhere towards the upper end below the old peat works. I will meet you there, and we will return together."

He went away, walking out into the full light of a clear June morning. As I watched him go I noticed with sadness how the springy self-confident step of an English gentleman had been dulled by toil and captivity, and become a slouch.

I spent a few minutes in putting my place in order, and in removing all traces of the recent digging. Then I took to my bed and slept until heavy blows at the door called me to breakfast.

When one wishes to conceal anything it is well to put on an air of candour. My old lady was much gratified by my communicativeness. I told her of my cousin's expected visit, and of his precise relationship to myself. I mentioned that he would probably walk over from Chagford, and offered small comments upon his birth and appearance.

After breakfast I travelled a few miles by train to Okehampton—for I was unwilling to trust to the secrecy of the village telegraph clerk, and sent a message to my mother in Exeter, asking for a portmanteau filled with clothes to be forwarded to me by rail that evening. It would not do at all for my visitor to arrive without luggage.

My subtle preparations were all made by the afternoon and I was able to set out for the Rattle Brook to find Templemore and bring him home. When I came upon him

I covered up the ugly things with earth, and spread rubbish over the spot.

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he was casting a very pretty line, and I was not surprised to learn that his basket was heavy with fish. He had seen no one all day, and our complete success so far—assisted by a dozen hours in the open air quit of hiding—had wiped some of the prison brand off him.

I reported proceedings and he laughed quite heartily.

"Upon my word, Mr. Copplestone," he said, "one would think that assisting criminals to escape was part of your profession. You provide for everything. You really are an amazingly business-like accessory."

"I believe I am," I returned. "I feel that Nature must have designed me for an outlaw, for I find this grossly illegal conspiracy hugely entertaining. By the way, you must call me plain Copplestone, since you are my cousin on the mother's side. Your name is Harcourt, and your mother, who had the unhappiness to die shortly after your birth, was my father's only sister. Although you are older than I—you are not in fact, but look it—we were brought up together, and I am much attached to you in spite of your surly ways. You resemble your father's family, who, generations ago, were French Harcourts, and follow their habit of wearing ridiculously short hair."

"What is all this?"

At the station I placed nearly £40 in his hand.

"This is your authentic biography, which the eager village is at this moment discussing over its tea and beer."

We did not reach my cottage till late, and by that time the portmanteau had arrived. My old lady was waiting for us, and she was so good as to welcome my convict graciously. I could see from her slow, careful speech that in her mind he was a foreigner, with an imperfect knowledge of English. We had a long conversation that night, in the course of which Templemore said:

"My brother would stand by me, I am sure, but unluckily he is in India. He wrote most kindly to me after my conviction, and promised to set me on my legs again when my term should be up. He is a Deputy Commissioner, and a man of wealth. If I could get out to India——"

"No," I said, "we cannot manage that just now. I have not enough to pay your passage."

"Mr. Copplestone," retorted he, flushing, "I did not intend to ask for your money."

"No, of course not. I simply stated a fact. The same fact will prevent you from making for London. We must shape our plans to the facts. I can keep you here for practically nothing, but I could not afford to support you in the humblest fashion in town. And I will not send you away penniless."

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"Then what can I do? Will it ease you if I give myself up?"

"Harcourt!" I cried sternly, "You are my guest, and are under my orders." You cannot go to India, and I shall not allow you to go to London. What remains? Clearly to bring India into touch with us. You will write, and I will write, to your brother in India, and we will catch the next mail. And while we are waiting for an answer you will stay here with me."

He made an effort to resist—afraid, I am convinced, for my safety more than for his own—but he could not bear up against my will. And before we slept that night it was determined that he should brave recapture as my guest.

If it were my good fortune to be writing fiction, instead rather tediously of recounting actual events, I could make this narrative immeasurably more interesting. Unhappily the facts are against me. From the night on which I dressed Templemore in my own clothes, dyed his hair with ink, and adopted him as my maternal cousin, he was not for a moment in danger. Templemore was, no doubt, eagerly hunted for in the regions favoured by the hunters, but Mr. Harcourt, the law-abiding sportsman and cousin to the recluse of Oryton, knew little of the chase.

During the eight weeks of my cousin Harcourt's visit our sole real trouble was his hair. Having begun with ink we were obliged to go on with it, and the burden of the daily dyeing was almost more than I could bear. His hair grew like grass in May, so fast that I sometimes lay awake through fear of a morning as well as an evening shampoo.

I grew to like Templemore, and as I saw him grow morally and physically in the fresh air of freedom, I never repented of my share in his liberty. Yet the relief which I felt on seeing one evening a letter with an Indian postmark, showed how the intolerable burden of dyeing had stretched my healthy nerves.

The envelope, which was addressed to me, held letters for us both.

Mine ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—You are unknown to me, and my bewildered ignorance of the motives for your extraordinary conduct makes you in every sense a stranger. Nevertheless I am profoundly grateful for the incredible services which you have rendered my poor brother. If he had taken my advice he would have completed his sentence in patience, but as he chanced to escape I cannot be too thankful that he was spared the ignominy of recapture. From what you and he have written of your remarkable proceedings I do not doubt that my brother is still at liberty, and I am acting now on that assumption. Enclosed please find a First of Exchange on the London Agents of the Bank of Bengal for £100, drawn in your favour. Kindly oblige me by getting it cashed and by despatching my unhappy brother to India at once, I will make myself responsible for his future. You will, I think, consult my brother's self-respect by accepting the expenses to which he has reluctantly put you.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN TEMPLEMORE.

Templemore did not show me his letter, but as he read it he muttered hoarsely, "My brother is a thundering good fellow."

I tossed him my note and the draft, and said: "We will go to town to-morrow, get some clothes, and dismiss you."

He was very quiet until a late hour that night—I did not dye him—when he suddenly became agitated and said: "Copplestone, I can't express half what I feel."

"Then don't express it at all," said I.

He held out his hand, which I shook heartily, and so ended all foolish talk of gratitude.

"There is one thing I must refer to," observed he. "My brother is right; you must let me return your out-of-pocket expenses."

"Certainly, if you wish." I pulled out a note-book, consulted it, and made a show of calculating deeply.

"You owe me exactly £2 16s.," I said.

"Rot!" cried he.

"It is irresistible arithmetic, my cousin. During your visit my weekly bills have increased by seven shillings, the result of expenditure on extra food. If you multiply seven shillings by eight weeks, you will get the precise sum I have named. Give me that, and pay, if you like, my fare to town, and we shall be quit of obligations on either side."

It was my humour to remain in charge of Templemore until the last. I took him to town, cashed the draft, expended £20 on a sufficient outfit, and purchased for him a passage to Bombay by one of the Clan Line boats. Then, his hair being once more cut very short, I saw him off for Liverpool. At the station I placed nearly £40 in his hands.

"What is this?" cried he.

"The change. And this is the statement of account which please show to your brother."

"You absurd creature!"

"Not at all," I said. "If Nature against my wishes made me a vagabond, let me at least try to make myself a man of business."

So he went away, and when I next heard fo him he was enjoying a mysterious and well-paid post under a gold-mining company in Mysore.

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A Scene from Racine's tragedy of "Athalie."

From an original drawing by Her Majesty the Queen.

THE QUEEN AND HER FAMILY AS ARTISTS.

By Margaret Collinson.

Though the members of our Royal Family have all received the most careful and elaborate of educations, none of them, with the possible exception of the Princess Louise, has displayed a peculiarly striking gift in any art or science, and no doubt this is for the best, especially with regard to those who have been called upon to fill the highest positions. A reigning prince, I think, and particularly an English reigning prince, should be more or less in touch with all arts and sciences, yet pre-eminent in none. The great majority of English people, and above all the middle and lower classes, would certainly look with suspicion on a prince who, let us say, wrote poetry. Such a gift would be contrary to all precedence, and we, as a nation, however radical and progressive we may call ourselves, are really thoroughly conservative at heart, and as our Princes, from time immemorial, have been princes and nothing else; anyone who breaks this rule to become a prince, *plus* a poet or a renowned artist, would certainly not receive much credit at our hands.

And yet a great many of the Royal Family have shown artistic and literary gifts in a minor way; have etched and written as

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amateurs and for their own private amusement. Celebrated among these is the Queen's grandson, the Emperor of Germany. It would be difficult to name any science or art that His Majesty has not tried his hand at. He delights in chemical experiments and photography; he is continually drawing plans for new and improved battleships; he is an artist of no small power, as his picture, "The Yellow Peril," conclusively proves, and his talents as an orator and a poet are quite considerable. It is needless to expatiate on his oratorical gifts; all who have read the daily papers have read the Kaiser's speeches. As regards his rhyme, a little tale I recently heard may prove of interest.

After a day of hunting, the Kaiser and various gentlemen of the Court sat down to dinner in a small forest inn. Dinner over, the Kaiser struck a plate with his knife to enjoin silence, and then produced a manuscript and read out a long poem on some episode in German history—the battle of Sedan, perhaps, or a rhymed version of his grandfather's war dispatches. Needless to say, it was received with rapture, and the Kaiser was hailed as one of Germany's greatest bards. Some day, let us hope, the Imperial Poet may be tempted to publish his collected works.

Our own Queen published, now many years ago, two books illustrated by herself, and has done, moreover, many paintings and etchings which never have been, and in all probability, never will be published. Two of the latter, however, we have been fortunate enough to secure, and together with a really charming drawing by the Princess Royal, that is, the Empress Frederick of Germany, they form the illustrations to the present article. Though the Queen attempts landscape and figure painting, her favourite subjects are animals, and her favourite English artist is the greatest of all animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer. The portraits of her various pets, though little known to the general public, have delighted those who have had the privilege of seeing them. Of the two etchings given here, the larger one shows a group from some private theatricals which took place at Windsor. It is a scene from Racine's tragedy of "Athalie," and I think everyone will admit that, although there is a certain laboured stiffness in the pose of most of the figures, the picture as a whole, shows no small talent. The drapery of the figure standing in the left corner is very skilfully done, and the two little children kneeling at the throne, are both graceful and pretty.

Drawn by the Queen.

Three pictures of Prince Arthur (now Duke of Connaught). "Out Walking"; "On Parade"; and "At Home."

Several of the Queen's children were used as models for the characters. The central figure of Joas upon the throne, for instance, was Prince Arthur, now Duke of Coburg. Little Zacharie kneeling to the left of the throne was Princess Louise. Of the group on the right, Abner, shown with a helmet upon his head, was the Prince of Wales, and the other two characters, Agar and Athalie, were Princess Helena and the Princess Royal, respectively. On the left of the picture, Joad, wearing a turban-like head-dress, was Princess Alice.

The other drawing, consists of three separate portraits of the Duke of Connaught, as he appeared in 1853. The one shows him in military uniform and a great busby, the

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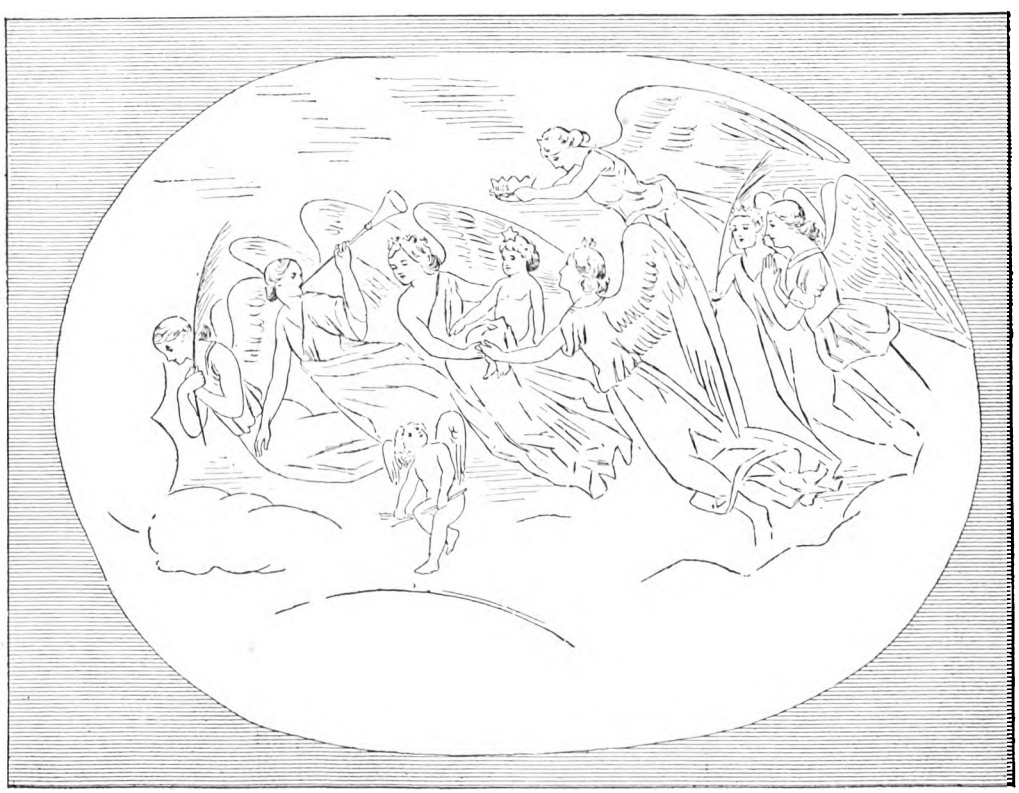
other two in walking costume and indoor costume respectively. It is said that the Queen has done many such portraits of her children, but most of these are to be seen only by members of the family, and I hardly think that the outside public will ever get a sight of them.

The delicate little etching by the Empress Frederick, a reproduction of which accompanies this article, though in a very unfinished state, shows a quite unusual gift for drawing. The picture is supposed to symbolise the advent of the New Year. The New Year, a baby with a star on its forehead, is being borne earthwards by a band of angels. One angel holds a crown over its head, and one is blowing a trumpet to announce its approach. There is a lightness of touch, an easy suggestion of movement, and a delicacy of outline in this little drawing which seems to me to indicate the hand of a true artist in embryo. The picture was drawn in December, 1854, the year of the Crimean War.

Of all the members of the Royal Family Princess Louise is, without a doubt, the most gifted artist. Those who have had the privilege of seeing her paintings declare that they show a great deal more talent than the works of many a well-known painter who hangs his canvasses year after year on the walls of the Royal Academy. But the Princess has tried her hand at even more ambitious work than painting, as the statue of the Queen in front of Kensington Palace attests.

One may say that photography has risen within the last five years or so from a mere craft to a fine art; not only long and strenuous practice, but an inborn artistic temperament are necessary to the making of a good modern photographer. Of the English Royal Family, the Duke of York and the Princess of Wales are devotees of this newest art. The Princess's photographs are said to possess no ordinary merit. She has taken nearly all the members of her family singly and in groups, and when shortly after the relief of Ladysmith, the Queen visited London, and the enthusiastic crowd gathered outside Buckingham Palace, the Princess came on the balcony with her camera and took a photograph of those thousands of upturned faces.



This drawing of angels was by the Princess Royal (Empress Frederick of Germany), and was executed in December, 1854.

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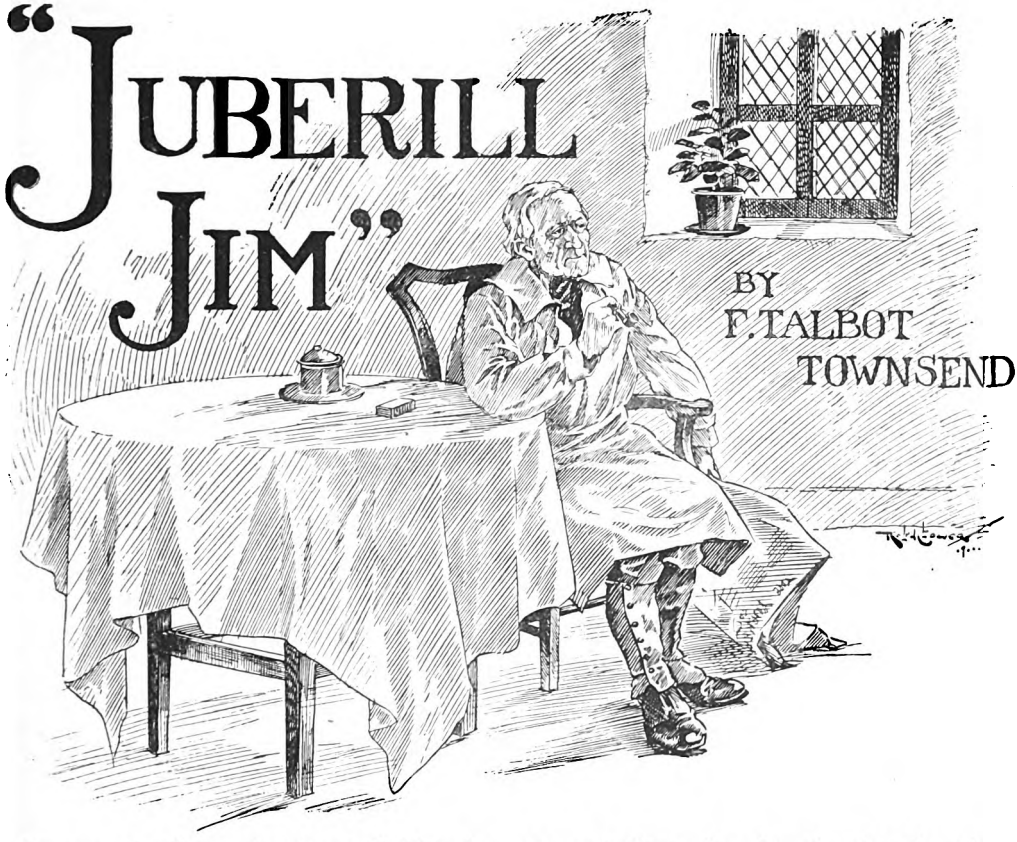
"JUBERILL JIM"



BY F. TALBOT TOWNSEND

"JUBERILL JIM" was what they called him in the little Yorkshire village where he was dragging out the pitiful remnant of his clouded life. It was the sinister memory of Majuba Hill which had earned him the name, and which cast such a mournful shadow across the closing pages of his life story. And as the sun, at the evening hour, lengthened and thickened the shadow of the fatal hill itself across the darkening veldt, so too, as the months passed on in monotonous sameness, did the shadow of that 27th of February, eighteen years ago, lengthen and thicken till "Juberill Jim's" dulled brain contained no other thought. He was not old in point of time even now, but the wound he had received as he fled from the victorious Boers down that corpse-strewn slope, the exposure as he lay through the chilly fog of the succeeding night, the subsequent fever, and, worse to his sensitive spirit than all else, the ever-present sense of defeat and disgrace —the fact that he, a soldier of the Queen, had *run away*, this had eaten into his heart, and dwelt there "like a worm i' the bud." It was his "fixed idea," and it would long ago have led him to the asylum or the grave but for one upholding thought—the thought that, some day, the time might come when he should hear that that dark blot upon his beloved country and his still more beloved "rij'ment" had been wiped out.

"If I could only be in at it when it *does* come off, then I'd die happier; but—" and he would sadly shake his prematurely-whitened head as he glanced at his useless limbs, for his wound—in the back—had left him partly paralysed.

"But there's Tom; *he'll* be there, happen; Tom, who was born that very day of Majuba —*he* can take my place, and he'll not run away like his father did. Yes, I ran—we all ran—ran and hid like rabbits. Some folk says it was not our fault, and that we were badly led—poor Colley, he was a gentleman, though—and that it was only a small affair—a skirmish, in fact, and that a lot too much was made of it. Happen so, happen so, but we were British soldiers, and—we ran! we ran! But Tom'll not run, not he! He'll fight to win or die. I've made him promise me that every day ever since he could toddle, and he's said it in his prayers every night, too. Ah! he's a good son, he is. He's in the

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Fusiliers, you know, and they'll be there, I'm told, when the time comes."

Thus he would confide to the bees and the flowers, as he sat in his invalid chair, which the long-suffering wife wheeled out into the sunshine of the little garden. He could talk to them of his innermost thoughts and longings, and they would not get tired of the threadbare theme, like his poor old "missus" and the neighbours who came to see him sometimes.

And now, at last, a great joy had come to him. Britain was again at war with the Transvaal. With the rights or the wrongs of it he had no concern. The capitalists *might* be at the bottom of it, as old John Draper, the local preacher, had told him; or perhaps Chamberlain *had* forced it on to Kruger, as the local paper said; or it *might* be a "holy war," to give those Uitlanders their rights, as the young doctor who attended him occasionally had been careful to explain. They all might be right or wrong for all he knew or cared. There were no Uitlanders and no gold mines when he was in the Transvaal, and he didn't see what the capitalists had to do with war (poor simpleton!) but he knew that at last his daily dream and nightly vision—the vindication of the national honour—might come true, and he was satisfied with that.

"If I can only live till the first fight, and know that we've licked 'em just once, whatever comes after—that's all I want—that, and to know that Tom was there to take my place—that'll be the next best thing to being there myself. Ah, if only *that* could be!"

II.

As the morning light grew stronger, and the rays of the African sun began to slant across the field of Glencoe, Tom, the son of "Juberill Jim," found himself in the front rank of his regiment, all of them impatient, but none more so than he, to get to close quarters with the enemy, who were raining down bullets and shells from the heights of Talana Hill.

The moment had come at last when Briton and Boer were once more face to face, and in all that mass of khaki-covered fighters there was one dominant thought, one memory—the memory of Majuba Hill, and the fierce desire to retrieve the disaster of that black Sunday, and to show the boastful victors of that fatal day the true quality of the despised rooinek.

At last came the welcome order that the enemy were to be dislodged from their position on the hill, and a sigh of deep satisfaction swept through the ranks as the word was passed to advance in skirmishing order under cover of the artillery fire. Satisfaction too, not at the thought of revenge, but that the time had come to remove a wrong impression.

Tom's heart beat quickly, and his breath came short with excitement as they covered the long stretch of open ground to the foot of the hill. And now the real work began.

Dodging from boulder to bush, and from bush to boulder, making good use of every bit of shelter, the bullets from the Mausers and the Maxims whistling and pattering all around—too many, alas! finding a human billet—Tom and his comrades slowly worked their way up the steep and toilsome ascent.

Suddenly, as Tom made a dash across a bit of unprotected ground, his eyes caught sight of a figure, but dimly seen through the mist which had developed as the morning wore on, far away up the hillside. The man, whoever he might be, appeared to have sprung out of the ground, for Tom had certainly not seen him in the valley below.

"Who's the chap up in front there?" he asked of his neighbour, as they paused behind a boulder for the next rush.

"Which d'yer mean?" grunted the man, after a careful glance upward.

"Why, that one—there, see—in a red tunic and white helmet!"

His companion grinned. "Garn away, yer've got the jumps! There ain't nobody wiv a red toonic. Why, there's hardly a red coat in the whole brigade, and precious few white helmets. We're all khaki. Yer must be off yer dot!"

Tom said no more, but as he left the boulder and looked up once more, he saw he was not mistaken. The man was still there, his red coat and white helmet making a conspicuous mark for the bullets of the Boers. A brave man, too, he was, for he stood upright, disdaining all shelter, and beckoned on the British with encouraging gestures. Tom made up his mind to try and overtake him and solve the riddle for himself. It angered him to think this man might be the first to reach the enemy's lines. It was an honour he had hoped for himself. But do all he knew, risking and exposing himself almost as recklessly as the unknown, the latter still kept far ahead.

At last, after a brief rest to regain breath, the final rush was made. With set teeth, or with hoarse battle cries, the gallant fellows swept up the last steep of the hill. The

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charmed life. And now the ridge was gained, and the fight became almost hand to hand. It was a wild melée. Every man acted as he thought best, and shot, and charged, and stabbed as seemed expedient. It was glorious! It was horrible!

Into the thickest of the fray Tom followed that red tunic. He had an eerie feeling that as long as he could keep that figure in sight, he was invulnerable. And all the time he shouted into the bearded faces that gibbered and cursed at him, the single word "Majuba! Majuba!"

Soon, above the shouts and groans, the prayers and curses, in English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and German, arose the sweet music of triumphant cheering. The enemy were giving way. Another moment and they turned and fled, some firing wildly back as they ran; others throwing down their rifles and begging for mercy; some treacherously shooting those who spared them; others, in their ignorant fear, holding out money and watches to their victors. Talana Hill was won!

For a moment Tom had lost sight of the red jacket, but now he saw it again, its wearer standing, with folded arms, not twenty yards off, watching, with triumphant mien, the vanquished Boers, as they scuttled down the far side of the hill, pursued by the British. And as Tom gazed at the figure, a curious sense of awe stole over him, for now he recognised that coat and helmet. Both were of the ancient type worn by our soldiers at the time of Majuba. Tom had last seen them carefully stowed away in the old oak chest at home, and they belonged to a paralysed, white-haired man whom he had left months before, sitting out amongst the roses in a little village garden in England. And as the familiar form turned slowly round towards him, and he saw the smile of content and happiness which illumined the dearly-loved face, hitherto so lined with grief, he fell upon his knees, and, burying his face in his hands, he cried aloud:

"FATHER!"

And when he looked up again the figure of "Juberill Jim" was gone.

III.

"So poor old 'Majuba Hill Jim' is dead," remarked John Draper, the local preacher, as he met the young doctor in the village street. "When did he die, doctor?"

"Yesterday morning," replied the young medico.

"Ah! then he never heard the good news—for it *is* good news even to me, who, although I am a man of peace myself and strongly deprecate the idea of fighting in what may or may not be an ungodly cause, can still appreciate our soldiers' bravery, and Jim's delight, had he lived to know of it. How did he die?"

"Well, it's rather a strange case, and it has puzzled me not a little. It seems he must have got out of bed in the early morning—a thing he had not done without help for many a year—dressed himself in his old regimentals, and then, without disturbing his wife, he went downstairs unaided—another miracle—and found his way into the garden. There she found him lying dead, when at last she missed him and went to look for him. Syncope—er—failure of the heart, you know."

"And how long had he been dead?"

"Well, it is difficult to say precisely, but from my examination I came to the conclusion that, allowing for the difference in time between here and South Africa, he died just when our troops were beginning the toilsome ascent of Talana Hill. Rather curious that he should die at the moment his long-cherished wish was being gratified, was it not?"

"A truly remarkable coincidence," agreed the local preacher, thoughtfully. Then he added, after a pause, "Perhaps, after all, he knew about the victory before we did!"

Photo by London Stereos. Co.

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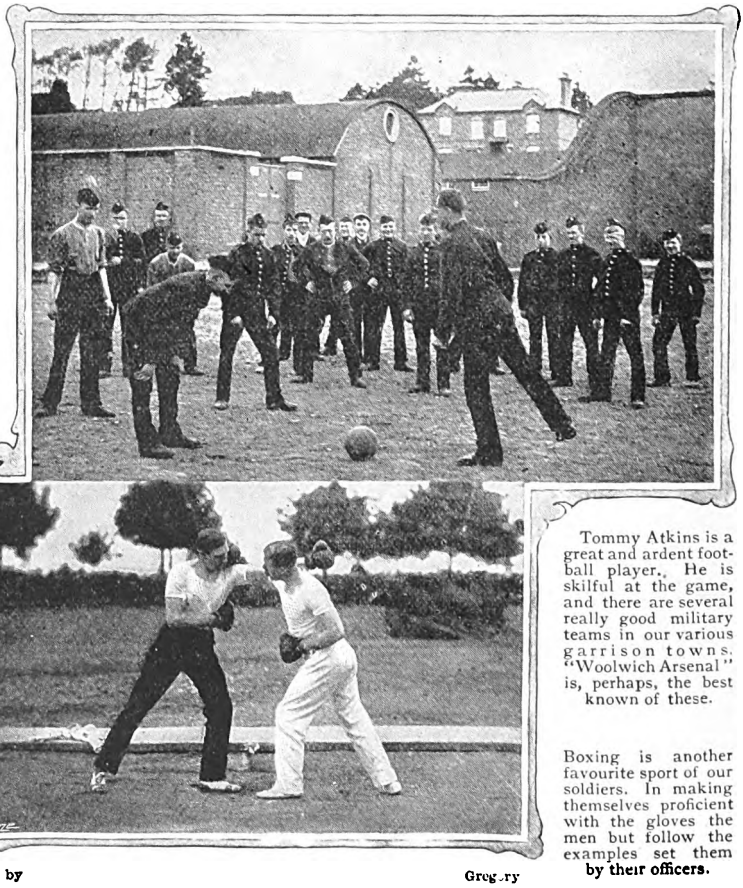
Photo by Gregory.

This is the recreation in which many "Tommies" indulge during the arduous season of manœuvres.

becomes a regular combat. Cricket, it goes without saying, is also a very popular pastime, and when not engaged in an important match, soldiers may be seen continually practising or knocking about the ball, just as you see schoolboys do in their playgrounds. They say that on board the transport ships bound for South Africa cricket formed a regular pastime—cricket, and that immemorial game of passengers bound on a long voyage — quoits. Not an hour of the day passed but you saw small groups of men deeply engrossed in casting the small iron rings.

Boxing is a noble art, and one every Englishman should be proficient in. Tommy Atkins, at any rate, is both a good Englishman and a good boxer. Every year there is a grand boxing competition, in which any soldier in the British army may take part, and no pastime is more popular with the men. We all remember how the champion boxer of the army, Private St. John, died fighting bravely under Lord Methuen at Belmont. Nearly every illustrated journal gave a portrait of the man, and this, if nothing else, proves conclusively that boxing is still regarded in England as a noble art, and a champion boxer as a great man.

In time of military manœuvres and warfare you must not run away with the idea that amusement is entirely neglected. We all remember what gallant matches were played by the indomitable defenders of



Photos by Gregory

Tommy Atkins is a great and ardent football player. He is skilful at the game, and there are several really good military teams in our various garrison towns. "Woolwich Arsenal" is, perhaps, the best known of these.

Boxing is another favourite sport of our soldiers. In making themselves proficient with the gloves the men but follow the examples set them by their officers.

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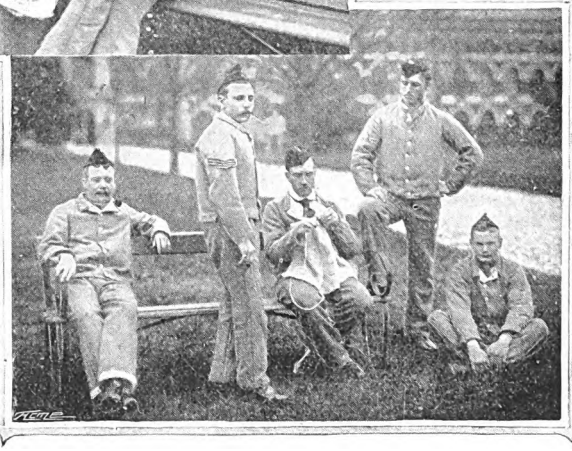

At Netley Hospital the wounded men from South Africa receive welcome visits from their friends and relatives. Here is a gallant trooper chatting with his mother in the grounds.

Photos by Gregory.

Many of the convalescent soldiers spend their time usefully in crocheting as they sit about in the grounds smoking and yarning.

A very interesting photograph is that of a group of convalescent soldiers in the grounds of Netley Hospital. Notice how one of them is amusing himself. He seems to be crocheting a shawl—a form of amusement more applicable, one would imagine, to a sailor than to a soldier.

With the exception of nap, drafts and chess are Tommy's favourite indoor games, as they must be with everybody who cares for a game, the playing of which necessitates a little patience and ingenuity. Indeed, chess has always been a favourite soldier's game; they say that the great Marlborough, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon, Blücher, and others, were passionately fond of it.

But when all is said and done, the soldier, like every other man, finds his pleasantest hours of recreation with his family, and we give two charming photographs which show him as a father and a son. In the latter, which was taken in the grounds outside Netley Hospital, Tommy is evidently recovering from a severe illness, and his mother has come to spend an hour or two with him, and to read him all the latest news.

The British soldier owes an immense debt of gratitude to Lord Roberts. In battle he has invariably led his men to victory, and in times of peace he has been largely instrumental in improving the life in camp and barracks. The temperance movement was set going mainly by Lord Roberts, and it is due solely to him that nearly every barracks in the United Kingdom possesses a reading-room where Tommy Atkins can read, write letters, and play those quiet indoor games which, as I have said before, are becoming more and more popular.

Photo by Gregory.

"I wish I could be a soldier like you, daddy!" The married men invariably prefer the company of their children as the best of all recreation.

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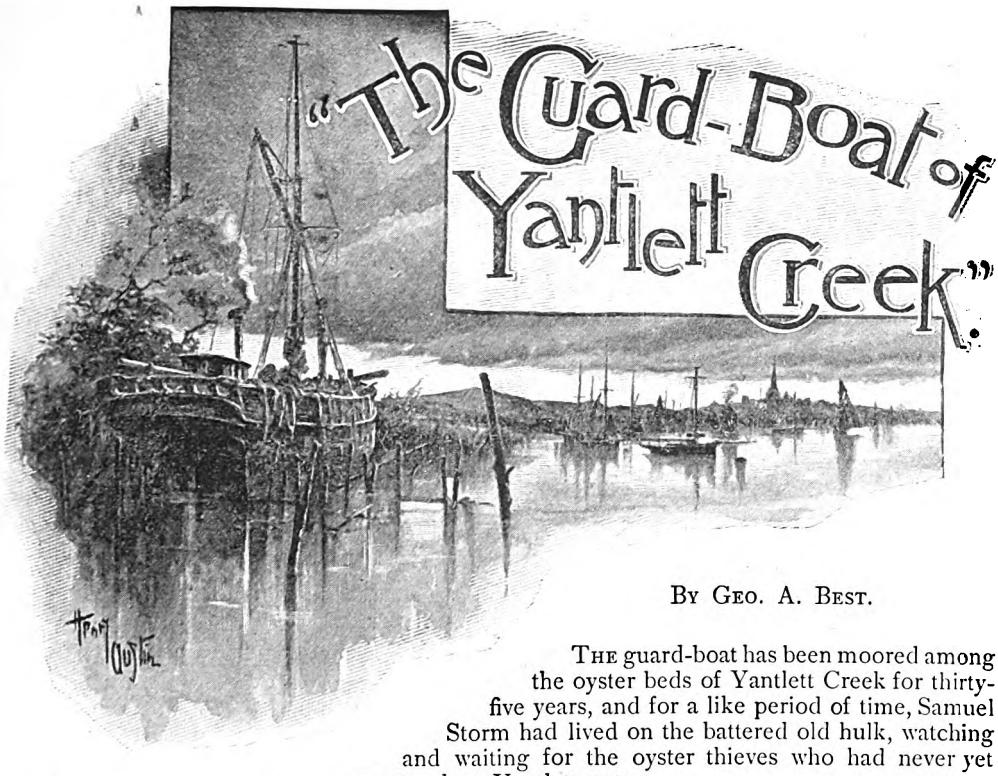

By Geo. A. Best.

The guard-boat has been moored among the oyster beds of Yantlett Creek for thirty-five years, and for a like period of time, Samuel Storm had lived on the battered old hulk, watching and waiting for the oyster thieves who had never yet appeared on Yantlett waters.

Storm was placed in charge of the guard-boat in the year 1835. He was then forty-eight years of age—a naval reserve man who had fought under Nelson's flag at Trafalgar, and as fine a specimen of an old-time salt as could be found in the country.

In the earlier months of the same year Storm's wife had died of cholera, and a few weeks later his only son was sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment as the acknowledged leader of a band of smugglers who had long eluded the vigilance of the local preventive service. These dual calamities were mainly responsible for Samuel Storm's acceptance of the complete guardianship of the oyster beds of Yantlett. And during the whole of his incredibly long and unnecessary rigorous vigil the old salt had never once set foot on the quay of his native village, which lay a mile or so to the west of the guard-boat.

Storm's weekly supply of provisions and tobacco was regularly landed on the hulk by the local storekeeper; and on the first day of each month the dinghy of the elaborately appointed yatch owned by Jabez Powerscroft, the millionaire oyster farmer, was rowed alongside the guard-boat by one of the yachting hands, and a small sum of money placed in the rough hand held out to receive it. From these two visitors, supplemented by an occasional word or two from the lips of oystermen and smack owners, came the only information respecting the dreary and monotonous life of Samuel Storm.

And as the years rolled by many changes occurred in the quiet village of Yantlett. The storekeeper died and was succeeded by his son; the village church was destroyed by fire; Samuel Storm the younger was released from prison, and the hamlet itself gradually changed in aspect as the older buildings disappeared, one by one, to give place to newly-erected boarding-houses and residential bungalows.

But the oyster beds still remained to give employment to a new generation of dredgers, and the old guard-boat yet strained fitfully at her anchor-chains with the ebb and flow of each succeeding tide.

On the first day of October, 1870, the *Cleopatra's* dinghy made her usual trip, and Samuel Storm stood in the bows of the old hulk to receive his wages.

"Good-morning, Sam," said the yachtsman heartily. "I've got some rare news for you

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this journey. There's going to be a big change, old man."

"Aye," ejaculated the ancient mariner indifferently, holding out his hand for the money as he spoke.

"It's just this," said the yachtsman, "Mr. Powerscroft has purchased a new guard-boat, so you'll have to turn out of this rotting old tub into new, and more comfortable quarters. This thing isn't fit for a pig to live in!"

Storm staggered as though he had received a violent blow.

"Do you mean to say as I'm to leave the old guard-boat what's been my home for well nigh thirty-five years?" he gasped brokenly. "Why, I know every nail in the vessel, an' even the few old rats aboard have learned to come out when I call 'em!"

"What's nails got to do with it?" asked the visitor irritably. "You must be hard up for company, if you can't find anything more sociable to talk to than vermin and rusty nails!"

"P'r'aps *you've* got a wife an' kids, mister," answered the old salt slowly, and in a softer tone; "them as has wives an' kids don't take no interest in ordinary things what can't talk, an' they can't understand how a lonely chap like me can come to love a few old planks, an' mourn over a dead rat or spider. It'll just kill me to leave my ship now; and if you'll tell Mr. Powerscroft that I'd rather die than see her broke up, p'r'aps he'll send the new craft elsewhere, an' just let me go on as I am."

"It isn't a new craft, Sam," said the yachtsman with an amused smile. "It's an old Calais smack which the governor bought up cheap at an auction over there, and——"

"An old Calais smack!" interrupted Storm with flashing eyes. "Calais is in France, isn't it?"

"Somewhere in that locality," answered the visitor calmly; "but what has that to do with it, anyway?"

"This much!" roared the old sailor furiously. "It's got this much to do with it—I'd sooner set fire to my boat an' be burned alive along with her than I'd put foot on an enemy's craft, let alone make a home of her. Tell Mr. Powerscroft that a man who fought by the side of Nelson isn't a traitor! Tell him that if any French craft appears in these waters I'll sink it, single-handed, and maybe go down on my ship with the Union Jack flyin', as I've seen many another good vessel go down. Ask him if I haven't served him faithfully for five-an'-thirty years an' never lost a single oyster by theft; and then ask him why Sam Storm should be put on a boat what's carried the Queen's enemies!"

"Here's my month's money," he cried, flinging his month's wages into the dinghy.

"Don't be a fool!" ejaculated the yachtsman bluntly, "you're earning Mr. Powerscroft's money, and you'll have to do just what he wishes. France is no longer an enemy of ours, as you'd know if you took the trouble to row ashore now and again."

"If the French are no longer our enemies, it's a disgrace to the country!" cried Storm, with the unreasoning obstinacy of a very old man. "Have Englishmen forgot who killed Nelson? Does a paltry five-an'-thirty year blot out the memory of such a man as him?"

"I've no time to stay arguing any longer," interrupted the yachtsman. "And I shan't carry any insulting messages to your employer for your own sake. If you take my advice, you'll just make yourself comfortable in the new guard-boat, before you say too much and get the sack! You'll be better off here than in the workhouse, anyway."

For the first time in many years the old salt drew himself up to his full height.

"Here's my month's money!" he cried,

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flinging his wages into the dinghy as the yachtsman pushed off. "Tell the owner of these beds that I've give *him* the sack, an' took the old boat in exchange for my wages! It's all she's worth to *him*, but she's more precious than all the French navy to *me!* He can bring a new English-built boat into these waters, with a fresh watchman aboard if he likes; but, as I said before, I'll sink any Calais smack—aye, an' a hundred Calais smacks, should they come within gunshot!"

The owner of the Yantlett beds was vastly amused by a recital of the strange interview between his yachtsman and the occupant of the guard-boat.

"The old fellow is evidently insane," he remarked indulgently. "I must pension him off, and get a younger man for the job. What do you think of his son, Tom Storm?"

"A decent, hard-working chap, sir," answered the yachtsman readily. "Seems quite a reformed character. He was never a bad fellow at heart."

"Has old Storm seen him since his release from prison?"

"No; he has never forgiven Tom, and for that reason, sir, I think that, perhaps, it would be better to engage a stranger. If Storm recognises his son, it may increase his bitterness, and I fancy that, old as he is, Samuel would prove a dangerous customer to tackle in his present frame of mind."

Mr. Powerscroft stamped his foot impatiently.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed, "you surely don't believe the old man to be capable of carrying out his idiotic scheme of resistance. What weapons does the guard-boat carry?"

"An old cannon, formerly used as a signal gun, sundry relics of Trafalgar in the shape of cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and small arms," answered the yachtsman. "And as to what you term an 'idiotic scheme of resistance,' sir," he continued, firmly but respectfully, "I know Storm well enough to be convinced that he intends to carry out his plans to the letter. As you say, the man is probably insane; but it is generally more prudent to humour a dangerous lunatic, who can back up his arguments with powder and shot, than to employ force."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the millionaire coldly. "In any case it is kind of you to explain your views on the subject of lunacy so fully. I intend, however, to please myself as to the best course to pursue in this rather interesting case. Samuel Storm will retire on a comfortable pension, and his son will be employed as custodian of the Yantlett beds. The old guard-boat is to be beached and broken up. Thomas Storm, yourself, and another hand or two from the *Cleopatra*, will sail the new smack from Calais harbour to Yantlett Creek. If the old man should offer the resistance he threatens, you must heave to at a safe distance, and board the guard-boat under cover of darkness. Do you understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the yachtsman impassively. "One might as well expect to catch a weasel asleep, though, as to surprise Sam Storm," he added under his breath. "I'd rather sail the *Cleopatra* through the biggest cyclone that ever blew, than attempt to capture a boat from an armed lunatic. However, the job's got to be done, and the sooner it's over the better for all parties concerned."

II.

It was not until the 10th day of October that the new guard-boat appeared on the muddy waters of Yantlett Creek. For seven days and nights Samuel Storm had kept an almost incessant vigil from the crumbling deck of the old boat. This continual strain had completely unhinged the mind of the watchman, and his weather-beaten features had become strangely emaciated, while the keen grey eyes shone with an unnatural light as they peered eagerly towards the open sea. Ever and anon, the old man would turn to salute an invisible form on the after deck of his craft, and the words "ay, ay, sir," constantly escaped his lips in answer to some imaginary command emanating from the same direction.

The deck of the guard-boat had undergone a complete transformation. Oyster-baskets, dredgers, and nets were carefully stowed away below, boarding pikes, cutlasses, and an old musket or two were ranged round the mast. A cannon of obsolete pattern stood in the bows, pointing seawards, and an open keg of gunpowder was placed at the foot of a pyramid of round shot. The after deck had been carpeted with a yard or two of mildewed matting, and a tattered Union Jack, attached to a block in the rigging, lay at the foot of the mast.

The decks were already cleared for action as the sails of the Calais smack appeared above the horizon; and when the "enemy" had approached to within half a mile of the guard boat, Samuel Storm grimly strewed the tar-stained planks with sawdust.

"The enemy's in sight, my lord," he murmured, turning his face to the "quarter deck," and jerking a scanty forelock respect-

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fully. "An' we're quite ready to receive 'em—decks cleared, guns trained, powder an' shot enough to sink the whole fleet. She's heaving to now, sir, out of range," he continued excitedly. "Shall we weigh anchor an' sail out to meet her? No masts left—sails shot away at Trafalgar? Ay, ay, sir, I'd forgot *that*. Give 'em a drop shot, just to show we're alive? Ay, ay, sir!"

"The enemy's in sight, my lord," he murmured.

A tongue of flame flashed from the mouth of the cannon, and a deep roar burst suddenly from the old guard-boat, rattling the windows of Yantlett village, and reverberating ominously as the neighbouring hills took up the warning note, and repeated it in a series of sullen growls.

And while in the village people ran hither and thither to inquire anxiously whether an explosion had occurred at the local dynamite mills, or whether the commotion was due to an unseasonable and unexpected thunderclap; and while the sheep on the hillside still scampered in clumsy confusion towards their accustomed shelter, four men on the deck of the Calais smack were gazing silently at the spot where a round shot had taken its final plunge beneath the placid waters of Yantlett Creek.

"The old man is raving mad, boys, there's no doubt about that now," said the Captain of the *Cleopatra*. "I told Mr. Powerscroft as much, but he treated the whole business with contempt. 'If Storm should offer the resistance he threatens,' he said, 'you must heave to a safe distance and board the old guard-boat under cover of darkness!' Those were all the instructions I received. What is the best course to take?"

"Here comes a second shot!" exclaimed the mate as the cannon spoke again. "It's dropped within fifty yards of us, too! Listen! the old man is cheering himself hoarse, and he's running the Union Jack up to the mast head. All Yantlett is alive by this time. The quays are crowded with people, and the coastguard-boat is being launched."

Again a feeble, quavering cheer reached the ears of those aboard the smack.

"The coastguard folk don't know what father means," said Tom Storm, as the preventive service craft was rowed rapidly out in the direction of the guard-boat. "They probably think that there's a raid on the oysters, and that the old man is signalling for assistance. We must get the dinghy under way and row out to meet them."

"I'm with you, Tom," said the mate quietly. "It's a dangerous undertaking, for we shall have to pass within a hundred yards of the guard-boat to intercept them, but in his present state of mind old Storm is sure to mistake the coastguard for an enemy."

"I've suffered a good deal at the hands of the preventive folk, but I daresay I deserved all I got," said Tom Storm. "Anyway, I can't stand quietly by and see four fine chaps, with wives and little ones depending on 'em, blown clean out of the water without giving 'em fair warning, so I'm willing to take the risk. But you, Jocelyn," he continued, addressing the mate, "you're different. You've a family of you own, and had better stay here with Dick Olley and the Cap'n. The tide's making pretty fast, and I reckon I can reach the coastguard-boat single-handed before she comes within gunshot."

"Better weigh anchor and run past the gun in the smack herself," suggested the Captain. "We've a fair wind, and she'll sail twice as fast as you can row the dinghy."

"And make a fine target at so short a range!" protested the mate. "No, Cap'n, I reckon Tom and I can undertake the job in the smaller craft with a much better chance of success. In you go, Storm," he continued hurriedly, watching the guard-boat anxiously through a telescope as he spoke, "the old

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man is already training his gun towards Yantlett, and the coastguardsmen are now scarcely a mile away."

"Steer close into the guard-boat," shouted the Captain as the dinghy shot out from the stern of the smack. "If you get near enough he'll never be able to lower the cannon muzzle sufficiently to hit you. Pull straight into Yantlett for all you are worth, boys, and don't stop to argue with old Storm for a single moment!"

With a heavy boom a third shot flew shrieking across the waters of the creek—this time in the direction of the village—and the crowd on jetty and quay scattered in confusion as a great column of spray leaped into air within half a mile of the sea wall.

At the same moment the rusty anchor-chains of the guard-boat parted under the recoil of the heavily-charged cannon, and the battered old hulk began to drift slowly towards Yantlett on the flowing tide.

"Lord Almighty! the guard-boat's adrift and going ashore!" shouted the Captain of the *Cleopatra*. "Adrift after riding at anchor ever since I was a little chap in frocks and pinafores!"

"Hadn't we better weigh anchor and run 'im down afore 'e does some big mischief in the village, Cap'n?" asked Olley, whose cottage on the west front of Yantlett was now well within range of Storm's cannon. "The bows of this smack would cut the old tub in half clean as a knife."

"There's two boats in peril already, Dick," answered the Captain. "'Tis no use losing our heads, and wrecking the new guard-boat for no purpose. The coastguard people have realised that something quite different to an oyster raid is in progress, and they are now standing off to the East. But Heaven help the lads in our dinghy, Dick!" he added fervently.

"And the women and childer ashore, too, Cap'n," said Olley, as a fourth shot, flying wide of the coastguard boat, splintered the bowsprit of an anchored yacht, and buried itself in the shingle of Yantlett beach.

The dinghy had now approached to within hailing distance of the guard-boat, and the two men aboard, observing that the preventive craft was standing away, quickly brought their own boat about with the intention of returning to the smack. At the same moment a thinner wreath of smoke darted out from the stern of the old hulk, and even before the sharp crack of a rifle had reached the ears of the panic-stricken villagers, *Tom Storm threw up his arms and fell forward into the well of the dinghy, shot to the heart.*

And as the released guard-boat, floating clumsily on the incoming tide, approached nearer and nearer to the beach of Yantlett the panic within the village was terrible to witness. Women and children sped in chattering, gasping crowds towards the thickly wooded slopes of the rectory grounds, searching for cover with the instinct of animals pursued by some unknown horror which has the power to deal a noisy and fearsome death. And the husbands and fathers, fishermen mostly, who could meet death in

Tom Storm threw up his arms and fell forward, shot through the heart.

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the tempestuous waters beyond the creek with unflinching eyes, now knelt in grotesque groups on the slightly sunken roadway behind the sea wall, and peered furtively at this new terror, ducking instinctively behind the level of the concrete barrier whenever the cannon belched forth a new warning.

Samuel Storm was, indeed, revisiting his native village in the guise of an avenging spirit.

It was while the body of Thomas Storm was being raised reverently from the dinghy to the deck of the Calais smack, that a huge column of smoke enveloped the guard-boat, and when this had risen to a great height, forming a cloud which obscured the rays of the noon-day sun, tongues of yellow flame were seen to run rapidly from stem to stern of the old craft, crackling ominously as they devoured the lighter tackle, and roaring furiously as the tar-stained deck and bulwarks became involved. And as the burning craft drifted slowly, yet surely, towards the shore ground, without any noise beyond the fierce roar and crackle of blazing wood, that strange fascination of fire and flame drew the villagers from their hiding places, and the wondering crowd flocked back to jetty and quay to witness the final act of the greatest tragedy that Yantlett had ever seen.

A strange figure was seen among the flames amidships.

It was a weirdly impressive sight, and the older inhabitants of Yantlett village are wont to discuss the fascinating but gruesome spectacle to this day. They will tell the interested visitor how the guard-boat, a mass of roaring and crackling flame, drifted to within a hundred yards of the jetty steps; how she sank with the tattered Union Jack still flying at the head of the "lantern mast," and how the few remaining cannon balls were thrown high into the air by the final explosion. They will recall the last plunge amidst a huge cloud of steam; and speak of the strange figure which was seen amongst the flames amidships—the figure of a man of great age, with long white hair and flowing beard. And they will conclude by describing with rough eloquence how the old man stood "at attention" gazing intently towards the blazing "after-deck" of the vessel until the end came.

It is only a word picture, probably drawn from a mind of no great culture, but it affords a faithful and pathetic illustration of how Samuel Storm waited for his last order.

* * *

Many weeks after the guard-boat had taken her final plunge beneath the waters of Yantlett Creek, a large and very heavy chest was recovered from the charred cabin of the wreck. It was opened in the presence of Jabez Powerscroft, Esq., and found to contain nearly £1000 in half sovereigns. The first layer of coins was covered with a sheet of canvas, upon which the following words were painted in heavy Roman characters :—

"All this money is to be handed to my only son, Thomas Storm, when the writer, Samuel Storm, shall have left the guard-boat."

Within the churchyards of many an unpretentious village which lies within sound of the murmuring waves, there is at least one grave to be found which forms the last page of some romantic history or tragedy of the great sea. Such a grave you will find in Yantlett churchyard. The incompleted history of this hero *and* scapegrace has already been told. The last page reads as follows :—

THOMAS STORM.
Born Nov. 14, 1817.
Died Oct. 10, 1870.

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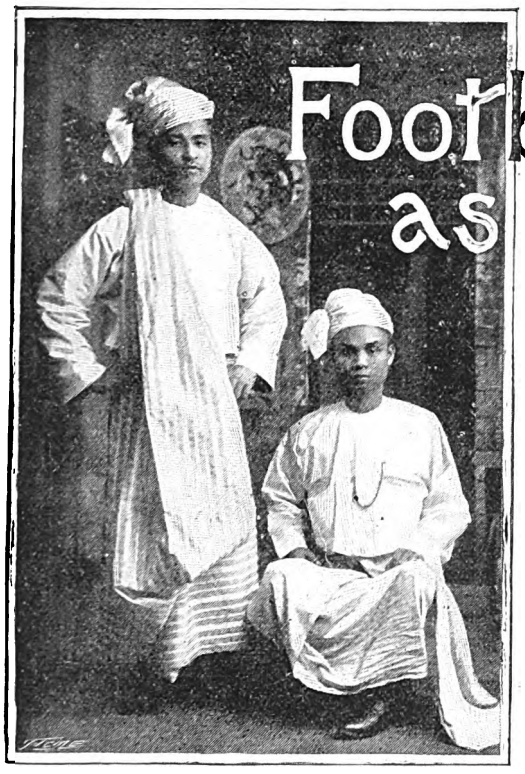

Football as a Fine Art

By H. L. Adam.

Photos by Howland & Lonergan and by Cower & Rasmussen, San Francisco.

A few years back there was exhibited in London a Burmese village, in which was given a tolerably accurate idea of the various manners and customs of the Burmese native. This show was not very successful, but at least it led to a remarkable success, for it was here that Mr. Thomas Hawkes discovered the world-renowned Burmese football players. Mr. Hawkes, while strolling through the village on a tour of inspection, happened upon Moung Toon and Moung Chit, who were entertaining the patrons with an exposition of native football. At once Mr. Hawkes saw that this particular item deserved more than passing attention, and, in spite of discouraging opinions, he took Messrs. Toon and Chit in hand, and has since created sensation upon sensation with them in all parts of the world.

The balls with which the Burmese play are made of plaited bamboo, and they are, moreover, made by the players themselves. This is the process. They take a length of bamboo, from which with a knife they detach thin strips, always cutting away from them. Then they screw up a quantity of paper into a hard ball, around which they plait and twist the strips of bamboo into a spherical formation, the operation thus far taking about one hour. The ball, with the paper still tight inside it, is next placed inside a saucepan with water and slices of lemon, and kept on a fire till the lemon is all boiled away. Then it is considered "done," is taken out, all the paper being picked from the interior through the interstices of the bamboo, and the ball placed in the sun every day for about a fortnight. It is then generally fit for use. The process of boiling with lemon and afterwards subjecting to solar heat is to harden at the same time that it imparts elasticity. The ball, with ordinary care, will afterwards last for a considerable period.

Now for the manner in which the Burmese play their football. It is purely and simply a gambling game. A given number of players stand in a ring a few hundred yards in diameter, in the centre of which there is a "pool" of rupees, made up among the company. The ball is thrown into the ring and tossed from one to another, nobody being allowed to touch it with his hands. Anybody so doing would be disqualified, forfeiting his chance and his contribution to the pool. The ball, then, can be propelled by any part of the body, or caught and held in any part of the body but the hands, the game being to keep it within the ring. It is thus passed from one to another, the player who allows it to go out of the ring losing his chance. The last player left in the ring takes the pool. As may readily be supposed, the fun is fast and furious, and the player who is skilful and sufficiently alert to win the pool, deserves it. Sometimes the game is played with two only, one challenging another, and laying the odds, so to speak—putting four to the other's two, and so on. They love only two things, the Burmese: wooden gods and

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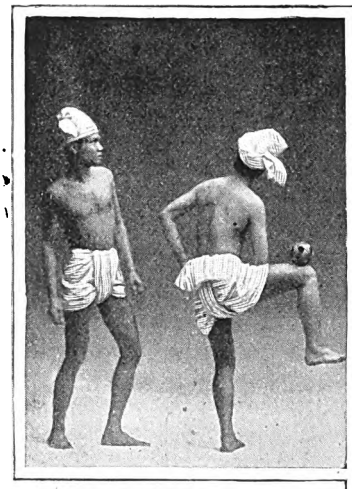
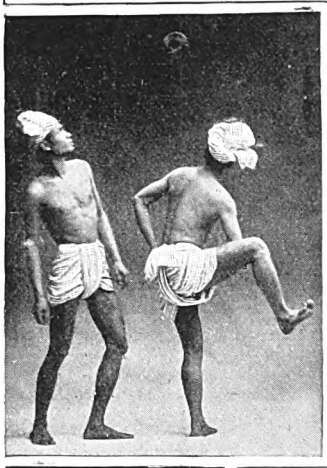


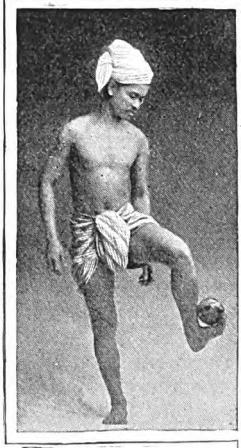
(1). The start.

gold. At least, so Mr. Hawkes assured me. When they are not worshipping the former they are playing games of chance for the latter.

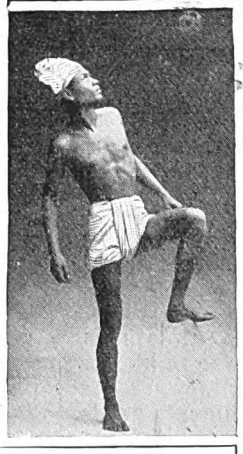
A short while since I was invited to witness a display by Messrs. Toon and Chit, who went through, for my special delectation, the whole of the performance with which they have recently been delighting the British paying public. Mr. Toon may be regarded as the particular bright "star" of the business, and Chit as his satellite, or, as he is technically termed, his "feeder." There is not, however, any rivalry or unpleasant jealousy between them, they are both remarkably smart and play well into one another's hands—or should I say feet?



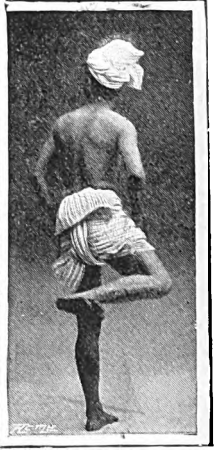
(2). The ball is thrown up.



(3). Another player catches the ball on his foot.



(4). He throws it up again.



(5.) And finally kicks it from behind to another player.

They began, with the bamboo balls, and to say that they are able to do almost anything with them is not in the least to overstate the case. To start the fun Toon drops a ball on to the floor, and, as it bounces up, catches it on the top of his foot; and when I say "catches" it, I mean to infer that he does precisely with his foot what an ordinary individual would do with his hand—literally "clutches" the ball. It would appear that to them it is as natural to crook the feet upwards as it is for us to point ours downwards.

From the moment the ball thus lands upon the foot until the play is considered at an end, it does not in any way come into contact with the hands, which all through are held listlessly at the sides, palms outstretched in true Oriental style. With a sudden twitch of the muscles the ball ascends in the air and is deftly caught on Toon's knee, where it rests a few moments, only to rise again over his head and be caught by Chit behind on *his* knee. And so it goes on flying backwards and forwards, being caught in all kinds of odd ways, and propelled in the most remarkable manner imaginable.

But perhaps the most wonderful part of Messrs. Toon and Chit's performance is the manipulation of glass balls, which they introduced at the instigation of Mr. Hawkes. It may readily be conceived how difficult it is to "clutch" and obtain complete control over large, hollow, smooth-glass balls. They began with coloured balls, very like those one sees on Christmas trees, and which at a distance have a distinctly metallic appearance. This gave the sceptics an opportunity for discounting the performance. "Glass be blowed!" said they, in

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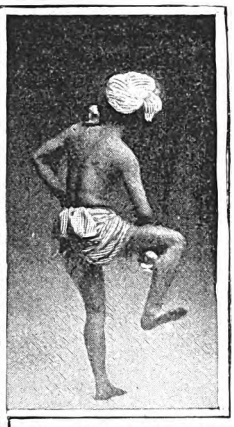
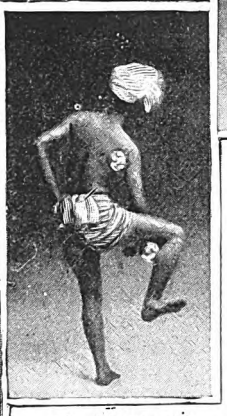
effect—"they're made of metal." Well, one of these *metal* balls one night fell to the ground and exploded with the report of a pistol. That was a fall for scepticism. Since then white glass balls have been used, which make it difficult for the doubting ones, unless they are inclined to discredit their own eyesight.

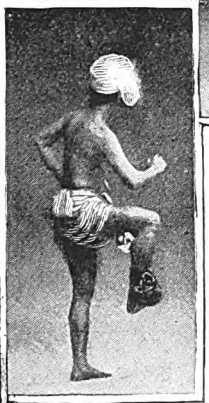
Let me describe one of the tricks which Toon does with two of these balls, and which may be regarded as his masterpiece. He starts with one ball poised on his shoulder, and the other held in the hollow of his leg. He drops the ball from his shoulder, catches it on his foot, sends it into the air, catches it on his shoulder, drops the second ball on to his foot, sends that into the air and catches it on the top of the first ball on his shoulder, where they both remain stationary. There is, of course, always the chance of the balls breaking, and to catch one on top of the other and so balance them is in itself no mean task. It should also be borne in mind that all the movements are made very swiftly, and a mere written description does not, on the face of it, convey an adequate idea of the rapidity of action indulged in. At one stage of the performance the balls appear to be flying in all directions, on all parts of the body. They are caught under the arm, on the foot, under the leg, on the knee, the shoulders, the side of the face, twirled round the neck, shot down the back, along the arms, across the chest—in fact, wherever a lodgment or passage can be found for them,



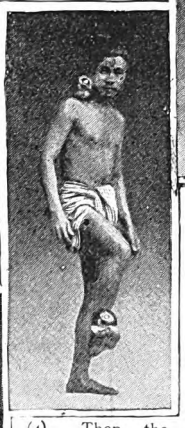
(1). The position of the glass balls at starting.



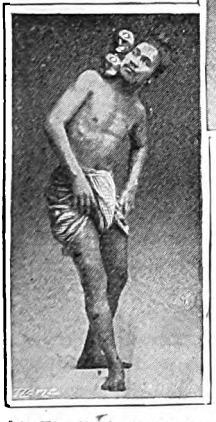
(2). The shoulder ball is jerked down ——



(3). —— and caught by the foot.



(4). Then the second ball is thrown up and caught on the shoulder.



(5). Finally the foot tosses the first ball up upon the other, where it rests.

in direct defiance of the laws of gravitation, there are they insinuated. At one moment a ball will appear to be in imminent peril of destructive contact with the floor, but the nimble foot is there and averts a seeming inevitable disaster. The feet of these Burmese gentlemen—as, indeed, are all the muscles of their lithe bodies—are so thoroughly and completely under control that they can look you straight in the face while their toes are turned right round and pointing to the rear.

I questioned Mr. Toon as to how he became so expert in this particular, and he replied that it had been a study of a lifetime. When he was young he used to play about the streets of Mandalay, and on one occasion he saw a perambulating prestidigitateur twisting glass balls and stout canes with his hands, and it struck him that it would be a decided novelty, not to say an achievement, to do with the feet what ordinary jugglers perform with their hands. He at once set about accomplishing this laudable desire, and was not satisfied until he had put into practice what he had conceived in theory.

Both Toon and Chit are tattooed in a remarkable manner from the knee to the waist. The operation was so severe it cost Toon three weeks' illness, but, as a set-off, he enjoys immunity from snake-bite, the ink being supposed to possess marvellous properties.

Let me conclude this article with a brief specimen of Mr. Toon's English. I asked him what he thought of our climate. With a wave of the hand towards the street without, he replied:

"Ha, ha! Rain—foggy—so much—not like!"

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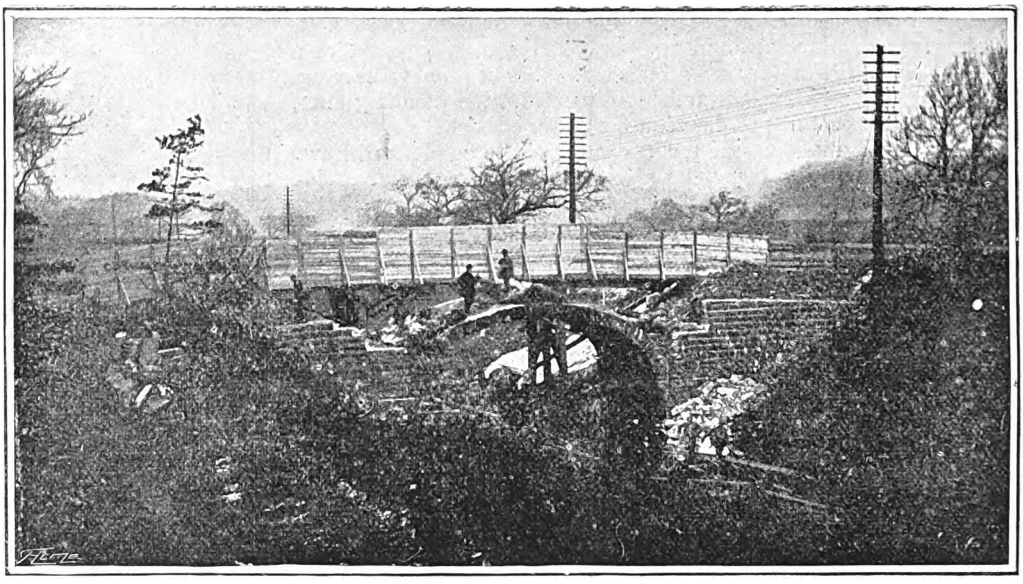

All ready for firing.

BLOWING UP A BRIDGE.

By E. W. Kitchin.

Photographs by the Author.

The British public heard a good deal about the blowing up of bridges and culverts by the Boers during the earlier stages of the war with the two Republics in South Africa. It is not generally known, however, that in peaceful England bridges are blown up from time to time, though not for the same purpose as in South Africa. It is often necessary to remove an old bridge in order to make way for a new, and the photographs published here show such an operation in its various stages.

It is not so easy a matter, as at first sight it might seem, to take down a brick or stone arch of any considerable size. It is an operation requiring much care and thought. There are two methods of effecting the desired removal, circumstances usually deciding which shall in any particular case be adopted. If there are houses close by the scene of operations the engineers are compelled to pull the arch to pieces by means of manual labour. With this method a framework must be constructed to prevent portions of the masonry from falling on to passing trains, and the proceedings are of course slow, and not very interesting to the casual observer. When, however, inhabited dwellings are sufficiently far distant, the mass can be removed very speedily by means of a powerful explosive in a somewhat similar manner to blasting, which, as everybody knows, is capable of flinging huge portions of rock and other obstructing material out of the way by which the engineer wishes, and intends, to take his railroad.

It is unnecessary to go into details with regard to the boring for the charges, and subsequent setting of them, and a general idea will be sufficient. The charges are carefully rammed into their appointed places, whilst each is connected by a very quick-burning fuse to one slow-burning fuse, which is long enough to give the operators time to get safely away. In the first picture the engineers and "navvies" are seen moving away to take up positions from which they can watch the process of demolition. The two men remaining still on the arch (from which the roadway it once carried has been first removed) will light the fuses, and then they too will retreat to a respectful distance.

When the fuse is ignited an expectant

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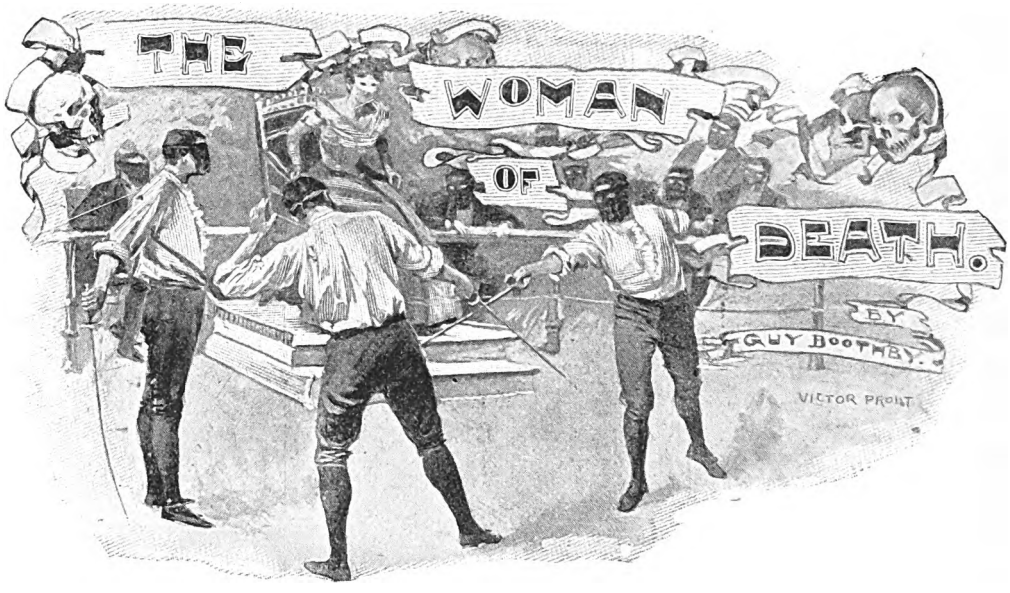

INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH joins a Parisian club, of which the fortnightly amusement is a compulsory duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame d'Espère, a lady of his acquaintance. After becoming engaged to Cécile de Tarvenac, Middlesborough discovers that her father is a member of the above-mentioned club. Madame d'Espère, hearing of Middlesborough's engagement, offers him her love, and, on being repulsed, declares herself his and his *fiancée's* enemy. Middlesborough introduces Cécile to Madame d'Espère, and witnesses a duel between de Tarvenac and another member of the club.

CHAPTER X.

ON the day following that upon which Middlesborough was so unfortunate as to be compelled to present Cécile to Madame d'Espère, the same on which he had learnt the sad news of de Gonville's death, nothing of great importance occurred. Again and again, as if to salve his conscience, he had endeavoured to convince himself that while de Tarvenac had, without a doubt, been the cause of the catastrophe, yet no greater blame was attachable to him than that he had fought the duel and had come successfully out of it. He argued that if de Tarvenac had not had the misfortune to be chosen by the ballot, someone else would have been responsible for the death of the young man. It was at this point, however, that he invariably broke down. He could not rid his mind of the cruelty his father-in-law elect had displayed in the encounter, and each time he recalled it he found that his dislike for the man increased. On the other hand, de Tarvenac himself, after his outburst concerning Madame d'Espère, endeavoured by every means in his power to conciliate his future son-in-law. But under it all there was a veiled hostility that was none the less active because it was concealed. The reason of this was not very difficult to discover. The Count was passionately attached to his daughter, and was jealous of the influence the young man was obtaining over her.

More than once Middlesborough had thought of that stately old mansion, "Burgrove," and had even pictured Cécile in all her girlish beauty moving, as its mistress, about the grand old rooms and corridors. Behind these pleasant day-dreams, however, always lurked the spectre of the Woman of Death, and the remembrance of the solemn vow he had made. He had pledged his word that until he had fought one duel, he would not cease to become a member of the Club. That encounter had still to take place. During the afternoon he made it his business to call upon de Tarvenac. Cécile had told him that she would not be at home, and it struck him that this would be an excellent opportunity for speaking to her father. He found

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the latter in his study, busily engaged upon the concluding chapter of a book. On his guest being announced, he rose to greet him.

"I fear I am interrupting you," said Middlesborough by way of apology, as they shook hands. "The truth is, I want to have a little conversation with you."

"I am always delighted to see you, as you know," the other replied, in a tone which suggested that he would rather have been permitted to continue his work undisturbed. "But what can you have to say to me that Cécile must not hear?"

"I want to know when you think my marriage can take place?" Middlesborough said. "If you have no objection to raise, I should like it to be as soon as possible. For my part, I cannot see where the necessity exists for delay. Our lawyers have arranged the settlements, and all that now remains is for Cécile to fix the day and for the ceremony to take place."

De Tarvenac smiled.

"Forgive my saying so," he answered, "but I can remember a time when you were not quite so anxious to be married."

"I had not met Cécile then," Middlesborough returned.

"And when you are married, where do you propose to reside?" the other enquired. "In your own country or this?"

"That depends very much upon circumstances," Middlesborough answered. "If, as Cécile wishes, I am to take life a little more seriously in the future, which, I presume, means that I am to return to politics once more, and give my attention to the welfare of my estates, I suppose I shall spend the greater part of the year in England. The remainder, I have an idea, we shall divide between Paris and the Mediterranean."

"You will permit me to see something of you, I hope?" de Tarvenac said drily. "As you may suppose, I shall feel my daughter's loss. She has been everything to me for so many years."

"I can quite understand that you will miss her," Middlesborough replied. "But perhaps she will not be as lost to you as you imagine. We shall hope to persuade you to spend much of your time with us."

The bridegroom elect took from his pocket a diamond bracelet, which he clasped upon his *fiancée's* wrist.

"You are kind," returned the older man; "but when you have reached my age you will find that it is better not to attempt to arrange the Future. We none of us know what may happen from day to day. And now to return to the object of your visit. Cécile must settle the date of your marriage. Whatever arrangements she may make, I will pledge myself to agree to. Like you, I think the sooner it is settled the better. As I have told you on several occasions, it is my desire to make Cécile's safety assured."

"That has been definitely arranged for," Middlesborough replied. "In the event of my death she will be my sole heiress and

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executrix. I am the last of my house and everything I have will pass to her."

A close observer might have noticed that a faint smile flickered round the corners of de Tarvenac's mouth as the other said this.

"You have been most generous," he remarked, "and I am under a great obligation to you."

"I may leave it to you, then, to ask Cécile to settle the question of the date?"

"I will do so as soon as she returns, and will be sure to acquaint you with the result immediately."

Middlesborough rose to take leave.

That evening, between the first and second acts of "Fidelio" at the Opera House, the date for the marriage was definitely settled. In three weeks' time Cécile was to become Lady Middlesborough. It was to be a quiet affair in every way, without excitement of any sort, only de Chamberêt, who was to act as Middlesborough's best man, and those immediately concerned, were to be present at the ceremony. They had arranged to spend their honeymoon at Middlesborough's villa near Monte Carlo, and to pay a visit to his English estates afterwards. As a little memento of the occasion the bridegroom elect took from his pocket a leather case, and from it a magnificent diamond bracelet which he clasped upon his *fiancée's* wrist.

"You spoil me terribly," she said, "and must not give me anything else for a long time. A month ago my jewel case contained only a few little mementoes of my poor mother. Now it groans under the weight of diamonds and pearls."

"You have not seen half your treasures yet," he answered with a smile. "The famous Middlesborough jewels will come to you. They have lain in the safe at the bank for nearly twenty years, and it is about time they saw light. You will have to wear them when you are presented at Court."

This news caused her some little alarm.

"Shall I really have to be presented?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied. "Poor little girl, you have all your troubles before you. However, I am sure you will be quite capable of overcoming them. I should like to see the faces of those present at the first Drawing Room when my Lady Middlesborough sweeps up to make her curtsey. I shall be the most envied man in London from that moment."

"You are a sad flatterer, I'm afraid," she said, shaking her head at him. Then, dropping her voice to a whisper, she added, "there will be no woman there, who will be prouder of her husband than I shall be of mine."

"God grant you may," he said, with an earnestness that was by no means usual with him.

The next fortnight was spent in a bustle of preparation. A thousand things had to be thought of. There were papers to sign and enquiries to be made. Somehow or other the news had leaked out, and congratulations showered in upon the bridegroom from all classes of society. His own royal family sent presents, as did other crowned heads; the important manufacturing town in the Midlands, of which he owned upwards of a third, despatched an illuminated address; while his tenants, from all

Madame d'Espère left Paris for Vienna.

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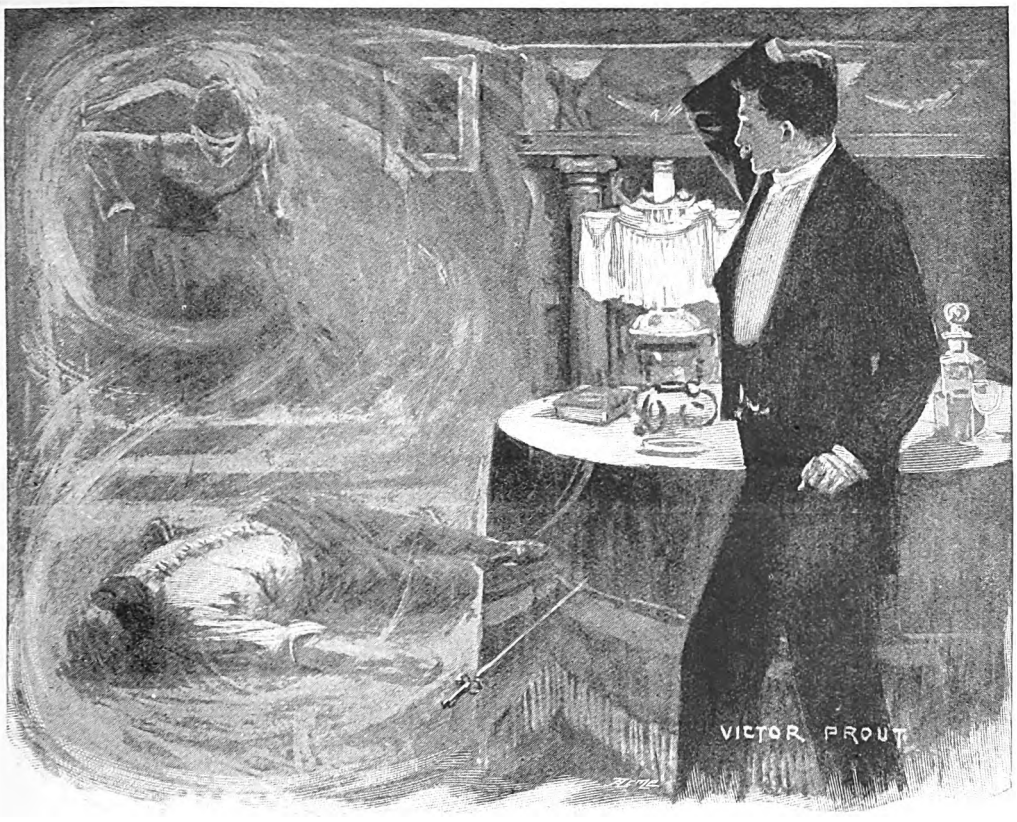

The clash of swords sounded in his ears, and he saw himself lying stretched upon the floor, his life blood oozing from him.

parts of the country, united in the presentation of a massive piece of plate. Cécile, on her side, received but few gifts. A distant connection of her mother's sent her an antiquated coral necklace; while the nuns, who had had the care of her education, forwarded her a little gift, which served to remind her of the old grey convent looking down upon the sunny Mediterranean.

In his great happiness Middlesborough had no time to think of anything that did not closely concern the question of his marriage. He scarcely thought of Madame d'Espère, who, he discovered incidentally, had left Paris for Vienna. Her hatred of Cécile and her threatened vengeance had not, as yet, taken active form, and, if he could prevent it, it never should.

On the evening preceding his wedding-day, Middlesborough reached home somewhat earlier than usual. He had dined with Cécile and her father, but, feeling sure that they would prefer to spend their last evening together, he had made an excuse and left them soon after the meal was ended. Now he sat in his study, smoking and thinking of what was to happen after the morrow. De Chamberêt, as I have already said, was to act as his best man, while Bennett, his lawyer, was to cross from England in order to be a witness to the ceremony. A smile spread over Middlesborough's face as he remembered the fervid epistle of congratulation he had received from the latter. Nothing could exceed the firm's delight at the knowledge that, at last, their client was about to take to himself a wife.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. He bade the person outside "come in," whereupon his butler entered to inform him that a gentleman had called who would like to speak with him.

"Who is it?" he asked a little irritably.

The man replied that the stranger had refused to give his name.

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"He would not detain his lordship very long," he said, "if he would permit him an interview."

"Have you ever seen him before?" Middlesborough enquired.

The latter replied to the contrary. The man, whoever he was, was quite unknown to him.

"Oh, well! show him in."

The butler withdrew. Presently he returned to usher in a man somewhat below middle height. He was the possessor of iron grey hair, a clean shaven, and somewhat wizened face. He wore a frock coat, tightly buttoned, and his hands, which were small, were irreproachably gloved. Middlesborough looked at him, but could not remember that he had seen him before.

"Good evening," he said. "To what do I owe the honour of a visit at such a late hour?"

"I have come upon an errand that I fear may not altogether commend itself to you," said the other, and, as he spoke, Middlesborough recognised the voice. It was de Chartres, the secretary of the club at St. Germain, who hitherto he had never seen without a mask. He pulled himself together sufficiently to ask what the other wanted of him.

"I am here," said de Chartres, slowly and impressively, as if he were anxious that every word should be impressed upon the listener, "for the purpose of informing you that last night your number was drawn in the ballot, and that, consequently, you become one of the combatants at the meeting to be held on Friday next."

For a moment Middlesborough scarcely realized the meaning of what he heard. It was as if all the blood in his body had rushed to his head, while his heart beat as if it would choke him. Then, with an effort, he regained his self-possession. He was not going to let this man think that he was afraid.

"I am much honoured that the club should deem me capable of showing them sufficient amusement," he said without faltering. "I fear, however, that it will be impossible for me to attend on this occasion. You are not aware, I presume, that I am to be married to-morrow?"

"I am *quite* aware of it," the other replied. "And I regret the inconvenience the summons I have delivered this evening must necessarily cause you. What you say, however, about not being able to be present on Friday next is, as you know, unfortunately out of the question. Marriage, I fear, was not taken into consideration when the rules of the club were framed."

"Do you mean to tell me that you desire my attendance whether I wish it or not?"

"Personally, I do not desire anything," said de Chartres. "I am merely the servant of the Club, whose duty it is to see that its instructions are carried out. Of my own initiative I am powerless to say or do anything."

"Is there no way in which I can arrange this matter?" Middlesborough enquired. "I do not, of course, wish you to think that I am endeavouring to avoid the consequences of the promise I gave, but, if I *must* fight, would it not be possible for the duel to take place at a later date?"

His companion shook his head.

"It is out of the question," he replied. "The ballot having once taken place, there can be no change. May I, therefore, to avoid further discussion, remind you that your fellow members hope to have the pleasure of your society on Friday evening next, at the usual hour?"

Middlesborough did not answer. His promise, and the iron rules of the society, held him as in a vice.

"Well, if you can do nothing else," he said at last, "you can at least tell me with whom I am to fight?"

"That is a question I am not at liberty to answer," said de Chartres. "As you know, it is one of our most stringent rules that one combatant shall not be aware of the identity of the other."

"You can give me no sort of information on that head?"

"None whatsoever. I regret having to be so curt, but you have heard my reason."

Middlesborough rose, and began to pace up and down the room.

"Is there anyone besides yourself who knows the names of those who have been chosen?" he enquired.

"Not one," de Chartres replied. "I alone keep the records of the society, and, in consequence, I only am aware to whom the numbers have been allotted."

"Madame d'Espère, therefore, does nothing but draw the numbers and watch the combats?"

"I think I have told you on a previous occasion, my lord, that I know of no such person," said de Chartres.

"But Madame d'Espère and the Woman of Death are one and the same," Middlesborough asserted. "It is useless for you to deny the fact."

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With the best wishes of their friends ringing in their ears they entered the carriage.

"If, as you say, it is useless, I will not waste my time in such unprofitable employment," the other replied, as he prepared to take his departure. "I can only repeat the assurance I gave you on the last occasion that we met. And now if you will permit me I will wish you *au revoir* until next Friday evening."

Middlesborough tried to answer him, but his voice died away in his throat. He thought of Cécile, and all his courage deserted him. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he walked to the fireplace, where he stood with his elbows leaning upon the mantelpiece, looking down at the ferns that masked the ironwork. When he turned again he discovered that he was alone. De Chartres was gone. What was he to do? What could he do? Was there no way in which he could escape? Surely there must be one, if only he could find it. An hour before he had been so happy, thinking of Cécile and of the life they were to spend together. How little he had dreamed then, that in a week, in all probability, their married life would be at an end? Once more he began to pace the room, this time with feverish haste. In his mind's eye he could see the arena in the house at St. Germain, the rows of masked faces, and the Woman of Death giving the signal for the combat to commence. Every detail of the awful ceremony was presented to him with pitiless accuracy. The clash of the swords sounded in his ears, and when a few passes had been exchanged, he saw himself lying, stretched upon the floor, with his life-blood oozing from him. When he did not come home, search would certainly be made for him, and eventually the police would discover his body in the garden of a deserted house, in the river, or in some place in which it would be difficult, if not quite impossible, to account for its presence. By reason of his oath, he could give no warning to anybody; he had pledged his word of honour that nothing should induce him to speak of the club, or his connection with it, to any living soul. With his brain still in a whirl, he went to bed, to find that sleep was out of the question. At last, unable to lie still and endure any longer the agony of regret from which he was suffering, he rose, dressed himself, and went downstairs. Then, taking a hat and stick, he let himself out into the street. It was nearly half-past one o'clock, and, as he reflected grimly, this was his wedding morn.

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The night was fine, and the cool wind infinitely refreshing. Without caring which way he went he strode forward, passed over the Pont Neuf, and then walked on and on, until at last he found himself standing on the hill of Montmartre. Day was just breaking, and the vast panorama of Paris lay spread out before him. Descending the hill once more, he prepared to return to his house.

If his long walk had served no other purpose, it had, at least, helped him to recover his self-possession and to understand properly how he stood. By the time he reached home he was as near composure as could be expected under the circumstances. It was nearly five o'clock, and Bennett was to breakfast with him at eight. He accordingly threw off his clothes, and went to bed, resolved, if possible, to forget his troubles in sleep. His head had scarcely touched the pillow before he was sound asleep. When he awoke again it was to find Perkins rapping at his door. It was his wedding day, and within a week, for all he knew to the contrary, he might be dead, slain by some man who not only felt no animosity towards him, but who did not even know with whom it was he was fighting, and whose only reason for doing so was, because he desired to find an amusement that would bite sufficiently deep. Could one imagine a more hideous travesty of pleasure?

When Middlesborough descended to the breakfast-room half an hour later, he discovered a pile of letters and telegrams awaiting him there. They contained messages of congratulation emanating from half the countries of Europe. Under happier auspices he would have been pleased by the thought that so many friends remembered him, but as things stood now, it seemed like a heartless jest for anyone to wish that his married life might be long and happy. Amongst the letters was one from an old lady in England, who had always taken a great interest in his welfare. "I pray for your happiness," she said in conclusion, "if you have found a good woman—and I hope and pray that you have—and if you really love her, your life can scarcely fail to be happy. You will then have everything the world can give; try, in return, to remember that there are others who are not so fortunate. We are so accustomed to think that if we are happy, others must be so also, and we forget that, individually we are, after all, only atoms in the immensity of the world."

He stopped and walked to the window, holding the letter in his hand.

"Only atoms in the immensity of the world."

He repeated the line. In less than a week he and another atom were to come together out of that immensity to attempt to kill each other. And Cécile's heart, if not her life, was the stake for which they would fight.

A few moments later Bennett was announced.

"Good morning, Bennett," said Middlesborough, shaking him by the hand. "I am glad you were able to come over."

"I made a special point of it," the lawyer replied. "It would have been strange, all things considered, had I not done so. But I hope you will excuse me, my lord, if I say that I do not think you are looking particularly well."

"I have passed rather a bad night," the other answered, as he endeavoured to avoid the lawyer's eyes. "I suppose it's only natural under the circumstances. It is the correct thing, is it not, for a bridegroom to sleep badly on the night before his wedding day?"

"I only know that I didn't sleep well for a week before mine," Bennett replied with conviction. "I can well remember how confoundedly nervous I was."

They sat down to breakfast, and when the meal was finished, made their way to Middlesborough's study, where the lawyer put before him innumerable papers for his signature. They were employed in this fashion until ten o'clock, when it was time for Middlesborough to dress for the ceremony. Punctually at a quarter to eleven, de Chamberêt put in an appearance. He had officiated in a similar capacity on many other such occasions, and, in consequence, was well versed in the etiquette of marriage. Owing to the bridegroom's fear lest they should be late, they reached the church nearly half an hour before the time appointed. The bride and her father, however, were more punctual. Middlesborough vowed to himself that Cécile had never looked more beautiful than she did when she took her place beside him in the chancel of the church. Then, Evelyn, Baron Middlesborough, took to himself Cécile, daughter of the Comte de Tarvenac, for his wife, promising to love her and cherish her so long as they two might live. When the necessary papers had been signed, and Bennett and de Chamberêt had congratulated the happy couple, they entered their carriages and drove to the British Embassy, where the second portion of the ceremony was to be performed. At first the Ambassador, who

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was an old friend of the Middlesborough family, had been anxious to hold a reception in their honour. Middlesborough, however, had prevailed upon him not to do so, and, in consequence, only the Ambassador's wife and daughters, and the *entourage* of the Embassy were present. To save her the delay of returning to the Rue Josephine, a room had been placed at Cécile's disposal, and, when the necessary formalities were at an end, she retired to it to change her wedding gown for the dress she was to wear on the journey to the South of France.

Half an hour later, with the congratulations and best wishes of their friends ringing in their ears, they entered their carriage and drove off to the railway station.

"Can you grasp the fact, dear, that we are really and truly married?" Middlesborough enquired, as the train rolled out of the station on its way towards the sunny Mediterranean.

"Scarcely," she answered, placing her hand in his. "How little we thought on that evening when we first met at Monte Carlo, that the next time we should visit it it would be as man and wife!"

Middlesborough had such a good reason, apart from Cécile, for remembering the visit, that he immediately changed the subject. Had he not gone to the Casino that night, he would not have met Cécile, nor in all probability, would he have met Madame d'Espère. In the latter case he would not be in the predicament he now was.

"You are very quiet, dear," said Cécile, after a little pause. "Are you happy?"

"Happy?" he answered, with almost a quaver in his voice, "God knows how happy I am. Cécile, darling, I want you to promise me that you will remember this hour all your life long. Will you always try to think of me as you know me now? As the man who loves you better than all the world, better than life itself!"

"I shall always remember that," she answered simply. "Is it likely I should forget it? I will promise you that when we are both quite old I will remember you as you are now, sitting by my side, and holding my hand. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, dear, in that case I shall be quite satisfied," he answered, with an earnestness that made her look at him again.

He thought of the journey he would have to make over the same line in less than a week's time, and he wondered with what result. An intense hatred for the unknown man he was to fight was rising in his heart. His own happiness, his love, everything he possessed, even Cécile's life, depended upon the way he acquitted himself then. What did the death of the other matter, when all this was being weighed in the balance.

At last he roused himself and looked at his wife's face.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" he enquired.

"I was thinking," she replied, "how very thankful we should be for our great happiness. While other people have so much to trouble them, we seem to have nothing at all. You have no troubles, have you, husband mine?"

"Is it possible that I could have any?" he answered gallantly. "Are you not my wife?"

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE SOUTH.

Oh yes, I love them all—these sapphire seas,
The sapphire sky, the golden, sunlit hours,
The soft, grey dimness of the olive trees,
The gorgeous wealth of flowers;

The mingled loveliness of palm and pine,
The fragrant days, the starlit, scented night,
The roses, and the orange groves that shine
As gardens of delight—

I love them all! And yet to-day I long
For budding hedgerows on the English hills,
For gorse in blossom, for the lark's clear song,
For golden daffodils.

I love this Southern land, and yet I sigh
For primrose copses where the thrushes sing;
My soul grows hungry for an April sky,
And English lanes—in spring!

L. G. Moberly.

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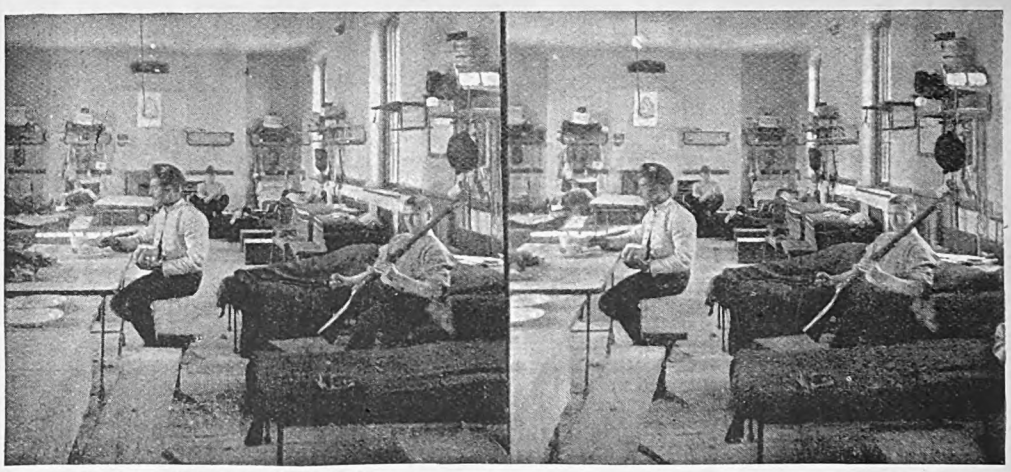
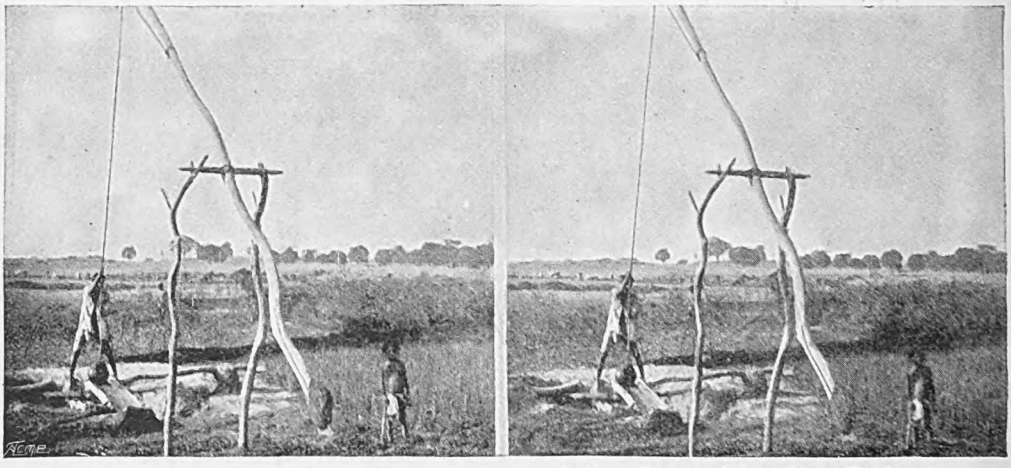
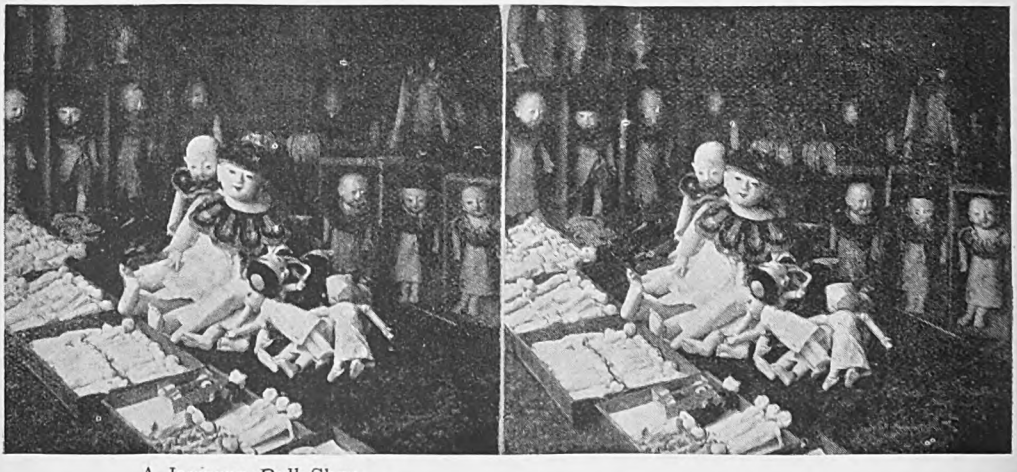


A Guard Room at Chelsea Barracks.



Indians Raising Water by a Shadoof.



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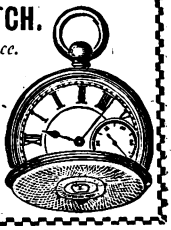

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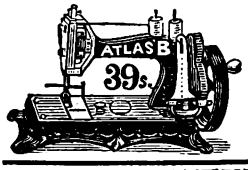

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From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B.,** **W. NICHOLL,** *Pharmaceutical Chemist,* 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.

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It is made in Dark Rich Shades as well as in Light Tints, contains no Lead, and does not turn Black.
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It only requires the addition of Water to make it ready for use, so that anybody can apply it.
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but it tells its own tale wherever Furniture is polished with it.

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Hitherto the great objection to all Diabetic Preparations has been their extremely unpalatable nature. Cheltine Diabetic Food and Cheltine Diabetic Biscuits are thoroughly pleasant to the taste. They are Medicated Foods in which the carbohydrates are so altered that in the process of digestion *they will not yield Diabetic Sugar.*

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We can refer to many medical men who have given these Foods a thorough test, *and in every case real benefit has been derived, and in some cases complete relief given.*

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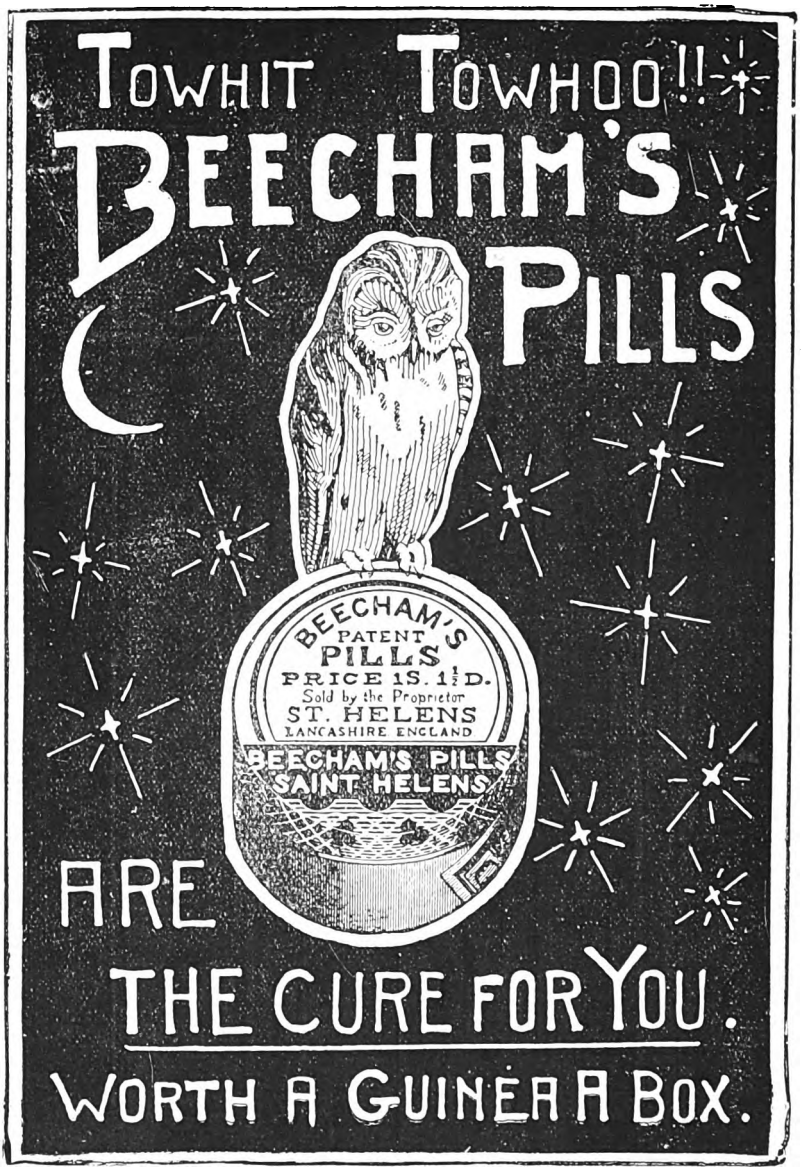

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Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye;
To Friend or to Foe,
To all above, and to all below.

These are the happy, these are the free,
So may it be with thee and me.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Influenza Colds, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c. Use

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing and Invigorating.

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IT PREVENTS DIARRHŒA AND REMOVES IT IN THE EARLY STAGES.

EVERYTHING but the Plainest Food Disagreed with me.—"Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.—SIR,—Allow me to express my gratitude for the WONDERFUL PREVENTIVE OF SICK HEADACHE you have given to the world in ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' For two years and a half I suffered from Sick Headache. Five months ago I commenced taking your 'FRUIT SALT' daily, and have not had one headache during that time; whereas formerly everything but the plainest food disagreed with me, I am now almost indifferent as to diet. I cannot thank you sufficiently for conferring on me such a benefit.—I am, Sir, yours gratefully, TRUTH."

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CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked "ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'" Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

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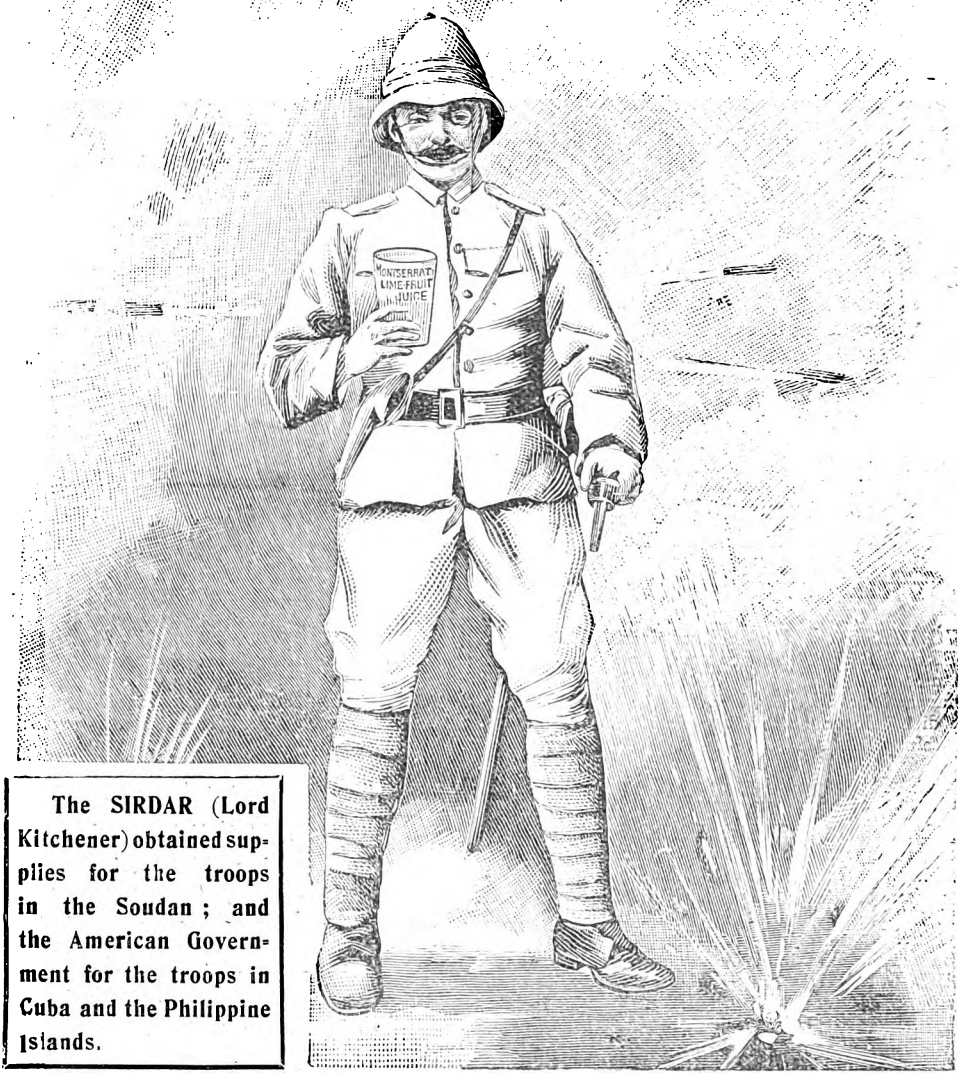
"Never felt so cool in my life!"



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which is universally admitted to be the Purest and Best, being pressed from the juice of Cultivated limes grown in the famous Island of Montserrat.

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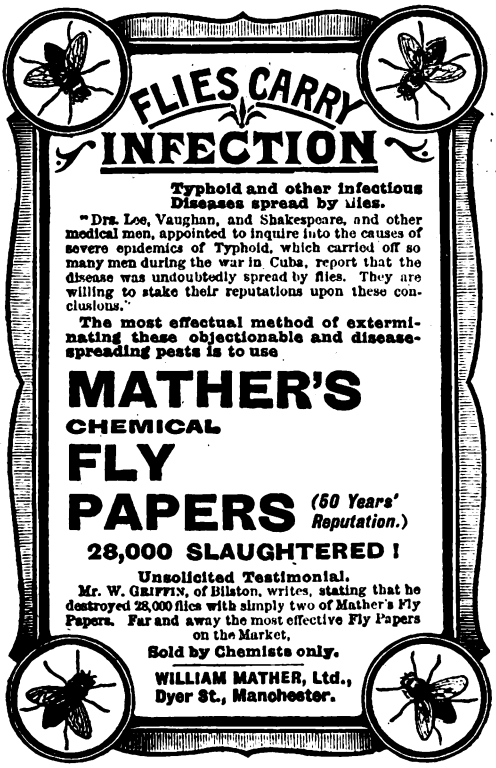
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No Smell.
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WITH THE SELF-HEATING
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The price of "The Dalli" is 6/-.
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Thousands of these Irons selling on the Continent.
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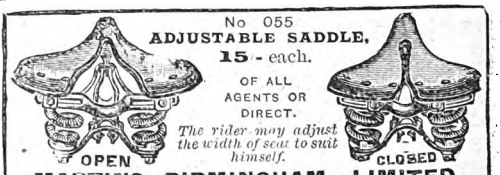

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PAINS IN THE BACK,

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Electricity will Cure when all other remedies fail.

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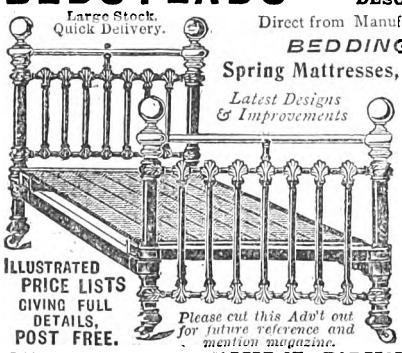

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From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B.,**
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are prepared from **COX'S famous Gelatine** of ***British Manufacture,*** and are delicately flavoured. They are as cheap as any other Tablet Jellies despite the high quality of the material used.

COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES

can be made in a few minutes. They are delightfully flavoured and form a delicate, dainty dish for Luncheon, Dinner, or Supper.

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Ask your Grocer for an "Elfin," and compare it with the other Jelly Tablets you have liked hitherto. Send a post card (naming your Grocer), and you will receive a Free Sample.

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NEAVE'S FOOD

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INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

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"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

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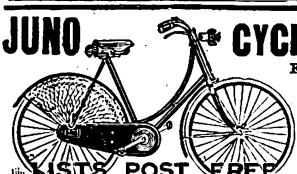

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Light Roadster, £10...16/8 Monthly. £11...18 4
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Write for New Season's List, over 100 pages, of **JUNO** Cycles and Accessories, sent post free. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD., 75 & 76, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W. Mossberg Wrench (C pattern), 1/1.

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IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

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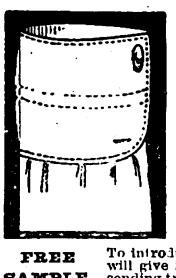

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The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. It is in every way a "perfect" shirt, and fits without a crease. Sheaths the wrists with comfort, adds a grace to the hands, and looks the very perfection of neatness and smartness. Made only in one quality—the best, at one price—the lowest—**3/11.** To open in front or behind as preferred. In ordering, please state size of collar.

Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ¼ doz., **22/6**; post free.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish linen collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts.

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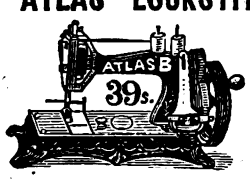
"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



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PURE LINEN.

16/- to 18/- a Dozen.

THIS Towel is of quite new structure, woven out of good Two-fold Irish Linen Thread, the natural Magnetic and Electric Induction of the Flax being intensified, so that when used it at once helps to produce the healthy glow and warmth so desirable to everybody.

Its Coiled Meshes permit the air to circulate, and yield with thorough elasticity to the surface of the skin.

This Towel is neither clumsy nor flimsy, but is easy to wash and easy to dry, and for a long period actually improves with use.

After any special exertion, to the Athlete, the Cyclist or the Yachtsman, it is most refreshing to have a rub down with one or two of these Towels.

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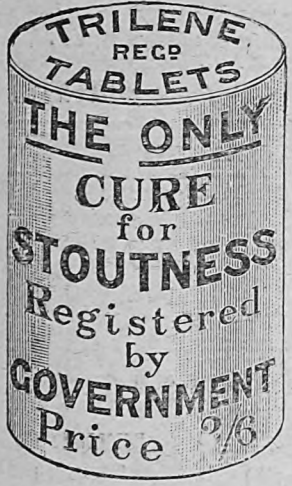
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

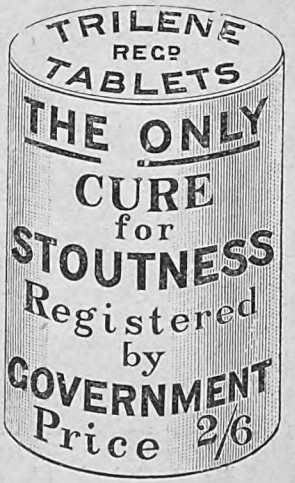


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindbill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

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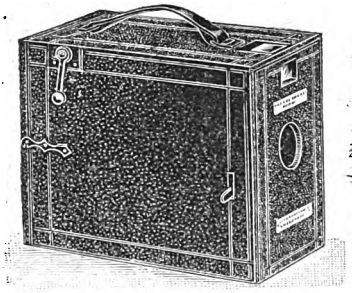

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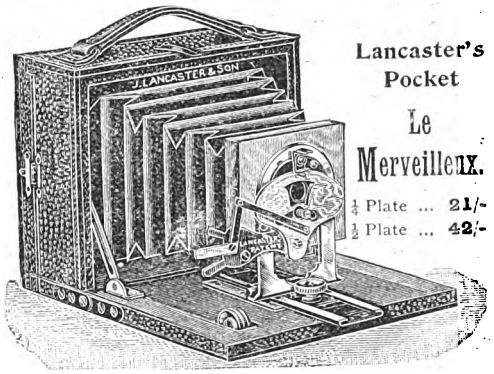

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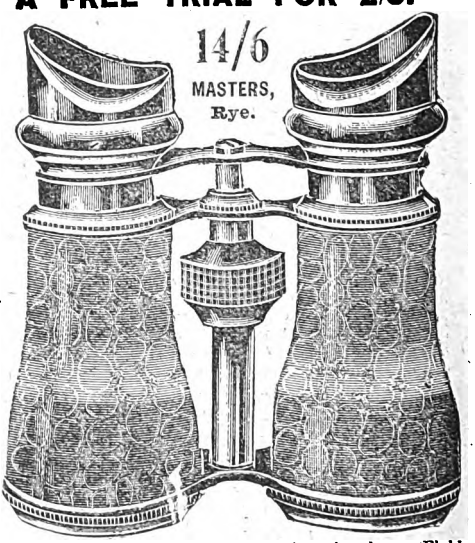

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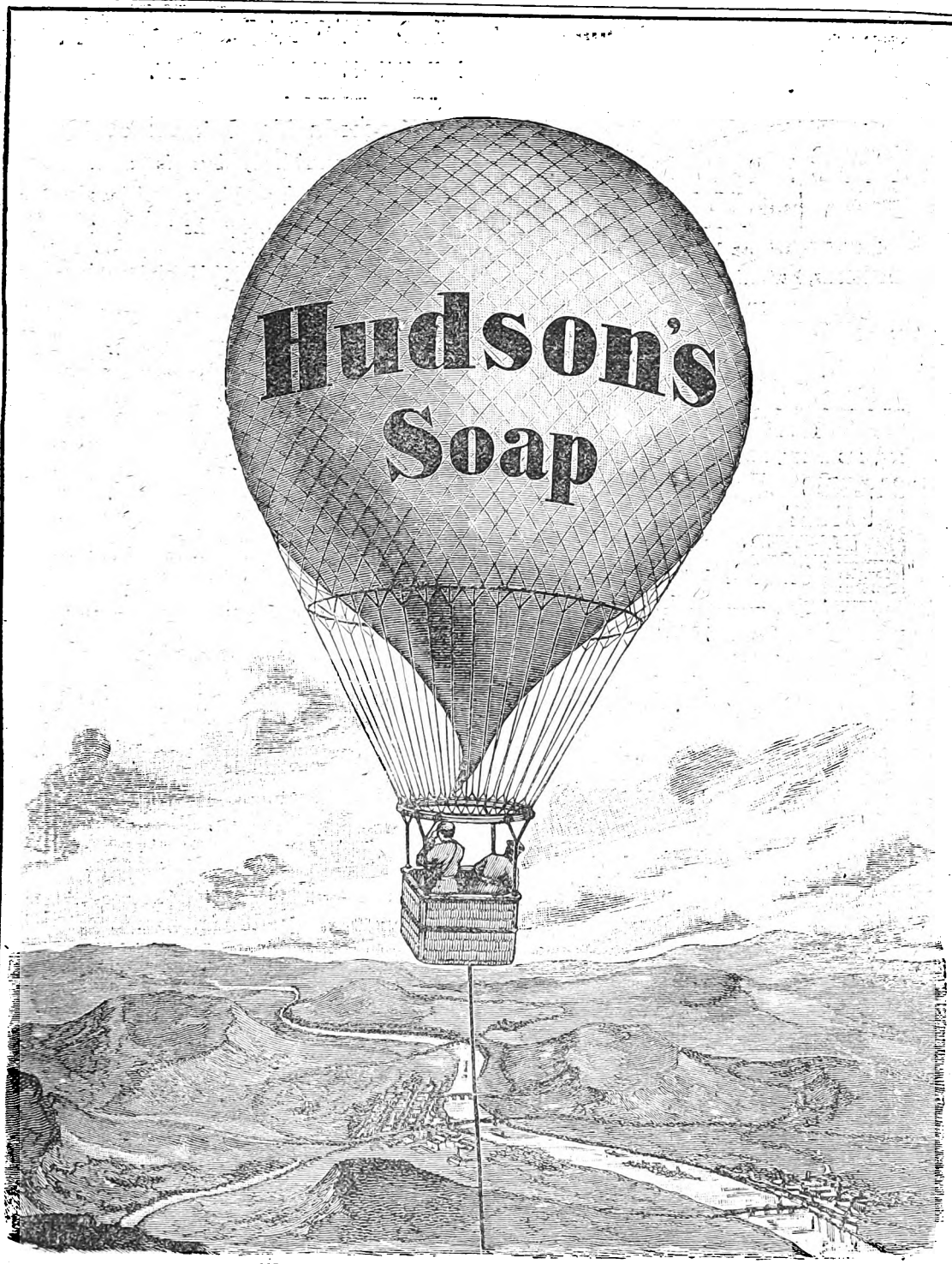

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1900.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by Edgar Lander.		
STUDY OF A FACE From a Painting by Miss B. Offor.	*Frontispiece.*	
THE ART OF THE CAMERA Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	275
LORD TREPEAN AND THE UNIQUE UNIFORM. A Complete Story Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.	GILBERT DAYLE	282
ROYAL CHILDREN AND THEIR TOYS Illustrated with Photographs.	F. NEVILL JACKSON	289
BABUL SIRIS SINGH. A Complete Story Illustrated by R. Pannett.	JESSIE E. LIVESEY	297
THE SMALLEST NAVY IN THE WORLD Illustrated with Two Photographs.		304
THE MEDALS OUR GENERALS WEAR Illustrated with Photographs.	CHARLES WINTER	305
SUMMER. A Poem Illustrated by R. P. Gossop.	L. G. MOBERLEY	311
THE RED OWL. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	RAFAEL SABATINI	312
A DOG'S TOILET CLUB Illustrated with Photographs.	FRANK FOULSHAM	320
THE LADY NAVIGATORS. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. Barnard Davies.	EDWARD NOBLE	325
HOW AN ARMY CROSSES A RIVER Illustrated with Photographs.	CHARLES RAY	332
A DEAD HEAT. A Monologue Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	OWEN OLIVER	336
A FUTURE RIVAL OF MONTE CARLO Illustrated with Photographs.	E. M. LYNCH	339
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story Illustrated by Victor Prout.	GUY BOOTHBY	343
ONLY. A Poem	SMEDLEY NORTON	352
TACKLING AN ENEMY. Being the Third of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run" Illustrated with Photographs.	ARCHIBALD S. HURD	353
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		359

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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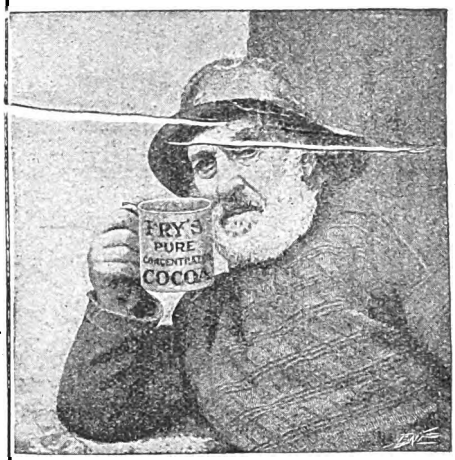

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

The Newest Thing in Cameras.

The ingenuity of our cousins across the Atlantic is truly marvellous. There seems to be no limit to their resourcefulness. We of the old country have our strong points, but when it comes to the question of a new notion the Americans can just "walk rings" round us.

One of the latest and best contrivances I have come across in the way of hand cameras is a panoramic one. The idea, of course, is not a new one. But what a triumph of inventiveness is the method of carrying it out! It measures only $7\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$. Yet it takes a picture the extreme limits of which form at the camera an angle of about 112degs.

To many of my readers that conveys next to nothing. Let me explain myself differently, though less exactly. If you stand looking straight ahead of you without moving your eyes, you will observe that you can see a very considerable sweep of horizon. This little camera will give you a photo pretty well along the whole stretch which your vision thus embraces.

The Panoramic Camera.

The difference between a picture of a lovely stretch of scenery taken by one of these panoramic cameras and an ordinary hand camera must be seen to be appreciated. Instead of only a small glimpse you get a view, and, what is most important, every part of the photograph is in focus and equally rectilinear.

I will not attempt to describe the little affair in detail. The essence of the ingenuity of the apparatus lies in the fact that the lens instead of being fixed is made to revolve in a half circle, and thus sweep the whole horizon included in the picture. As an idea this is as old as the hills, but the details are, in this camera, worked out in the most simple and ingenious manner.

An excellent illustration of what this camera can do is to be found in the fact that if you stand in the middle of a street and take a snapshot down

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

The German Emperor and King Humbert Starting for a Drive.

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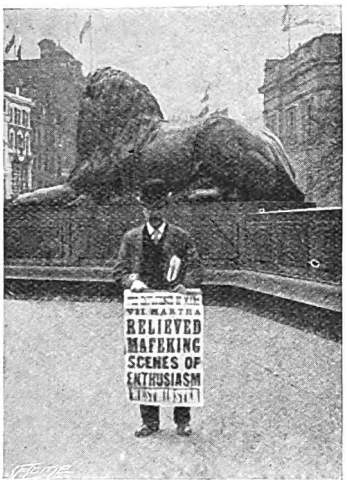
the length of it, you take the houses on either side of you almost to your immediate right and left but only a little of the distance in front of you. A better fifty shillings worth than this camera is not to be found, and I can recommend it.

Cameras in Exhibitions. I cannot for the life of me imagine why those who are responsible for the management of exhibitions should forbid hand cameras. Surely they must forget what a splendid advertisement each successful snapshot by a keen amateur really is. He or she shows it to every acquaintance. Moreover, the fact of being able to take a camera must prove an attraction to many people. Doubtless a certain amount of money in hard cash is lost which the professional pays for the sole right of photographing. But I doubt whether the loss would prove very great if the general public were limited to the use of hand cameras. Exhibition directors perhaps know their own business best, but for all that I cannot help marvelling at what appears to me to be a very short-sighted policy. The directors of the Paris Exhibition have shown far more sense, for hand cameras are allowed free access. Any camera fitted with a stand has to pay a certain fee per day.



From a Photo.

Mafeking Day.

The Eclipse of the Sun. I wonder how many of my readers succeeded in obtaining any records of interest in connection with the recent eclipse of the sun. I don't suppose many succeeded in securing anything like satisfactory pictures of the actual phenomenon. To get a fair sized image of the sun, the camera must either have had

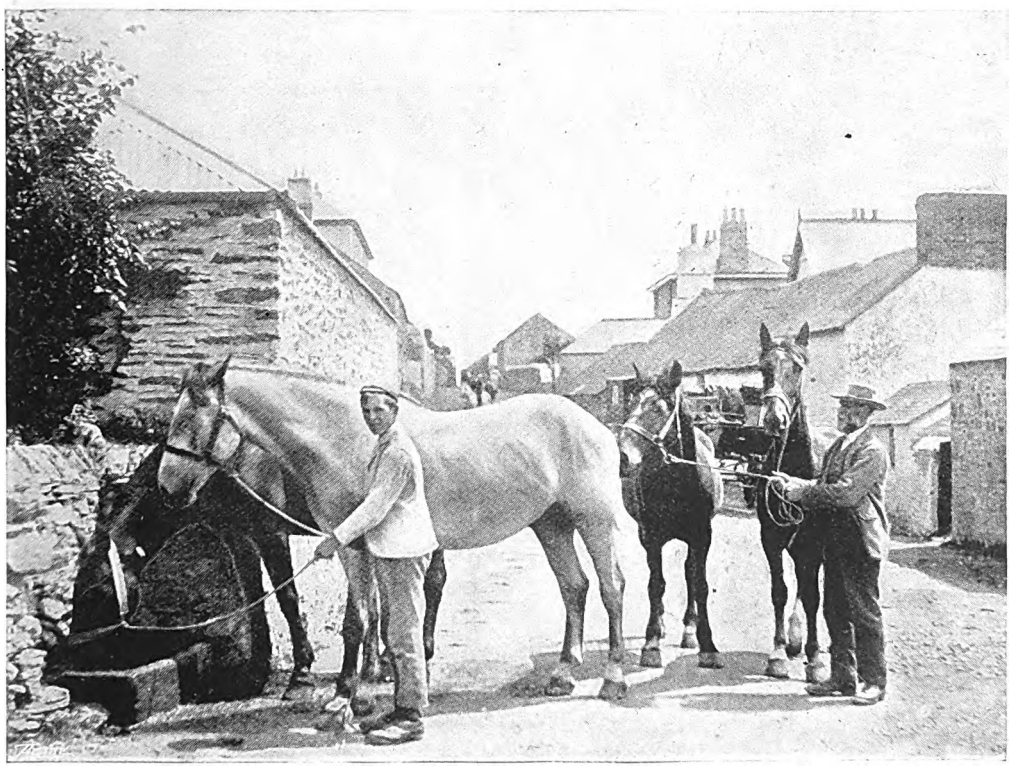


Photo by John H. Coath.

A Refreshing Draught.

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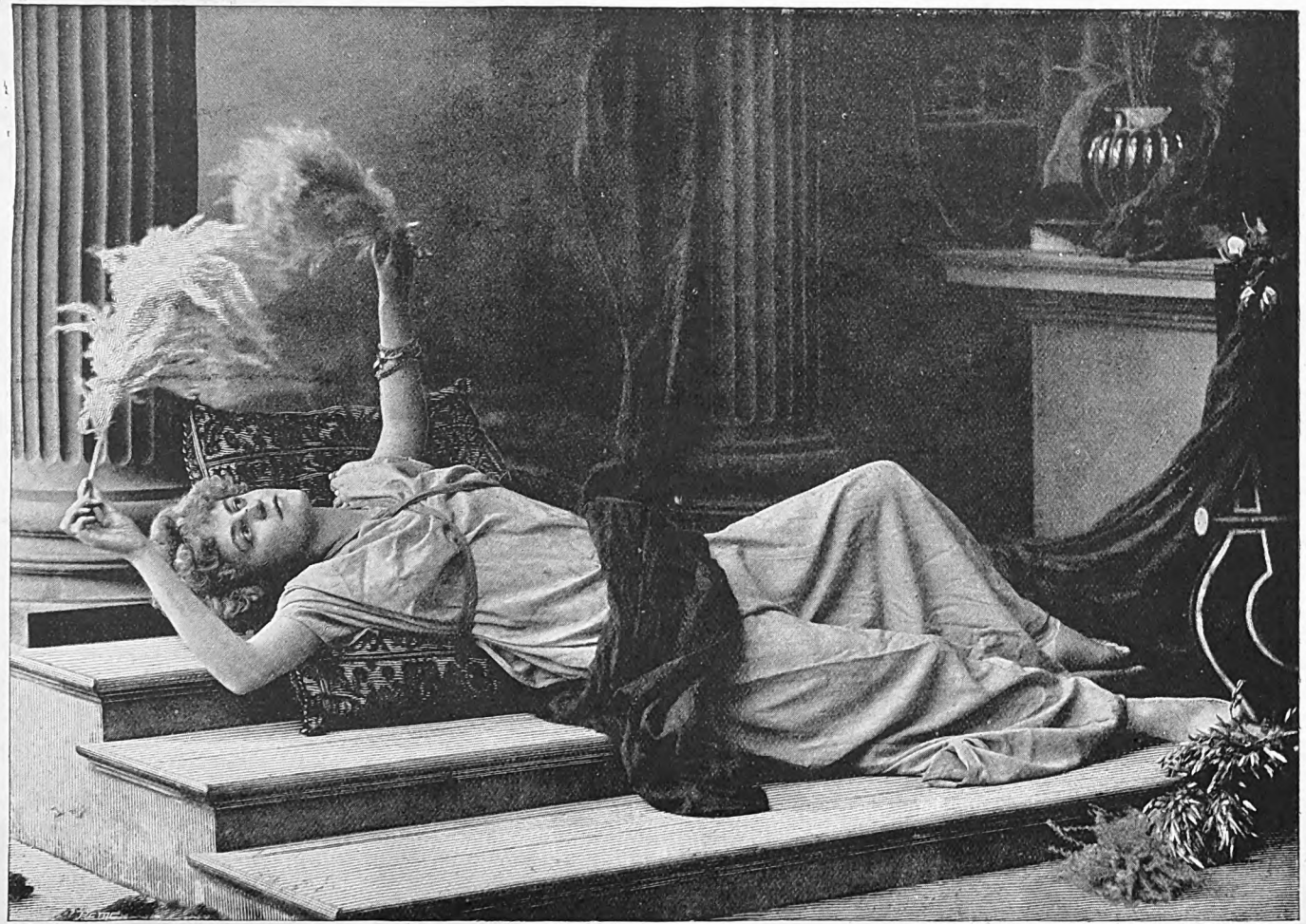

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

IDLENESS.

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tele-photo lens or have been capable of very long extension.

It has to be remembered that the image of the sun measures, approximately, one-tenth of an inch for every ten inches of focus. This obviously precludes the use of a hand-camera. Yet I'll be bound that heaps of people attempted direct snapshots of the actual eclipse. A far better and more profitable subject would have been the surrounding country at fixed intervals with a shutter working at the same speed. These pictures would have been extremely interesting as showing the progress of the eclipse and the changing of the light.

View Finders. I mentioned last month when referring to the little Brownie camera, that, in my humble opinion, the absence of a view-finder was a serious drawback.

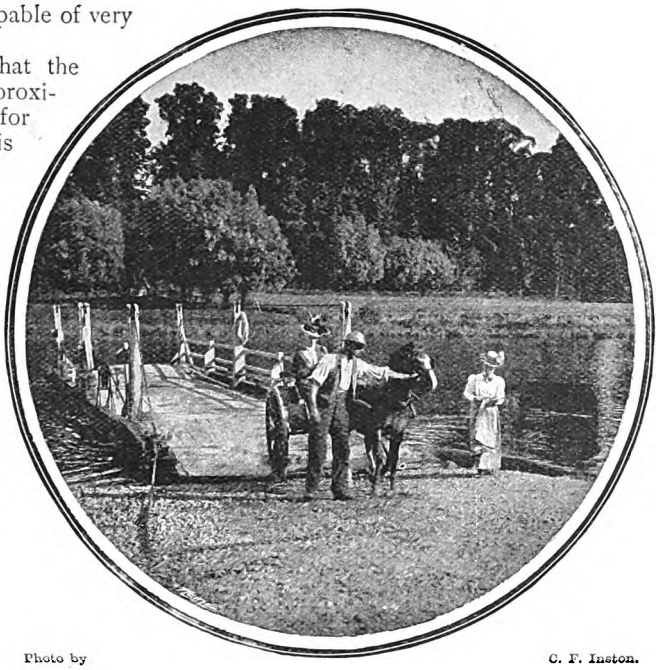

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Ferry.

Photo by Worthing Portrait Co.

A Shower.

There are, I believe, some people who disbelieve in finders and actually work without them. I must confess I see no argument in favour of depriving oneself of a possible advantage, seeing that a finder is in itself quite innocent of any effect upon the actual picture and therefore does no harm.

However each one to his taste. But there is this to be said about a finder, that in exact proportion to the reliance one places upon it, it should be truly reliable. In an expensive camera the finder is, as a general if not invariable rule, accurate. But in the very cheap cameras one can scarcely expect perfect accuracy in every detail. It is very advisable therefore to determine exactly how far a mistake in the sighting of a picture is attributable to want of one's own skill, or to lack of accuracy on the part of the finder.

In practice an amateur takes a snapshot, and if he is somewhat disappointed at finding the object which he had intended to be in the centre of the picture away towards one side, he is quite willing to believe that the fault is entirely his own. Though

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Phot by Madame Lallie Charles.

POSING FOR HER PICTURE.

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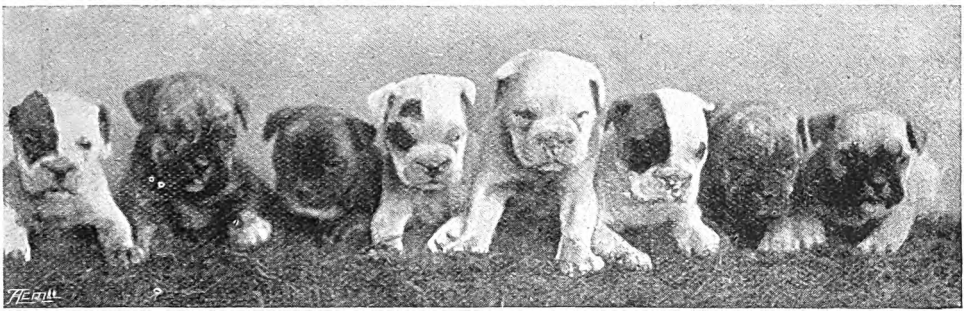

Photo by John H. Coath.

Stand at Ease.

bad workmen complain of their tools, the amateur photographer is sufficiently alive to his inexperience and want of skill to assume that his camera, which sometimes gives most excellent results, is incapable of playing him false. And yet all the while it may be.

How to Check the Accuracy of a Finder.

It may be of some use to my readers to give them a hint as to how they may easily determine for themselves the accuracy of the view finders on their cameras.

Take your camera and set it up on a table or window-ledge or some fixed place whence you can get a satisfactory picture. With a piece of chalk or pencil mark out on the base the exact position of the camera, so that you can replace it with perfect accuracy.

Now take your picture, and go off and develop it. When you have fixed your plate or, if you prefer it, have printed a copy, compare the picture with the picture in your finder as shown when you replace the camera on the marked base.

You may find—you very probably will find—that more of the image is given in the finder than on the plate. The best thing to do is to paint out on the finder the superfluous amount of picture which you now know will not be included on any plate you might expose.

If, on the other hand, there is more picture on the plate than in the finder, you are, as it were, so much to the good. But in either case you must watch particularly to see that the central object of the finder is also the central object of the plate. By turning the camera over on to its side you can check the second finder.

Foreign Snapshots.

Quite a new field has been opened in the last few years to the amateur photographer who lives in or near London. There is always a fascination about obtaining snapshots in a foreign country which does not apply to home pictures, and the single day trips of the Palace Steamer *La Marguerite* have placed Boulogne and Ostend within easy reach of everyone. The number of snapshots taken on these journeys which I receive show how popular the trips are with amateur photographers.

Outside the offices of the Royal Magazine on Mafeking Day, when 30,000 Union Jacks were distributed free amongst the crowd.

From a Photo.

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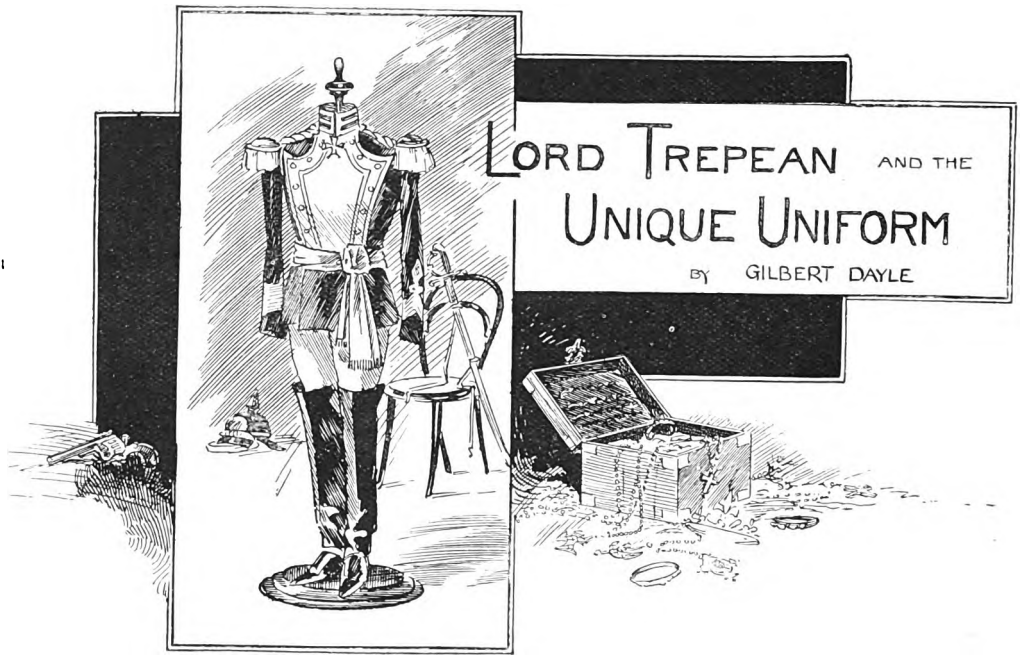

LORD TREPEAN AND THE UNIQUE UNIFORM

BY GILBERT DAYLE

HALF-PAST eleven had just struck, and carriages were rapidly rolling up to the great entrance of Northland House. The night was cold, and the air slightly foggy, but a fair-sized crowd stood shivering by the sides of the awning, intent on watching the arrivals. These were more interesting than usual, for the Duchess of Northland was giving a huge fancy dress ball, and the onlookers caught glimpses of costumes rarely seen outside the region of comic opera. On the edge of the pavement, with a watchful eye on the burly policeman in superintendence, stood an under-sized, mean-looking man of foreign appearance. The end of a cigarette stuck in the corner of his mouth, his shabby great coat buttoned up close under the chin and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he lingered on in the cold. For a moment there was a cessation in the stream of carriages, then a private hansom dashed up to the entrance. In it was a tall, broad-shouldered man enveloped in a long cloak. He swung out of the cab, and the folds flying open revealed a gorgeous uniform. He stopped for a moment to give some instructions to his coachman. The little man on the curb glanced at the uniform casually, then suddenly gave a start of surprise. He edged a trifle nearer, his eyes drinking in every detail of the costume. The next moment the other turned and passed under the awning. The little man watched his figure until it disappeared, then, moving into the road, he broke into a shuffling little run and vanished.

The great ball-room at Northland House presented a magnificent sight as Lord Alec Trepean entered it. Every conceivable kind of fancy dress was in evidence, and the brilliant shifting colours formed a glittering scene of delight to the eye. Lord Alec, in the uniform that had attracted such close attention from the shivering little wretch outside, looked wonderfully handsome. He was tall, had good features, and wore a moustache. He strolled about chatting with various acquaintances and filling his programme. Presently, after the music was in full swing, he went in search of somebody with whom he had a standing engagement for certain dances. He found her, a pretty-looking girl of about three-and-twenty. Her dress was daintily simple, she wore no jewels, and her hair was done in a quaint, old-fashioned style. Lord Alec stood in front, and contemplated her gravely.

"Well?" she said, with a little smile.

"Ravishing!" he answered, "And the brilliant personality of Lady Edna Ashdale is hidden beneath the disguise of ——?" he paused inquiringly.

"Netta—the flower girl of Somewhere," she replied, with a laugh.

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He offered his arm.

"Obviously you would be more at home in the conservatory!" said he.

She laughed again, and allowed him to conduct her to a seat in the Northland conservatory.

"'Pon my word!" he remarked, as he settled himself comfortably, "you don't appear to be much cast down by your terrible loss!"

"I haven't quite realised that they're gone!"

"I was thunderstruck," continued Lord Alec, "when I opened the papers last evening and saw in big type, "Theft of the Darbrook Jewels — Thirty Thousand Pounds worth Missing." I gathered that the Earl had brought the casket from the bank at midday, and that during the afternoon it mysteriously disappeared. Is that so?"

"Yes," she said, a trifle wearily, "that is quite right. Father's movements were evidently watched, and the whole thing planned. How the casket was actually taken from the house nobody can hazard even a guess. The place is overrun with detectives, everybody has been cross-examined, and the matter talked over and over, until I am heartily tired of it!"

"Tired!" he echoed, "you're surely not going to dismiss such an event from your mind for ever! Why, to some women it would mean a dozen wrinkles!"

He looked down on her fresh young face. She laughed quite happily.

"Somehow," she said, "I am convinced we shall get them back. The police are so clever nowadays, you know."

He looked a little dubious.

"Well, they tell us so in the story books! Anyhow, we'll hope they will prove to be amazingly brilliant in this case. By the way," he added, "you're quite the most talked-of woman in London today. One of the evening papers published an execrable portrait of you, and said——"

"I know," she interrupted . . . "Please, Alec, let's change the subject," she went on pleadingly; "everybody has talked of nothing else this evening, and there are so many more cheerful topics!"

She glanced at his uniform.

"I have been wondering what character you represent. It looks perfectly lovely, you know."

"I'm a comic-operatic captain in an appropriate comic opera uniform."

His eyes travelled over her dress.

"And you, you're Netta, the flower girl—comic opera, too!" he cried, an idea striking him. "Oh, we must keep it up!"

"Keep what up, please?" she said wonderingly.

"The opera, of course!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see? The little flower girl always has a soldier lover who sings duets with her, and marries her in the end."

"But there's generally a rival."

"Yes, we must have a rival," he said thoughtfully; "oh, where's the dear Count? He will do splendidly. Count Philip Telzin, of the raven hair and wicked eye. What has become of him?"

"He wrote to father saying that he was called away for a day or two."

"Suppose," he went on, "suppose we be original, and not have a rival after all?"

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"Ah, but he hasn't gone—I remember now!" exclaimed Lord Alec; "I met Wilder this morning, and he told me that the Count had sprained his ankle just as he was setting out, and has to lay up for a little while at his hotel. That's a pity, for he would have made a realistic rival. Suppose," he went on with a glance at her, "suppose we be original, and do not have a rival at all?"

"Not just yet, dear old boy!" she said softly. "You know the soldier captain always has to do something to prove his love."

"In these prosaic days!" he exclaimed. "My dearest, you are bent upon making me a desperate man. I shall be goaded into doing something useful, or——"

"Perhaps it's that kind of thing I mean!" she said with a little smiling look into his face. "Come," she added, "we are losing the best of the dancing." And slipping her arm within his, they made their way back to the ball room.

It was about four o'clock when Lord Alec, muffled up to the chin in his ulster, emerged from Northland House, conscious of having spent a very good time indeed. His house was only half-a-mile away, and he had told his coachman that he would walk back. He paused to light a cigarette under the awning, then strode off. He had gone but a few yards when he heard a light, shuffling footstep behind him. A moment afterwards, he felt a slight touch on his arm. He swung round on his heel and saw a shabbily dressed little man facing him. He looked at him, and something in the appearance struck him as familiar. Then it occurred to him that he had noticed him standing on the curb as he alighted from his cab at the entrance to Northland House.

"Well?" he asked.

The man held a tiny twist of paper out to him.

"For you!" he said briefly, in a guttural tone.

"You are making no mistake?" said Lord Alec in surprise. "You know my name?"

A grin spread over the man's face.

"There is no mistake," he replied, "you are he to whom the note is addressed."

Lord Alec took the note, and stepping under a gas lamp, unfolded it. There were a few roughly scrawled words in pencil.

"If you are the wise and clever man I take you to be," he read out, "you will grant the writer of this a few minutes' interview. The matter is of the utmost importance to you."

He turned to the little man.

"What on earth is it all about?" he asked. "Of importance to *me?*"

The man glanced round cautiously, then edged a trifle nearer to him.

"The Darbrook jewels are important to you!" he said in a hoarse whisper. Lord Alec gave a start, and laid a hand sharply on his shoulder.

"Well, what about them?"

The man shook himself free of his grip.

"I am only a messenger," he said sullenly. "Will you come? It is not far, and we can walk it in half-an-hour."

Lord Alec reflected. It was altogether so strange, the meeting, the note, and its request. There was a touch of adventure about the thing which was not unpleasant to him. And it related to the Darbrook jewels—to Edna! He made up his mind.

"I'll come!" he said quickly, "and on the way, my mysterious friend, you shall give me a few further particulars."

The man shook his head.

"I'm only a messenger!" he repeated. "But you'll come—that is good and enough. Follow me!"

He immediately set out at a shuffling pace, and Lord Alec, having determined to see the thing out, plunged his hands into his pockets and followed him. It was still foggy and the air was bitterly raw. The man led the way through bye streets, keeping a trifle ahead, apparently with the object of preventing conversation. After the first few streets, Lord Alec gave up attempting to grasp the route he was following. The houses gradually grew smaller. He knew from the general direction that they were near Westminster, if not actually in it. At last the man stopped before a dismal-looking house in a narrow street.

"This is the place!" he announced, and producing a latchkey, opened the door. Lord Alec followed him in. The man took up a cheap oil lamp that stood on a chair in the passage, and beckoning to Lord Alec, led the way up the staircase on tiptoe. Up several flights of dark, steep stairs they went until at length they reached the top floor. Here the man paused before a door and knocked on the panel with his knuckles. There was the sound of a heavy step, and the next moment the door was flung open and a flood of light revealed the room to Lord Alec's gaze. To his relief, the man who was now standing on the threshold appeared to be the only occupant. He was a slightly-built individual of medium height, dark-haired, and of foreign appearance.

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"Ah, you have come, *mon ami!*" he exclaimed. "I thought you would not be so silly as to refuse. Pray accept what little hospitality we have to offer you."

Lord Alec entered and glanced curiously round. It was merely the ordinary, poorly furnished room of the cheap lodging-house. There was no fire, the room being warmed by a large oil stove standing in the centre.

His host had thrown himself on a seat at the further end of the room, and was complacently engaged in rolling a cigarette. This being concluded, he lighted it and smiled at his visitor.

"Possibly you have never seen me before —nor even heard of me. My name is Bela Kossein."

"I have not had the honour," returned Lord Alec, "and I can't say that I regret it.

The man laughed pleasantly.

"It is of no consequence," he replied; "the point is that I know you—and a great deal concerning you into the bargain."

"Might I suggest the possibility of a mistake?"

The room was hot with the fumes from the oil stove, and Lord Alec had been unbuttoning his ulster. He flung it open and the uniform met Mr. Kossein's gaze.

"Ah, beautiful!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together, "I have not looked upon it for four—no, it must be six years! *Mon Dieu*, how the time flies when one is profitably engaged!" He stood up and contemplated Lord Alec rather closely. "No, there is no mistake, my friend. You have shaved your beard off, but you are still the man. And besides — the uniform!" He rubbed his hands again, "I have always said that no army in the world can boast a prettier or more handsome one!"

Lord Alec was now certain that he was being mistaken for someone else, and in some strange manner the uniform appeared to be mainly responsible for it. Obviously the best thing to do was to continue the deception.

"Come," he said sharply, "what is the business you want with me? I have no time to spare."

Mr. Bela Kossein settled himself comfortably in his chair.

"Ah, the business!—that is good!" he said, puffing at his cigarette. Then his eye rested on the uniform again and he broke into a prolonged chuckle.

"But the impudence of it all, it is magnificent!" he exclaimed with a laugh. "You, the black sheep of your family, whose offences were so great that you were publicly degraded from your Captaincy in the Malegrian Army, to be here in England, mixing with the best society, and actually appearing at a fancy dress ball in one of your old uniforms!"

Lord Alec listened with interest to these details of his life. He knew Malegra as a small principality tucked away in a corner of Europe, and practically unknown to most people.

"It would seem almost incredible!" he said sardonically.

"And I remember seeing you in the old

Admitz came sprawling at his feet . . . He had tripped over the oil stove, and a flame suddenly shot out all over the floor.

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days at the head of your company. I did not know you, but, from the tales I heard, I used to wonder which was the greater blackguard, you or I?"

"Have you come to any definite decision on this interesting point?"

Mr. Kossein began to roll another cigarette.

"Not quite," he said, "but you have proved yourself the sharper in this particular instance, for you did in a moment what I have been planning to accomplish during the last six months. I put a spy in the house, arranged everything, and was only waiting the opportunity. It came and I was ready, but only to find that you had forestalled us by a quarter of an hour!" Mr. Kossein shot a glance of admiration at his visitor. "And I admit that you planned it out very creditably! A friend of the family, you gave out beforehand that you were called away for a few days. A little trip to Amsterdam, eh? Excellent! But now, having carried off everything in an admirable manner, you make your false step. You suddenly change your plans, and do not go. *Ma foi*, I do not follow you!"

"I had my reasons!" said Lord Alec shortly. He was trying to play his part well.

Mr. Kossein shrugged his shoulders.

"They were foolish ones, for had you gone straight to Amsterdam I should not have had the chance of soothing my wounded vanity. You go to the ball, and my good friend Admitz," he indicated the little man, "chancing to be outside, recognised the Malegrian uniform. He raced back to me, and I, putting two and two together, and knowing that you could be the only one to possess such a costume, rightly concluded that you had changed your mind about getting away with the jewels. So I sent the note."

"And having got me here, what do you want?" Lord Alec demanded.

Mr. Kossein lighted his second cigarette.

"We will say that you still have the Darbrook jewels in your possession," he said "My idea is that you give me the famous necklace as some compensation for upsetting my plans."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then," said Mr. Kossein calmly, "you will promptly receive a visit from a police officer, who will arrest you 'on information received'—from where, not stated."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Lord Alec, but Mr. Kossein only smiled complacently.

"By the way," said Lord Alec, an idea striking him, "who is the spy you placed in Earl Darbrook's house?"

"A most accomplished young gentleman," replied Mr. Kossein with a laugh; "I have communicated with him, and am expecting him every minute. He goes by the name of François Gaulet."

"Oh, the valet!"

"Yes," said Mr. Kossein with a nod; "I think I hear him now. Open the door, Admitz!"

The little man did as he was bid and listened. There was the sound of a light footstep ascending the stairs. Lord Alec looked round the room quickly for some weapon. The valet would recognise him immediately. He turned round with his back to the door so that Gaulet would not see him until he was well in the room. His eye fell on a deal chair. It was the only thing within reach.

The valet had got to the last flight of stairs. Mr. Kossein rose lazily from his seat and went to meet him.

"Ah, my dear François!" he cried, "you got my note? Our visitor has come and we are arranging matters nicely."

Lord Alec did not move. He heard the men enter the room. They were approaching him from behind. He edged towards the chair and laid a hand on the back. Then he turned slowly round and met the valet's gaze.

"You fool, Bela!" the man gasped, falling back a step in astonishment, "that is not he! That is Lord Alec Trepean! You have ruined us!"

Kossein's face underwent a quick change. The smiling look vanished and his eyes glittered in a determined fashion. His hand moved stealthily towards a back pocket.

"Out of the way!" cried Lord Alec, suddenly swinging the chair above his head. The three stood for a moment, their eyes fixed on him. Then Kossein uttered two or three thick guttural words in a tongue Lord Alec did not recognise. The next second they rushed at him. He dodged nimbly aside, and little Admitz came sprawling at his feet. He had tripped over the oil stove. Kossein made a quick dash at it, but it was too late, for a flame of fire suddenly shot out over the floor. Indescribable confusion followed, and Lord Alec, seeing his opportunity, dropped the chair, made a bolt for the door and went stumbling down the staircase, three steps at a time. He gained the door, and finding the latch managed to open it. The next moment he was in the foggy street again, and gave a gasp of relief.

He hurried away, and presently met a

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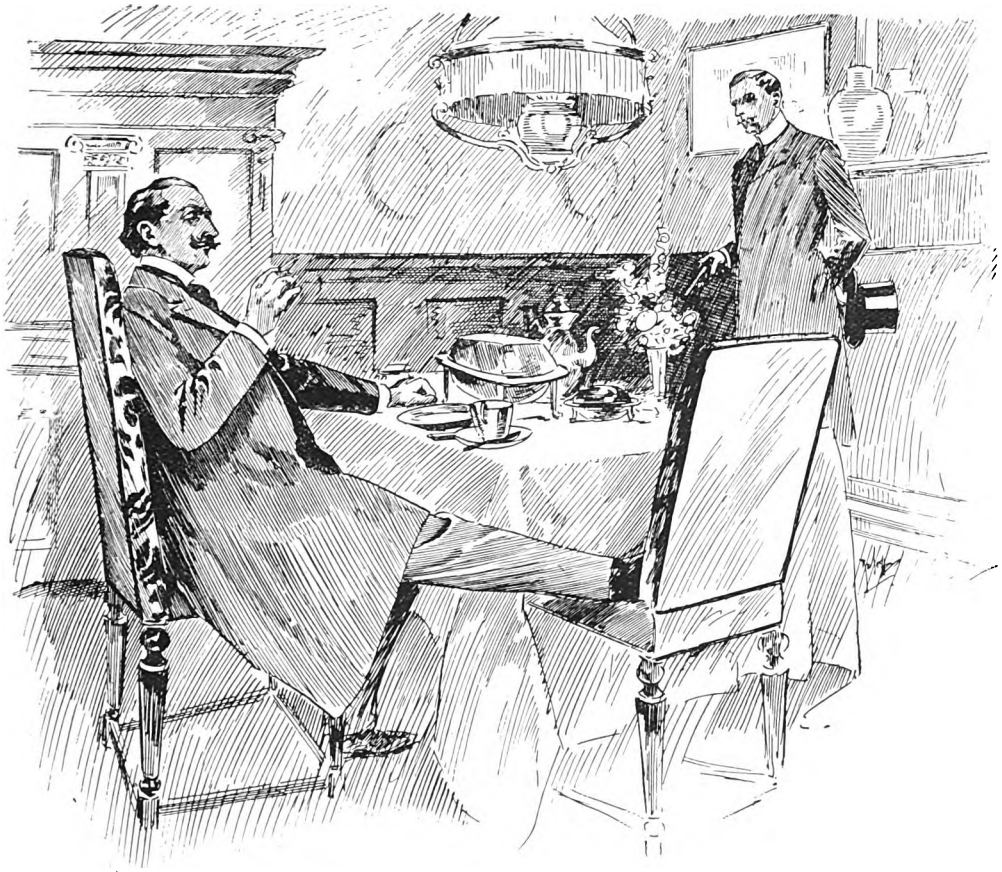

"You have fifteen seconds more," said Lord Trepean, and moved leisurely towards the bell button.

policeman, who told him he was near Victoria, and directed him. A few minutes later he was sitting in a cab and being driven towards his own house. As he alighted he heard a clock strike six. He entered the house, and going straight to his bedroom, proceeded to divest himself of the uniform and don clothes which, if not so brilliant, were at least more convenient from the average man's point of view.

"Extraordinary that the costumier should have exactly copied the Malegrian uniform!" he reflected. "Suppose he must have had a design of it, and thought it would save him taxing his powers of invention."

In the cab he had been piecing together the information which Kossein had inadvertently given him, and he was now tolerably certain as to the identity of the real thief. He paced the room thinking out his course of action.

"Yes," he exclaimed at length, "that's the way! It will conclude the adventure in a more fitting manner. I'll do the thing single-handed."

He walked across the room, and pulling a drawer out, produced a small revolver.

At nine o'clock he issued forth from his house, and, engaging a cab, drove to the Grandley Hotel. He sent up a message to Count Philip Telzin asking if he would favour him with a few minutes' interview. The Count was at breakfast, but would be delighted if Lord Trepean would join him.

Lord Alec found him sitting at table, with one leg resting upon a chair, and a stick beside him.

"Pray excuse my rising, my dear Trepean," he said, "I've had the misfortune to twist my ankle, and am obliged to lay up. Will you have some breakfast?"

"Thank you, no," returned Lord Alec, glancing at him curiously.

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The Count laid down a book he had in his hand.

"A dry thing!" he remarked with a smile. "By the way, will you have a cigarette?"

Lord Alec shook his head.

"This slight accident," continued the Count, indicating his foot, "is extremely annoying, for I had arranged to take a little trip on important business to ——"

"Amsterdam?" queried Lord Alec coolly.

The Count shot a quick look at him.

"My dear Trepean," he said mildly, "why Amsterdam, of all unlikely places on this earth?"

Lord Alec was standing at the opposite end of the table. He slipped one hand into his pocket.

"Because," he said slowly, "it happens to be the easiest place in the world in which to dispose of stolen diamonds!"

The Count laughed.

"I confess I don't follow you, my dear Trepean. You are too extraordinary!"

Lord Alec folded his arms. The Count noticed something shining half concealed in the palm of one hand.

"I may appear so," continued Lord Alec calmly; "but I will endeavour to make myself clear. I have certain information that leads me to think that you stole the casket containing the famous Darbrook jewels. Unfortunately, you sprained your ankle an hour or so after you accomplished the theft, and consequently were unable to get away."

"What nonsense is all this, Lord Trepean?" broke in the Count impatiently.

"And the jewels are still in your possession, for it is unlikely that you have a confederate." Lord Alec pulled out his watch.

"Now," he said, "I will give you two minutes to decide on your course. Either you hand the casket back to me, or I shall press the bell button, summon a policeman, and have you arrested. I may mention that I am better acquainted with your past than you may suppose. To begin with, I believe you state Germany to be your land of birth, when you know that the honour belongs to Malegra, which country, by the way, seems to have been somewhat unappreciative of your merits."

The Count had been smiling at the beginning of this speech. Gradually, however, the smile faded away, and a look of rage took its place.

"I have not got them," he said sullenly.

Lord Alec merely glanced at his watch.

"One minute has passed," he announced.

The Count did not speak. His eyes were shifting about in ill-concealed fury. Lord Alec opened his hand and allowed his pistol to be more plainly revealed.

"You have fifteen seconds more!" he said, and moved leisurely towards the bell button. Then suddenly the Count burst into a short laugh.

"I give in!" he cried. He felt in his pocket, and producing a key, tossed it on the table.

"The first drawer in that cabinet," he said, indicating a piece of furniture on the other side of the room.

"You will at least satisfy my curiosity?" remarked the Count, "as I've not the ghost of an idea as to how you managed it. You must either be very clever or very lucky!"

"I should say luck!" returned Lord Alec as he unlocked the drawer; "you see, a Unique Uniform had a good deal to do with it."

* * * * *

Later in the morning, he was interviewing Lady Edna. He had brought a brown paper parcel with him into the room.

"What energy," she exclaimed. "I thought you would not be up for another hour!"

He was standing in front of her.

"My dear Edna, that is nothing. I've been up all night, and I really think I've done it, you know!"

"What?" she asked with a smile.

"The comic opera!" he cried excitedly. "Got through the second act, routed the rival, and done something for the girl I love. Look!"

She gazed at him wonderingly, as he quickly cut the string of the parcel and tore off the paper cover.

"The jewels!" she gasped in astonishment. He nodded.

"But ——?" she turned to him inquiringly. He gave her a brief outline of his adventures since they last met.

"So you have only one course open!" he said at the conclusion. "When some heroines marry the lover who has risked his life to pick them a flower, I don't see how you can very well refuse when it's a matter of the Darbrook jewels!"

He was watching her intently. She broke into a little laugh, and raised her eyes smilingly to his. He took a step forward and caught her in his arms.

"A good curtain to 'Lord Trepean and the Unique Uniform'!" he whispered.

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ROYAL CHILDREN AND THEIR TOYS

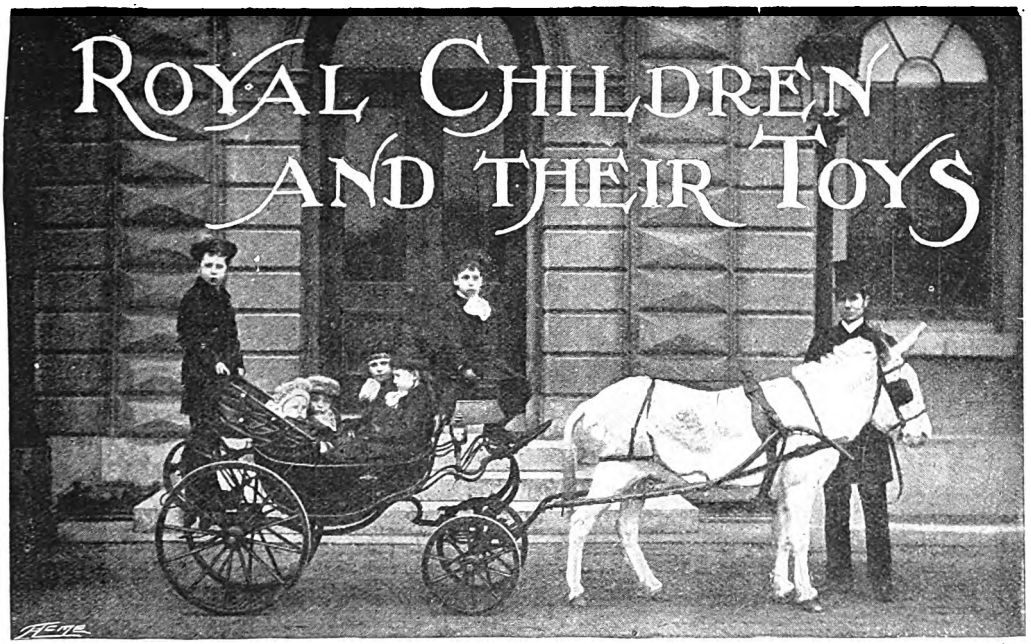

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Children of the Duke of Edinburgh and Duke of Connaught in a toy carriage.

By F. Neville Jackson.

The child being father to the man, it is interesting to know the likes and dislikes, and the influences which are creating the minds and wills of the future men and women who will occupy the thrones of Europe, or stand close beside them. It may be said that toys are such unimportant matters that they are unworthy of the attention of the student of life and times; but to the little people chiefly concerned they are very important. Who would underrate the influence of the military surroundings and military toys provided from earliest childhood by the Kaiser for the Crown Prince of Prussia, in assisting the military training which has now begun in earnest? In the nursery he drilled his five brothers and baby sister with the severity of a martinet; though it is said that in disposition he resembles his gentle mother rather than his imperious father. On his tenth birthday he became a real soldier, being made a lieutenant in his father's Grenadier Regiment. The toy guns and miniature swords had well prepared him for the important moment when the regiment was drawn up in a hollow square in the Lustgarten. 'Kronprinz Frederich Wilhelm,' as he is called by his teachers and school-fellows, walked on to the parade-ground with the Kaiser, surrounded by all the Princes of the Imperial family. The Kaiser made a speech in which he dwelt on the importance of the discipline

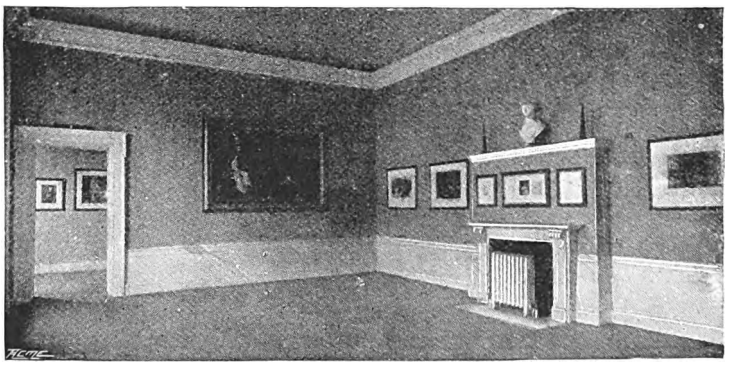

Photo Frith & Co.

The nursery at Kensington Palace where Queen Victoria played as a child.

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Prince Edward of York and his favourite flag.

of the army; the young Prince then advanced with drawn sword, presented himself to the captain of the company, Von Plushow. In the march past that followed, some laughed to see the eager little boy running along to keep up with the huge strides of the big Grenadiers; others thought the sight somewhat pathetic. When the march past was over the young Prince was presented to the other officers as a young comrade; and he went back to his royal home in proud possession of a real sword. Such were the playfellows and the toys of Prince Wilhelm when he was ten years old.

There is a photo in this article showing the young Hohenzollerns after a game of tennis. To play tennis is not exactly to play with toys, but we give the photograph as it illustrates a distinct feature in the education of the Kaiser's family. His first idea is to make good soldiers and sailors out of his children, his second, to make them as English as possible, so far as regards sport, games, and all manner of athletic exercises. Notice the tennis costume—English, and yet somehow one can see that the wearers are not of our nationality.

Prince Eitel Fritz has been provided with toy ships, anchors, compasses, and when tired of such costly toys, passed many a happy half-hour with a piece of string in which such intricate knots were tied as would have puzzled Captain Kettle himself, who, we feel sure, was a past master in the art of rope knotting and splicing. Such were the toys meant to encourage the love for the naval career for which the lad is destined.

Very curious is our photo of that other lord of great armies, the Czar of all the Russias, when a little boy. His costume is that of a sailor, but observe the drum in the background. No less than the Kaiser's children, those of the Russian Imperial family

Prince Edward is also fond of picture books.

Photos by W. & D. Downey.

This is a favourite toy of little Prince Albert of York, who bids fair to become a lover of horse-flesh.

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undergo a military education, and are from earliest years familiarised, through the medium of toys and picture-books, with the working of guns, the uniforms of various regiments, and the military history of their country. The little Czar does not look very happy; one is almost tempted to think that even at the early age when the photograph was taken, he felt a secret disgust of things military—vague foreshadowings, perhaps, of his famous disarmament project.

Our own Royal children are given toy guns and soldiers, flags, drums, and uniforms for the sake of keeping them amused, and for no other reason. We in England are happily not yet such slaves of the sword as to be under the necessity of training our children, whether royal or otherwise, from birth upwards to regard the military profession as the one profession worthy of a man. However, our young princes take quite as much delight in sham armies and battles as their Continental cousins. Little Prince Edward, especially, is great on flags and sabres. He delights in marching gravely about, the flag over his shoulder, the sabre dangling at his side, and every now and again stopping to shout "Hurrah!" as he heard the people shout after the relief of Mafeking.

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Prince Arthur of Connaught in the toy uniform he wore at Princess Beatrice's wedding.

The German method of toy distribution at Christmas-time has always been adopted by our own Queen, and during the life of Prince Consort the trees in the Royal household were always three in number. One which was placed in the Queen's rooms was decorated with all the gifts presented by the Queen to her husband and her children. A second tree held the toys and trifles given by the children to each other and to their parents; and the third tree, which was the largest, was always placed in the White Drawing-room; upon it and round it were piled the presents given by the Queen and the Prince to the members of the household. This was in the days when high festival was held at Windsor Castle, now there are but two trees when Christmas is celebrated at Osborne, for Christmas has never been kept at Windsor since Prince Consort's death. Princess Beatrice is busy with the preparations from the first day of the arrival of the Court at Osborne, which generally takes place about the 16th or 17th of December. It is she who superintends the dressing of the trees with her own hands, and always assists in distributing the toys to the happy recipients.

The old custom of clearing out from nursery cupboards and drawers many of the toys of the past year before Father Christmas unloads his sack of new treasures still obtains in the Royal nurseries of the present generation; and many a hospital ward is brightened, and little sufferers forget for a moment their aches and pains as they play with the toys the chubby fingers of Royal babies have last caressed. This kindly plan might well be emulated by other little people who are lucky enough to have new toys

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long before the old ones are worn out.

It is an interesting fact that during the Christmas and New Year's holidays at Osborne, the old toys which once belonged to the Queen's children are brought down from those top shelves to which they were relegated long ago, and for as long as the holidays last the children of the younger generation are allowed to play with them. This is an anxious time for the nurses, for they are held responsible for the safety of the relics, and extreme care is taken in order to preserve the old toys; for the Queen is very fond of them, remembers each one, and asks for any which may not happen to appear. There is a fortress, which was an especial favourite with the Prince of Wales; it has been played with during the Christmas holidays many a time by the late Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York when they were boys, and is now looked at with intense interest by the baby blue eyes of the Duke of York's children. The little brass guns of this fortress were mounted in their present position by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, now a grandfather himself, whose clever, eager fingers were always apt at delicate work, from the driving of a screw to the wielding of a violin bow. Some of the mechanical animals, which were much rarer toys in the fifties than they are now, can still be made to work, and the little fat hands are clapped with joy in the Osborne nursery to-day when a woolly dog ambles along the floor with ungainly leaps, and the skin elephant moves his trunk up and down, while the mouth opens and shuts. These give as keen a sense of delight to the third or fourth generation as they did to the little ones in the Windsor nursery long ago. There is a certain bagatelle board which the Queen's sons played with; it is often brought out for the children in the Christmas holidays.

Photo by Byrne & Co.

Princess Julie of Battenberg on her toy horse.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

The Czar of Russia in 1879.

To go further back still into the past, mention must certainly be made of the hundred and thirty-two dolls belonging to the Queen. These dolls are still preserved, together with a record of them found in a copy-book yellow with age. On the inside of the cover is written in the clear text hand of childhood,

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"List of my dolls," showing that little Princess Victoria was methodical in the care of her toys, for entries follow in which the name of the doll is given, by whom it was dressed, and the character it represents. The Queen herself dressed no fewer than thirty-two dolls, which, being all of the rag description, would be looked upon with contempt by the little misses of the present day, whose dolls are frequently made and dressed in Paris. Blots of red paint, unmistakeably from the Royal nursery paint-boxes, adorn the cheeks of some of the Court beauties, and it is noteworthy that the people of the great outside world were used as models by the little girl for her dolls. If any Court lady dressed in the extreme of the fashion of the period she was at once noted by Her Majesty's quick eye, and a place was found for her in the collection; her dress being copied to a nicety, for the Queen was an expert needlewoman. Her Majesty was not one of those who soon outgrow dolls, she was devoted to them and played with them until she was fourteen years old—always loving the small ones best. The small wooden Dutch dolls which can be bought for a penny were largely used in her historical collection. The doll's house which now stands in the Osborne nurseries for the use of the children of Princess Beatrice is a much grander affair than that which was the toy of the lonely little girl in Kensington Palace; but that is of no consequence, for the charm of a toy is, that its relative beauty and grandeur has nothing to do with the charm it exercises in the mind of its possessor; there is not the slightest doubt about this; as much happiness (perhaps more) was obtained by the past generation of children out of their simple toys as is got out of the elaborately dressed dolls and intricate mechanical toys which fill the nurseries of the present day.

Princess Alice of Albany and her doll.

The most popular toy with grown up people as with children, with Royal children as with ordinary children, is undeniably the bicycle. We pity people who lived in the days when bicycles were a rarity—indeed, it is almost impossible to imagine so primitive an age. Most of our children have these wonderful toys, and it may be safely affirmed that there is not a single Royal child, provided that the child is old enough to take care of itself, who is not the happy possessor of a bicycle or tricycle. I know for a certainty that the Emperor of Germany's children may be seen almost every

Photos by Hughes & Mullins.

Princess Margaret of Connaught with her doll.

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Photo by Byrne & Co.

The Duke of Albany and Princess Alice of Albany as little children were inseparable playmates.

room of Her Majesty the Queen; for here, early in the morning, before State papers have to be looked at, or at that cosy hour of dusk, which is essentially the children's hour, the floor of the Queen's sitting-room is often littered with toy dolls, picture-books, and treasured headless pets; for Her Majesty loves to hear the echo of pattering feet and the sound of children's voices in laughter and play.

Perhaps of all the branches of the English Royal Family, the Battenberg is the most unassuming in its manners, and the simplest in its way of living. The children of very many commoners' families are brought up with infinitely more state than the Battenbergs, and in luxury that would open the eyes of these princes and princessses. Rare and valuable toys were never seen in the Battenberg nursery; the children have to content themselves with plain story-books, scrap-books, gardening utensils, cheap dolls, and such toys as all of us played with when we were young.

The favourite toys of the little Queen of Holland were always the dainty gardening implements with which she worked for an hour every day when at Het Loo, her simple home near the Hague. The love of things horticultural is almost a natural instinct with the Dutch, the nation of gardeners, and the tiny beds in the piece of ground set apart as the miniature real garden were raked, hoed, and planted by little Queen Wilhelmina herself, unassisted except in the heavier work of digging.

Military toys and military drill have always been the delight of the little King of Spain. When he was seven years old the Royal corps was recruited with the sons of the Duke of Sotomayor, the Countess of Sartago, and the son of General Aquitte de Tejada. A special uniform was made, similiar to

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg with his wheelbarrow.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

The Ladies Duff (daughters of H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife) are ardent cyclists.

that of the Infantry Cadets, and the joy of the boys when first this real play soldiering was commenced can be imagined. The drilling was, of course, done in strict privacy, at the royal estate of the Casa de Campo, about ten minutes' walk from the Palace. The drilling, which was directed by one of the military tutors of Alfonzo XIII., was correct in every detail, and the lessons acquired unconsciously in play will stand the lads in good stead later on.

The Duchess of Albany has always had the strictest ideas with regard to toys for her children, and has specially directed their minds towards the animal world in choosing their playthings and playfellows. Christmas was a busy time at Claremont, as doubtless it will be in their new home. The pleasure in the toys given away to the children on the estate was always much enhanced by the fact that they were presented by the Duchess of Albany or by the young Duke. Strange to say, the latter's sister takes more pleasure in her pony than she ever did in her dolls.

A very amusing photograph is that of Prince Arthur of Connaught, in the toy uniform of a grenadier. It was thus he appeared at Princess Beatrice's wedding. The solemn, almost stern, expression on his fat little face is delightful. He fully appreciates the dignity his uniform imparts.

In the last photograph illustrating this article little Prince Edward of York is to be seen holding the donkey quiet while the photographer takes an impression of the little toy chaise and its occupants. The photograph gives one the idea that Prince Edward is in charge. It goes without saying, however, that there is invariably a groom in attendance, as in the photograph that heads this article. Donkeys occasionally lose their tempers, and then even so puissant an individual as our future Sovereign might find it beyond his power to keep them from doing mischief.

Photo by F. Ralph.

The children of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Fife.

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BABUL SIRJ SINGH

By Jessie E. Livesey,

Author of "The Jabberwock," "A Rogue in Porcelaine," etc.

I.

"Now, Mr. Hammersley, I'm sure you can't refuse to help me," said Lady Cashel. And he knew that she had spoken truly; for the sake of their old friendship, dating from his teens, and because she had still a charming personality, he could not refuse any request she made, while he might regret the weakness which threatened to place him in a difficult position.

"How old is the young scamp now?" he asked looking into her eyes, wonderfully blue behind the fine spotted veil that was drawn over her perfect aquiline features.

She did not change colour, or attempt to prevaricate, as many women, like her, looking ten years younger than their actual age, would have done. She answered him frankly, "Twenty-two.'

"Then he is no longer in leading strings," Hammersley observed sententiously.

"Some men are always in leading strings," suggested Lady Cashel, with a flickering smile, "my son may be one of these."

Silence fell between them for a few moments.

"You can think of no other way out of the difficulty?" he said at length.

"Oh, I can see that you mean to help me, and you are the most likely person, that is why I came to you, seasoned man of the world."

"Forgive me, but I don't quite see," and he laughed constrainedly. "I am rather slow in my methods of thought."

"But that makes you so sure in the result," she declared.

"I would almost rather you had asked anything of me than to interrupt the progress of a young man's love affair," said Philip, half impatient at the unexpected faith which she seemed to repose in him. "If I fail, you will vote me a fool; and, anyway, Reggie will look upon me with unfriendly eyes. Such a nice chap, too."

"Reggie doesn't count. He must be saved."

"For somebody worse, perhaps."

"It couldn't be worse; didn't I tell you the girl was a half-caste Indian?"

"And Reggie picked her up, where she fell—from the skies? He thinks her an angel of course, and I am to attempt to disillusionise him?"

"She is wide awake enough, of that you may be certain," returned the disappointed mother bitterly. "Reggie never comes near Berkeley Square now; and I hear that he has discarded his comfortable chambers in Arlington Street, to go and live at a third-rate boarding-house in Earl's Court, where the girl is staying. Oh! Philip, you will get him out of this scrape, won't you?"

"He shall return to his chambers, and to you," Philip promised rashly, to repent later, when his visitor had left him with only the recollection of her gracious thanks and smile. Lady Cashel had a lovely smile.

Reginald had inherited his mother's good looks, and the greater part of his father's large fortune. Lady Cashel was right, the youngster had a career before him which must not be marred at the outset by an imprudent marriage. So Hammersley, upon reflection, decided to pit his seasoned wits against the boy's hot-headed folly, never doubting the result, for he had a varied experience of women.

He set to work, making his preparations in

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a methodical way, and two hours later found him in possession of a large, airy room on the second floor of the same boarding-house which Lady Cashel had mentioned in no favourable terms as being the present head-quarters of her recalcitrant son, and the scene of the little drama now being enacted.

Hammersley looked round the room; his portmanteau, half unpacked, lay upon the floor, and his critical eyes, glancing off it, rested upon a threadbare patch of carpet. The furniture, there was plenty of it, bore traces of a recent coating of Aspinall, applied by an amateur brush. After all, he thought, one could not expect much for two guineas a week, all told. It was probable that Reggie had secured a room on the first floor, which would command a higher figure and better accommodation. The proprietress had mentioned that all the rooms on the first floor were engaged; for her experienced eye had relegated Hammersley at once to his proper position.

Lady Cashel's luxurious house in Berkeley Square, her son's chambers in Arlington Street, and his own flat in Sloane Square, rose in turn before Philip Hammersley's mental vision as he proceeded to get into his dinner suit. The girl must be quite out of the ordinary to account for such infatuation on Reggie's part, he thought. And when he saw her he acknowledged the fact.

Meeting Hammersley at dinner that night, Reggie seemed to regard his presence as an intrusion.

"You don't spoof me, old chap," he said, later. "The mater has sent you here to look after me."

Philip looked, not at him, but directly past the handsome, boyish profile, answering with all the sternness he could summon at his command:

"You are at liberty to think what you please. My flat is being done up, and I was recommended by a friend to come here, that is all. A boarding-house is open to everybody, you know."

"Worse luck!" groaned Reggie; for, with a lover's unerring instinct, he foresaw a probable rival.

* * * * *

Babul Siris Singh was descended from an ancient line of Asiatic Princes, now almost extinct. She had plenty of money at her command; but for some mysterious reason she would not seek any prominence, preferring to dwell in comparative obscurity in a boarding-house situated in Earl's Court, where she felt safe from observation. So much Hammersley had gathered in a very short space of time from the garrulous, elderly spinster who acted as chaperone to the black beauty. Babul was more reticent, but Philip learned from young Cashel that she had confided something of her fears to him, on the score of a certain gentleman of colour, who might possibly be searching the world over for her. This information had given the necessary fillip to the affair. Reggie was anxious to afford her his protection, for together they might set at nought this impudent nigger who disturbed her peace of mind. But in some respects Babul proved wild and shy; and Reggie's most impassioned entreaties could not prevail upon her to sacrifice her liberty. Thus matters stood when Hammersley made his bow before the curtain.

Babul was an extraordinary woman; at times there was something repellant in her dark, sinuous loveliness; her eyes, long and slanting in thought, or wide open with some bright impulse of speech, seemed always unrivalled to Hammersley; black as rich velvet, and deep as eddying whirlpools, they were unfathomable even to him, so well versed in the language of woman's eyes. Beneath the lower lashes her cheeks rose slightly, full and oval, characteristic of the East; her forehead and nose ran in a straight line, and her lips were a vivid scarlet, curling upwards at the corners, and pouting full; her small chin showed feminine weakness. She was tall, with tapering limbs; slim, but well covered, and possessing no angles; her skin was light brown, the colour of sandal wood. Hammersley had studied every detail, until, like an unwritten lesson, he knew her by heart. But her attractions were innumerable; she spoke English with a charming accent, and she sang and played wild strains of her native music to a curious stringed instrument unknown in this country.

With Reggie she was capricious and hard to please; but in Hammersley she recognised a master spirit, and, womanlike, she exerted all her wiles to enslave him. Reggie was sufficiently tenacious not to allow himself to be beaten off the field; perhaps he guessed that the spring of her affections lay deep and hidden, beyond Hammersley's ken.

And in Berkeley Square Lady Cashel was growing restless and impatient of delay.

II.

For ten days Babul had been confined to her room, a victim to influenza, and during her absence from the circle, for lack of other

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companionship, Reggie had fraternised with Hammersley, who contrived to persuade him in a weak moment, to pay a duty visit to his mother, Lady Cashel.

A cheerful welcome awaited Reggie at Berkeley Square. Lady Cashel was entertaining a house party, and on her son's arrival the fatted calf was killed. Miss O'Brien, a daring red-haired beauty, after Rubens' florid style, and Miss Polly Brooks, a slim sharp-witted American, were the principal attraction, while two old Eton chums of young Cashel's and a bluff General made up the party.

Reggie stayed that night. He spent the following morning in playing "cat's cradle," and "beggar-my-neighbour," with Miss Brooks—the outer elements were very unpromising—and, further, he undertook to accompany her to Prince's skating club in the afternoon. Lady Cashel began to pluck out her fears; she thought perhaps these had been exaggerated, or it was possible that Mr. Hammersley had worked the oracle; at all events, for the present, Reggie seemed to hail diversion, and Lady Cashel judged this to be a healthy sign, the facts of Babul's protracted illness, and the weariness of enforced companionship with Hammersley, being hidden from her.

While Reggie disposed of his time at Prince's club, Hammersley was admitted to the privilege of a *tête-à-tête* with Babul, who had now recovered sufficiently to effect a change of rooms.

He was struck by her altered looks, for the short illness had blighted the brilliance of her flower-like beauty, her delicate features were pinched, her skin was harsh and sallow, and her eyes dull and lacklustre. She wore a purple velvet gown, and the crude colour made her pallor conspicuous. By some strange perversity Hammersley was more attracted by her in her weakness than he had even been before.

She appeared quite indifferent to his presence, and lay back in her chair gazing into the fire which burned brightly in the grate. Gusts of wind shook the windows, dashing the rain against its square panes, then screeched aloft among the chimney tops, dying away in a comfortable spell of silence.

Babul shivered. "Oh, this dreadful climate of yours?" she exclaimed, with an air of repining. "I long for the sun that warms."

"We don't get much of it in the winter, but our last few summers have been almost tropical. At this time of year one generally goes to the Riviera." He spoke cheerfully.

"Do *you*?" She emphasised the pronoun.

"Generally."

"Then why are you staying on here in this miserable place?" she inquired, with kindling eyes.

"I might ask you a similar question."

"Oh, I see, you are then curious about me. I thought you were, but I am not inclined to be communicative."

"I know."

"It is tiresome—your curiosity."

She threw up her hands, the palms out-

"Oh, Philip, you will get him out of this scrape, won't you?"

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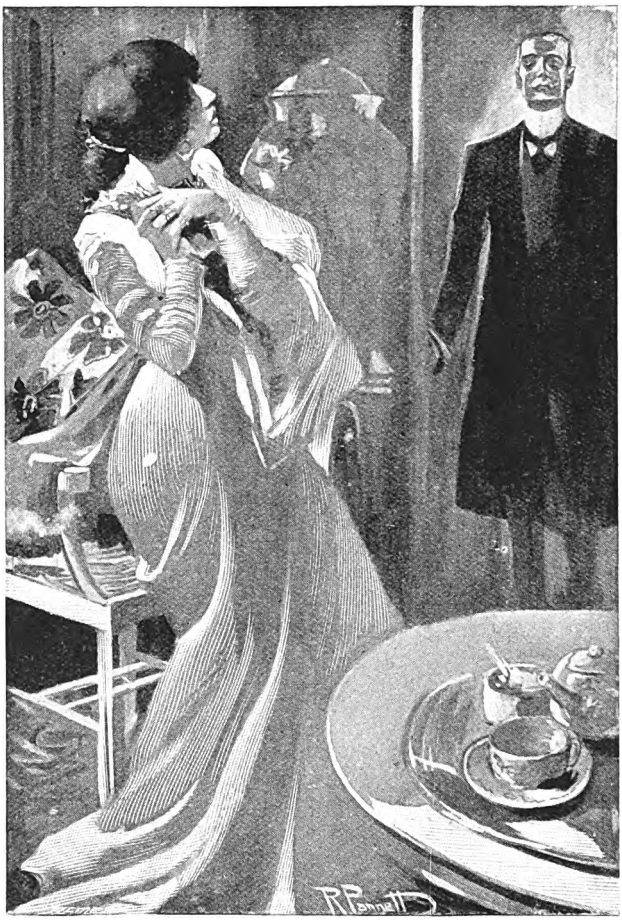

She stood facing him, with the Morocco case clutched tightly in both hands.

wards, as she spoke, and Hammersley noted that they were pale and bloodless.

"I hope you have found me unobtrusive. You asked to see me this afternoon, you know."

She made a gesture of impatience.

"I was tired of 'Mees' Brown, quite naturally. She is stupid. She cannot amuse, and you have sent the big boy Englishman away."

Hammersley started.

"No, no, he has only gone to see his mother, and he will come back."

"I do not care. I do not want him."

"Nor me, either; shall I leave you?"

Another furious gust of wind shook the window panes.

"Do not go," she cried, imperiously. "I have no wish to be alone. 'Mees' Brown is gone out. She wears thick boots, and an ugly brown waterproof — the weather is nothing to her."

"After all, if you keep up a good fire, it is not uncomfortable indoors," said Hammersley, cheerfully. "Let us roast some chestnuts."

"I do not like to burn my fingers," she murmured, plaintively.

"You shall not burn them, that shall fall to my share." And he laughed.

"No, do not move, for I like much to look at you."

He made her a mock bow of acknowledgment.

"You are so big, what I like, and strong. It is your mind that I mean. It would make people afraid."

Hammersley leaned back in his chair and shook with laughter.

"Oh, I am serious," she declared.

"But I hope I don't make you feel afraid."

She did not reply, turning her eyes away from him towards the fire.

"Reggie could not protect," she mused aloud.

Hammersley wondered, but he said nothing.

"He is like a grown-up baby," Babul continued. "Anyone could cheat him."

"Up to a point, perhaps," interposed Hammersley.

"Oh, I have no object to cheat him. I give him more of my confidence than I give you," Babul said with calm contempt.

Again Hammersley was silent.

"Perhaps, you say—he is not discreet."

"On the contrary, you may safely trust him."

"But you may have heard of—of—things I do not wish people to know?"

"M-m—perhaps."

"It is 'Mees' Brown then, for she talks and talks just like a parrot," Babul cried; and her voice rose shrill and angry.

"You have told her your secrets," suggested Hammersley.

"I have no secrets," she declared, and her face wore a sullen expression.

When young Cashel returned a few days later, he was surprised to find little trace left of Babul's recent illness. He

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ventured to rally her on the point, declaring her to be an imposter. But "Mees" Brown had a different tale to tell of weary, anxious hours which she had passed in the sick room. "Mees" Brown assured him that at one period Babul had approached a very critical stage.

"A mind diseased will affect the body," she breathed mysteriously.

And Reggie carried the hint forthwith to Hammersley, whom he had now ceased to hate so vigorously.

"What do you make of it, old chap?" said Reggie, while standing on the hearthrug in the smoking-room, with legs astride and hands behind his back, in a true Briton attitude.

"Can't venture an opinion."

"Oh, you go so devilish slow. Can you venture an opinion as to how much 'Mees' Brown knows of Babul's affairs? I tried to sound her just now."

"She rings hollow, I'll be bound. 'Mees' Brown would like you to find out from Babul."

"There's that nigger chap to be accounted for—why should she live in dread of his finding her? Sometimes I wonder if she is related to him."

"What does Miss Brown say about that?"

"'Mees' Brown says she doesn't think so. She says also that Babul has never been in love, and never will give herself to any man; her only passion is for diamonds."

"Pooh! Then she would give her soul in exchange for diamonds. Is that what 'Mees' Brown wishes to suggest?"

"She might be willing to give her soul, but not heart, for she doesn't possess one, so 'Mees' Brown tells me," and young Cashel spoke with an air of pensive regret.

"With those eyes!" exclaimed Hammersley, and he stalked out of the room.

In spite of "Mees" Brown's wise counsel, young Cashel could not tear himself away from his idol. He was a worshipping boy, and the golden haze of youth enveloped him, while the sharp sword of experience was unsheathed in its scabbard.

And with returning health Babul seemed to grow more beautiful than ever.

"Mr. Hammersley tells me that your mother, Lady Cashel, is going next week to the Riviera. Why do not you go with her?" Babul inquired somewhat abruptly of him one morning.

Reggie beat about the bush, for "Mees" Brown was present.

"You are a great, foolish baby not to go. Mr. Hammersley says——"

"Confound Mr. Hammersley!"

"You shouldn't speak like that," cried Babul softly.

"I beg your pardon."

"That is good. And you will go?"

"No."

"But why?"

"Because I think I may be of service to you, if I stay," was his blunt reply.

The effect of this speech on Babul was remarkable; for a moment she seemed to shrink and cower, as though overcome by mortal fear, then she turned an ashen face towards "Mees" Brown, articulating. "Did you hear him? Do you think it will come true?"

The woman of common sense got up from her chair.

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear! Mr. Cashel delights in sentiment."

But Babul tottered from the room.

"Why don't you take her at her word, and join Lady Cashel," said "Mees" Brown severely. "You will insist upon playing moth to her candle, until you have no wings left to fly with. I tell you she does not care for you—she loves dumb, unfeeling stones, for their resemblance to herself. And Mr. Hammersley—perhaps she likes him a little."

III.

HAMMERSLEY paused for a moment outside the door of Babul's private sitting-room; he could hear her crooning to herself, and her musical voice sounded sweetly in his ears. He turned the handle and walked in, without previously announcing himself.

Babul sprang to her feet, snatching something which had rested on her knees the moment before, something which had flashed with a thousand scintillating rays before a decided snap told of its hasty imprisonment. Then she stood facing him, with the Morocco case clutched tightly in both hands, and clasped against her breast.

Hammersley came forward into the room.

"I am afraid I startled you. I'm awfully sorry," he exclaimed.

"It is too late for excuses," she cried, with unconcealed bitterness. "You must not speak of what you have seen. Promise me that."

He looked gravely at her.

"I do," he said; "but in return you must promise me to be more careful in future how you exhibit your treasure; for if thieves get wind of it, they would stop at nothing to get it. Why not deposit it at your bankers?"

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She laughed derisively.

"What use would it be to me then? I love my diamonds—the sight of them, the touch of them. Without them I should die."

And she raised the Morocco case which contained her treasure to her lips, passionately kissing it, then she dropped upon her knees, and broke into weeping.

Hammersley slipped away, marvelling greatly, for he had never seen a woman thus possessed before. Arrived in his own room, he locked himself in, and proceeded carefully to review the situation. Babul's diamond was worth a king's ransom. He passed his hand across his brow, and drew it away damp with moisture; for the perils of her position filled him with horror and anxiety for her safety. Native cupidity would naturally be excited by her possession of such a marvellous gem, and the sequel might be written in red.

He walked to the window, and, looking down into the street, he saw a man's figure, muffled up to the ears, in a long overcoat, standing upon the opposite pavement. His face was completely hidden, but, from his attitude, it was evident that he was regarding the house with a fixed purpose. Now a biting east wind swept round the corner of the street, buffeting him severely, and he put up his hand to draw the fur collar of his coat more closely before moving away with quick gliding footsteps.

In that moment Hammersley's sharp eyes had noted that the hand he had exposed to view was the long, brown, sinewy hand of a native.

* * * * *

Upon reflection Hammersley did not attach much importance to the incident, which, for a short time, had appeared significant of danger to Babul. Earl's Court was frequented by native students, and the man whom he had noticed would probably belong to this class. A few days passed, and Hammersley, now on the alert, had seen nothing further of the dark stranger. Babul seemed brighter and happier than usual; a fitful sun dispersed her moods of fretful melancholy, and wrapped in costly furs, she ventured out of doors sometimes, accompanied on these occasions by one or other of her faithful cavaliers, "Mees" Brown acting sheep dog at their heels.

It was now the last week in January, and the sun, gathering strength with the progress of the year, had melted the frost-bound earth, smiling tenderly upon the pale snowdrops and crocuses as they pushed their way through the ground. Narcissi, violets, and mimosa, from the South of France made a lordly show at the street corners, where the flowers hawkers vended their wares, and the dreaded winter seemed almost over in the light of spring days that were to come.

Hammersley sauntered beside Babul along the trim, well-kept paths in the Kensington Gardens. A big bunch of violets was tucked into the collar of her sable cape, exhaling a wonderful fragrance, another bunch of the same flowers adorned the sable toque which rested upon her black coronet of hair. This morning her beauty was more striking than usual, and half jealous of the attention which she excited, Hammersley selected a bye-path winding through an avenue of trees and almost deserted. "Mees" Brown had discreetly lost sight of the pair in her chase after a brown terrier that belonged to their landlady, and was a general pet of the establishment. Hammersley fell a few paces behind his companion that he might admire her tall figure, lightly swaying in serpentine movement as she walked. Her skirt, of black cloth, embraced her perfectly moulded hips, and was worn long and swept the ground. It was lined with orange-coloured silk, as she held it up with one hand, her small, arched foot peeped in and out of its dainty folds.

She was beautiful; and Hammersley felt sure that he was more to her than anyone had ever been—even in the past.

"Babul," he called softly, "let us rest here in this quiet spot. Now, who would believe that we were in the heart of the world?"

"I love this quiet," she said. "The noise of your London streets kills the senses," and she closed her eyes, leaning back in her chair.

Hammersley, grown suddenly bold, slipped his arm under her sable cape, and so encircled her.

Then she opened her eyes full and looked into his face.

"You do love me, and for that I am glad. But you will forget, and I shall never."

"I shall not forget," he vowed.

She lent him the sweetness of her lips for a moment, withdrawing them from his too fervent embrace.

"You will forget," she repeated in monotonous tones; "it must be so. It is the difference in colour."

Hammersley got up from his seat, aggrieved and almost angry.

"If you talk like that, we had better go," he said.

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She rose also.

"Yes, you speak wisely, we must go."

Her colour had faded, and she was trembling with emotion. Hammersley drew her hand within his arm. "You sweet foolish woman, you have got to learn that love makes no distinctions of that kind. I know more of these things than you do."

"I know, because I am a woman, and in the end I shall suffer. It is always so when the white man loves the black."

"You are not—black."

Her dignity quickly asserted itself. She drew away from him, rearing her small head, while her glittering eyes plunged daggers into him.

"I must tell you, in my own country I am great. I have power. I can make men feel."

"And in this country also," he said, but smiling. "Babul, tell me truly, in your own country did you belong to any man?"

She answered him slowly.

"My father was Rajah; but he was old when I was born of his youngest and favourite wife. He died when I was twelve years old, and my brother came after him."

"And you ruled them both, the father while he was yet alive, and the brother who came after," laughed Hammersley, showing his white teeth, "now, you shall rule me."

"No—no."

"Is it your brother who is anxious to find you, because of your treasure?"

A deadly pallor overspread her features.

"They belong to me alone, and they were my mother's before me. The Ranee, who is ugly and withered, has cast an envious eye upon the diamond which my father left to me, and she has sent a dog of a servant to try and secure it for her. This is the time my brother is away in the hills fighting, or hunting big game, and they will make the most of it."

"You have reason, then, to be afraid," said Hammersley. "Why is it that women will risk so much for diamonds?"

He spoke lightly, but a presentiment of coming evil flitted across his mind, and left him troubled and anxious.

The same night Babul went to a theatre with "Mees" Brown and young Cashel, who had taken the tickets for their amusement, over-ruling Babul's objections. When they started she looked radiantly beautiful and happy. She was dressed in a white gauzy material, of Oriental workmanship, and round her slender brown throat she had twisted a rope of exquisite pearls; large earrings, studded with gems, were fastened in her ears, and these ornaments made Hammersley laughingly protest against barbaric customs, as he handed her into the carriage which waited at the door.

The vision of her was sweet to him that evening, as he sat alone in the smoking room with his pipe and book. The subject of the latter was principally concerning the efforts of a detective to trace the perpetrator of a singularly cold-blooded murder, and so wearied Hammersley that, in spite of some efforts on his part to keep his mind at tension, his eyes closed in spite of himself.

In the midst stalked young Cashel, ghastly and unseeing, bearing in his arms a scorched bundle of clothing.

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He fell asleep, with his pipe between his teeth, and the book, slipping from his relaxed hold, lay upon the floor beside him.

It was midnight, when a woman's shriek of agony rang out upon the stillness, piercing the vapours in which his senses were steeped.

An overpowering, nameless dread seized Hammersley, who, now wide awake, sprang to his feet, making for the door. Muffled screams and heartrending cries still reached his ears, as he sped up the staircase, cursing and stumbling as he went, but never pausing until he had reached the landing where Babul's suite of rooms was situated.

Here a strong, pungent odour of burning assailed his nostrils, and a scene of indescribable confusion prevailed. In the midst of it stalked young Cashel, wildly disordered, ghastly and unseeing, bearing in his arms a scorched, blackened bundle of clothing. He passed close by Hammersley, proceeding down the stairs, the drawing-room was still brightly illuminated, and there he went in, carefully depositing his burden upon the nearest couch.

"What is it? I know . . . . don't tell me." And Hammersley staggered back. "It is so sickening," he shuddered.

But Cashel dropped his face upon his hands and sobbed for a few moments as if his heart would break.

"Babul . . . Oh—it's awful!"

"I met her rushing towards me, a living ball of fire. She had found somebody in her room, she said, and in her alarm, she must have overturned the lamp. I seized blankets, rugs, everything I could lay hands upon, and wrapped them round her. My God! How she struggled and screamed, and struck at me. I shall never forget it—but I could do nothing. She wanted me to leave her, and go in pursuit of a man who had stolen something of hers. To think that an hour ago she was alive, and now—Hammersley, I shall go mad."

Hammersley drove his nails into the palms of his hands, the muscles of his face were rigid with the effort of self-control. He gripped Cashel's shoulder.

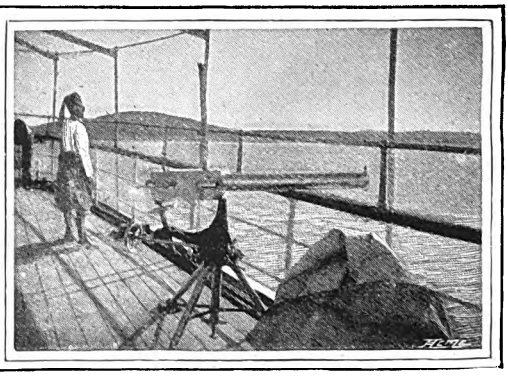
"Come and have a drink, Reggie," he said.

THE SMALLEST NAVY IN THE WORLD.

THE smallest navy in the world is that of the Sultan of Morocco. It consists of only one ship, the gunboat *Hassani*, which until recently was in the unique position of being a fighting craft without weapons. Her crew was armed, though she herself carried no guns. When, however, the present commander of the *Hassani*, Captain Bensen, a Swede, was appointed, he altered all that, and now she is capable of showing a very pretty row of teeth, which may be used if the Powers attempt any spoliation of Morocco. The *Hassani* is a converted merchantman of about 1,000 tons register, built of iron and steel, and is chiefly used in conveying the Sultan's soldiers from point to point along the Moorish coast, as they do not always dare to travel overland.

From Photos

The Moorish gunboat *Hassani*.



by G Rhodes.

The armament of the *Hassani*.

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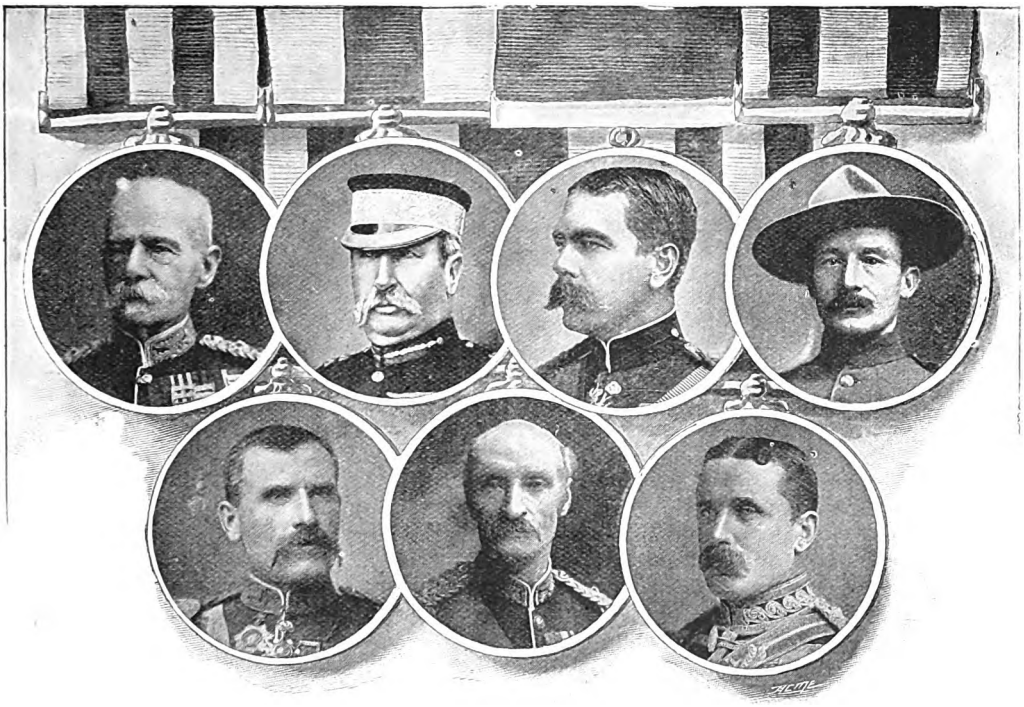

Photos by London Stereoscopic Co, Bassano, C. Knight, Lambert Weston, Elliott & Fry, Heath & Co., and Langfier.

THE MEDALS OUR GENERALS WEAR.

By Charles Winter.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken for the Royal Magazine.

The precious pieces of metal which adorn the breasts of our gallant generals are, although insignificant in themselves, the records of their unselfishness and devotion to their Queen and Country.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is the wearer of the Victoria Cross, four medals with ten clasps, and a bronze star, besides three grand crosses of Orders of Knighthood. He is also a Knight of St. Patrick.

He served throughout the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8, including the Siege and Capture of Delhi, where he was wounded. His horse was shot under him a few weeks later. In the action of Bolundshur he again had his horse shot; while at Agra Kunoi his horse was sabred.

At Bundhera he narrowly escaped being captured while reconnoitring. He took an active part in the skirmishes prior to and throughout the operations connected with the Relief of Lucknow, under Lord Clyde; also in the operations at Cawnpore from November 28th to December 6th, 1857, the defeat of the Gwalior contingent, the action of Khodagunge, the re-occupation of Futtehghur, the storming of Meangunge, the action of Koorsee, and the various operations ending with the capture of Lucknow. For these services he received the thanks of the Governor-General of India, was granted brevet of major, and was presented with the Mutiny medal with three clasps (Delhi, Relief of Lucknow, Lucknow).

It was at Khodagunge that Lord Roberts won the Victoria Cross. When following up the retreating enemy on January 2nd, 1858, at Khodagunge, he saw in the distance two sepoys going away with a standard. Putting spurs to his horse, the gallant young officer overtook them just as they were about to enter a village. They immediately turned round and showed fight by presenting their muskets at him, and one of the men pulled the trigger,

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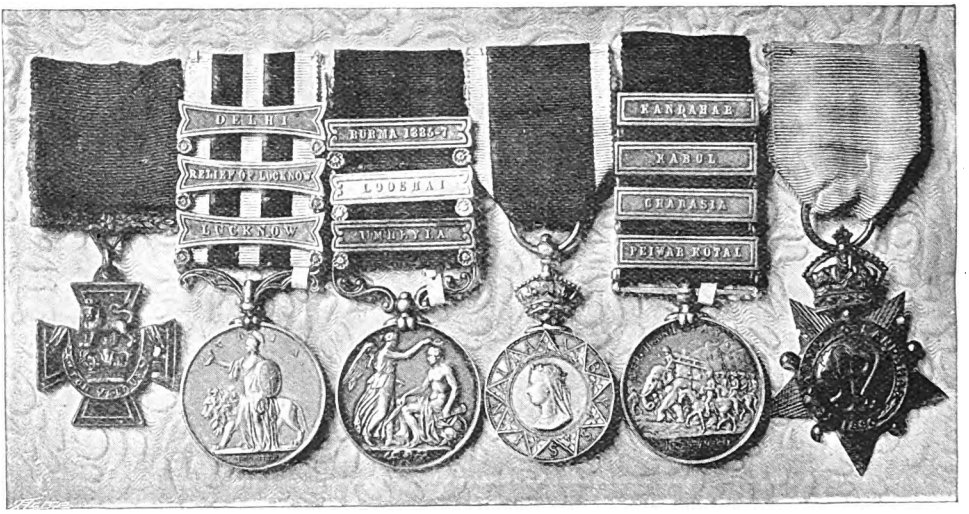

The Medals of Lord Roberts.

but fortunately the cap failed. The standard-bearer was cut down by Lieutenant Roberts and the standard taken possession of by him. He also, on the same day, cut down another sepoy, who was standing at bay, with musket and bayonet, keeping off a sowar. Lieutenant Roberts came to the assistance of the horseman, and, rushing at the sepoy, with one blow of his sword, killed him on the spot.

In 1863 he was employed on special service with the expedition sent against the tribes on the north-west frontier of India, and was present at the storming of Laloo, the capture of Umbeyla, and the destruction of Mulkah, receiving the India General Service medal with clasp—Umbeyla.

Abyssinia was his next field for active service, in the campaign of 1868, when, as Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Bengal Brigade, and as senior officer of the department at Zoula, he superintended the re-embarkation of the whole army, and was selected by Sir Robert Napier as the bearer of his final despatches. He was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, and received the Abyssinia medal.

Returning to India, he served as Assistant Quartermaster-General and Senior Staff Officer with the Cachar column of the Looshai Expeditionary Force in 1871-2, and was present at the capture of the Bholel villages and the attack on the Northlang range. He commanded the troops engaged at the burning of the village of Taikoom, January 26th, 1872, for which he received the clasp *Looshai*, and was made a C.B.

The year 1878 saw him in command of the Koorum Field Force. He was present at the storming and capture of the Peiwar Kotal and the pursuit of the Afghan army to the Shutargardan, also at the affair in the Mangior Pass, and during the operations in Khost. For these services he was raised to a Knight Commander of the Bath, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

General Roberts commanded the Cabul Field Force during the advance on and occupation of Cabul in the autumn of 1879, and was present in the engagement at Charasiah and throughout the operations at Sherpore during the winter of 1879-80, for which he received the Badge of a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire.

He next commanded the Cabul-Candahar Field Force, which marched from Cabul to Candahar in the August of 1880 and relieved the garrison shut up in the latter place on September 1st, defeating and dispersing Ayub Khan's army. Lord Roberts received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the Afghan medal with four clasps (Peiwar Kotal, Charasia, Kabul, Kandahar), and the bronze star, Kabul to Kandahar; he also received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and was created a Baronet.

1886 found him again on the warpath in Burmah, thus adding another clasp—Burmah, 1885-7—to his Indian General Service medal.

Sir Redvers Buller's first medal was granted to him for services in China, when he served with the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Regiment

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in 1860, and was awarded two clasps. His second was only issued by the War Office last year, although it is for services in Canada with the Red River Expedition in 1870.

In September of 1873 he accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Gold Coast, and served as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General and Head of the Intelligence Department throughout the Ashantee War, 1873-4, including the action of Essaman, the battle of Amoaful, the advanced guard engagement at Jarbinbah, the battle of Ordahsu (where he was slightly wounded), and the capture of Coomassie. For these services he was granted the badge of a C.B., brevet of major, and the Ashantee medal with clasp—Coomassie.

Trouble having arisen with the tribes in the South of Africa, he next served in the Kaffir War of 1878-9, and commanded the Frontier Light Horse in the engagement at Tabaka Udoda, in the operations at Molyneux Path, and against the Manyanyobas stronghold.

The Zulu War of 1879 saw him in command of the cavalry in the engagements at Zlobane Mountain and Kambula, when he was entrusted with the eastern reconnaissance of the former. On the 27th March Buller marched from camp with 400 horse and some natives, 675 in all, and, after a thirty-mile circuitous march, he bivouacked five miles south-east of the mountain. The next morning he led his column by a path scarcely passable for mounted men, they having to lead their horses by the bridle. On gaining the high plateau he saw how great was the area of the flat mountain top. It was now about 9 a.m., and all seemed quiet on the summit, as the Zulus had concealed themselves among the rocks and in caverns. Buller returned to the east of the mountain, and despatched an officer with orders for Colonel Weatherley, who was in charge of the western column. No sooner had the Captain departed on his errand, than Buller saw a Zulu army fully 20,000 strong approaching the mountain from the south-east. The delay of the other columns, through missing the track, enabled the Inhlobane followers of Umbelini and Manyanyoba to hold their own ground until the arrival of the Ulundi army.

The approach of this army inspired the Zulu inhabitants of the mountain, who, leaving their hiding places, began to harass Buller's force. No support having arrived, the British were forced to retreat.

Colonel Buller obtained the V.C. for his gallant conduct in this retreat for having assisted, while being hotly pursued by the Zulus, Captain Arcy of the Frontier Light Horse, who was retiring on foot, and carrying him on his horse until he overtook the rear-guard; also on the same day and under the same circumstances, he conveyed Lieutenant C. Everitt of the Frontier Light Horse (whose horse had been killed under him) to

General Buller's Medals.

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These are the Medals of Sir George White, the Gallant Defender of Ladysmith.

a place of safety. Yet again did this brave man rescue from the jaws of death a third comrade on that eventful day—a trooper of the Frontier Light Horse, whose mount was completely exhausted, and who otherwise would have been killed by the Zulus.

Colonel Buller afterwards conducted the reconnaissance before Ulundi, and was present in the engagement which followed.

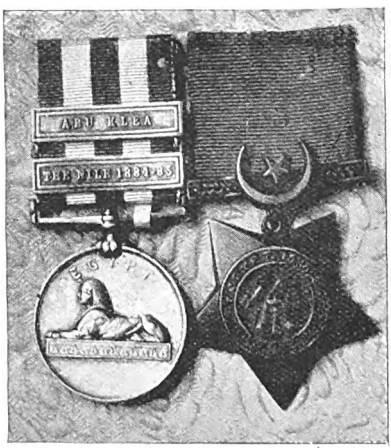
For his services in these wars, he received (besides the V.C.) the cross of a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the South Africa medal with clasp, the brevet of Lieut.-Colonel, and was appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.

Continuing in South Africa, he served in the Boer War of 1881 as chief-of-staff to Sir Evelyn Wood, with the local rank of Major-General.

He next served in Egypt in 1882, taking charge of the Intelligence Department. He was present in the action at Kassasin and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, receiving the Egypt medal with one clasp and being raised to a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; he also received the cross of the Osmanieh Order, 3rd class, and the Khedive Star. Later on he served in the Soudan campaign, and was present in the engagements at El-Teb and Tamai, and defeated the enemy at the Abu Klea Wells, adding two more clasps to his Egypt medal.

Lord Kitchener served with the Nile Expedition in 1884-5 as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster General, and he received the British medal with clasp, and from the Khedive the 2nd class of the Order of the Medjidie with the Egyptian bronze star.

While in command of a Brigade of the Egyptian army, he was present at the engagement of Gemaizah in the December of 1888 and Toski in 1889, adding two clasps to his medal, and also being made a C.B.



General French possesses two Medals.

He next commanded the Dongola Expedition Force in 1896, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General for distinguished service in the field, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and received the 1st class Order of the Osmanieh, the British Soudan medal and Khedive Soudan medal with two clasps.

He commanded the operations in 1897, which closed with the capture of Abu Hamid. Again in 1898 he was in command of another British-

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Egyptian army, when he re-conquered the Soudan from the Dervish invaders and finally overthrew the Khalifa's power by a crushing blow at the battle of Khartoum. For these services he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, was raised to the peerage, received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and had two clasps added to the Khedival medal.

Major-General Baden-Powell's Medals.

General Sir George White served with the 27th, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, on the North-west Frontier during the Indian Mutiny in 1857-9, and received the medal. He next served with the 92nd Highlanders in the Afghan War of 1879-80, and took part in the engagement of Charasiah on October 6th, 1879, and also in the various operations around Cabul in the December, including the investment of Sherpore. He was also present at Charasiah on April 25th, 1880, and accompanied General Roberts in his march to Candahar, taking part in the reconnaissance on August 31st and the battle of Candahar. For these services he was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath, received the Afghan medal with three clasps—Charasia, Kabul, Kandahar—and the bronze star—Kabul to Kandahar — and was granted the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous gallantry at Charasia and Kandahar.

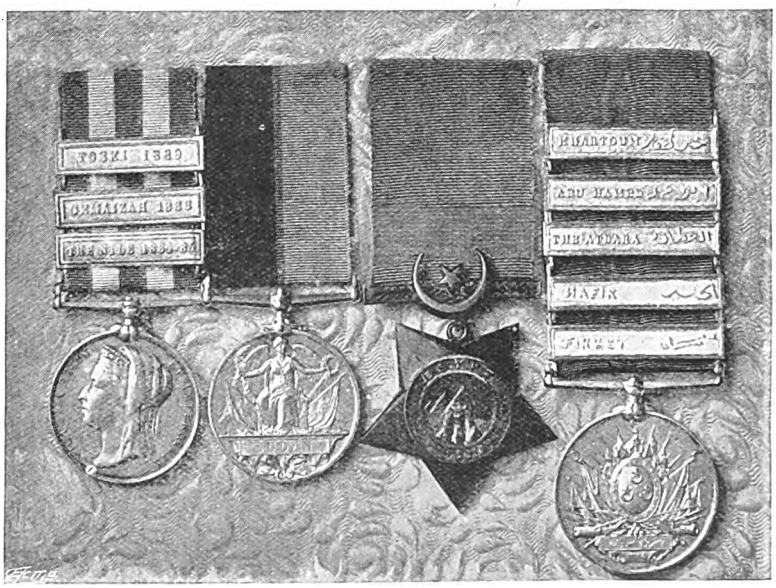
In 1884-5 he served with the Nile Expedition, and received the Egyptian medal with clasp — the Nile, 1884-5—and the Khedive bronze star.

After leaving Egypt he served with the Burmese Expedition in 1885-9 in command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, and commanded at Mandalay during the insurrection; he also commanded the Upper Burmah Field Force after the capture of Mandalay. For these services he received the thanks of the Government and of the Commander-in-Chief of India, was promoted to the rank of Major-General for distinguished service in the field, was raised to a K.C.B., and received the Burmah medal with clasp.

Sir George White now wears the Grand Crosses of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and the Victorian Order, the V.C., four silver medals and clasps, and two bronze stars.

Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, served in the operations in Zululand in 1888 as Assistant Military Secretary to the General Officer Commanding and as Intelligence Officer. In 1895 he served under Sir Francis Scott in the expedition to Ashanti and received the Ashanti bronze star, which bears on the reverse side the words "*from the Queen.*" The British South Africa Company presented him with their medal for *Rhodesia* for the part he took in the operations in South Africa in 1896.

Lieut.-General French, commanding



The Medals of Lord Kitchener.

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Cavalry Division, South Africa Field Force, received the Egypt medal with two clasps and the Khedive Star for his services with the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and in the engagements of Abu Klea and Metammeh with the 19th Hussars.

General Macdonald first saw active service in the Afghan War of 1879-80, in the course of which he was present at the affair of Karatiga, in the engagement at Charasiah on October 6th, 1879, in the operations around Cabul in the following December, and in the second engagement at Charasiah on April 25th, 1880. He next accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Cabul, and was present at the reconnaissance of August 31st and at the battle of Candahar. After having been twice mentioned in despatches he was promoted to the rank of second-lieutenant; he also received the Afghan medal with three clasps for Charasiah, Kabul, and Kandahar, and the bronze star for Roberts' march.

In 1881 he served in the Boer War, and was present in the engagement at Majuba Hill, when he was taken prisoner, but had his sword returned to him by General Joubert in recognition of his bravery on that occasion.

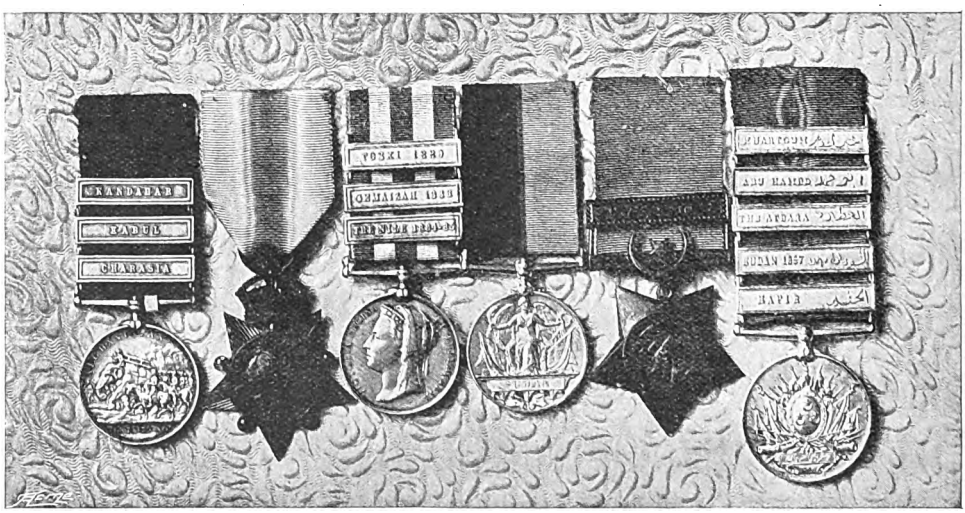
During the Nile Expedition of 1885 he acted as Garrison Adjutant at Assiout from January 22nd to June 5th, and took part in the operations near Suakin in the December of 1888, including the engagement at Gemaizah. For these services he received the Queen's medal, Khedive star, and the 3rd class of the Order of the Medjidie. In the following year he added another clasp to his medal by being present in the engagement at Toski, at the same time receiving the Distinguished Service Order.

He was next present at the capture of Tokar in 1891, and received the third class of the Order of the Osmanieh, a clasp being added to his Khedive Star.

The year 1896 saw him in command of the Second Infantry Brigade with the Dongola Expeditionary Force, under Sir Herbert Kitchener, and he was present at the engagement at Firket and the operations at Hafir. He next commanded an Egyptian Brigade in the operations of 1897, including the engagement at Abu Hamed, and in 1898 at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. For these services he received The British Soudan Medal and the Khedive Medal with five clasps; he was also made Aide-de-Camp to the Queen and Colonel, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Most of the silver war medals have the bust of the Queen on the obverse, and must be worn, according to regulations, with that side to the front. The medals are photographed showing the reverse side.

The Victoria Cross is bronze, and is worn with a crimson ribbon by the army and a blue by the navy. The insignia of the various Orders of our Generals are of gold, and magnificently enamelled in colours. All Order medals and stars have, moreover, a distinctive riband.


CANDAHAR
KABUL
CHARASIA
KHEDIVE
KHEDIVE
KHEDIVE

SUMMER

We left our cheerless
Northern day,
And joyfully our sails
unfurled ;
With hopeful hearts we
sailed away,
Chasing the summer
round the world.

We saw her garments
on the hills,
'Midst orange groves
and olive trees ;
She softly kissed the
daffodils,
Her breath came
sighing down the
breeze.

Where sunshine has its
dwelling-place,
In strange and mystic
Eastern lands,
We saw the sweetness of
her face,
We felt the magic of
her hands.

And as the sun, in royal
state,
Sank slowly to his ocean
rest,
We too passed through
the "Golden Gate,"
And sank at length on
Summer's breast.

And though we passed
away once more,
With joyful hearts and
sails unfurled,
We only sail from shore
to shore,
Chasing the summer
round the world.

L. G. MOBERLY.

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The Red Owl

By Rafael Sabatini

MY Lord Cardinal was beside himself with passion. His face was livid; his dark eyes seemed full of uncanny yellow flames, and his long, white fingers kept tugging at his stiff grey beard, which almost seemed to bristle as I watched him.

"I will find the hound," he muttered. "I will unearth him if every house in Paris has to be torn from its foundation!"

I had earned during my thirty years of life the reputation of a brave man, quick alike with sword and tongue—but upon this occasion I fear me that I belied my reputation.

In a moment of levity, spurred by the praises of Richelieu, which I had heard fall from the lips of one of those cardinalists whom I hated, I had dared to vent my feelings in a poetic satire of twenty *stanzas*. I had called my poem "*The Red Owl*," and albeit my craft as a poet was of a sorry character, the secret detestation in which the Cardinal was held by many of those who cringed in fear about him, rendered my verses more than acceptable. Before a week was spent they were lisped by every court-gallant and guffawed over by every soldier, whilst within the month there was not a scullion in the whole of Paris who did not know them by heart.

The affair grew serious. An ill-advised dog of a musician, named Rouget, set an air to them as harsh and discordant as the words themselves; nevertheless—so inexplicable a thing is public taste—that air was being yelled in every wine-shop, and hummed in every ante-chamber.

The storm had burst the night before. His Eminence was playing chess with the King at the Louvre. With one of his bishops he had imperilled Louis' queen, and as he lay back in his chair to await the Royal move, some pestilent croaker must perforce pass under the window singing that infernal song.

The Cardinal pricked up his ears at the sound, then turning to Saint Simon who stood at his elbow:

"What is this new air that seems so much in vogue at present?"

A dead silence followed the question, during which the twitching of St. Simon's face was fearful to look upon. Then a page who stood by the door was apparently taken ill. He clapped his hand to his mouth, from which there came a stifling gurgle. He staggered, caught his foot in something, and crashed against an ornamental suit of armour, dragging it with him to the ground. Not content with the noise he had made in falling, he lay on his back emitting shriek after shriek of wild, unearthly laughter.

Nothing is so contagious as mirth. In the twinkling of an eye the train which that accursed page had fired wrought irreparable damage, and the suppressed merriment of the company spluttered for a moment, then exploded.

Now, whatever Richelieu may have been, he was not a fool. His piercing eye scanned each distorted face with a look of contempt, which told me that he had more than half guessed the riddle of their amusement.

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It is a mystery to me how I contrived to remain in the room without betraying myself by my sober countenance. Fortunately the Cardinal's scrutiny of those about him was brief and contemptuously careless.

Without a word he calmly turned his attention once more to the chess-board, and waited for the King to move. But when the game was over, he got himself a copy of the verses in one of those mysterious and far-reaching ways at his command.

Next day I was visited by a lieutenant of Richelieu's guards with a message from His Eminence that I was to attend him at once at the Palais Cardinal.

Albeit we were in June, a cold shiver ran through me at the summons, which I dared not disobey.

And that is how I came to find myself in the unenviable position whereof I write, face to face with the irate Cardinal, who threatened to have the author of the verses I had written broken on the wheel.

It restored in part my courage to find that I was unsuspected, and that Richelieu had merely sent for me in the hope that what he pleased to term my astuteness would aid him in his search for the culprit. I may mention that he held a great opinion of my judgment ever since I had unmasked that plot against his life which is known as the "Conspiracy of the Pont St. Michel"; for, at the time of that conspiracy, I had held a lieutenancy in his guards which I had since relinquished in order to accept the commission in the dragoons which the King had graciously accorded me.

It was owing in a measure to that erstwhile appointment of mine in his guards that his Eminence still continued to honour me by employing my services. I had it in my heart to wish, as I stood before him now, that I had left the conspirators to carry out their work unmolested, for I knew him too well to expect mercy for the poor poet who had held him up to ridicule, and struck so deeply at his pride.

"Have you read the verses?" Richelieu inquired suddenly, holding up a copy of the fateful manuscript.

"I have not, your Eminence," I answered without a blush.

"Then do so, Rouvroy," he said, "if you have the patience, which, indeed, I doubt in a man of your taste. They are abominable drivel. I can understand the popularity they have attained in the wine shops, for I could swear that they were written by some drunken soldier, and, what is more, written when he was drunk, if one may judge by the stumbling rhythm."

My blood boiled at the sneers he thus launched upon my work, and in the heat of the moment I so forgot myself as to remark:

"I thought them smooth enough, your Eminence!"

He eyed me for a second in blank surprise.

"I understood you to say that you had not read them," he remarked coldly.

The sweat seemed to burst through every pore of my body as I realised how unhappy had been my remark.

"But I have heard them sung in the streets, Monsigneur," I hasten to explain.

"Ah, true, true," he murmured; "and you told me nothing of it, Rouvroy! That was unkind of you; we might have had this fatuous minstrel ornamenting Montfauçon, or pondering over some fanciful translation of the '*De Profundis*' in a dungeon of the Bastille, ere now—eh?" he cried with a chuckle that made my flesh creep. "But never fear, Rouvroy, we shall have him yet—this writer of epics—and when we have him"—his tone became a snarl, and his hands tightened viciously over the manuscript he held—"we will break him on the wheel—will we not, Chevalier?"

"Indeed I trust so, your Eminence," I answered with a shudder.

Thereafter he questioned me closely concerning the poem, and he seemed disappointed to find that I could throw no light upon the matter. In truth, what with his questions and his disappointment he angered me not a little, and had my position in the matter been a less delicate one, I should have asked him whether he desired to insult me by counting me among the spies he told me that he had at work. As it was I deemed it best to preserve a smiling countenance, until, in the end, he grew sick of my ignorance, and dismissed me, giving me his ring to kiss, and murmuring a valedictory "*benedicat vos.*"

Now, albeit, when I left the Palais Cardinal my thoughts were gloomy enough, in the evening I found myself making merry with half-a-dozen roysterers at Valençon's, and turning my interview with Richelieu into a pretty story, which provoked many an uproarious burst of laughter.

And when I depicted the Cardinal's rage (without yet betraying my authorship), my uncle, the Duc de St. Simon, who was present, was the only one who took no part in the hilarity my narrative excited. On the

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contrary, his stern face became sterner as we grew more boisterous.

He took an early opportunity of speaking to me alone, and I then noticed that there was an ominous solemnity in his manner.

"Claude," he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "you were unwise to write that satire, but you must be mad to make a jest of your interview with the Cardinal. 'Tis a sorry business, nephew, and I marvel greatly that you have the heart to laugh and make merry over it when at any moment your life may pay the penalty."

"'Tis a bad philosophy, monsieur, that teaches us to brood to-day over the thought of a possible death to-morrow, and one which a soldier cannot understand."

"A plague on your philosophy, sir," he answered with a grimace. "What philosophy was it that made a poet of you? The Cardinal's spies," he continued, "are at work in every quarter. At any instant you may stand revealed to his Eminence as the author of '*L'Hibou Rouge*.' What then, my friend, eh?"

And he made a significant and discomposing gesture by drawing his fingers gently across his throat. I shuddered despite myself, noting which:

"You may indeed tremble, nephew," he cried; "but harkee! Last night, when that disastrous affair occurred at the Louvre"—and at the memory of it he could not repress a smile—"I foresaw what would ensue, and determined to send you a journey, which you must indeed undertake if you wish to escape the gallows. A trusty messenger is required to carry certain documents and a verbal message to His Majesty, Gustave Adolphe of Sweden. I obtained leave from the King two hours ago to entrust you with this mission."

A cry of joy escaped me.

"Your Grace has saved me!" I exclaimed.

"I sincerely hope so. You will start to-morrow, as early as you choose. Come to my hotel at noon, and I will give you your orders, and an escort of six troopers. You can send them back when you reach Stockholm. As for yourself, you will no doubt find sufficient interest at the Swedish court to detain you there until this affair is forgotten, or until I summon you to Paris. You understand?"

"Perfectly. How can I show my gratitude?"

He gazed at me for a moment with a twinkle in his roguish old eye.

"Hum—by writing no more poetry," he answered drily.

When a few moments later I rejoined Valençon and the others I was as blithe as a lark at dawn. Now when a man is merry he is wont to be thirsty besides; and as my joy was great so was my thirst excessive. Hence the events of that night are involved in a nebulous atmosphere which does not permit my retrospective glance to behold them over clearly.

Suffice it that after we had pledged every man and woman our memories could hit upon as deserving of a toast, and drunk confusion to the "Red Owl," by which sobriquet my lord Cardinal was now popularly known, I took my leave, and set out afoot and with unsteady gait to find my way home and prepare for the morrow's journey.

But the wine had drowned my wit so utterly that, as I stumbled up the Rue St. Antoine, I raised my voice and sang *à pleine gorge* the first lines of my satire.

There's an owl from church,
That hath found a perch
On the back of the royal throne,
With a crafty head
And a robe of red,
And a dismally hooting tone.

Then, as I paused for breath, I was startled to hear a deep voice take up the thread of my song.

All honest folk pray
That this red owl may
To the devil take flight ere long.
To hang him we hope,
With a good stout rope
On his gibbet at Montfauçon!

A moment later a tall and gaily-dressed cavalier, in whom I recognised my friend De Merval, stood beside me, and pausing in his vociferations, greeted me with a hearty laugh.

I took him by the arm, and having grown thirsty again, I dragged him to the nearest *cabaret*, and there, over a bottle of red Anjou, I let my tongue run wild. I remember that he asked me if I knew the author of the song, to which I answered that the Cardinal would give his ears to know as much as I did on that score.

I dimly recollect that as I made this foolish statement the knave who was attending to our wants bent over the table, and eyed me for a moment with great scrutiny, then asked me bluntly if I were in earnest. Naturally I grew angry that a tavern servant should dare to join in the conversation of gentlemen, and ordered him away with small waste of compliments. But as the knave stirred not fast

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enough to please my mood, I hurled a bottle at him, then springing up with my sword already half unsheathed, I would have made short work of him had not de Merval caught me in his arms. And as he bore me forcibly out into the street, he stilled my frantic struggles by whispering in my ear:

"Be calm, Rouvroy! 'Tis Moinier, the Cardinal's spy!"

The words fell on me like icy water upon an overheated man. I realised fully what a fool I was for having let such words be overheard, and I shuddered to think of what I might have added had not Moinier's excessive eagerness checked the tide of conversation.

As the knave stirred not fast enough to please my mood, I hurled a bottle at him.

It need, therefore, cause no wonder that I was at my uncle's hotel at an earlier hour next day than the one which he had appointed, nor yet that I effected my departure from Paris without taking leave of my Lord Cardinal.

I did not breathe freely unti II was out of France, for at every moment I expected to be confronted with some potent messenger who would bid me return to Paris and acquaint His Eminence with the meaning of those rash words spoken in the presence of Moinier.

But—as I afterwards learnt—it was not until twenty-four hours after my departure, and when I was already well beyond pursuit, that the Cardinal was informed of my absence. The letters which I received at Stockholm from my uncle gave me certain tidings concerning Richelieu's attitude, calculated to quench any eagerness of mine to return. Indeed, I might have been well content with the Swedish Court, and minded to remain there for many a day, as St. Simon advised, had it not been for Antoinette de Rémy, whom I had left in Paris.

As it was, home-sickness beset me after two months absence, and I spent my days in endless sighings over the portrait of my lady, and vaguely wondered as to what she thought of my sudden disappearance—for in my haste I had dared indulge in no leave-taking. I had sent her a message by my faithful friend Gaston de Brissac—the one man in all Paris who, besides my uncle, knew me for the author of the "Red Owl." But to that message no answer came to me at Stockholm, and this lack of news of her I loved, was proving a somewhat heavy burden to my spirit.

I know not how much longer I should have endured my banishment, had not at last a letter reached me, brought by a gentleman of the court of Louis XIII., who chanced to journey to Stockholm some three months after my arrival there. The letter ran as follows:

"My Beloved Claude,—Why am I without news of you? Why do you not come to me? I am in despair. My father has promised my hand to Monsieur le Chevalier Gaston de Brissac, and I am being forced into this hateful marriage. If you have not forgotten me, as they say; if you still love me, tarry not, but come at once and rescue your distressed—Antoinette."

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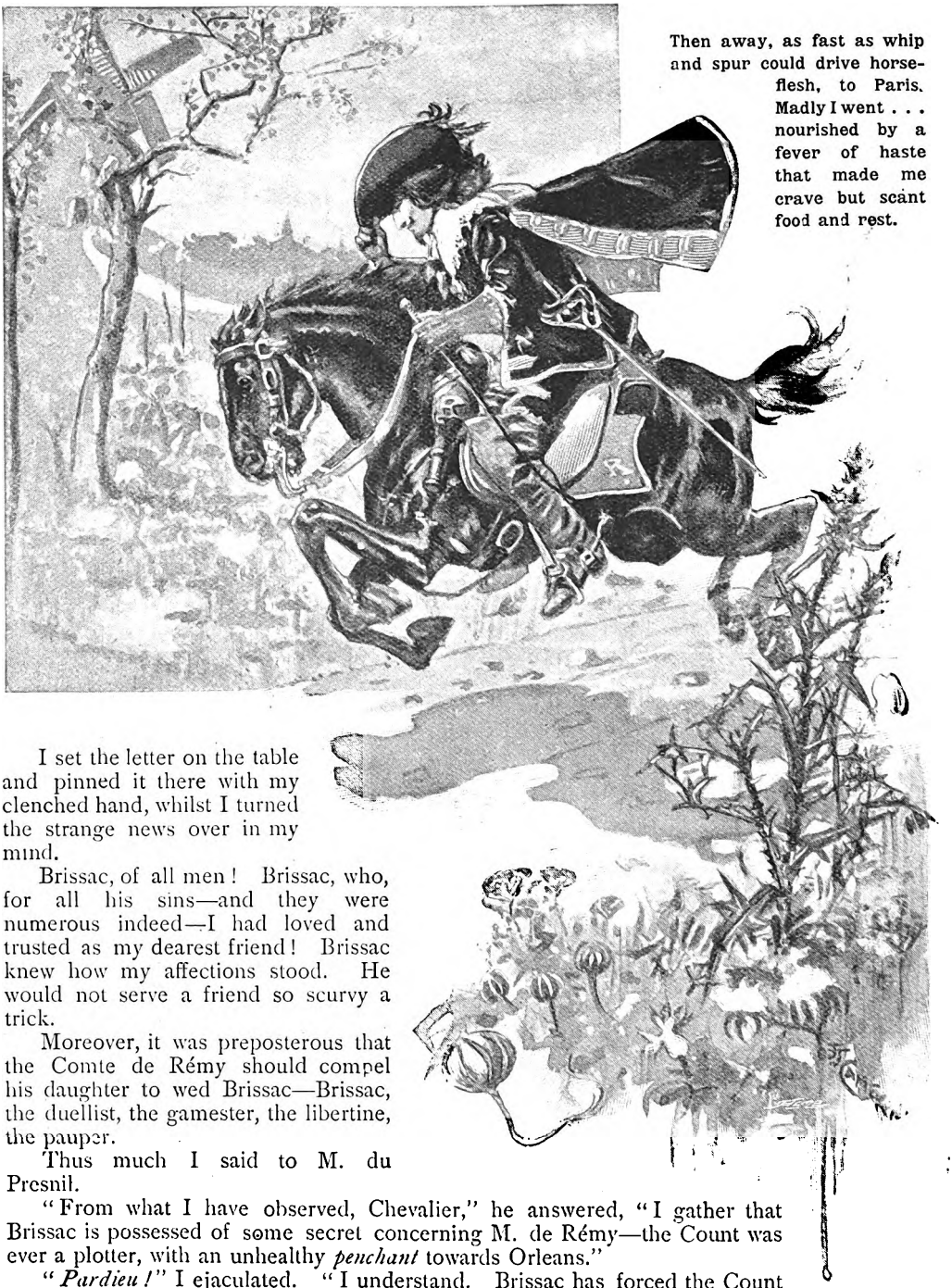

Then away, as fast as whip and spur could drive horse-flesh, to Paris. Madly I went . . . nourished by a fever of haste that made me crave but scant food and rest.

I set the letter on the table and pinned it there with my clenched hand, whilst I turned the strange news over in my mind.

Brissac, of all men! Brissac, who, for all his sins—and they were numerous indeed—I had loved and trusted as my dearest friend! Brissac knew how my affections stood. He would not serve a friend so scurvy a trick.

Moreover, it was preposterous that the Comte de Rémy should compel his daughter to wed Brissac—Brissac, the duellist, the gamester, the libertine, the pauper.

Thus much I said to M. du Presnil.

"From what I have observed, Chevalier," he answered, "I gather that Brissac is possessed of some secret concerning M. de Rémy—the Count was ever a plotter, with an unhealthy *penchant* towards Orleans."

"*Pardieu!*" I ejaculated. "I understand. Brissac has forced the Count to give him his daughter in marriage in exchange for his silence. I left Paris, M. de Presnil, because I was possessed of certain information, which my uncle informs me, my Lord Cardinal will drag from me by torture if he can seize me. But, as God lives, Monsieur, I shall be back in Paris before the month is out—Cardinal or no Cardinal."

I left Stockholm that very night, and a week later I set sail from Gottenburg.

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Another week, and I was landed at Antwerp. Then away—as fast as whip and spur could drive horseflesh—for Paris. Madly I went, through Termonde, Ninove, Valenciennes, Cambrai and St. Quentin, nourished by a fever of haste that made me crave but scant food or rest.

And so it befel that on the nineteenth day after my departure from Stockholm, I drew rein—grimy with sweat and dust, haggard, parched and travel worn—at the gates of the Hotel St. Simon in the Rue St. Honoré. Yet when in answer to my inquiries, a lacquey informed me that M. le Duc was in the library with the Chevalier de Brissac, I forgot fatigue and grime, and more like one freshly out of bed than from the saddle, I bounded up the stairs, shaking a cloud of dust from my boots at every stride. I paused a moment outside the library to prepare myself for what must inevitably follow; then turning the handle without warning, I opened the door and entered.

My uncle and M. de Brissac were seated at a table with a backgammon board between them, intent upon the game.

"What the—" began my uncle peevishly; then, recognising his nephew beneath my mask of dust—"Claude!" he gasped, digging his hands into his portly sides, and bending upon me a look of ineffable surprise. "What new folly is this?"

"'Tis no folly, sir," I answered, with a certain dignity in my meekness. "My honour demanded my immediate return."

De Brissac, upon whose face I kept my eyes, paled slightly at the words, and drummed absently with his fingers upon the table.

"Your honour?" echoed my uncle. "Faugh! What of your life? Have you forgotten the dangers that threaten you in Paris?"

I needed no further invitation to explain, and this I did as succinctly as I might, yet without restraining one jot of the bitter scorn and contempt for de Brissac which rose to my lips. More than once he sought to interrupt my narrative, but my uncle prevailed upon him to be patient to the end.

When I had done, I drew from my pocket the letter that I had received from Antoinette, and handed it to the Duke as a proof of what I stated.

St. Simon took the paper from my hand, and in silence he perused it. Then bending upon de Brissac a look of utter loathing, he bade him leave the house.

De Brissac took up his hat, and pressing it well over his brows—"I shall not go," he said in a cold, formal voice, "until I have received from M. de Rouvroy satisfaction for the insult offered me."

"To demand satisfaction, and not to render it, have I travelled to Paris and jeopardised my liberty," I answered with equal loftiness. "I am at your service, M. de Brissac."

He laughed, and tossed his handsome head disdainfully. Then suddenly he appeared to ponder.

"Stay, M. de Rouvroy," he murmured. "Since you put it that way, I don't think that I shall fight."

"Not fight?" I cried.

"You ask me for satisfaction. I have none to give, and I will not risk the penalty of the edict for killing you."

From other lips this would have sounded boastful and indecent, but de Brissac's swordsmanship was so far famed a thing that even he himself could not make pretence of ignoring it, and when he spoke of dealing death, it seemed a natural enough assertion to which past victories had given him the right.

"Hound!" I cried, beside myself with fury, and had not St. Simon got in the way I should have flung myself upon him.

"Steady, fool!" snarled de Brissac. "I have a deadlier weapon for you than my sword. Monseigneur has a score to settle with you for running away. He will thank anyone for the news of your return, and—*Mortdieu!*—he will be still more grateful for such information as I might impart to him concerning the author of a famous lampoon." He laughed harshly, then, doffing his hat, he bowed mockingly before us.

"*Adieu*, Messieurs!" he murmured. "There is a word that I would whisper in the shaveling's ear. 'Tis but a name. The name of the man who wrote the immortal lines of "The Red Owl."

But this was more than I could brook. Mad with rage, I drew before my uncle could interefere.

"You Judas!" I cried. "Look to yourself!"

The Duke no longer sought to hinder me. He realised that I had no alternative. For a moment de Brissac still hesitated.

"M. de Rouvroy," he expostulated, with an effrontery that was past crediting, "believe me this is unwise. Let us rather—"

"As God lives, sir," I broke in, "if you do not draw, I'll kill you as you stand."

He saw the madness in my eyes, and knew that I was in earnest. He shrugged his shoulders, and cast his cloak from him. The

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next moment there was the clash of our meeting blades.

With the first few passes I grew calmer, and for some moments I fought mechanically, a dull despair creeping into my heart with the reflection that do what I would, Antoinette must lose her only protector. I had no doubt as to the issue. I might fence closely for a while and keep his point well checked, but soon I would tire; my parries would grow wider, and then—the end.

It may seem strange to some that, realising all this, I had insisted upon fighting. But the laws of the code of honour by which I had lived left me no alternative.

Then, of a sudden, I waxed fierce and desperate. Why despond? This was not playing the man! My fury was soon apparent in my fencing. I pressed him hard, and he gave way before me. Madly I followed him, and I had all but had him with a quick thrust in low *quarte*. He parried with more vigour than caution, and for a second he was uncovered. I saw the opening, and lunged with my whole weight and to my fullest stretch—forgetting that it was a polished floor we trod—and as I lunged I slipped. My left knee struck the floor, and simultaneously my sword—from which my eyes had been diverted—seemed caught in mid-air.

I saved myself with my left hand from rolling over sideways, then, as I looked up, expecting at any moment the *coup de grace*, there was a topple and a crash, and de Brissac was down, too, upon his knees, with my sword transfixing him from breast to back.

My uncle explained to me afterwards, that, upon seeing me slip, de Brissac had lowered his blade, and that owing to the shadow which he cast in front of him, he only discovered when it was too late that in spite of my mishap, my right arm maintained the rigid attitude of the lunge.

Bewildered by this sudden ending—which seemed to me like an intervention of Heaven—I withdrew my sword, and, flinging it from me, I caught de Brissac in my arms as he fell forward swooning.

In the silence we raised him, and laid him gently upon a couch. Whilst I unfastened his doublet, and vainly attempted to staunch the blood with my kerchief, my uncle turned to go for assistance.

An exclamation escaped his lips as he did so, which caused me to look round. For a moment I believed my over-wrought mind had conjured up a phantom to dismay me, as, framed in the doorway, I beheld a tall and well-known figure in scarlet robes. A

My left knee struck the floor, and simultaneously my sword seemed caught in mid-air.

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pair of glittering eyes met my astonished gaze, and seemed to fascinate me.

'Twas my uncle's voice that broke the spell at last.

"What intrusion is this?" he queried proudly. "*Mort de ma vie*, Monseigneur, is not a man's house his own?"

"You are somewhat *brusque* and hasty in your speeches, Duke," said Richelieu—for, by the Mass! 'twas he. "News was brought me half-an-hour ago of the arrival in Paris of my honoured friend, M. le Chevalier de Rouvroy. His sudden return causes me as great joy as did his abrupt departure give me pain, and" —his voice was now cold and harsh—"I hastened hither to welcome him."

His restless eye, which had kept travelling from St. Simon to me, and ever and anon to the figure on the couch, was now bent full upon me.

"It is regrettable that I did not arrive a moment earlier, so that this tragedy might have been averted." Then, suddenly recognising the face of him who lay upon the couch, "What!" he exclaimed in astonishment, "de Brissac fallen at last! *Ma vie*, M. de Rouvroy, you have wasted no time since your return."

His tone had become a snarl, and I read my doom in it. I had killed a man, and his Eminence might, in virtue of his edict, have me hanged for it, if so it pleased him. He would offer me my life, I thought, in exchange for the name of the author of "The Red Owl," and whether I gave him the information or held my peace it would be all one.

Suddenly de Brissac stirred and clutched my arm with his hand, striving to raise himself.

"Ah," he muttered is a faint voice, "Monseigneur has come to *me*. I may die content."

I turned to him once more, and for the first time gave serious attention to his wound. At a glance I saw that he was dying.

"Aye," he said with a bitter smile, "de Brissac has fought his last fight. *Diable*, but I deserved a better end than to be spitted by accident. But wait. I have not done yet." Then raising his voice slightly and at great cost, "Monseigneur," he called, turning his eyes towards Richelieu, "will you deign to approach? There is something that I would say to you concerning 'The Red Owl.'"

The Cardinal started eagerly at the words, then moved to the side of the dying man.

St. Simon shot a sharp, eloquent glance at me as I stood there, mute and despairing, to hear my death sentence. Then de Brissac's low voice broke the silence.

"I was to have married Mademoiselle de Rémy," he began. "My friend, Claude de Rouvroy, learnt this at Stockholm. He loved the lady, and she loved him. He hastened to Paris to expostulate with me, arriving to-night and meeting me here. I would not listen to his pleading, and so he swore that since I had thus betrayed his friendship and his trust, he would no longer shield me at his own cost and at the peril of his life."

My uncle started violently forward, but fortunately the Cardinal's back was towards him, and Richelieu noted not the movement.

"He was about to visit your Eminence," de Brissac pursued—his voice growing weaker and his breath coming in quick, short gasps —"to tell you something which he alone could tell. He wished to give you the name of the author of 'The Red Owl.' I barred his way, sword in hand. He defended himself, and retribution has overtaken me."

Again he paused, and the Cardinal's impassive face bent lower.

"Who wrote the poem?" he inquired in a curious voice.

"I did," replied Brissac, in clear, distinct tones; then his head sank back, and again he swooned.

I stood like one turned to stone, and it is a marvel that I did not betray myself when the Cardinal addressed to me some words wherein he lauded my former self-sacrifice, which had made me suffer banishment in order to shield a friend.

Slowly I realised how much de Brissac's falsehood meant to me. I was no longer a fugitive from the Cardinal's vengeance. I might go about freely and fearlessly as I had done before I wrote those accursed lines, and I might marry Antoinette upon the morrow if I chose. If ever a lie stood to a man's credit in the Book of Judgment, surely 'twas that magnanimous lie of the dying duellist.

When the Cardinal was gone, and I had no longer a part to act, I flung myself upon my knees beside the couch, and took de Brissac's hand in mine. He opened his eyes, and as they met my gaze, he attempted to smile.

"Forgive me, Gaston," I cried.

"Claude, dear friend," he murmured, "do you forgive me my treason towards you."

He raised himself by a last supreme effort.

"Farewell, Claude! Farewell, Duke!" he said. Then, as he sank back again—"*Ma vie*," he cried, with something between a laugh and a sob in his voice, "I may have lived a blackguard, but I die a gentleman!"

And thus he passed.

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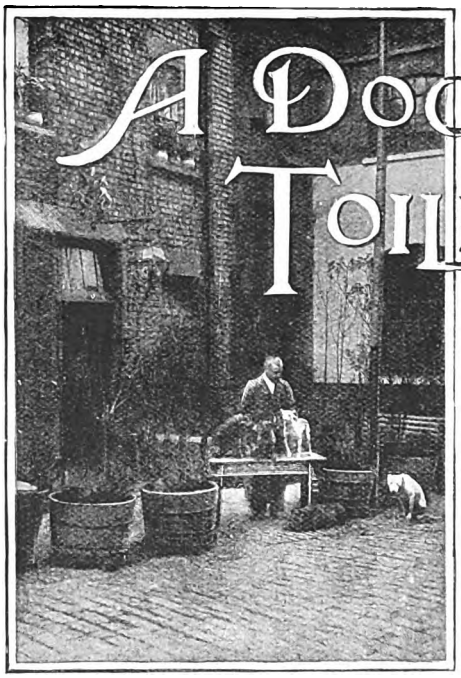


A Dogs' Toilet Club

Written and Illustrated with Photographs by Frank Foulsham.

At first thought there certainly seems to be something humorous in the idea of a dogs' barber, but second thoughts are always best we are told, and they are so, at least, in this case.

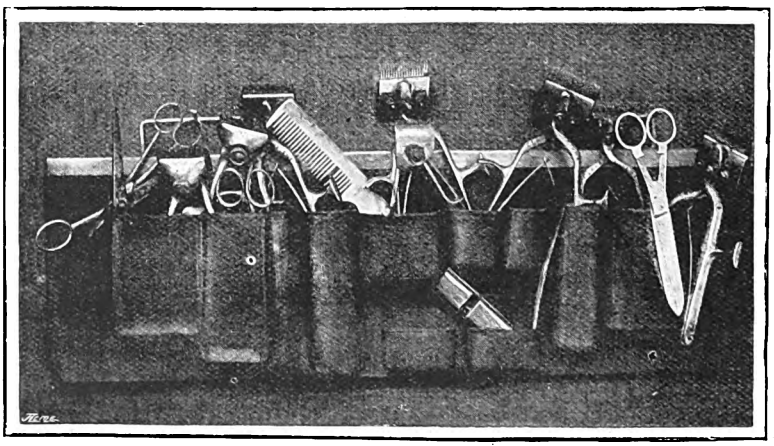
There is really nothing amusing about it; it is a serious calling, and a necessary one. Anyone who owns a valuable member of the canine species will assure you on this point, if further assurance is required after a perusal of this article.

As there are social classes of dogs, so there are classes of dog barbers, but there can, of course, be but one best, and the name of *the* barber of dogs is Mr. Brown, who pursues his calling in a quaint little turning off Regent Street, in a still more quaint little house—a house all yellow and green, with a brass coat of Royal Arms on the door, another coat above it, and a gilded lion rampant raging on the coping of the mansion. Before the house, in yellow and green painted tubs, are yellow and green flowers and trees—that is to say, the flowers are creeping jenny in bud, and the trees were just coming out into bud when this visit was paid.

If, perchance, such a description is insufficient to enable one to locate the exact abode of the tonsorial artist for aristocratic dogs, the loud conversation of its four-footed inhabitants will assist one in his quest. When I journeyed thither recently I had no difficulty in finding the exact spot, for there was Mr. Brown, coat off, shirt sleeves up, and white apron on, putting one of his boarders through its toilet. The dog, a fine French poodle, was in a big bath, being well washed, and viewing the operation with a look of disdain born of long usage.

"Yes, he is quiet," Mr. Brown admitted, as he lifted from the bath what looked like a mass of wet yarn—the dog in question, a handsome black poodle of the long-corded variety, the cords hanging almost to the ground.

I remarked on the curiosity, and drew from Mr. Brown the information that, with the exception of the open-coated



Some of the tools used by the dogs' *coiffeur*.

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breed, all poodles are of the long-corded type—*i.e.*, their coats would, if not cut, grow in long cords.

"And the 'fluffed out' poodle is only the result of clipping," he added.

The difference between these two types, which is just one of toilet, will be apparent from the photographs illustrating this article.

Some people owning long-corded coated dogs do not, however, have the cords cut to within a respectable distance of the ground, and, in consequence, the animal spends half his life in a pan of oil, and at show times, when on exhibition, lives for days together with long cords in the oil. This is necessary to prevent them gathering dirt and insects.

"As a result," said Mr. Brown, in comment, "the animal's life is a misery to him. If the cords are allowed to grow they should be clipped clear of the ground."

The idea of clipping and shaving the dogs to the skin in places originated in France many years ago, with the apparent desire of converting the animal into a lion in appearance, and the custom of "fluffing out" the coat is not new, since it was done in Landseer's time.

"Why," said Mr. Brown, "I remember when I used to go to Landseer's place—he lived at Weston Lodge, St. John's Wood—and dressed his dogs every week."

The morning bath.

Combing out the hair.

Cleaning the dog's teeth.

By this time Mr. Brown was vigorously rubbing the corded poodle with a cloth.

"But he won't be thoroughly dry for several hours," he explained. "He must dry himself. I can't put him before the fire, fire turns a dog's coat brown. And if I took him home brown, I don't like to think what Mr. Wertheimer would say to me."

"He belongs to Mr. Wertheimer, of Bond Street, then?"

"Yes, and he's a prize dog. The 'Great Echo' is his show name, but we call him 'Noble.' He is Mr. Wertheimer's favourite; travels all over the country with him. Once a lady took a fancy to him at Brighton, when he was out on the sea front with the butler, and offered £200, but she might as well have offered £2,000."

When the "Great Echo" was taken inside to dry, I entered beyond a door decorated with the highly-polished coat of arms into a small office, and stared at the many "doggy" pictures and framed testimonials decorating the walls, and a motley gathering of stuffed dogs whose souls had long since departed to other realms. I was divided from Mr. Brown's numerous

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canine "boarders" by a high wire gate, up to which they came to make my acquaintance.

"I haven't many 'boarders' at present," Mr. Brown told me. "There are not many people out of town; when they depart, however, my family increases."

"And the cost for boarding is——?"

"Five shillings per week, unless, of course, the dog is a giant, then there is a little more for his extra food."

The cost of a dog's toilet we found varied, but it cannot be made under half-a-guinea, while a guinea or even two guineas is often paid. The charge made depends upon the amount of work to be done.

Trimming the hair.

First, perhaps, the dog has to be thoroughly washed and dried, and the drying process is lengthy and tedious. It is generally a wash with common water that is required, but sometimes also a scented bath.

Shaving.

Then he has to be clipped and shaved and combed—the latter if he is a "fluffed out" dog. And unless he has visited the barber's recently, the clipping and shaving are no light tasks. The rule in clipping is to commence at one of the fore-paws, and work upwards to the body. The parts which are to be shaved are clipped as closely as possible to the skin, and lather and razor do the rest, but the latter has to be wielded with some skill, for dogs are notoriously fidgetty customers. As a rule, they will not sit quiet before a camera, and for this reason a certain dog's tailor in Paris uses stuffed canines when the costumes are photographed to illustrate his catalogue, so that the photographs illustrating this article may be considered unique.

It is fashionable to have the hair clipped in such a way as to leave upon the dog's back its owner's initials.

A fine coat of the long-corded type.

The clipping and razoring over, comes the combing out, which has to be done most carefully, as much of the dog's smart appearance is due to the manner in which he is combed. His toe-nails are trimmed up with the scissors, and his pearly teeth cleaned with a tooth-brush and salt. Some ladies, however, object to their pets being obliged to

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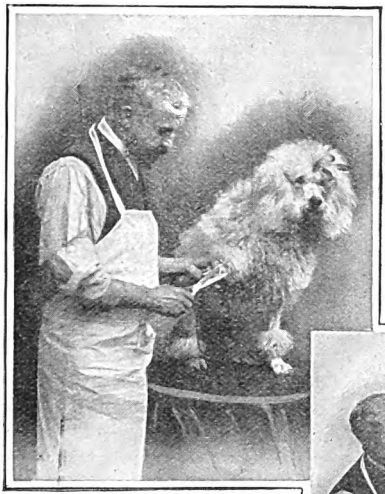
taste salt, and supply scented dentifrice instead.

A bow of silk ribbon is tied in the hair at the head, and My Lord Dog is finished and ready for the drawing room.

It is possible, however, that the owner wishes his or her crest or monogram worked on the dog's back. It may be simple or it may be elaborate. Mr. Brown does not mind—nothing is too difficult—it is only a matter of price. But the work of cutting an elaborate crest in the dog's fur is a long and tedious one, and Mr. Brown likes to be alone when he is engaged in this task—that is, if the dog is an old customer and will keep perfectly still; if not, the attendance of its owner is necessary to inspire it with the requisite amount of patience. And curious are the ways in which some ladies keep their dogs quiet—by singing to them, humming to them, or whistling, while one lady of title plays the violin while her pet is being decorated.

Mr. Brown has in his time done some extraordinary work on dogs' backs, not only in the way of monograms and crests, but also in the way of pictures. On one occasion he executed a lace pattern, and the dog looked as though it was covered with a curtain. Another time he did a very smart piece of business. One Derby morning he executed a race-horse on the back of a poodle, and also gave the idea of all the surroundings, leaving a nice patch beneath wherein to inscribe the name of the horse winning the great race. He made special arrangements to receive the result quickly, and when he got it, cut the name on the dog's back. Then he went out in search of the owner of the winner, and, finding him late in the evening, sold him the living picture for the sum of £100. Of course, the dog was a valuable one.

The Dogs' barber has been in the business now a matter of twenty-two years, and an uncle of his was in it before him. He has kept dogs ever since he can remember, and he is now fifty-six years of age. He kept them before there was any tax, and remembers well when the tax was 12s. per dog. Consequently anything he



Everything is done to smarten the poodle's appearance; even its nails are regularly cut.

The finishing touch being put to a dog's toilet. The bow upon its head or neck is very carefully tied.

The trimming of a poodle's coat is quite as delicate a matter as the cutting of a man's hair.

Before shaving, the clippers are usually applied.

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This poodle's owner has a fad that when his dog passes through the hands of the *coiffeur* his coat shall be trimmed in such a way as to leave a picture of a horse and rider.

Here is a coronet design in hair.

does not know about dogs may be counted as useless. His predecessor in the present business was dog barber not only to the Prince of Wales and the nobility of England, but also to many of the crowned heads of Europe, having been patronised at various dates by the Emperor Joseph of Austria, the Czar Alexander of Russia, and Victor Emmanuel of Italy; while Mr. Brown now numbers amongst his clients the Prince of Wales, the Queen of the Netherlands, Prince Dhuleep Singh, Alfred and Ferdinand de Rothschild, the brother of the Khedive of Egypt, Lady de Grey, George R. Sims, and others too numerous to mention. He can show you testimonials from most of them.

The story as to how "Dagonet" came to be a customer of Mr. Brown was told by the former some years ago in "Mustard and Cress," and is certainly amusing. G. R. S. whilst out strolling one morning with a Grand Duke in Hyde Park, was so astonished to find marching in front of him a black poodle with the *nom de plume* "Dagonet" carved on its back that he fell into the Serpentine. At least he said he did. When he was dragged out he followed the dog home to Regent Street to find out the reason of its being so decorated, and learned from Mr. Brown that it had been done by the dog's master, "H.R.H. the P——." That, of course, was "Dagonet's" little joke. He hoped, he wrote, the Royal owner would withdraw the animal from circulation.

The result was that "Dagonet" did a lot of business with Mr. Brown, and use to have his crest cut out on his poodle's back—a lion rampant.

Naturally, Mr. Brown has handled most of the champion dogs of the day in the course of his professional duties, and he himself has owned not a few, and taken with them many prizes. He has also dealt in dogs, and narrates many an interesting yarn of bargains he has made, but that, to borrow an expression of Mr. Kipling's, is another story. He used also to dabble in monkeys and snakes, and probably one of the most curious things that ever happened in Regent Street was the birth of a couple of monkeys. They did not live, however, but Mr. Brown can show one of the twins stuffed. It remains to be said that Mr. Brown finds his business extremely lucrative.

An amusing toilet performed by Mr. Brown specially for the benefit of the ROYAL MAGAZINE

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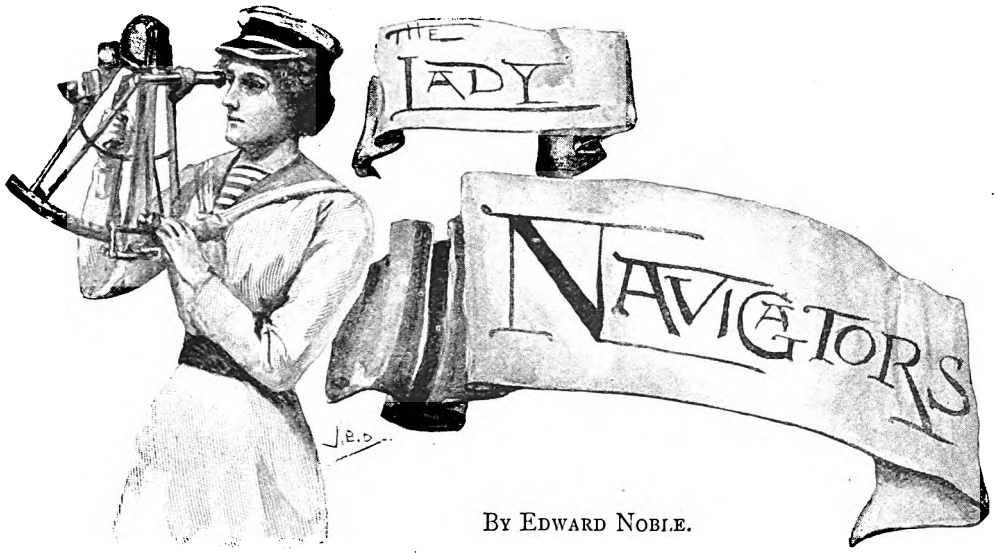

By Edward Noble.

"You are wrong, Murray; the theory is as old as the hills."

"As a theory only," I suggested.

"And the case they allude to happened years ago, if I may rely on my count of time."

"Carragh," said I, "it is evident you know the story—what is it?"

Captain Patrick Carragh, R.N.R., Harbour Master of Seagate, and late of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., turned to face me, and there was a twinkle of merriment in his eyes.

"I do," he said. "I was in command."

My friend and I were walking the Seagate Pier, yarning as was our custom before lunch, over the morning's news. I carried in my hand the paper which had brought on the discussion. It related to the wreck of a liner which had steamed into an uncomfortable bed on the Cornish coast. The vessel had been well found, perfectly manned, and navigated by an officer of long and varied experience. The weather had been clear, there was no special cause for the disaster, and the result showed that, as usual, the penny-a-liners had been stoking up from previous records to the mystification of the public.

One of the suggestions they had thrown out was that the Cornish Rocks were magnetic; therefore the compasses had been deflected and the ship drawn out of her course. The case of the *Southern Cross* was quoted in evidence of such a possibility. However, my friend was by my side, and his voice suggested laughter. I turned to him without preface.

"Cut ahead," I said. "The thing is taken from the *Shipping Gazette*, it must, therefore, have a substratum of truth."

"You make me smile," he replied. "A man of your experience ought to know that sometimes a reason has to be found—do you follow me?"

"I'm not made of india-rubber," I returned; "go on."

"The case of the *Southern Cross*, which you say they quote, happens to be one of mine. I have seen one or two funny things in my time, but the *Southern Cross* broke the record.

"See here: It was after I had been some twelve years in command, and was hardly what you might term a novice. I came home in the *Rajpootana*, and being a bachelor, with no home outside a London hotel, the company thought they couldn't do better than pass me over to the *Southern Cross*, whose commander was down with 'flu.'

"It was winter, and spending winter in London, to a homeless bachelor, is not a soul-raising pastime, so I clinched with the offer, sent my kit over to the new ship, and came down with the Marine Superintendent to join.

"The vessel was lying in the Albert Dock, looking trim and taut as a man-o'-war. We went on board. An hour later the passengers arrived by special train, and we took them in.

"I had been with Captain Harrison, the superintendent you remember, and knew of nothing unusual until my Chief Officer came in to report progress.

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"'The ladies are aboard, sir,' he said, 'and the signal is flying for us at the dock gates.'

"'The ladies,' said I, looking up, 'what ladies?'

"'The passengers, Captain Carragh.'

"'Quite right,' Harrison interjected, springing from his chair. Er—the fact is I forgot to mention it before, but the ship has rather an odd lot of women this trip. In fact I believe they are all women. Some female suffrage patients on a voyage to extend their horizon, and to pursue the problem of the descent of man. To say the truth, Carragh, they've chartered the ship for six months, and you will have to do as they require.' He shook me effusively by the hand. 'May the Lord have mercy on your soul, my friend,' he added, 'though, on the whole, I shouldn't wonder if you have some fun."

"I gazed at him sadly. 'My dear boy!' I said, 'do you expect to see me home again?'

"'I think,' he replied, 'the Government would vote you a statue in the House if you could jettison the lot. There are fifty of them, man-haters to the last hairpin, and Lady Barraclough is in charge.'

"'And she is the President of the Anti-smoke League,' said I.

"'Not only that, but of every Anti there is going,' he replied. 'You will have to convert her, Captain. It's a thing you can do if I may judge from your record. You understand the compliment—we couldn't put *any*one in charge of such a basin full—and as for officers, why we've given you the cream of the service.'

"He chuckled himself out of my room, and left me to interview the Chief.

"When I came on deck I mounted the bridge and ran my eye over the crowd. One can easily do it, as you know from the bridge level. They were not so terrible to look at. The majority were young and had a goey air about them; but there was a very decided leavening of blue stockings. Ladies in mannish hats, collars and vests, dapper little coats, binoculars slung over their shoulders as though they were going to the Derby—you know the sort, so I won't expatiate.

"Well, we got clear of the Thames, and the binoculars saw good service until we began to dance in the swell that rolled down as we opened the Foreland. Then one after another lost interest in outside affairs, and by nightfall the promenade was only troubled by a few, and they lay in deck chairs in a soft kind of stupor.

"Take it all round, we had a very quiet time as far as Gib. After that the fun commenced.

"One afternoon—we had just come out of Algiers—Lady Barraclough arrived on the bridge. She looked me up and down with a kind of supercilious air, and said:

"'Miss Ramsden wishes to exercise her knowledge of navigation, and desires me to say that she will take charge of the ship at four o'clock. After that hour, Captain, we shall be glad if you will consider yourself and your officers as passengers.'

"I stared. Lady Barraclough stared also. The third officer, who was standing near the binnacle, retired to the wing of the bridge, making a queer kind of noise in his throat.

"'I beg your pardon,' said I, 'I scarcely comprehend.'

"She repeated her remarks and I shook my head.

"'You must know,' said I, 'that I can't accede to that.'

"'You have no option, sir,' she replied, 'our Charter-party provides for all contingencies. That is one of the clauses.'

"'If you can prove your case, my lady,' said I, 'I have nothing more to say.'

"Of course she was able to prove it, as she would have proved anything from the iniquity of marriage to a paper on the Law of Storms. She drew a parchment from the case, and pointed out the clause.

"'You see,' she remarked, 'it is written there, in black and white.'

"It was the truth, Murray. My fingers were tied by that forsaken Charter-party. The Company had engaged to permit these females to navigate the ship to such ports as they desired—with only one proviso—that I, the Captain, you comprehend, should act as pilot. I turned to my lady, handing back the paper.

"'It is as you say,' I remarked, 'I can only obey instructions. But, I may as well tell you, that if I had known the conditions, I would have seen the Company further before I agreed to sail the *Southern Cross*. May I ask, madam, who is to take charge?'

"'Miss Ramsden will be in command. She has eight officers with her. Each of them a competent navigator; but, owing to the idiotic action of the Board of Trade, without certificates. We intend to prove to them what women can do. It will be an object lesson to the world.'

"'Of that,' said I, 'there can be no manner of doubt.'

She marched down the ladder at this, and at four o'clock, up came Captain Ramsden

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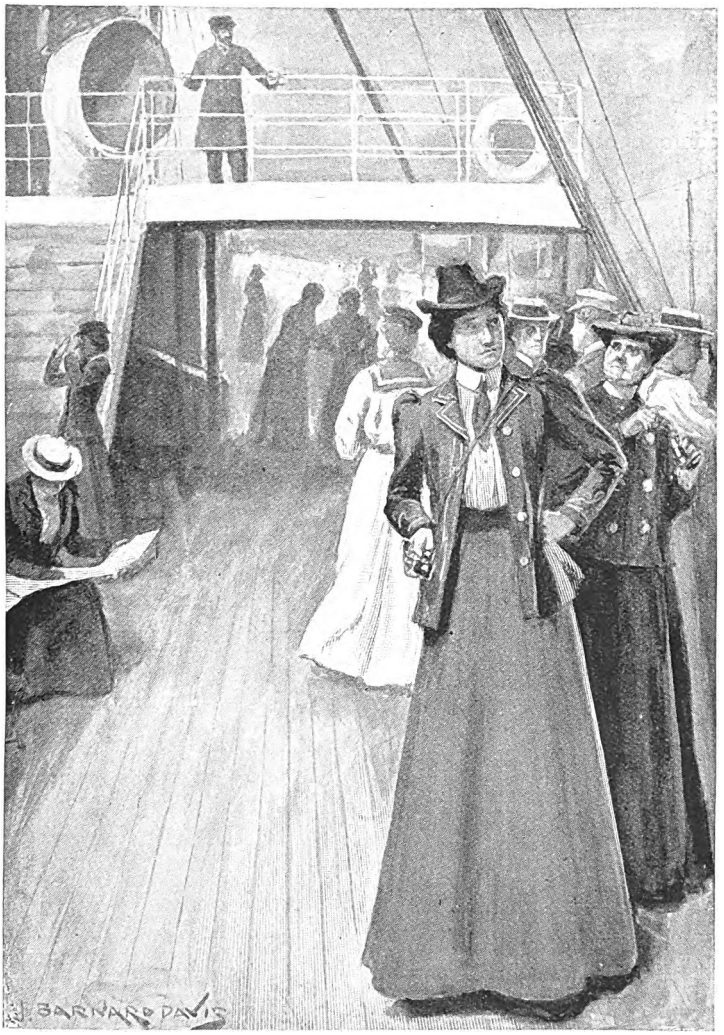
and two other ladies, Miss Cole, the new Chief Officer, and Miss Granger, third. They were dressed in yachting rig, and had enough gold lace and buttons about them to fix the rank of all the officers in the Flying Squadron. I walked up to her and lifted my cap. The new captain raised her gloved hand, and saluted me in reply.

"'I understand,' said I, 'that you are prepared to relieve the deck.'

"She looked puzzled. 'I don't know that the deck required relief,' she said, 'it looks quite strong. But I am prepared to take over the command.'

"'It comes to the same thing,' said I. "'You will, I presume, dispense with the services of the crew also, the engineers and stokers especially seem to require a rest. If you will muster your hands I will arrange to give you full control. But if I may suggest so delicate a matter, I should be more comfortable if the ladies who are to act as firemen and greasers adopt a rig more in conformance with their duties—petticoats you see are apt to——'



I ran my eye over the crowd. The majority were young and had a goey air about them, but there was a decided leavening of blue stockings.

"She waved her hand, flushing with anger.

"'Captain Carragh,' she cried, 'I don't propose to allow any of my friends to do what is obviously menial work. My desire is simply to give the Board of Trade a lesson, and to show them that even in such a matter as navigation, brain for brain, women are as competent as men. The crew will act as they have acted hitherto.'

"'In that case,' said I, "it will be necessary for me to hand them over to your command. Pardon me, I will have them mustered and do the thing in style. The occasion demands it.'

"She made no objection, so, when the crew assembled, I made them a short speech and formally passed them over to Captain Ramsden. There was, as you will guess, some amusement; but I had trained my men to do what they were told and to ask no questions; still, I thought it well, after they had been dismissed, to send the chief officer along to explain that I had no intention of allowing any monkey tricks.

"Nor was I prepared to allow these cranks to run the show lone-handed. I sent for my officers and explained my plans. The four

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mates were to take the place of Quartermasters, two of whom happened to be close shaven. The second and chief agreed to sacrifice their beards; the third and fourth stood as they were, and we trusted to the adoption of shades and the different rig, to keep the matter from the new Commanders.

"They say that women lack a sense of humour. I am sure they lack observation, or they would have noticed the change, especially as I thought it necessary to keep the old Quartermasters under my eye in the smoke-room. I dressed these men in the uniforms of my officers, and they did their best to adapt themselves to circumstances, even to the length of an eyeglass which the fourth officer, who was a bit of a swell, always wore when off duty.

"My Aunt! you should have seen the frills those maids put on. I had no notion that navigation was so important, or that navigators were so interesting. Our new officers saluted, walked the bridge with a telescope tucked under their wing, gazed into the compass, knit their brows, and waved orders to the helmsman, as to the manner born. But this was sheer child play compared with the attention they gave to the sun, moon, and stars. Toby Slade, our original fourth officer, came from the bridge one afternoon as near hysterics as I have ever seen a man; he said that the officers had taken forty-seven sets of sights. It was more than he could stand.

"But to get along. We visited Tunis, Malta, Naples, Palermo, and half-a-dozen other ports safely enough. I did the navigation going in and out of harbour, and engaged pilots when necessity arose. Of course my officers at the wheel kept us clear of passing shipping. Directly a light was sighted they arranged to leave it at a comfortable distance, and the ladies were so busy preening their wings and consulting which star they should shoot next, that they neglected the compass in a fashion that would have scandalised Lloyd's, and sent the premiums sky-high. Indeed our captain gave it as her opinion, that she considered the danger attributed to passing vessels had been greatly over-rated. I smiled, I wasn't giving any advice then. I was waiting for cloudy weather and the tail end of a gale of wind.

"You see," she remarked, "it is written there in black and white."

"These came shortly after we left Messina and headed across the wide stretch of sea between the Island and Candia. Captain Ramsden had a notion of circumnavigating Candia, passing on the south round by the Kupho Nisi and Cape Sidero to Khamia, where we were to anchor while the ladies went ashore to study the Cretan Question, which was at that time just beginning to be talked about.

"Well, there was nothing to hinder them. I couldn't have interfered if they had proposed a trip to the Sea of Aral; but I shut my teeth, for the wind was coming up wet as a fog, and there was every appearance of a snorter from the S.W.

"We were well clear of the land and going on a bee line for Gavdo light, when the night closed in with thin rain and more than a capful of wind. It blew in vicious

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gusts by midnight, and the ladies were, I knew, about as comfortable as a colony of hens afloat in a tub. So was I for that matter. Still I intended they should be the first to cry for help, and I am not sorry I let things go, for the morning saw us still afloat, plunging along in as lively a sea as the Mediterranean can kick up in that region.

"I calculated that at our speed we should strike Gavdo light about midnight, and so no doubt we would, but our navigators were all astray now the sun and stars had decided they were being ill-used, and had made a trifling error of some twenty miles in their dead reckoning.

"I was in the smoke room, and had been sitting up and walking the after-deck pretty evenly. I intended to keep about, but towards eleven o'clock I fancy I must have dozed, for the next thing I remember was Miss Collins, the fifth officer, leaning over me, doing her utmost to steady her voice. She was the best of the crowd, and I felt pleased that she had called me, and got up slowly, asking what was wrong.

"'There is nothing absolutely wrong, Captain Carragh,' she replied, 'but I do wish you would come on deck.'

"'Has Captain Ramsden sent for me?' I questioned.

"'No, and——I——I——don't think she would like me——to——to——'

"'There,' said I. 'Don't you fret. I am glad you woke me, but I shall not come up until I am required.'

"'But, indeed, I think you should come,' she returned. 'The wind is awfully high ——and——and I don't think we know quite what to do.'

"'The wind won't hurt,' said I. 'Depend upon it I will come if I consider there is danger. Besides I can rely on my quartermaster.'

"'That's just it,' she replied, 'the quartermaster has been put in irons for refusing to obey orders.'

"'You don't say so. 'Pon my word I like your captain's grit.'

"'Yes, and he says we are 'going ashore,' and begged me to call you. Do come, Captain Carragh.'

"'I would do more than that,' said I, 'to hear that pretty quaver in your voice. Come, why did they put him in irons?'

"'He refused to steer a course Miss Ramsden set.'

"'I will be there at once,' I replied. 'No, I won't mention your name in it. Cut along to the bridge if you are on watch.'

"She squeezed my hand and hurried away, doing her level best to hide the tears I knew were in her eyes.

"I arrived on the bridge a few minutes later. All hands were up: eight officers and Captain Ramsden, with Lady Barraclough by her side. Two were watching the compass. The rest were staring through their binoculars at different points of the horizon. The night was as black as my hat, and the wind seemed to have veered to the north'ard of west.

"I came to the binnacle and opened the slide. The ship was heading due North, instead of S. 75 E.

"'Hah!' said I, 'that accounts for the wind and the irons.'

"I crossed the bridge and came to the commander.

"'How long have you been steering this course, Madam?' I questioned.

"She turned on her heel with a gesture of impatience.

"'Captain Carragh!' she cried, 'will you kindly leave the navigation to me?'

"'I will,' said I, 'if you promise not to endanger the lives of all hands with your experiments. Pardon me, this is fool-talk. Hard-a-starboard. Let her come round to South.'

"Now you know a man can't fight a woman. I knew it also, and might just as well have saved my breath; for I had no sooner given the order than the ladies crowded round me and trod on my toes and hustled me with extraordinary deliberation. I backed out of the way. They had one of their Amazons at the wheel, who would take no notice of my order. They said it was so like a man to push ladies, and rely on brute strength and intimidation. They were surprised at the conduct of one whom they had hitherto supposed to be a gentleman.

"In short I was made to see my failings with dazzling clearness, and was jolly glad to get down into the quiet to straighten out my wits. This didn't take a week, for I had grasped enough in those few minutes to understand that we were going full tilt for the shore, and that the lady navigators were a high-class brand of active lunatics.

"I gathered my officers out of their nests and sent one to call the crew; another I dispatched with a message to the engineer; and with Lovatt, the second, I got away aft and prepared to throw the after steering gear into work, and to disconnect the bridge engine.

"I had no mind to create a scandal you

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understand. I just wanted to show my ladies I was not the man whose corns could be trodden on with impunity. But, as you are aware, all these things couldn't be done in a moment; indeed it may have been fifteen minutes from the time I left the bridge before we were ready. Then I sent a verbal message to the engineer to go dead slow and to heed no bridge telegraphs. Almost at the same instant a loud cry came across the decks from the lookout:

"'Breakers close ahead!'

"I dropped my tools and hurried away to the bridge.

"'Go full speed astern!' I shouted, 'Hard over with the helm—hard a-starboard!'

"No good, Murray. The engineer refused to heed the telegraph. He continued slow ahead in obedience to my orders, and before I recollected the hash I had made in my hurry, we were climbing comfortably up the sandy beach under Candia.

"You may reckon there was a pretty considerable flutter among the petticoats on that bridge. Some were crying, others giving orders which no one obeyed. Someone said it was a new island; another that we had struck a whale; another that the compasses were all wrong, but Captain Ramsden kept her head.

"'Hands go to boat stations!' she cried, 'Some of you serve out the life belts.'

"I had taken our bearings by this time, and saw that we were lying quietly. There was no immediate hurry, so I turned on my heel and went to the smoke room. My officers joined me, together with the chief engineer. We got out our pipes and began to smoke. Presently a quick footstep sounded and the door was flung open. Miss Cole, the first officer, stood in the gap.

"'Captain Carragh!' she cried. 'Miss Ramsden has sent me to request your presence on the bridge.'

"'Nay,' said I, 'I am no use there. Let Captain Ramsden come to me if she wants advice.'

"'I don't think that is a gentlemanly remark,' said Miss Cole.

"'From the pilot to the captain, who has got himself into a mess,' said I, 'it is just permissible.'

"She shut the door with a slam and left us to our tobacco. I had determined to read Miss Ramsden a lesson, and, although I was far from easy, I knew there was no danger of our going to pieces in a minute. Indeed, the ship seemed to have found the softest spot on the whole of Candia Beach.

"Twice during the night further messages were sent, but I refused to budge, and when daybreak arrived I went on deck and took bearings. We were lying on a sloping beach. The wind had veered, and we were nearly becalmed under the lee of the high mountains. The ship had, perhaps, five degrees of list—there was no danger. I felt I had the game in my own hands.

"Towards noon a fishing-boat bore down upon us and offered to stand by. I called the skipper on deck and gave him a message for my directors. He saw the women on the bridge as he went ashore, and doubtless put me down for an amiable maniac. Again, on his departure, Captain Ramsden sent for me, and her message was backed by an emphatic order from Lady Barraclough. I took no heed. Then during the afternoon the navigators sent a boat's crew away with a kedge. They might with equal effect have harnessed a mosquito to the ship's stern. They hove on it until it parted, but the ship never moved. Then, as it was growing dusk, Miss Ramsden and Lady Barraclough came aft to interview me. I received them politely and offered them chairs in the smoke room, but they preferred to remain outside. They ordered me to come on deck and get the ship off. I shrugged my shoulders, and said it was no part of a pilot's duty to undo the mischief done by reckless navigation, and suggested they should signal for a high-powered tug. The ladies now looked really frightened.

"'If the tide leaves us,' said Miss Ramsden, 'we may turn over. I think you should render us some assistance.'

"'Pardon,' said I. 'The tide doesn't ebb in the Mediterranean. The ship will take no further harm.'

"'But we want to go on,' they cried together. 'It is monstrous to expect us to remain here.'

"'Pardon again,' said I. "You put her here. I should have supposed you would be competent to get her off.'

"They argued, ordered, then fell back on entreaty. It was unmanly, ungentlemanly, cruel, they said, they did not expect I could act in such a manner. I said I was weary of life, and only desired that they should leave me alone to die. By their action I was a ruined man. I dared not face the Board of Trade inquiry which would be held when we returned.

"They said there need be no inquiry. I insisted that it could not be avoided and they retired to think matters over. An hour

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later they came to me. It was now quite dark, and the wind was moaning uncomfortably over the snow-clad mountains.

"They said they were very sorry for what had occurred. They recognised that they had made an error of judgment, and begged me to let bygones be bygone. I rose from my chair, and said there was no occasion for further apology. I was prepared to resume command and to get the ship off, provided we had no repetition of what had passed. That ended the matter. I took charge, reinstated my officers, put the quartermaster back into the wheel house and set to work.

"But the thing was not easy. I took soundings all round the vessel, and the following day hoisted signals to a passing collier, bargained for a price, and when he was ready, came astern on my engines. After about two hours steaming we succeeded in floating the vessel into deep water. Here we halted a spell to test her, but as the wells kept dry we knew we had sustained no great damage.

She squeezed my hand and hurried away.

"Three days later I put her in dock in Alexandria. Luckily there was not a great deal to do, but that bit of navigation cost the Women's Rights Association just over £5,000, and a paragraph appeared in the papers explaining the matter on scientific grounds. It is the case you quote.

"It announced in so many words that the compasses of the *Southern Cross* had been so greatly deflected by the ironstone rocks of Candia and Greece that she had gone ashore. It further warned mariners of this peril which hitherto had only been guessed at, but which now, owing to the able explanation of Captain Carragh, had been placed beyond dispute.

"Before we came out of dock I asked Miss Collins to the bridge.

"'I am interested on one point,' I said. 'Will you tell me what induced Miss Ramsden to steer the ship away to the North as she did?'

"She looked half ashamed.

"'I fear you only wish to laugh at us,' she replied.

"'Not at all,' I replied, 'for my opinion of your navigation before the accident could not be higher.'

"She thanked me.

"'Well, you see, we knew you were on the look-out for bad workmanship, and Miss Ramsden was certain of her distance. She said we must be within range of the light on Gavdo—that she would sight it just to show you she could navigate as well without observations as with them. So we steered to find it.'

"And if you doubt this yarn, Murray, just go in and ask my wife. She knows all about it. In point of fact, before she married me, her name was Elsie Collins."

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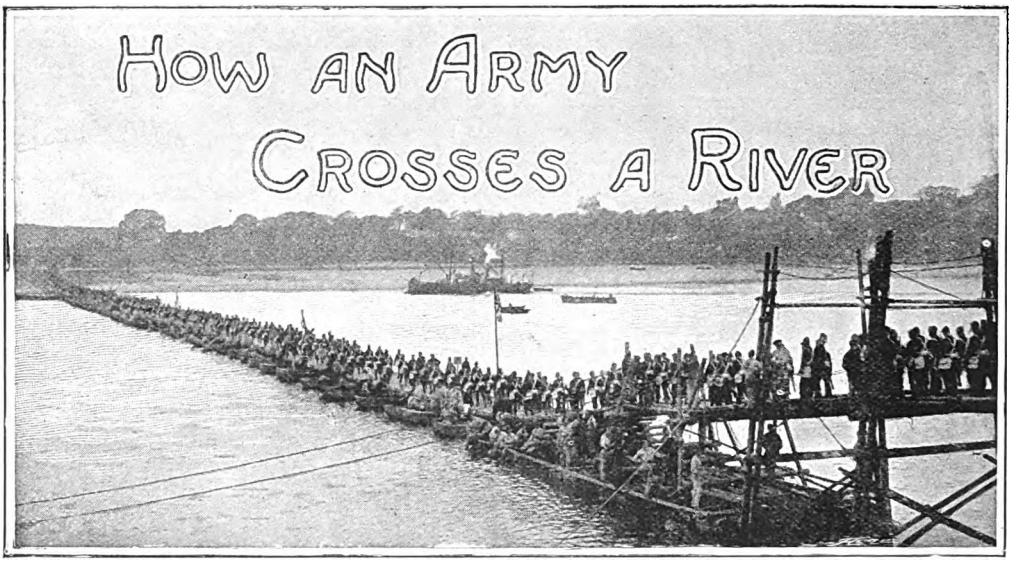
How an Army Crosses a River



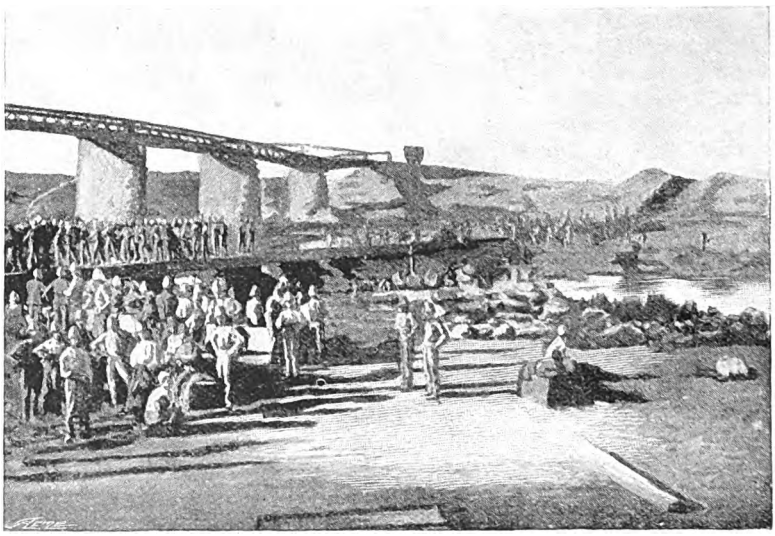
From a Photo.

Troops crossing the Medway on a pontoon bridge identical in length and character with that by which General Warren and his men crossed the Tugela.

By Charles Ray.

One cannot have read the news of the present war, published in the various and weekly journals, without realising the very important part which the Royal Engineers have played in that war. Specially have their services been needed when rivers have barred the way of an advancing army. At the Modder for instance, after the Boers had been defeated, it was found that before they retired, they had destroyed the fine stone and iron bridge which spanned the river from side to side. A temporary bridge had therefore, to be erected, so that the army might pass over and continue its advance.

There are some six or seven kinds of temporary military bridges which according to circumstances, can be made to span a piece of water in the line of march of a body of troops. Of course, if a river is shallow, and a suitable ford can be found, the men march through and do not wait for the erection of a bridge. In South Africa, however, such fords are few and far between. It is not enough that the water on being tested shall be found to be shallow. The nature of the river bed has to be taken into considera-



From a Photo.

The pontoon bridge across the Modder River over which Lord Methuen's troops passed. The bridge destroyed by the Boers is also seen.

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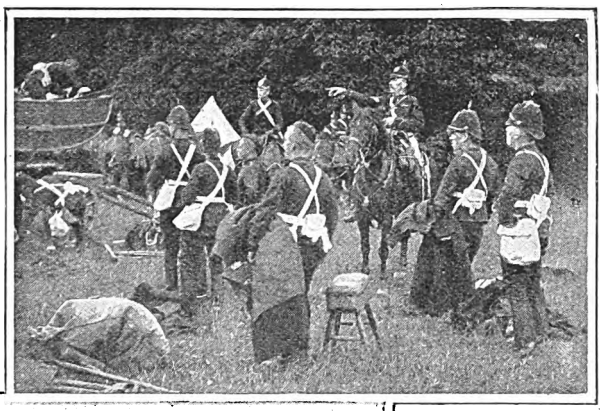
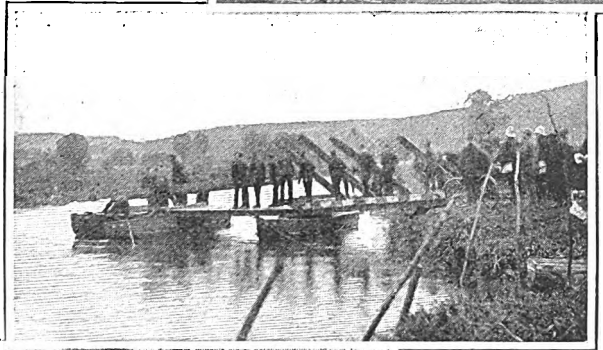
tion, and if the latter is sandy or muddy very few troops are able to pass before the tramping will have stirred up the river bottom. If there is any current the matter thus silted up is carried away and at every step the river becomes deeper, so that what was formerly a ford, has soon ceased to be so.

The most common form of military bridge is a pontoon. To describe in detail how such a bridge is made would be tedious, many readers having no doubt had the privilege of observing the operation on a small scale at the Military Tournament which is held at Islington every year, whilst those readers who live near garrison towns and manœuvre grounds, have, in all probability, seen the local rivers bridged by a pontoon detachment in a very short space of time. The photograph at the beginning of this article, shows a large body of British troops crossing a pontoon bridge constructed across the River Medway at Chatham.

It is interesting to note that this form of bridge is merely an improved bridge of boats such as that with which Xerxes is said to have spanned the Helles-



The building of a pontoon bridge by a detachment of troops. (1). Unloading the waggons.



(2). Laying part of the floor of the bridge while a third pontoon is being pushed out.

(3). Putting the side pieces in position.

pont. In fact, it is very doubtful whether the weights which a pontoon bridge has to carry, in the way of artillery and ammunition waggons are any heavier now than they were in the days when every soldier was mail-clad. The bridge shown in our heading-photograph is about the same length as that over which a large

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

(4) Finishing touches.

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portion of General Buller's force crossed the Tugela.

Another form of floating bridge which is largely used by the military authorities, is that known as a "cask" bridge. Ordinary beer or water casks are lashed together in such a way as to form a very good substitute for pontoons. Such bridges are very useful in their way, as temporary expedients for crossing small streams. The work of making a cask bridge may seem more or less simple to the ordinary lay mind, but most elaborate directions are given in the Manual of Military Engineering

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

(6). Cavalry crossing.

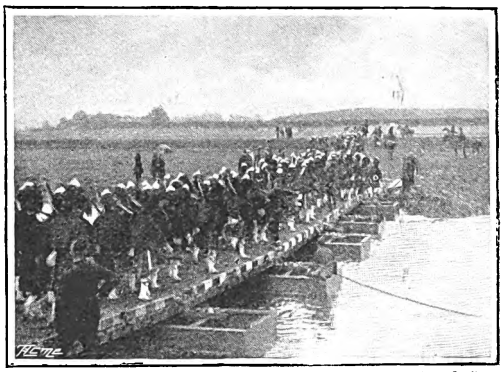

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

(5). Infantry crossing.

photograph shows a type of suspension bridge, the construction of which, is a marvel of ingenuity and speed. The type of bridge here shown is put up when it is necessary that it should remain for a number of weeks or even months. Such a bridge, can be constructed over a span of 150ft. by sixty men in about fifteen hours.

Of course, the building of a military bridge during peace manœuvres is little more than child's play to the wonderfully skilled engineer whose duty it is to take this kind of work. But very different do the brave men find it to fulfil their duties in the

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

A detachment of Horse Guards making a barrel bridge.

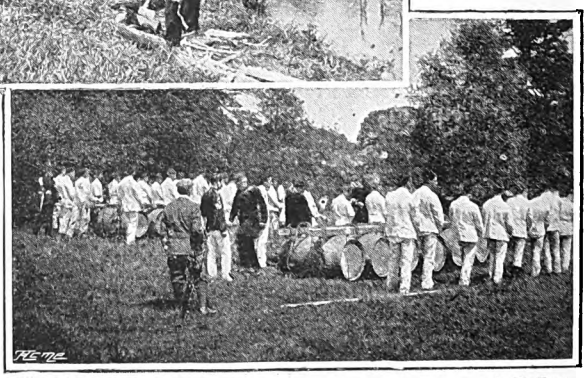

Photo by A. H. Fry.

A barrel bridge competition, such as is very common in the Army. The men have completed the "piers," and are waiting for the word to run forward and launch.

for such work. The size of the casks, the material of which they are made, their bouyancy and a score of other things, have to be taken into consideration, and really more ingenuity and skill are required in making these casks float than in connecting the pontoons together.

A third form of bridge used when only a small ravine or stream is to be crossed, is the tressle-bridge. It is made in various ways, according to the character of the river, but is of a far more permanent character when finished than either of the floating bridges described. Our last

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face of the enemy in South Africa. The mere idea that an attempt will be made to bridge a river over a certain place is enough to draw a galling volley of fire over that place and many gallant fellows lost their lives before the bridges were made

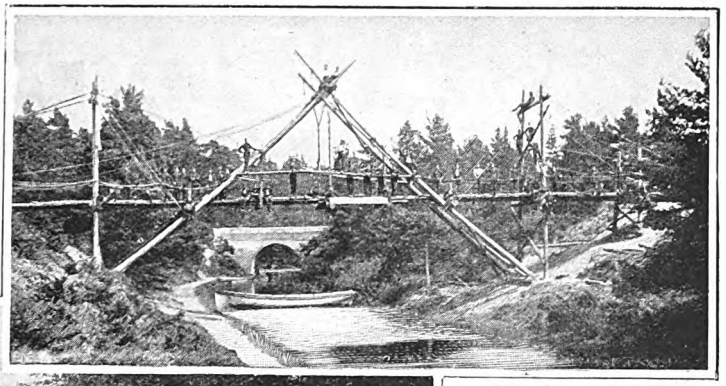


Photo by Cummings.

A treble sling bridge built over a span of 80ft. by 60 men in 13 hours.

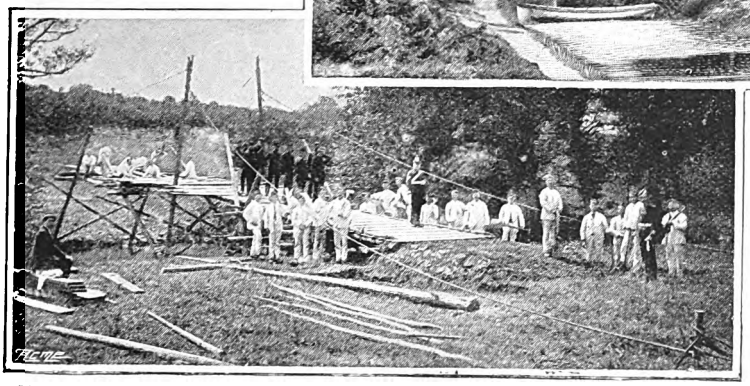


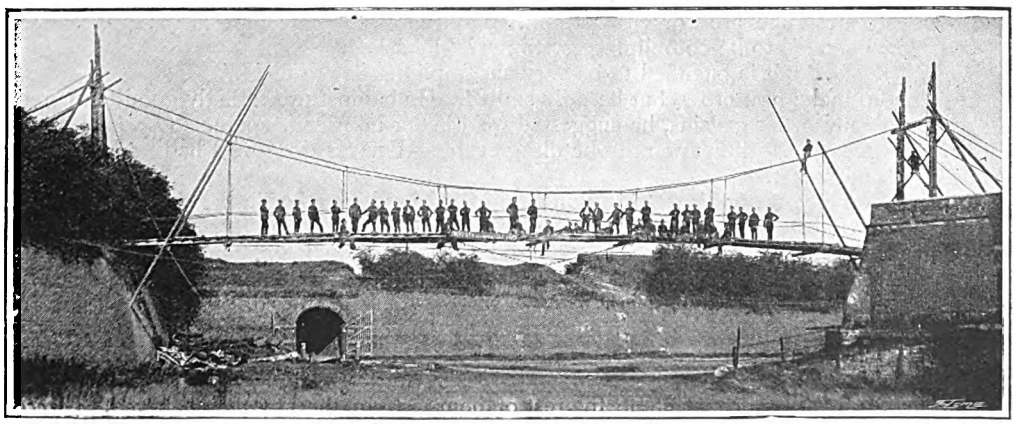
Photo by A. H. Fry.

Another kind of span bridge.

a bridge if its length is at all great, but very often such implements are not handy when required. Here the ingenuity of the engineer comes into play, and such substitutes as a couple of pick-axes lashed together, nets filled with stones, and heavy weights, often do duty as anchors. We at home have very little idea of what is due to the sappers of the Queen for their splendid work in the South African Campaign. It is to a large extent, by their aid, that marches have been carried out expeditiously and comfortably.

which enabled Her Majesty's troops to proceed on their march to Pretoria. Further, the mere mechanical work is by no means all that has to be taken into consideration, it is the duty of the officer in command of the detachment to select the place to be bridged. The approaches have to be suitable, and amongst other items which have to be taken into consideration, are the nature of the banks, the strength of the current, and the probability and extent of floods. Anchors are often used for steadying

The thoroughness with which they perform their tasks needs no further proof than the fact that accidents never occur through faulty or badly made bridges.



From a Photo.

A suspension bridge constructed over a span of 150ft. in 15 hours by 60 men.

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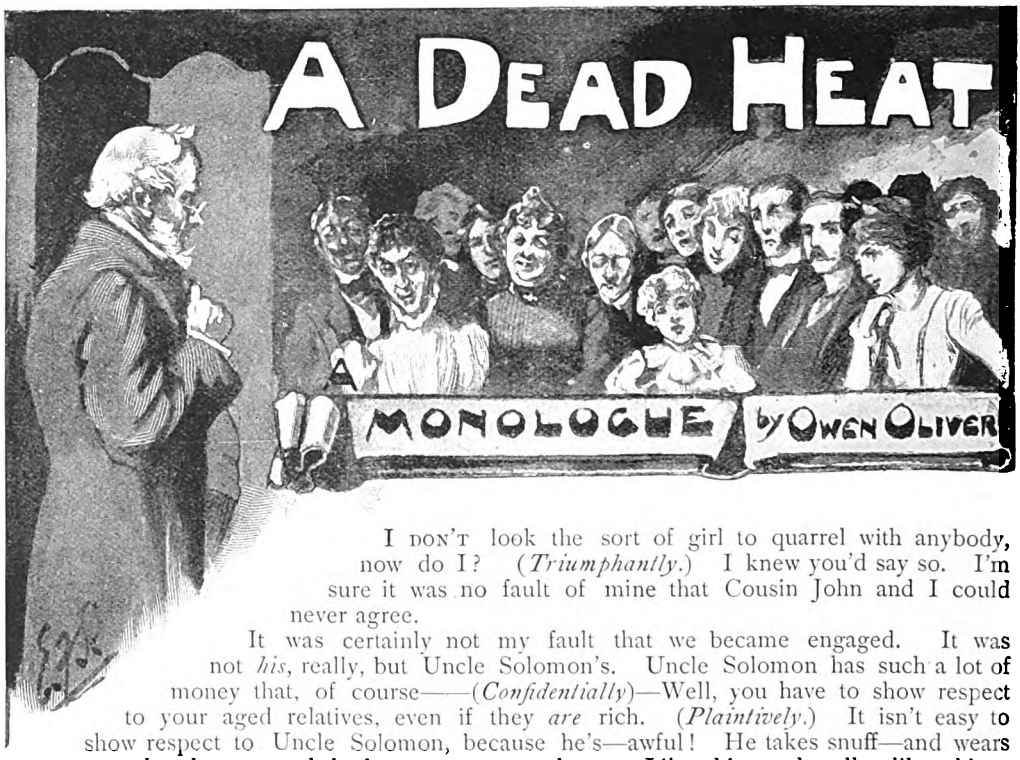

I DON'T look the sort of girl to quarrel with anybody, now do I? (*Triumphantly.*) I knew you'd say so. I'm sure it was no fault of mine that Cousin John and I could never agree.

It was certainly not my fault that we became engaged. It was not *his*, really, but Uncle Solomon's. Uncle Solomon has such a lot of money that, of course——(*Confidentially*)—Well, you have to show respect to your aged relatives, even if they *are* rich. (*Plaintively.*) It isn't easy to show respect to Uncle Solomon, because he's—awful! He takes snuff—and wears great, ugly glasses—and looks at you over them. Like this, and walks like this—(*imitates a portly and pompous old gentleman*)—and talks as if he knows all about everything. (*Laughs.*) That is why we call him Solomon. It isn't his real name, of course.

But I was going to tell you about Cousin John. I don't know how to describe him exactly. Tall, dark, determined-looking, rather big features, an easy, confident way when he speaks. Handsome? Oh *dear* no! Some people think he's clever. He thinks so himself. (*Emphatically.*) *I* don't. That was how we quarrelled. He was always telling me that I ought not to do things that I did. (*Scornfully.*) I knew just as well as he that I ought not to do them!

We hadn't spoken for—(*impressively*)—four days, when we met at Uncle Solomon's. He had asked all his nephews and nieces to spend the week after Christmas with him. There were thirty-eight, without John and me. It was dreadfully trying. You can't like all your cousins. Most of mine are worse than John. I told him so.

"Is that intended to be complimentary to me?" he asked.

"No," I said. "It is intended to be very uncomplimentary to them."

I meant to make him cross, but he only smiled. He is most provokingly good-tempered. As we hadn't any better cousins, he suggested we'd better be friends again. (*Looks thoughtfully at her shoes.*) I didn't want to be disagreeable—I never do!—so I had to agree; but I knew it couldn't last.

The second day of our visit Uncle Solomon called us all together in the library, and made a speech. "Unfortunately," he said, "he had a good deal of money, and some day he would have to leave it to some one. He did not believe in institutions. They were all swindles." Everybody looked pleased. "But he had always told our mothers and fathers that he wouldn't leave a farthing to them." Everyone looked grieved. "He was a man of his word. So he was going to leave his money to one of us. We were probably no more undeserving than any one else," he explained politely. "So we could all consider ourselves on probation for the rest of the week."

You could see the sort of people the rest of them were by the way they behaved. (*Mockingly.*) "Dear Uncle!" "Kind Uncle!" "So just!" "So equitable!" (*Furiously.*)

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It makes me perfectly mad when I think of Fanny Eastlake taking his arm and saying she would not care a bit about the money, if he would only like *her*. The two-faced minx! Do you know she had actually been making eyes at John! (*Feelingly.*) John isn't two-faced, anyhow.

He is very silly though. What do you think he did? Just stood up before them all, and said that if these were the conditions of our visit, he would take his leave. He looked so big and strong that he made me feel as stupid as himself; and I just stood up beside him and said, "So will I."

Directly I had said it I felt frightened. I knew mamma would be simply *wild* when she heard. But, to my surprise, Uncle Solomon made us both a bow.

"Do me the favour of staying on as my friends — not as relatives," he asked.

John looked as if he was going to say something unpleasant, but I knocked his elbow and whispered:

"I shall catch it if I go home; and I *can't* stay alone."

So he just stroked his moustache for a moment, then he said, "Very well, sir," and we stayed.

We were thrown together a lot after that. You see, we couldn't have anything to do with the others. It was no use quarrelling under the circumstances; and John really made himself rather nice. He told me I was a pluckly little girl. (*Sighs.*) I don't believe he had ever approved of anything I did before.

When the week was up we had another surprise. Uncle Solomon sent all the rest off, and asked us to stay. Then he called us into his study.

You are a pair of young fools," he said. (*Laughs.*)

You should have seen John glare! He thinks *I* am young and foolish, but *he* is old and sensible. Ha, ha, ha! "But you have some independence of character. In my experience those who know how to do without money know best how to do *with* it. So

John *never* failed to seize me when he heard Uncle coming.

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I have decided to leave my money to one of you. The question is—which?"

John jumped up to say something, but the old man cut him short.

"I intend to settle the difficulty in my own way—or rather to leave it to Providence. My fortune shall go to whichever of you is first engaged to be married."

I was too bewildered for speech, but John wasn't.

"Suppose," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "it's a dead heat."

"Then," said Uncle Solomon, "the stakes must be divided. But." He shook his finger at us savagely. "I am not to be deluded by any arrangement, remember. I shall ensure that the engagements are genuine."

"How?" I inquired curiously.

"By keeping the lovers under observation for a fortnight," he chuckled. "If I see any signs of dissimulation——!"

"But suppose they break it off afterwards?"

"I will take my chance of that. After the fortnight I shall announce my decision, and shall not alter. I am a man of my word." Then he went out, and John and I were left staring at each other.

"My dear Cis," he said at last, "we shall have to be engaged for a fortnight, don't you see?"

"I shan't do anything so absurd."

"Very well." He made for the door. "I shall wire to Fanny." He looked at his watch. "There is just time to get an answer to-night." I glared at him, and he came slowly back and put his great hand on my shoulder. "I'd rather go shares, Cis."

"I—you—I—will—if you like," I said. "But, oh! How *dare* you, sir!" (*Stamps her foot.*)

"My dear girl——"

"I'm not your 'dear girl'!"

"But you'll have to pretend to be—for a fortnight."

Upon reflection I saw that he was right. So we told Uncle Solomon—and pretended. I must say that John is a very good actor. (*Laughs.*) In fact he is almost *too* thorough. He is so conscientious in all he does, you know! Why the silly fellow made me sit with his arm round my waist all one morning. "Uncle Solomon might come in at any moment," he said, "or be watching us from somewhere."

Of course, I had to pretend a little—just a very little. (*Confidentially.*) Do you know, I don't think I did my part so badly. Anyhow, between us we completely deceived poor old Uncle Solomon. He would rush in and catch me in John's arms—John *never* failed to seize me when he heard uncle coming. *Sometimes*—he thought uncle was coming when he wasn't. He used to chuckle when he caught us, and take snuff—ugh! and go out. He called us his "love-birds." He *is* so stupid!

At last the fortnight was over. It was a great relief. I told John that we need not pretend any more; but he said we had better continue till the will was signed. So I gave way. "I shan't ever speak to you afterwards," I warned him.

About two days later, we were sitting in the library—pretending—when Uncle Solomon came in and banged a document upon the table.

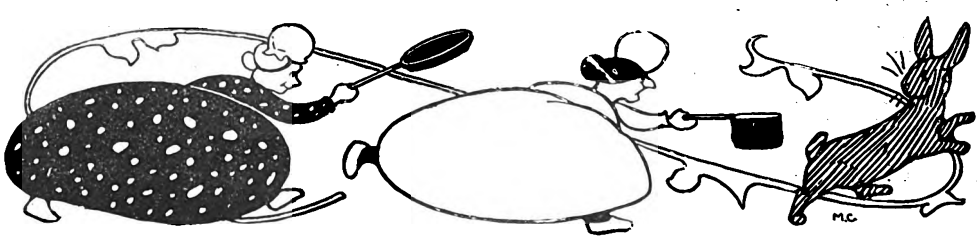
"There," he said, "is the will—signed. I shall not alter it now, even if you have played the fool with me. I am a man of my word."

"So," said John, "am I." He put his arm round me, I tried to get away—at least, I tried to try!

"Umph!" growled uncle. "Then you were not pretending?"

"No-o; but Cis was, weren't you Cis?" He wanted to make me look at him, but I wouldn't.

"I *was*," I said, "but—oh John!" (*Solemnly.*) Don't you think men are terribly deceitful.



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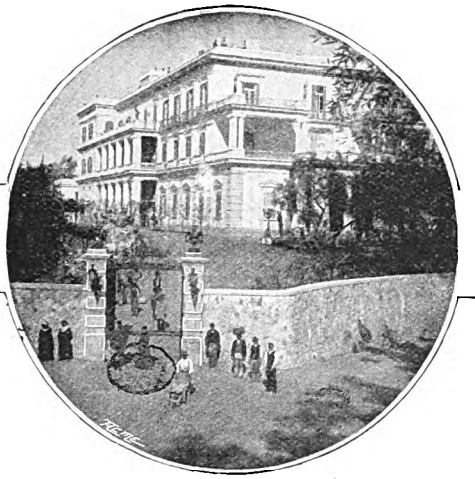
A FUTURE RIVAL OF MONTE CARLO



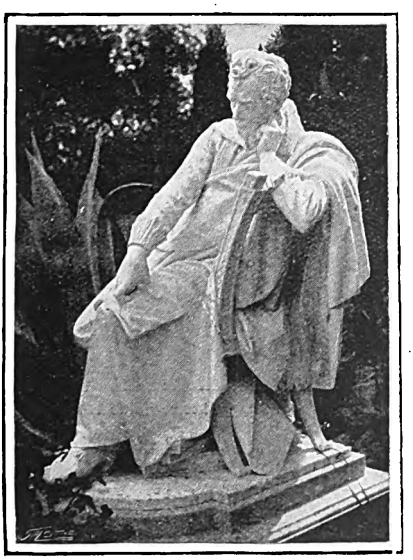
By E. M. Lynch.

Illustrated with Photographs by Borri and Figlio.

I TRUST that most people will agree with me in thinking that one Casino like that of Monte Carlo is amply sufficient for this small planet, and will hear with regret that in all likelihood another is to be opened to the public some time during the next year. Since the German Government put a stop to the Hamburg Gambling Houses, Monte Carlo has practically been without a rival. Of course, in Paris and other large towns there are gambling houses, but these, with the exception of the Kursaal at Ostend, are small and of the strictest private nature. The future rival of Monte Carlo—and a very redoubtable rival it is likely to prove—is the late Empress of Austria's palace at Corfu, which has lately been bought by an Austrian Syndicate from the Imperial Family.

The beautiful statue of the "Young Sailor."

It was shortly after the tragic death of her eldest son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, that the Empress of Austria went to Corfu to recruit her health after the shock that dreadful event had given it. Highly strung by nature, the Empress was very near to losing her mind. It is said that often during the months which followed the Prince's suicide, she used to carry about a doll—fondling it and calling it the Crown Prince.



A statue of Byron in the grounds.

In this precarious state of mind, she was sent to Corfu, and whilst staying at the Hotel de Saint George, on the Esplanade, the idea of building a palace on a certain beautiful spot close to the town, occurred to her. The idea was soon put into execution, and the Achilleon, as the palace is called, began to take shape with marvellous rapidity.

The Empress, while the Achilleon was still in the course of construction, was very fond of making trips to various elevations along the coast, from which she could view her future residence. The Fortezza

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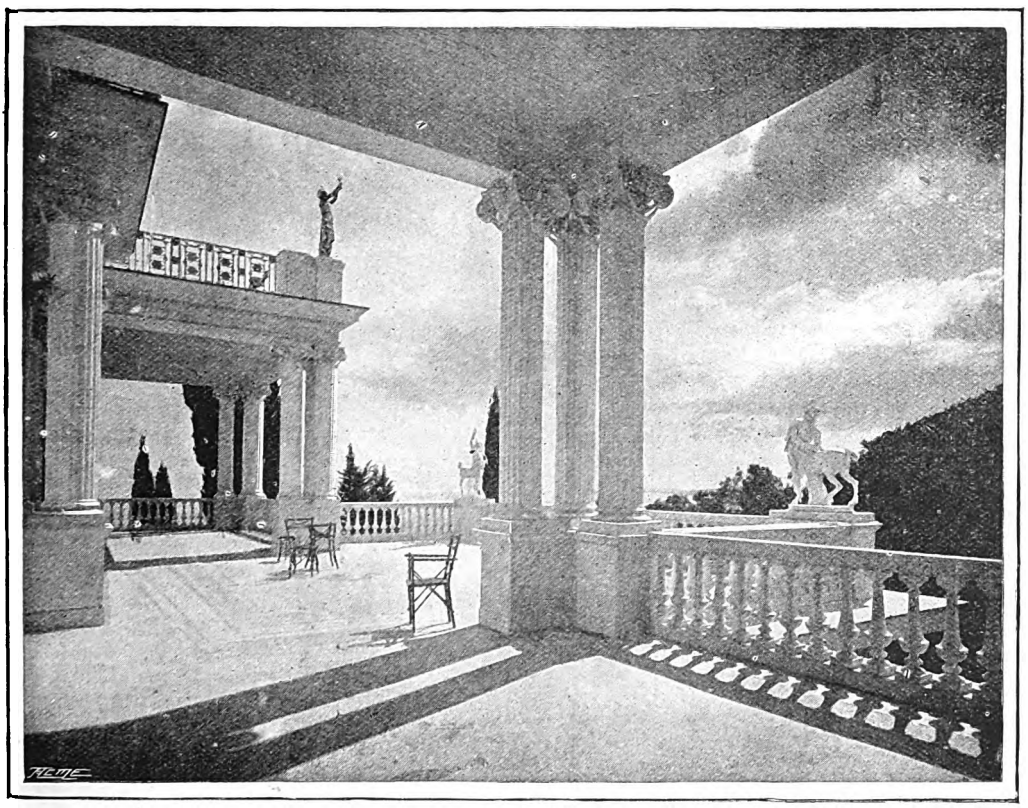

The terrace of the Achilleon is perhaps the most splendid work of any modern architect.

Empress's home, her neighbours, Greek peasants and fishermen mostly, got to think of her very differently. The Empress was the least conventional of women, and, as a Sovereign, little short of eccentric. Not only did she go among these peasants and fisher-folk as though they were her equals, but she truly made friends with them. This at first astonished the simple folk not a little, and there was a good deal of embarrassment on their side at least, before they became accustomed to the Empress and her ways and manners. On one occasion she is said to have stopped, during one of her long walks, to watch a rosy peasant girl plying the distaff, which is quaintly enough still in use in Corfu and some parts of Greece. Feeling interested, she entered the cabin where the girl was at work, and, drawing up a wooden stool, seated herself. The peasant girl, terribly bewildered and embarrassed, refused to sit down in the Empress's presence, and found it quite impossible to continue her work. "What nonsense," replied the Empress to the other's faltered protest, "why should I not visit you? Why should you not sit down? Why should you be afraid? After all, are we not both women? And you in a sense the superior, for your hands can do that of which mine are incapable."

As to the Achilleon itself, how is one to describe it? The coast on which it stands is perhaps the most beautiful and romantic in Europe. The sea, which it overlooks, is certainly the loveliest. The palace is built entirely of the purest white marble, marble such as we English who have not been in Greece and Italy cannot conceive. The statues in our squares and museums have become a travesty of the beautiful stone of which they are carved, dirty and discoloured as they have become with fog and mud and rain. In the south of Europe, marble never loses its blinding whiteness, and the Achilleon can be plainly seen miles away at sea, when a building of similar size, say, of red sandstone, would be no more visible than a peasant's hut. The grounds surrounding the palace, are worthy of the building, and are now being extended and elaborately done up,

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so as to rival the beautiful grounds surrounding the Casino at Monte Carlo.

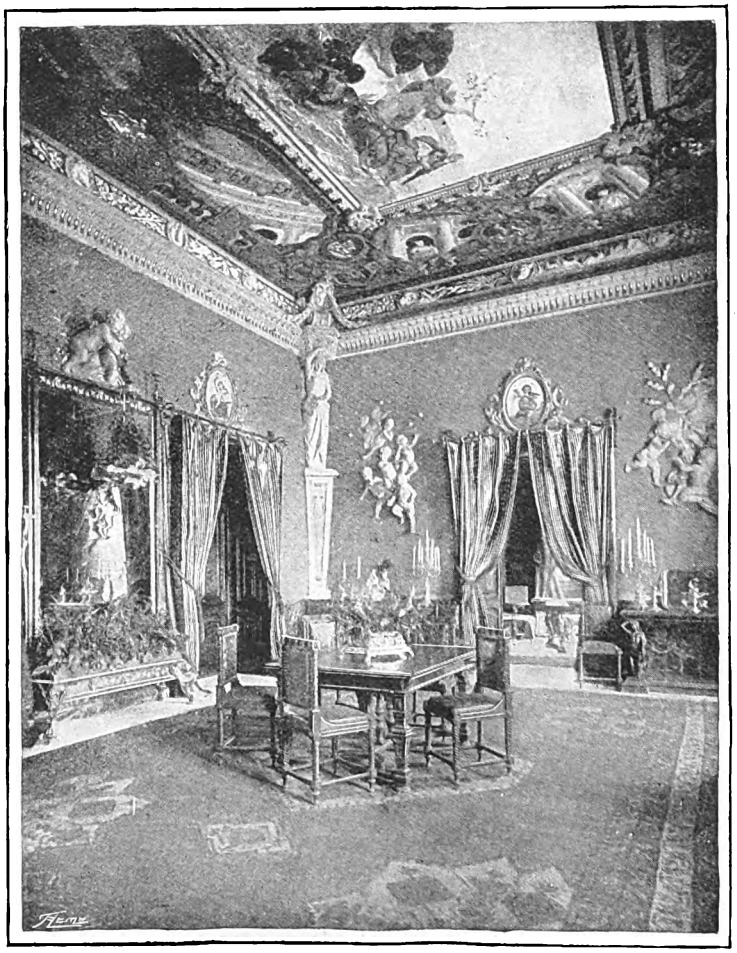
In an accompanying photograph we give a view of the corner of one of the rooms, and very gorgeous and very beautiful it is with its costly ceiling painting and beautiful illuminations. Observe the latter — those small cupids on either side of the door. On the left, they are blowing bubbles, each bubble being a separate lamp.

Perhaps, the many statues which the Empress has either commissioned famous sculptors to carve, or bought from various collections in all parts of Europe, form one of the chief attractions of the Achilleon. To take the most noteworthy, the monument erected in memory of her son. It was designed by a famous Italian sculptor, and the figure of Death, the idea for which the Empress is said to have suggested herself, has become famous all over the world. Indeed it is a strange and novel thought which has made Death appear as a handsome and beautiful youth, an idea which strikes one as all the stranger when we recollect the Empress's melancholy state of mind when the monument was being designed. The portrait bust of the Crown Prince is said to be photographic in its realism. It shows the Prince as he appeared shortly before his death.

Equally beautiful, though scarcely so original in conception is the statue of Achilles. The Greek hero is shown just after he had been struck down by the fatal arrow; he is attempting to draw it from his heel, and all his sinews are tense with effort, and his toes bent back as in agony.

There is another classic statue close to a wonderful grotto near the sea. This represents a gladiator who has been worsted, and, in a crouching posture, is striving to shield himself with his broken glaive from an impending blow. The Heine monument already alluded to, is the work of a German sculptor, and stands on the verge of the sea — indeed, the steps which are shown in the photograph lead directly to the shore. Charming, also, is the statue of a French sailor boy. It was a great favourite with the late Empress, and is said to have been the work of a young sculptor with whom her son was on terms of close intimacy.

I hear that the majority of these statues, together with many of the exquisite paintings which adorn the interior of the palace, will, in all probability, be removed before the Achilleon has been opened to the public.



The dining-room. The soap bubbles blown by the cupids on the walls and the eggs in the nests of the decorations are the electric lamps for lighting the room.

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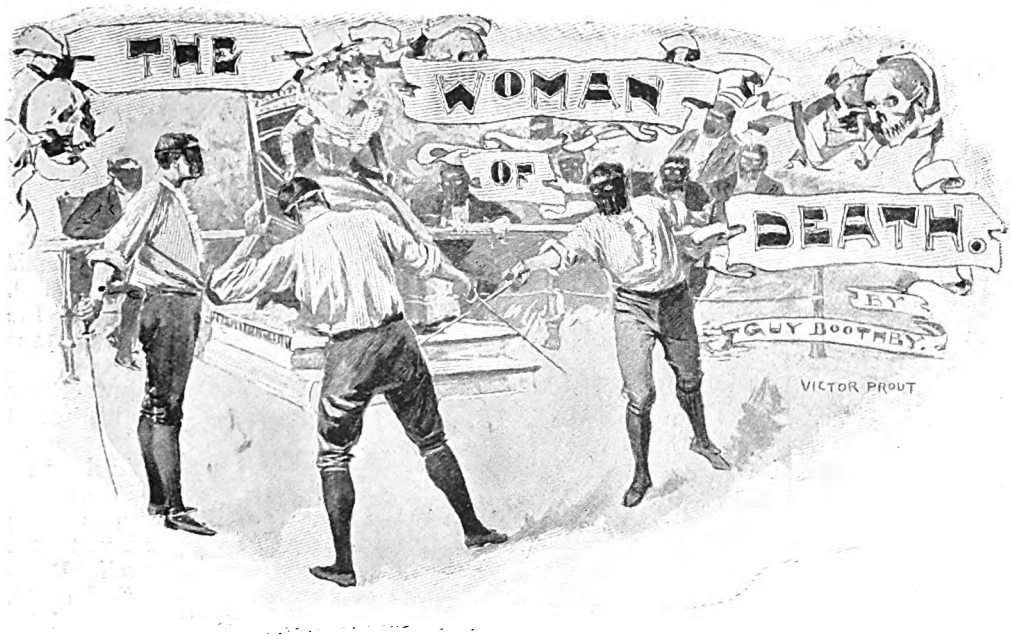

CHAPTER XI.

It was a warm morning and Cécile reclined in a long, low chair under a silk awning on the terrace of Middlesborough Villa outside Monte Carlo. The blue Mediterranean sparkled and danced before her, and she was filled with a great content. She had now been married three days and not a shadow, not even the faintest suspicion of a crumpled rose leaf, had been allowed to disturb her peace. Middlesborough had driven into Monte Carlo on business, and she did not expect him to return until after mid-day. When, therefore, he made his appearance somewhat sooner than was expected, and she heard his step upon the terrace, she rose to greet him with a surprised and happy look upon her face. How sweet and graceful she was as she stood before him, dressed from head to foot in white, and with an antique silver girdle encircling her waist.

"You have not been long," she said. "Your horses must have travelled very quickly?"

"I grudge every moment I spend away from you," he answered. "In that case one must employ fast horses."

She patted his hand lovingly.

"You talk like this and you have already been three days married?" she said, with a smile. "Three whole days! Why, it scarcely seems as many hours."

"You are happy, then, Cécile?"

"More than happy," she replied. "I am so happy that sometimes I feel as if it could not last."

Middlesborough winced, and her quick eyes saw that, for some reason her answer troubled him. She questioned him upon the subject.

"There is nothing the matter," he answered. "It pains me to think that you should even suppose that there might ever be an end. I must not leave you alone again."

"I suppose I am very foolish," she said. "But, Evelyn, you do not realise how much you are to me. What you could have seen in me to make you love me as you do I cannot think. You have known so many far more beautiful women. No," she said, holding up her hand, "don't interrupt me. You are going to say that there can be none so beautiful as I am. But that is not true. There is Madame de Chevilhac, Princess Petrovski, and Lady Gwendoline Westford. They are all much prettier than I am; and far more accomplished. Why did you not marry one of them?"

"For several good and sufficient reasons," he answered. "Madame de Chevilhac is already married, and, while a most delightful companion, she is scarcely the lady I should choose for my wife. Princess Petrovski is of royal blood, and would have nothing to do with me, even if I were to ask her; Lady

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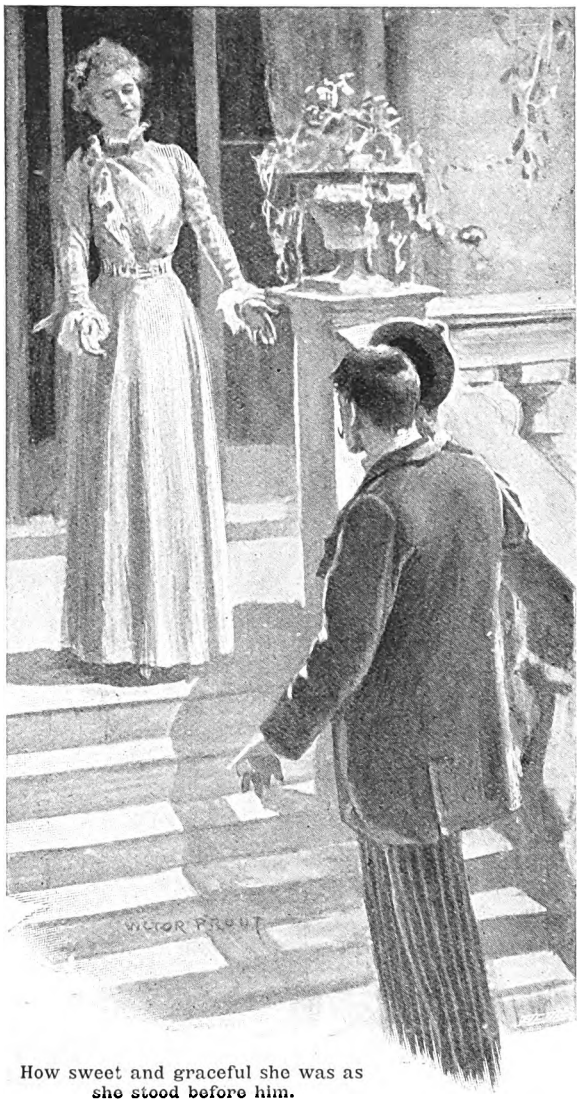
Gwendoline Westford, for numberless reasons, is out of the question altogether. As for your judgment upon their abilities, I am not going to permit you to depreciate yourself. If you are not careful you will have to be punished."

"And how will you punish me, my lord?" she enquired, looking up at him with the lovelight shining in her eyes.

"By inflicting you with even more of my company than I have given you so far," he answered.

At that moment a servant made his appearance on the terrace with their morning mail. There were at least a dozen letters for Middlesborough, and perhaps half as many for his wife.

"Lady Middlesborough," said Cécile, reading the address upon an envelope. "How strange it sounds. I have not yet got over the novelty of it. I suppose, however, in a few weeks' time I shall scarcely notice it."



How sweet and graceful she was as she stood before him.

Middlesborough thought of all that one of those weeks might bring forth, and busied himself opening his letters in order that his agitation might not be noticed.

"Nothing very interesting," he said, as he withdrew the contents of the last envelope. "One from Bennett, who cannot even let me alone on my honeymoon. The furnishers, he says, want to know what colour you would prefer for your boudoir at 'Burgrove,' and he reminds me that as I am now married I shall want some carriage horses for you. He says that those we have are not suitable for a lady's use."

"Whatever you used," she answered, "will be more than good enough for me."

"I am afraid not," he replied. "I should live in a constant state of terror lest any accident should befall you."

"And are those the sort of horses to which you have trusted yourself, Evelyn?" she said. "I am glad indeed that I know it. You must promise me never to have anything to do with them again. You do not know what agonies I should suffer if anything happened to you."

Middlesborough rose from his chair, and walked across the terrace to the parapet. Every turn of the conversation seemed to bring them to an *impasse*. She rose and came over to where he was standing.

"Evelyn," she said, "you have something on your mind this morning. What is it, dear? Will you not tell me? Remember I have the right to know and to share your worries."

She seated herself on the stone wall beside him and took his hand.

"My dear Cécile, I have told you before

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that there is nothing the matter with me," he said this time almost irritably; for the strain he was enduring seemed more than he could bear.

Tears rose in her eyes. He had never spoken to her in that tone before.

"Forgive me, dear," she said softly. "I had no intention of worrying you. It was only because you looked so unhappy that I asked the question. Only let me help you and I shall be quite content."

"I am a brute," he answered, "I don't know what it was that made me speak to you as I did. Will you try to forgive me, Cécile?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, simply. "I love you too well, dear, for such a thing to be necessary."

Then, to change the conversation, she selected a letter from the number she had in her hand.

"Here is a note from papa," she said. "He tells me that he finds it will be possible for him to get away from Paris for a day. He wants to know whether we will take him in to-morrow for one night. He says that he must return, without fail, next day, however."

"Of course we can take him in," Middlesborough replied. "It will be your first opportunity of playing your part as hostess. I envy his delight in seeing you in your new *rôle*. You see that I am capable of being jealous, even of your own father."

"You must never be jealous of any one," she answered. "To be jealous would imply distrust. You do trust me, do you not?"

"I trust you with my whole heart," he said. "It would be strange, indeed, if I did not. Ah, that is the luncheon gong. Let us go in."

Side by side they strolled up the path, under the palms, to the house. Middlesborough recalled the night that he had first met her, and the supper he had given in this self same room afterwards. He also recalled the fact that when his guests had retired for the night he had gone into the garden to smoke, and thinking of that brought to his recollection the dream he had had. Cécile had certainly proved herself his good angel, and Madame d'Espère the opposite. The one had ennobled him, the other had done her best to drag him down into the depths. Which would win in the end?

On the day following the receipt of his letter, de Tarvenac arrived. He had travelled from Paris by the night train, and was quite worn out. This may, in a measure, have accounted for his appearance, but it certainly struck both Middlesborough and Cécile that in the few days that had elapsed since they had said good-bye to him, he had changed visibly for the worse. His face was more haggard and his eyes more sunken. Cécile was truly shocked at his condition, and said as much to her husband.

"I am afraid he misses your controlling hand," said the latter. "You must keep him here with you if you can, and look after him for a while."

If, however, there were any doubt about de Tarvenac's state of health, there could be no doubt about the fact that he was decidedly pleased to be with them again. He complimented Middlesborough upon Cécile, remarking that he never remembered seeing her look so well.

"One has only to glance at her face to see that she is happy," he continued. "You are aware what that means to me. Only those who have known sorrow can properly appreciate happiness."

"Are you not happy then, that you talk like this?" Middlesborough enquired.

"Happiness and I said good-bye to each other many years ago," de Tarvenac replied. "Mine has been a wasted life, and all that is left me now is remorse."

He spoke with such bitterness that Middlesborough could not help being touched by it. Since he had loved Cécile he had come to have a greater sympathy with others. Until then, his naturally sweet disposition had been soured and embittered by the chicaneries, the deceits and petty cruelties of his world; under her gentle influence, however, he was gradually becoming, both morally and physically, a better man. Though he had long known that de Tarvenac was devoted to his daughter, he had never seen him show such affection to her as he did during his short visit to the South. He scarcely left her side. They strolled through the gardens, sat upon the terrace together, and, from his behaviour towards her, he might have been about to embark on a long journey which would occupy many years. Once when he was alone with his father-in-law for a few moments, Middlesborough said as much in a jesting manner. De Tarvenac laughed a little bitterly.

"One never knows what a day may bring forth," he said. "You see the state of my health, I am alive now, but in five minutes the tiny valve upon which my life depends may fail to act, and I shall be dead. My existence is a gamble from minute to minute."

"I hope you have said nothing of this to Cécile?" Middlesborough asked anxiously.

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"I do not mean, of course, that you would do so with the intention of giving her pain, but she loves you so devotedly, and is so anxious concerning your health, that she might attach an exaggerated importance to your words."

"No, I have said nothing to her," her father replied. "You may rely on that."

Next day, by dint of much pressing, de Tarvenac was prevailed upon to remain another night. Cécile thought the little change was doing him good, and at dinner that evening she endeavoured to persuade him to prolong his visit for a week. Her husband seconded her efforts. He remembered his own dread appointment, and it struck him that it would be better for Cécile, in the event of anything happening to himself, that her father should be with her when she received the news.

"Why will you not stay?" he enquired. "Unfortunately, it is necessary for me to return to Paris at the end of the week on important business, so that you might take care of Cécile during my absence."

"Impossible, impossible," said de Tarvenac, "I, too, have a most important engagement. One that it is absolutely imperative I should keep. At all hazards I must be in Paris by Friday evening."

Middlesborough was in the act of lifting a glass of champagne to his lips; suddenly his fingers relaxed their grip upon the slender stem; the glass fell from his hand, and the wine was spilt upon the cloth. The room swam before his eyes. A fear, so awful, so intense, that, for a moment, it deprived him even of the power of thinking, had taken possession of him. What could it mean? Like a man in a dream he saw the butler come to his side, and remove the broken glass, while a footman mopped up the wine that had been spilt. Then, little by little, he recovered his self-possession, but for the remainder of the meal he sat almost silent, battling with a fear, beside which that of his own death was a mere bagatelle.

When they rose from the table and de Tarvenac joined Cécile in the drawing-room, Middlesborough went out into the cool night air. Almost unconsciously he made his way down to the spot where they had been seated that afternoon. The waves broke against the walls with gentle rhythm, and the melancholy cry of a sea-bird came from across the water. He had no attention to spare for either, however. He was fighting a suspicion that was worse than death itself. Could there be even the wildest possibility in the awful thought that had come to him at dinner? If so, what should he do? In two days' time, scarcely more than forty-eight hours from that moment, he would be standing in the arena of the house at St. Germain to fight his duel. Who was the man, to kill whom he had been practising so assiduously of late? He could not but remember his old suspicion that de Tarvenac, not being the possessor of sufficient means to pay the fine imposed, had determined to effect his release by fighting the number of duels required by the rules of the club. He had evidently fought one before he had defeated de Gonville; could this be the last of the series? Presently he returned to the house, and, knowing that if he remained longer away his wife would think that something was amiss, he made his way to the drawing-room. At the moment he entered, Cécile was playing a little lullaby of Grieg's, and, as he heard it, Middlesborough felt that the air would haunt him until he died.

"Where have you been, dear?" his wife enquired as she rose from the piano. "We have missed you."

"I have been for a stroll on the terrace," he answered. "I had a headache at dinner, and thought the night air might cure it; it is a lovely night."

When his wife slipped her arm through his and led him to the window he found that it cost him almost an effort to refrain from drawing away from her. If his terrible suspicions were correct, it would be sacrilege to let her touch him.

Half-an-hour later Cécile bade them good night; she was tired, she said, and would retire to bed. When she had left them, Middlesborough led de Tarvenac into the verandah. He had something to say to him, and it seemed as if his life depended on the answer he should receive.

"I am going to ask a favour of you," he said to his guest when they were alone together. "I shall be under an eternal obligation to you if you will grant it."

"If it is possible, you may be sure that I will do so," the other replied. "What is it you want me to do."

"It is absolutely necessary that I should go to Paris to-morrow," said Middlesborough, after a moment's hesitation. "My lawyer is there, and says he must see me."

This, in a great measure was true, for he had received a letter from Bennett that morning, asking him if he should happen by any chance to be in Paris, to let him know in

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order that he might call upon him. He was, however, only desirous of finding out whether his suspicions were correct.

"And what is it that you wish me to do?" de Tarvenac enquired.

"I want you to remain with Cécile during my absence," Middlesborough replied. "I shall return on Saturday, if all goes well. The little change is doing you good, and another few days will probably make all the difference in the world to you. Is it possible for you to do what I ask?"

"I am sorry to say it is quite out of the question," de Tarvenac answered vehemently. "As I have already told you, I also have a most important appointment in Paris on Friday. Why not take Cécile with you? She would be happier there than remaining here alone."

This was an aspect of the case that had not struck Middlesborough. As a drowning man is said to clutch at a straw, so he grasped at any opportunity of having Cécile with him, if only for a few hours longer. In his own heart he felt quite certain that de Tarvenac was the man he was to fight. Otherwise, why should he be so anxious to return to Paris on this particular day?

"Is it settled then that Cécile goes to Paris with us?" her father enquired. "For, of course, since we are leaving here on the same day, we shall travel together."

De Tarvenac's face was more haggard than when they had last seen him, and his eyes more sunken.

As he said it, Middlesborough noticed that there was an eager look in the other's face; it showed him that his own craving was being reflected in the heart of the man seated opposite him. Looked at in the bare and naked light of truth, how futile and absurd it all was. Why should he fight de Tarvenac, and why should de Tarvenac fight him? They had no quarrel with each other; on the contrary they had the best of reasons for remaining friends. Why could they not speak openly to each other and so settle the matter? If he could only say to de Tarvenac, "I, the husband of your daughter, am the man you are hoping to kill on Friday night," the other would probably answer, "For her sake you shall not do it. It would break her heart." Against this, however, there was the ever present knowledge that he had pledged his word never to do or say anything, either directly or by insinuation, to any living person, concerning the club of which he was a member. He might break the oath if he chose, tell de Tarvenac, and refuse to fight, but in that case how much better off would he be? He would be branded as a man who had broken his promise, would be insulted in a public place, and would have to go on fighting until he was killed. He had far better get it over once and for all. In this diabolical arrangement, he thought he could trace the hand of Madame d' Espère. Doubtless this was the vengeance she had vowed against

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him. It looked like it as the matter stood now, for whichever man was killed, the effect upon Cécile would be the same. She, poor child, as Middlesborough was well aware, would suffer in either case.

"Perhaps she had better come with us after all," said Middlesborough, in answer to the question de Tarvenac had put to him. "It will be rather early for her to start, but I've no doubt, under the circumstances, she will not mind that."

A bitter smile flickered across his face as he thought of the irony contained in that apparently simple phrase "under the circumstances."

"Having arranged our difficulty so satisfactorily, my dear Middlesborough," said de Tarvenac, rising from his seat, "if you will permit me, I will wish you good night. It is growing late."

"Good night," his host replied, and as he spoke he took the other's outstretched hand. It was as cold as ice.

When he was alone once more, Middlesborough went into the garden. From the path before the house he could see the light shining from his wife's bed-room windows. He could picture her lying there, with her sweet face upon the pillow, her beautiful hair making a fitting frame for the lovely head. With a morbid probing into the very heart, he wondered which loss would affect her the more. That she loved himself passionately, he had no doubt. On the other hand, he remembered what she had said to him, in the old garden at Todthorpe, on the night that her father had fainted—"If anything were to happen to my father, I believe it would kill me," and he knew that she had meant it. Seldom had it fallen to the lot of a father to be loved as was de Tarvenac.

For more than an hour Middlesborough paced the garden paths—thinking, thinking, thinking. It was a tangled skein he had to unravel, but at last he accomplished it and came to an understanding with himself. Cécile loved her father passionately, and her father loved her with an equal fervour. Until he, Middlesborough, had appeared upon the scene, they had been all in all to each other. Why should they not be so in the future? By his death Cécile would be a rich woman; on that score he had nothing to fear. If he, her husband, loved her as he said he did, how could he give her better proof of his affection than by saving her father's life for her? That was his idea. If no other way out of the difficulty could be found, he would meet de Tarvenac and accept his fate at his hands. Nothing, he vowed, should induce him to make an attempt on the other's life. He would defend himself as long as was possible, then take his *coup de grace*, and say farewell to Cécile and the world. That neither she or her father would know of his sacrifice, or of the circumstances of his death, did not affect him in the least. It was sufficient for him to feel that in doing what he proposed he was promoting Cécile's happiness so far as lay in his power. Strange though it may appear, he had no sooner arrived at this decision than a peace such as he had not known since de Chartres had called upon him that night in Paris, fell upon him. He went into the house, and before passing to his dressing-room entered his wife's room. There she lay, exactly as he had pictured her, sleeping peacefully, one little hand resting upon the coverlet. He bent and kissed her, and at the touch of his lips she woke, and smiled up at him as happy as a little child.

"I was dreaming of you," she said. "I thought we were back in the old garden at Todthorpe, and that you were telling me once more how much you loved me. Oh, Evelyn, what a happy woman I am to have the love of two such men!"

"No one could help loving you, Cécile," he said in a voice that was curiously low and husky.

CHAPTER XII.

When they reached Paris, de Tarvenac informed Middlesborough that he had made up his mind to remain in his old quarters in the Rue Joséphine, instead of continuing his visit to them as Cécile had endeavoured to persuade him to do. He had his library there, he said, and all the other necessaries for his work. Besides, as he further explained, they were so newly wed that it would be scarcely fair for a third party to intrude upon their happiness at such an early date.

"You make an ideal husband, my dear Middlesborough," he had said to the latter as they stood upon the platform of the station at Monte Carlo, and saw the manner in which Middlesborough had arranged for his wife's comfort on the return journey to Paris. "It was indeed a fortunate day for Cécile when I persuaded you to accompany me to our house at Todthorpe."

Middlesborough returned his thanks for the compliment he paid him, but he wondered what de Tarvenac would have said had he known everything. In Paris they parted on the platform of the railway station, and Middlesborough and his wife drove to their

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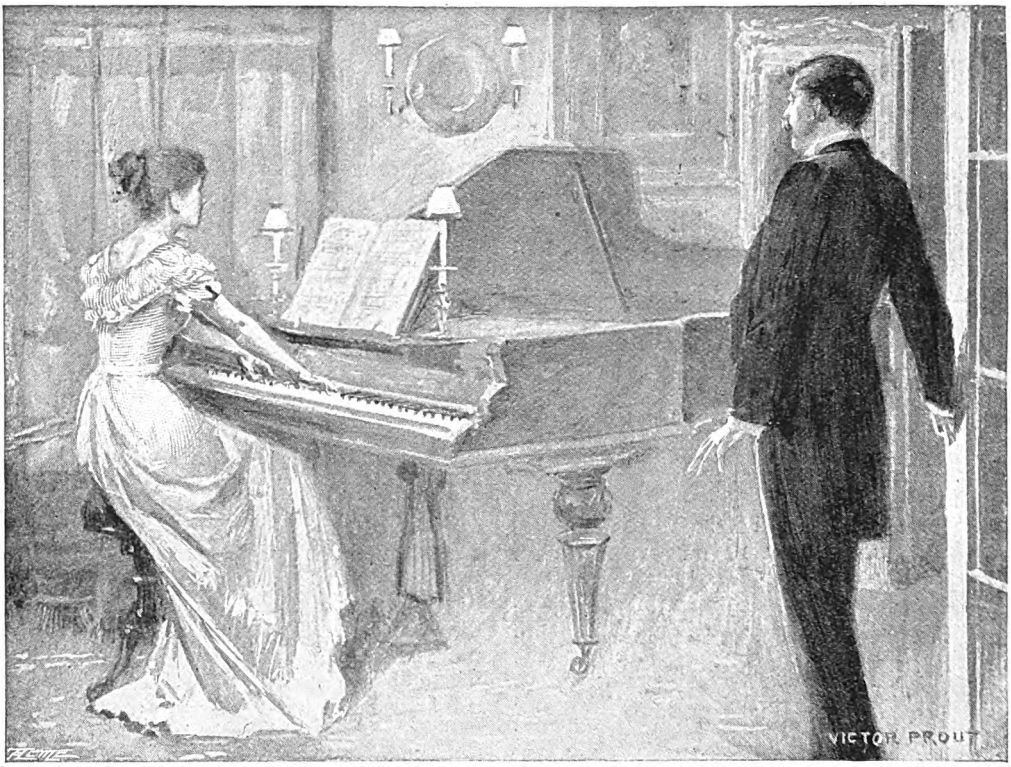

Cécile was playing a lullaby of Grieg's, and Middlesborough felt that the melody would haunt him until he died.

own house, where, on their arrival, the major domo threw open the door with a smiling face to receive them. He was an old retainer of the Middlesborough family, and this was the moment he had been looking forward to ever since his master had been a lad. His happiness was complete when Cécile thanked him for the kind wishes he expressed to her. From that moment he constituted himself her slave.

After luncheon Middlesborough excused himself to Cécile, and went out to meet Bennett at his hotel. Most of his preparations were complete, but a few arrangements still remained to be made.

He found Bennett smoking in the verandah, which ran round the court-yard of his hotel. On seeing his client alight from his cab, he rose from his chair and came down the steps to greet him. His first feeling was one of shocked surprise.

"How wretchedly ill you are looking, my lord," he said. "Your face frightens me. I hope you have seen a doctor?"

"That is what brings me here," Middlesborough replied. "I want to tell you the result. Have you a room in which we can be alone? There are too many people here."

Bennett led the way to an apartment on the first floor.

"Nobody will disturb us in this room," he said, as he shut the door behind him. "Now, my lord, I beg of you to tell me all your news. I hope it is nothing serious."

"It is more serious than you imagine, Bennett," Middlesborough replied. "I have come to you on a very grave matter indeed. In fact, it could scarcely be graver. To tell you the plain truth I am in such a state that I may go off at any minute."

The lawyer gave a gesture of alarm.

"Is your heart then affected?" he asked, anxiously, for he could not but remember the wild life the other had led in bygone days.

"Yes! my heart is very seriously affected," Middlesborough replied, but with a somewhat different meaning. "It is a terrible position, is it not, for a man to find himself in who has only been married a week."

"You alarm me beyond measure," the lawyer answered. "This is the most serious news."

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"I thought it would affect you," Middlesborough answered gravely. He was struck by the other's devotion to himself. "I shall know to-night exactly what my lease of life is. You are not leaving Paris to-day, I hope?"

"I was thinking of doing so," Bennett replied. "But if you wish me to remain I will gladly do so."

"I should be very much obliged if you would," said the other. "Perhaps it would not be troubling you too much to call at my house to-morrow morning at about half past ten?"

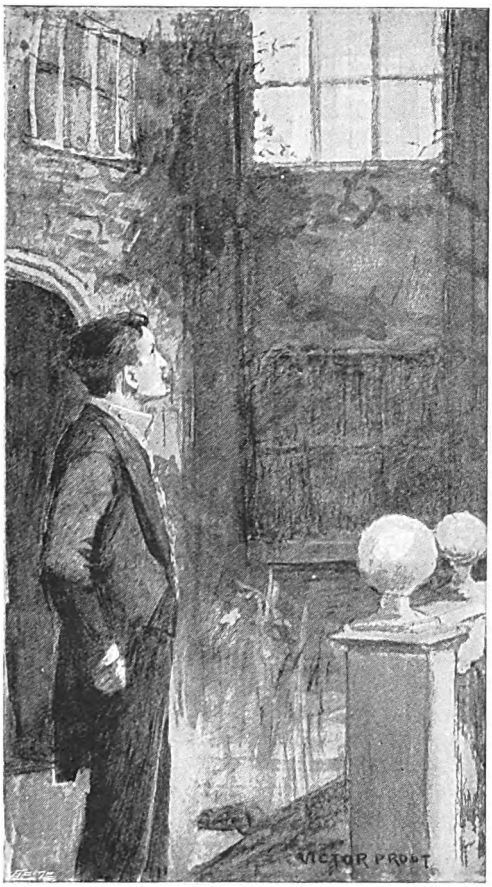
"I will do so, of course, if you wish it," the lawyer replied. "I sincerely hope you may have better news to tell me then."

Middlesborough rose to leave. Then, as if a thought struck him, he turned to Bennett again.

"My dear old friend," he said, taking the other's hand. "One never knows what may happen, even in a few hours, and it is best, under such circumstances, to say things while one thinks of them. I am your debtor for a thousand kindnesses in the past. I hope you will believe that I am not ungrateful."

"It has always been a pleasure to serve you, my lord," returned Bennett, in whose eyes the tears had suddenly risen. "Our house has served yours for many generations, and, if you will allow me to say so, there is something more than a mere business liking behind it."

"There certainly is," said Middlesborough. "Now, good-bye. By the way, in case anything *should* happen to me, I suppose there is no doubt about the validity of my settlements upon Lady Middlesborough?"



He could see the light shining from his wife's bedroom windows.

"None whatever," the other answered. "You may rest assured upon that score."

"That lightens the load considerably," said Middlesborough, and then, bidding the lawyer good-bye, and begging him to remember his appointment for the following morning, he left his hotel.

On reaching his own residence once more he wrote a letter to Sir William Ballister, reminding him of the promise he had given him on the day that he had introduced him to Cécile, and this he placed, with one he had already written to his wife, in the drawer of his writing table, where both would be found when the lock should be forced in order to discover his papers.

"All my preparations are complete now, I think," he said to himself as he stood before the fireplace, holding in his hand the keys of the drawers he had just locked.

In the drawing-room which adjoined his study he could hear Cécile playing one of the "Lieder ohne Wörte." The music had a touch of mockery in it that night that he had never noticed before. Unconscious of what was taking place in the adjoining room, Cécile played on. Then, knowing that her husband was in the house, and wondering why he did not come to her, she left the drawing-room and entered the study in search of him.

"I have come to look for you," she said. "I heard you return, but you did not come to see me. What have you been doing?"

He was sitting before his table and she placed her arms round his neck and bent over him to kiss him.

"I have been writing letters," he answered.

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"They accumulate so rapidly unless one attends to them at once."

"Were they so important that you could not leave them to come to me?" she asked, with a smile.

"I thought I had better get them disposed of in time for the post," he answered, not knowing what to say. "Do you know, Cécile, I am afraid that it will be necessary for me to go out this evening at eleven? I have an important appointment."

"An important appointment at eleven?" she repeated, with a puzzled look on her face. Then recollecting herself, she continued, "But I am wrong to say anything about it. You would not go, of course, unless it were necessary. I am so selfish that I always want to keep you with me. I forget that others want you too."

The remainder of the day was one of unspeakable horror to Middlesborough. He had no fear concerning the end that would come at the Club; no fear either as to the manner in which his body would be disposed of afterwards. The most trying part of the ordeal was that of waiting, the attempt to appear unconcerned, when he knew that, so far as he was concerned, there would be no to-morrow.

They had dined and were in the drawing-room, where he was endeavouring to talk composedly to Cécile, when de Tarvenac was announced. A moment later he entered the room.

"Dear father," said Cécile, moving forward to meet him, "how kind of you to come to see us."

"I am here to tell you that I have been called into the country for two or three days," de Tarvenac answered, when he had kissed his daughter. "I thought I would let you know in case you should wonder why you did not see me."

Middlesborough looked at him searchingly while he was speaking. Save, however, for the fact that he was, if possible, a little paler than usual, there was no change in his appearance.

"At what time does your train leave?" Middlesborough enquired.

"At half-past ten," the other answered. "I have not much time to spare."

They talked for upwards of a quarter of an hour on trivial matters, and then de Tarvenac, apologising for such a hasty visit, rose to leave. He took his daughter in his arms and kissed her fondly. After that he followed Middlesborough downstairs, and held out his hand to his son-in-law. "Good-bye," he said, and it seemed to Middlesborough as if there was a greater significance in his voice than the words usually implied.

When he had seen him drive away in his cab, Middlesborough returned to the drawing-room. It was time for him to take leave of Cécile. He had no desire to rouse any suspicion in his wife's mind, and for this reason it was necessary for him to act, even though his heart were breaking, as if he were only going to his club to keep an appointment, after which he would return.

"Good night, dear love," she said. "As you know, I shall long for your return."

"I shall long for your return," he repeated to himself as he went down the stairs. When would he return?

(To be concluded.)

ONLY.

Only a piece of mountain moss,
Withered, and old, and dry;
Only a simple souvenir
Of the dear dead days gone by.
Only a portrait old and dim,
Hallowed by silent tears;
Only one of the links of love,
Torn from the chain of years.
Only a dream of the days gone by,
A dream of a lovelit past;
Only a vision that's born of youth,
A vision too bright to last.

Only the same old story, told
Just in the same old way;
Only a vow at twilight made,
That died with dawn of day.
Only a storm on the tide of years,
A wreck on a rock-bound shore;
Only a winter wild and white,
And the dream of life is o'er.
Only a life-line cast adrift,
On the river of earthly sighs;
Only a sun in shadow-land,
Then weary daylight dies.

SMEDLEY NORTON.

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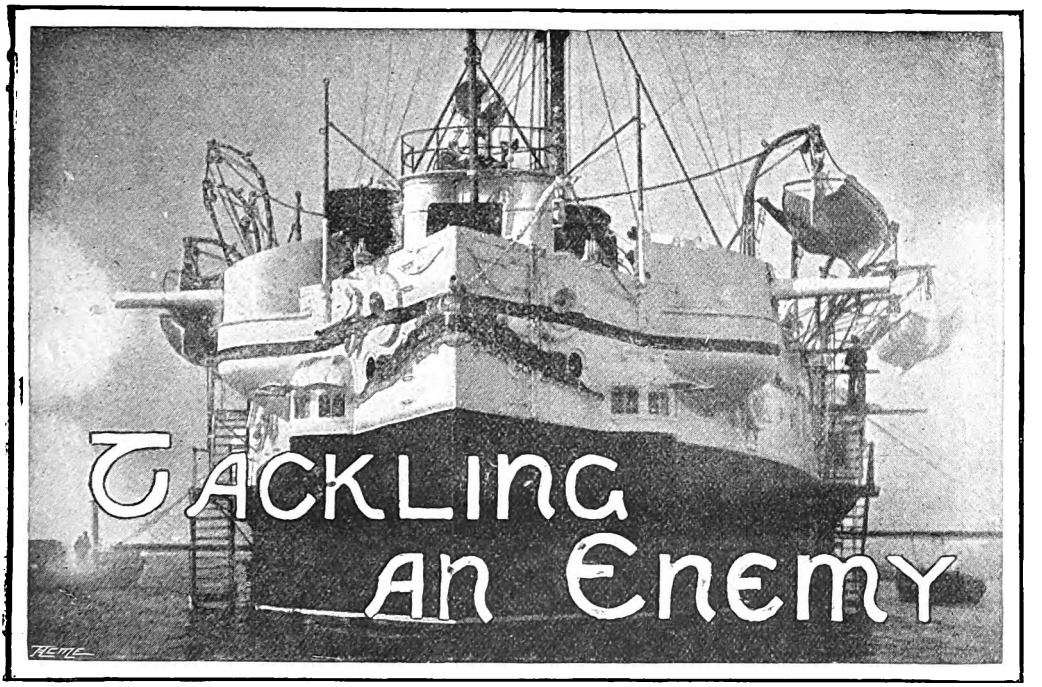

Photo by S. Cribb.

TACKLING AN ENEMY

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the third of a series of articles on "How the Navy is Run."

"General Quarters!" There is a commotion as each man takes his allotted place under his particular officer. A few minutes of exciting bustle without confusion occur, no pantomimic encounters between men getting in each other's way, but a deft readjustment on a set plan preparing the ship to receive the more or less polite attentions of an imaginary enemy. It is merely a drill, but every officer and man stands at his post in dead earnest as though grim war were really imminent and the honour of the flag were in the balance.

Often in times of stress, when we are passing through a crisis, some foreign journal will announce to its readers that certain British warships, at Malta or Gibraltar, at Hong Kong or elsewhere, have been cleared for action, and the men have been ordered to rest by night at their guns ready for the order to fire the first shot. Sometimes such statements have firm foundation in fact, but as a rule the foreigner merely misunderstands what is going on, and mistakes an earnestly performed drill for the real thing. Week after week the order for "General Quarters" is sounded on board our warships, and the best guarantee that the British tax-payer has of the real efficiency of the fleet is the fact that officers and men spend their days in time of peace in preparing for the thunderclap of war.

Even under ordinary circumstances, when peacefully patrolling some highway of commerce, a battleship of our times appeals but feebly to the little of the poet that is in each of us. But even those old sailors who still pin their faith to ships of wood with great spreads of canvas to entrap every passing breeze—and there are still many left—admit that a modern armoured leviathan has a rude, gaunt beauty of its own, a beauty born of strength. It has few features that please the eye of the artist who desires the appearance of sheer masterfulness to be relieved by the ever changing form of bellying sail with the nimble sailors aloft manipulating the canvas.

A modern armoured ship is a thing quite distinct from the sailing line-of-battleship of the old days. It is true that they both float, but they float differently. The ship of steel appears absolutely to ride the waves with a steady ease, whereas the old ship danced and curtsied. It is, perhaps, an acquired taste that enables one to see beauty in a mastodon of the Navy of to-day

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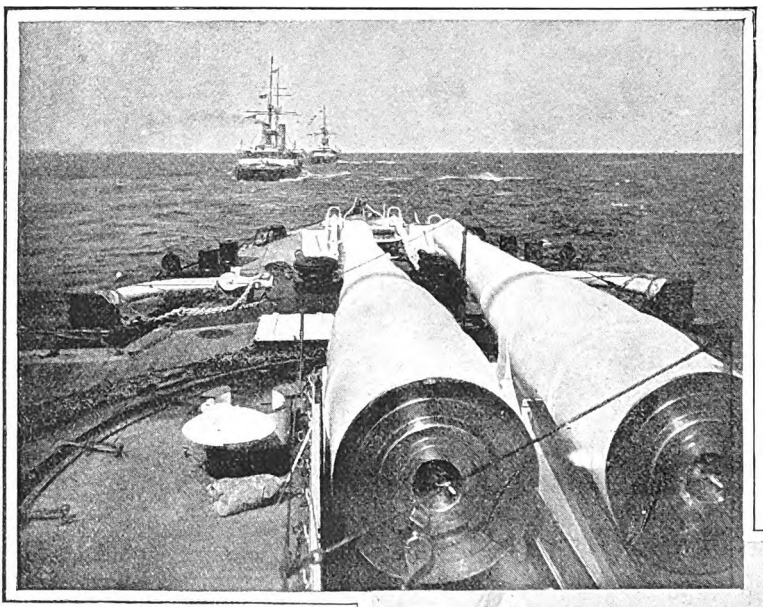
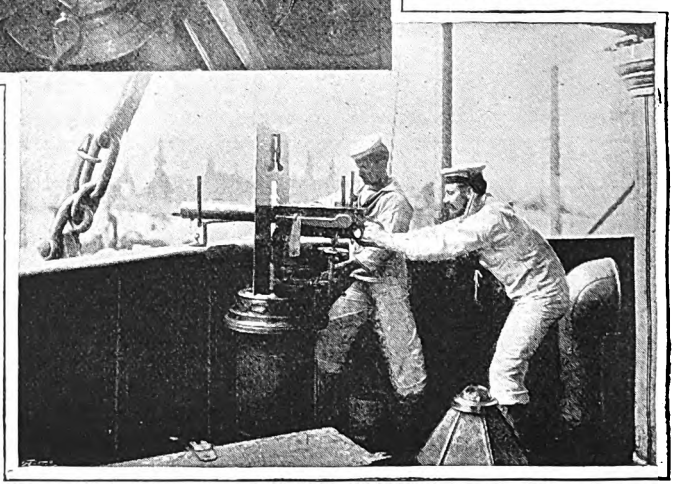


Decks cleared for action. In real war all inflammable material is thrown overboard to prevent, as far as possible, fires from being kindled by the enemy's shells.

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.



Sailors firing a Maxim gun on board a warship.

when peacefully disposed, but under no circumstances could anyone be brought to admit that there is any beauty in a battleship as it goes into action.

Such a ship as the 13,000 ton *Canopus*, completed for the pennant at Portsmouth a few months ago, and commissioned by Captain W. H. Fawkes, until lately private secretary to Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever when she strips to the waist, otherwise the water-line, like a prize fighter in readiness for his antagonist. A few months ago, when the outlook was overcast by rumours of European interference in South Africa, the Channel Squadron was on the Irish coast waiting for orders to proceed to Gibraltar, and the Admiral's signal ran like lightning from ship to ship: "Prepare for war." A landsman might have jumped to the conclusion that Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson apprehended that his splendid fleet might be attacked at any moment, but, as a matter of fact, this was merely the ordinary drill of a man-of-war, which is practised continually, so that when "the real thing" comes every one of the seven or eight hundred officers and men may know what he has to do, and will do it all the better because he has practised it over and over again.

The main point that an Admiral in these days of high explosive shells has to remember is that quite as great loss of life is caused by fire as by the enemy's shells, and that the latter, when they fail to kill anyone directly, will often cause such a conflagration as will severely tax the resources of the crew and call men away from their guns, and thus for a time leave some weapons insufficiently served. In the war between China and Japan, and more recently in the Spanish-American war, the damage caused by fires was terrible. The Americans have taken the lesson to heart, and are building practically all their warships with fittings of non-inflammable wood, and the British Admiralty intends to follow their example. Nearly all the fittings in the

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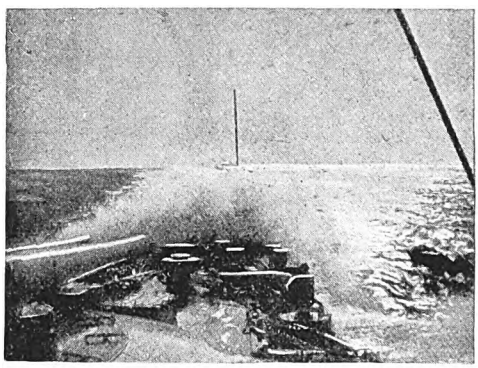
These are merely the preliminary operations, and as soon as they are finished the real work goes ahead. Men move almost as by clockwork to their appointed places, some by the guns, others to feed them with ammunition, others again cover the hatches, other men go up aloft to man the small quick-firing guns in the fighting-tops, other men are below ready to close the doors from one compartment to another in case one of the enemy's shells "gets home." Yet more men are in the bowels of the ship getting up steam, for a ship of war always goes into action with a full head of steam, so as to be ready to respond at a moment's notice to the captain's demand shouted down the voice-tube from the conning-tower: "Full speed ahead" or "full speed astern," whichever manœuvre may be the one for the moment.

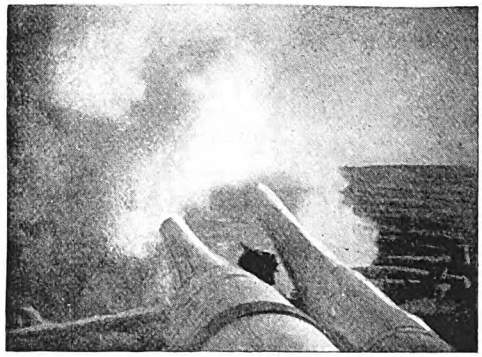
There are no men in the modern ship of war whose part is more heroic than the artificers and stokers, and their highly trained officers. When the excitement of battle and the moving scene on every hand are putting fire into their companions at the guns these men are forced to remain below—below even the waterline, of course—sometimes working, sometimes merely on the *qui vive*. Well they know that events which they cannot see and can hardly guess at amid the roar of battle, may suddenly cause the ship to heel over or make a great plunge forward into the waters upon which it has hitherto ridden so majestically.

Few laymen can imagine the noise of battle when modern ships are engaged in combat. It is ear-splitting and terrible, and only the men who are well-trained, as is the case with British seamen, will be able to stand the awful strain on the nerves and senses for any length of time. Apart from the roar of the battle, there are heartrending sights to meet the eye in every direction. When it is remembered that the battleship *Canopus*, which has already been referred to, can fire from her guns seven tons of shot and shell per minute, and that she may in war be pitted against another ship hurling out death and desolation at the same rate, it will be understood what awful engines of destruction are our thirty odd battleships already in commission, which are the envy of the world. Besides these there are the reserves and two hundred cruisers, most of them of modern construction, all able to give a very good account of themselves.

In actual warfare the conning tower is the brain of the ship, and there during this weekly exercise the captain

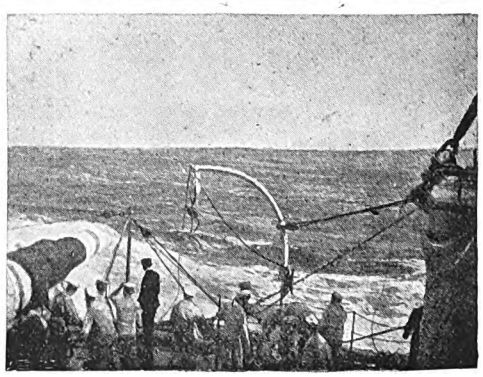


H.M.S. *Royal Oak* steaming against a head sea.



Firing the 67-ton guns.

These photos were specially taken for the ROYAL MAGAZINE *by a Naval Officer.*



Replacing gear after decks have been cleared for action.

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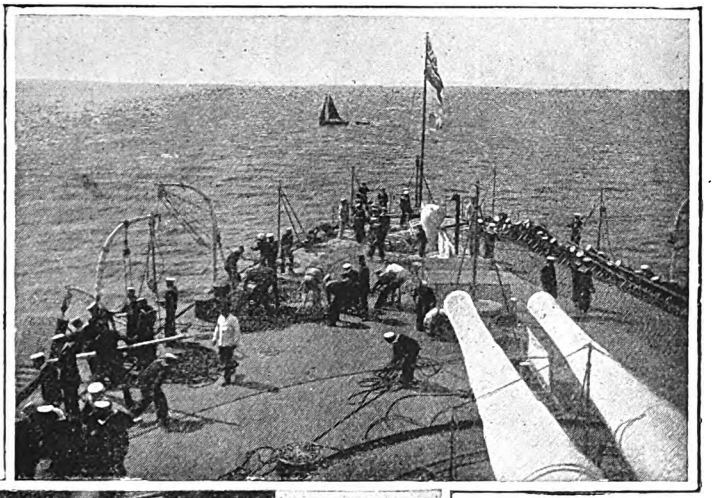
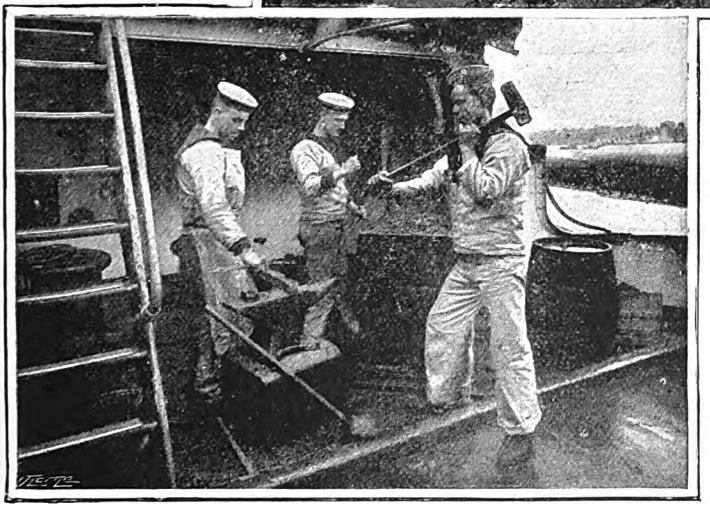
stands in a circle of armour from 6ins. to 12ins. thick. Before him are a variety of speaking tubes, telephones, bells, and nautical instruments communicating with every part of the ship, and a series of little shutters enabling him to look out on the scene around him. As soon as "General Quarters" begin, reports commence to come in to him showing that the ship





Here the men are seen hauling in torpedo nets at the conclusion of an engagement.

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

Smiths at work on board. These men are very necessary to a warship, as there are constantly repairs to be executed.

is ready. He knows that all the men are by their guns, being drilled, and learning all about the use of their weapons by day or by night; that the stokers are doing their duty as firemen; that in the "flats" the doctors are busy explaining to their staffs how to treat the wounded, while a stretcher party is carrying from his post of duty some man who is supposed to have been wounded; and that elsewhere other activities are going forward.

In the neighbourhood of the magazines and shell-rooms men are busy over their duties, one man standing sentinel by each of the water-tight doors, which have, of course, been closed; while other men are engaged in sending up ammunition to the guns. The drill is continually varied so as to provide practice for meeting every contingency. It is this change of drill which renders Jack so well able to meet a sudden call or to cope with an unexpected event.

Another series of exercises follows the bugle-call, "Prepare to ram." The ship is steering dead on to an enemy. All the guns possible are trained on the bow, every man lies down or takes shelter, and at a signal the quick-firing guns belch forth their full weight of metal, while other guns are ready to give the enemy a parting salvo if the ram, probably of not less than 30 tons of solid steel, has missed its mark.

It is impossible to trace the practice in detail, it is so varied and so complicated; but reference must be made to the order: "Upper deck quarters, out collision mats." The supposition is that one of the enemy's projectiles has made a hole in the ship's side. A modern battleship is composed of scores of compartments shut off by water-tight doors, which in

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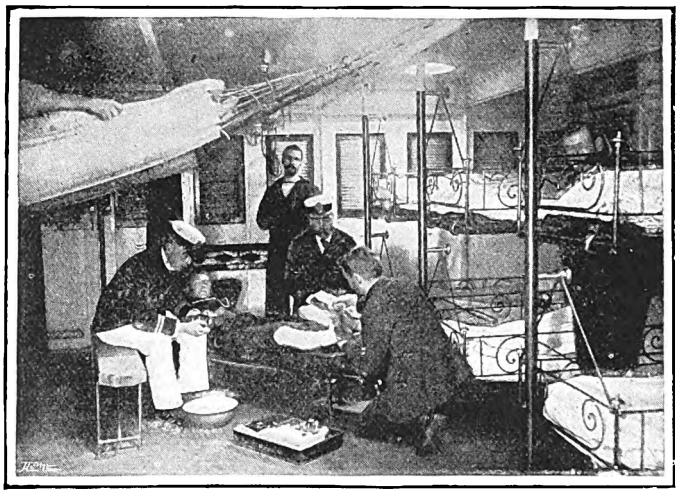

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

In the sick bay. Attending to the wounded after an engagement.

action would be kept closed as much as possible. Hence, when a hole is made in the ship's side below the water-line, the compartment struck is liable to be flooded. At once, when the order is given, men are in readiness to place over the hole a collision mat, which the action of the sea assists to hold close to the hole, while other men stand ready to pump the water out of the compartment. This is the theory; but whether in actual warfare the watertight doors and the collision mats will fulfill their purpose, who can say? All these expedients, even the ships themselves, are experiments. All that naval architects and officers can tell us is that our fighting machines and their marvellous appliances are the result of their most careful thoughts and in their belief the best in the world.

Apart from these drills there are many other activities on a modern warship. It is a floating town, with its workshops in which highly trained mechanics are ever busy making and repairing. Two pictures illustrating this article show blacksmiths, armourers, and carpenters in their special quarters carrying on their trades as though they were on *terra firma*. All extensive repairs are, of course, carried out in the dockyards, and the ship's staff can only deal with those which may be done in a short time. But the resourcefulness of the naval mechanic in an emergency is most admirable.

Of course we have had no actual proof as to the results in real warfare of all this training. It is satisfactory, however, to know that as a fighter Jack upheld his character so splendidly during the siege of Ladysmith. His nickname of "the handy man" is only too well-merited, and, as has been told over and over again, the beleaguered town owed its salvation to the naval brigade and naval guns which had proceeded across country from Durban. Although none of our bluejackets have had an opportunity of engaging in a sea battle, naval detachments have many times, during the past ten years or so, distinguished themselves in land fighting. Not a campaign or punitive expedition has been undertaken on the West Coast of Africa but what Jack has been well to the fore. He seems to have the happy knack of adapting himself to varied circumstances in perhaps a greater degree than his comrade of the Army, and it is for this reason that he is so often selected for the work of chastising a coast tribe or a chief of the interior of the Dark Continent.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Armourers and gunsmiths mending and cleaning up.

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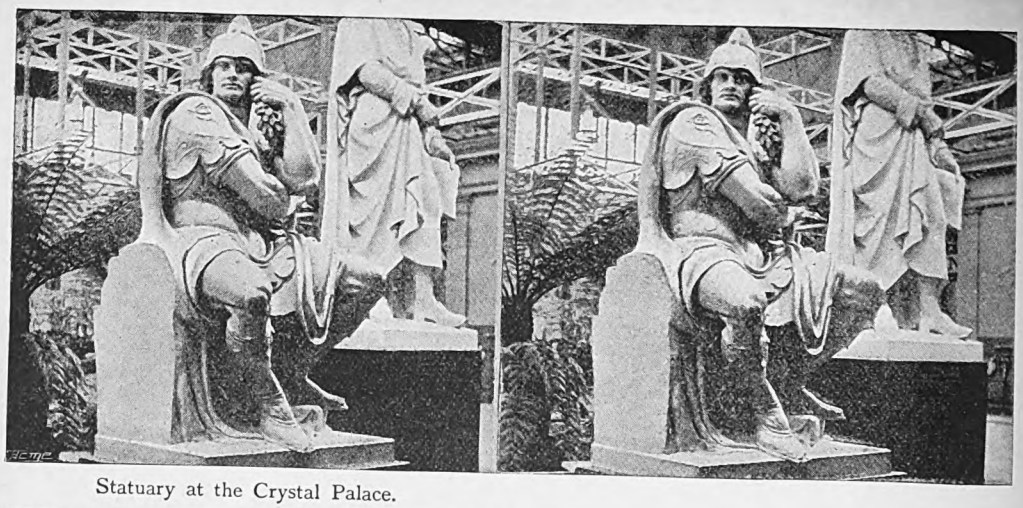
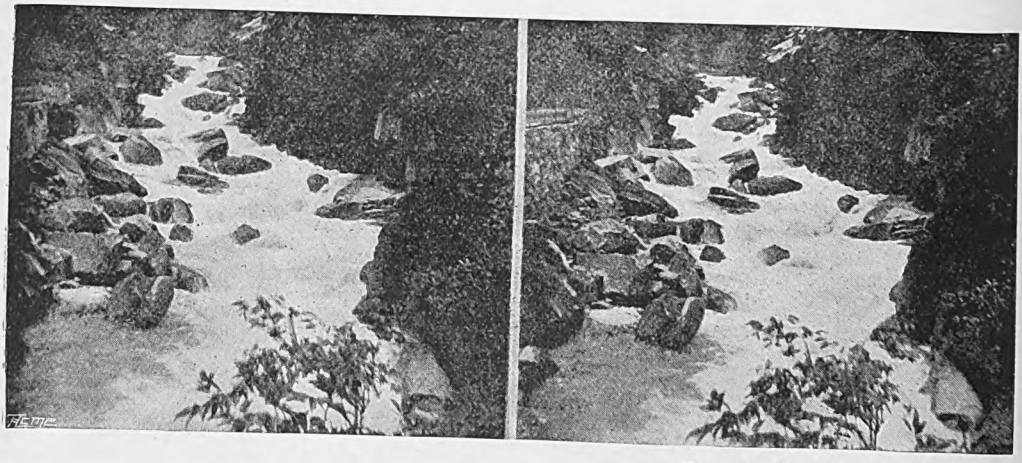
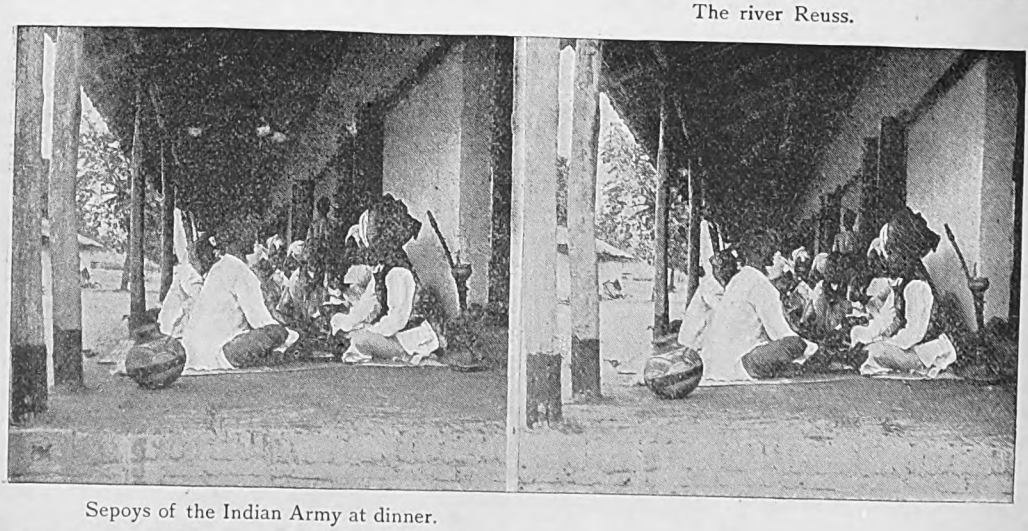


Statuary at the Crystal Palace.



The river Reuss.



Sepoys of the Indian Army at dinner.

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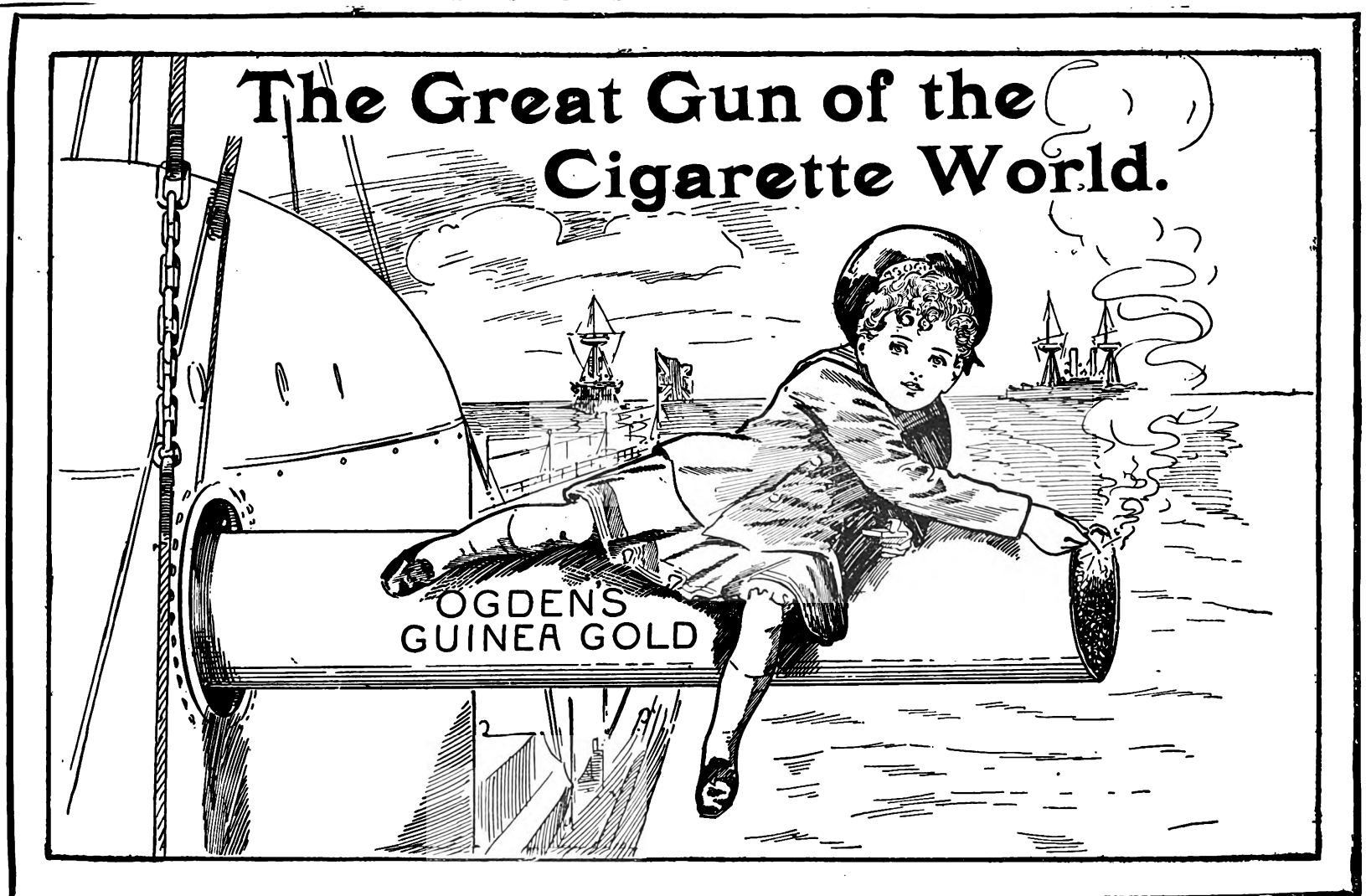

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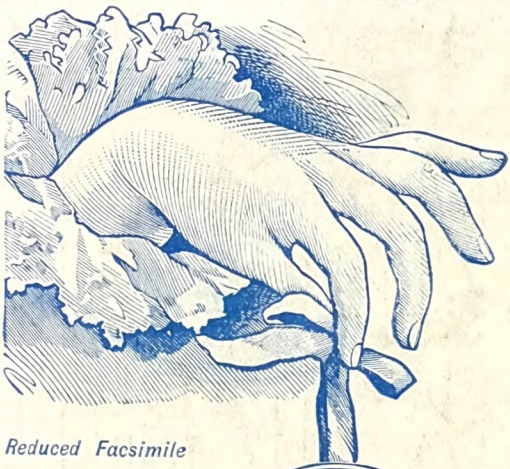

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SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried **KOKO.**

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for Two Shillings, and Four Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid,

No 021
COUPON
DATED Sept. 1/09
This entitles the holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above.
Koko Maricopas Co Limited

One Regular 12oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair, the price of which is **4/6,** provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing that it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.**
Address all Orders with Coupons to—

The KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., Ltd., 16, Bevis Marks, London.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally.

KOKO is sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., at 2/6 and 4/6 per Bottle.

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"There's 'air"

Well! I saved the Money to buy

OGDEN'S

"GUINEA-GOLD"

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DEAFNESS AND DEFECTS OF HEARING.

THAT deafness is a very common ailment is a fact that needs no demonstrating. Many of our readers are subject to it, and there are few of them but can recall the case of some relative or friend who suffers from that affliction. But it will be a matter of surprise to many to learn that statistics show that the hearing of a fifth of the population of this country is more or less defective, or, in other words, the hearing of 20 per cent. of the inhabitants is affected. Such a proportion may appear exaggerated, but its accuracy is indisputable. At the same time, it may be observed that this proportion includes not only those who are totally deaf, but also those whose sense of hearing, without being completely lost, is often insufficient, and interferes with their social intercourse.

Deafness is rarely sudden. It is almost always progressive, imperceptible at first, then slowly becoming worse from month to month and year to year, the slow progress of the malady being hardly perceptible, till at last the day arrives when it is no longer possible for the sufferer to attribute his difficulty of hearing to the distance from or faulty enunciation of the person addressing him.

In other cases the defect of hearing is suddenly rendered worse by cold, chills, cold in the head, affection of the throat, or some other illness, especially fever.

It is after an attack of scarlatina, measles, smallpox, mumps, typhoid fever, etc., when the patient enters on convalescence, that he is often found to be suffering from deafness or discharge from the ears.

Again, following an attack of rheumatism or gout, the patient often finds that the defect in hearing has suddenly become worse, to the extent of complete deafness.

To those suffering from partial deafness, as well as those who, more seriously affected, have already tried various treatments without success, we recommend the perusal of a scientific publication, entitled the "Newspaper for the Deaf," which, while it cannot fail to interest them, as it deals exclusively with maladies affecting the Ear, Nose, and Throat, will give them full information as to the means of obtaining a cure.

The perusal of the "Newspaper for the Deaf" will satisfy sufferers in the most convincing manner of the value of the Drouet system of treatment by the detailed particulars of countless cures effected in seemingly hopeless cases. Many of the cases detailed in that paper represent, in fact, the very worst forms of aural complaints; cases where various kinds of treatment had been already unsuccessfully tried by sufferers who had been afflicted with deafness of ten or twenty years' standing. And these results are the best proof of the efficacy of the Drouet treatment.

The Drouet Institute is so convinced of this that an Autograph Room has been opened at that establishment, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W. There may be seen many hundreds of letters from former patients, giving account of the remarkable results they have obtained, and the visitor will be able to satisfy himself of their authenticity.

Deafness is often said to be an infirmity more inconvenient than dangerous. This may be true in some cases, but when it is attended by other symptoms of ear disease, such as discharges, the worst complications are to be feared.

Many life assurance companies decline to insure those who suffer from discharge from the ears, while the others impose special conditions in such cases.

The following is an example of a complete cure obtained by a patient who had for long suffered from this grave complaint, and it also again proves that, contrary to popular belief, perforation of the tympanic membrane is not necessarily incurable. Miss J. Collin, Nottingham, had been affected with a discharge from the ear for a period of fifteen years. The tympanic membrane was perforated, and total deafness was experienced, accompanied by noises in the head. The ear complaint was also complicated by a chronic affection of the nose of a particularly grave type, known as ozœna, while the patient was anæmic and of rheumatic condition. On two occasions this lady had been seen by specialists, who informed her that the tympanic membrane was perforated, and that a cure was unlikely. Nasal douches were prescribed, with sundry medicines, which had no appreciable effect. After having followed their treatment for six months with no result, Miss Collin applied to the Drouet Institute, and was completely cured, as shown by the following letter:—

"Sept. 20, 1899.

"I now, after using your treatment, and having waited four months to see the after-effects, have great pleasure to add my testimonial. I am perfectly cured, can hear quite well, and, may add, am much improved in my general health. I only regret I had not heard of your Institute sooner. You would have saved me years of suffering. I shall be very pleased to have my letter published in the 'Newspaper for the Deaf.'

"J. COLLIN."

(The full address may be had on application.)

To prevent misunderstanding, it should be stated that the Drouet Institute does not profess to cure all cases submitted. It is unfortunately too true that in some cases the complaint is incurable, but at the same time, whatever the serious nature of the case may be, or of whatever long-standing, and though previous treatment has been unsuccessful, all hope is not lost, for the Drouet system of treatment is essentially different from all others, and in cases where other systems have failed it has almost always been successful, thus repeatedly effecting the seeming miracle of radically curing patients who had been on several occasions pronounced hopelessly incurable.

The "Newspaper for the Deaf" is forwarded free of charge to all who apply for it to the SECRETARY of the DROUET INSTITUTE, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W. Let us add that free consultations are given by correspondence, by means of a special report form, to those unable to leave home. The Consultation Room is open every day, except Sunday, from two till four. A charge is made for personal consultations given at the Institute. Special personal consultations may also be had at any time by previous arrangement. The Autograph Room is open for inspection from nine till five, the DROUET INSTITUTE being particularly desirous of proving that all the remarkable cures it has been so successful in effecting are absolutely authentic.

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Established in the Reign of King George III.,

For Solid 18-carat Gold (Government Hall-marked) Rings at Manufacturer's Cash Prices.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS, Set with Real Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, &c., &c., Post Free to any Address in the World. Money returned in full if not approved of within 7 days.

Two Rubies, six Pearls and one Diamond, **18/6.**

Diamond Cluster with Ruby Centre, **£2 10 0.**

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Single Brilliant Diamond, **21/-**

Three Sapphires and four Diamonds, **£4 10 0.**

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SPECIALITY:—Solid Guinea-Gold Wedding Rings and Keepers. Price Lists Free.

JOHN MYERS & COMPANY, LIMITED, Ring Manufacturers,

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£20

Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See Illd. Guide and Catalogue (259 pgs.), 3d

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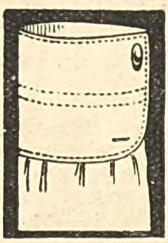
TWO SHIRTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED)

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.



The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice,** and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. It is in every way a "perfect" shirt, and fits without a crease. Sheaths the wrists with comfort, adds a grace to the hands, and looks the very perfection of neatness and smartness. Made only in one quality—the best, at one price—the lowest—**3/11.** To open in front or behind as preferred. In ordering, please state size of collar.

Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ½ doz., **22/6**; post free.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish linen collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, 3, Ranelagh Pl., Liverpool.

"MENE" Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Underclothing Houses and Chemists, or, 2 doz. No. 1, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 2, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 3, **SANITARY** 1/6; post free. A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady naming this Magazine.

MISS HAYNES,
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PATERSON'S "Camp" Reg. Coffee

IS THE BEST

Producing a cup of delicious coffee at a moment's notice.

R. Paterson & Sons GLASGOW.

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(Patented).

A NEW SANITARY WATER PAINT.

HAS GREAT ADVANTAGES, some of which are as follows:

That it Sets Hard, Kills Vermin, and Disinfects.
That it is Washable in three weeks, does not Scale, and can be Painted or Varnished.
It is made in Dark Rich Shades as well as in Light Tints, contains no Lead, and does not turn Black.
It is equally suitable for outside as well as inside application.
It only requires the addition of Water to make it ready for use, so that anybody can apply it.
It is cheaper, cleaner, and more artistic than wall-paper.

It is sold by leading Chemists, Drysalters, and Ironmongers, and manufactured by

SISSONS BROTHERS & Co. Ltd., HULL,

from whom Samples, Shade Card, and other particulars can be obtained.

FOREIGN AGENTS WANTED.

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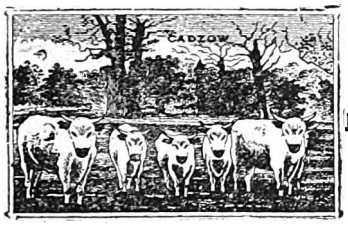
KEITH'S PERFECT "CADZOW" (10 YEAR OLD) INCOMPARABLE WHISKY.

TRADE  MARK.

WILD CATTLE IN CADZOW FOREST

THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1898: "Thoroughly matured Its character in regard, especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years."

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says: "Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

44s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.

Cash with Order or Reference.

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THE MARTIN-SILENT CYCLE TOOL BAG.

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OF ALL AGENTS OR DIRECT.

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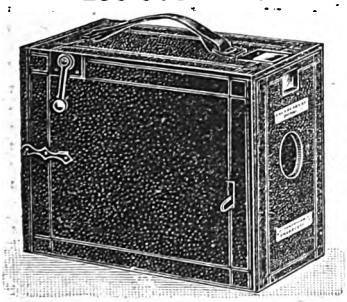
OVER 250 000 SOLD. CATALOGUES FREE.

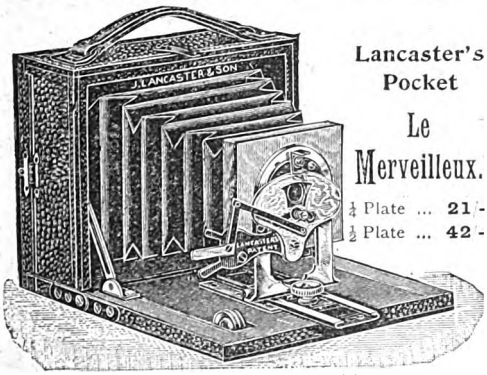


Lancaster's Stopit.

¼ Plate ... 10/6

With Rack Adjustment,

15/- and 21/-



Lancaster's Pocket Le Merveilleux.

¼ Plate ... 21/-

½ Plate ... 42/-

LANCASTER & SON, BIRMINGHAM.

ASTHMA

WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Shortness of Breath, BLOOD SPITTING, etc.?

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE of CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to the Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute,
16, T.P., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

I have tried the treatment on myself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured myself, and have since practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of special cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by my treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.
No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.
Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received.

Asthma, combined with Blood-Spitting (6 years Standing), Cured.

MISS VINCENT (From a Photo.)

I have been a sufferer from Bronchial Asthma 6 years. If I exerted myself in the least, I should become short of breath, and wheezed so that I could be heard all over the house. The least cold in the head would go to the chest. I began to spit blood; could not rest day or night. Sometimes I should spend the night pacing the bedroom floor sitting at the window, and propping myself up quite erect with pillows, very often uselessly. I felt worse tired when I got up in the morning than when I went to bed. It brought me so low and weak that I had given up all hopes of ever being better, having tried everything we could hear of. I am pleased to say I feel as well as ever I did at the present time. If I get a cold it passes off without my former trouble. I can rest well, and do my work with pleasure. Walking used to be a burden to me; now it is a pleasure.

Buddington. (Miss) A. VINCENT.
(Address on application).

The Director is prepared to pay

£1,000

to any Charitable Institution if the above is not a genuine extract from the patient's own letter. The original may be seen at The Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

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Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'

Price **30**/- *Post Free.*

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS.

Famed Silver HUNTING WATCH.

Price **15**/- *Post Free.*

A really handsome and highly finished Watch with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and guaranteed for five years. Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size, beautifully engraved in new style.

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ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY

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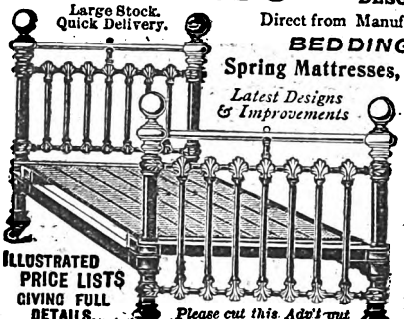
Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

Direct from Manufactory.

BEDDING,

Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c.



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Trial Bottle, Post Free 7D.

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SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

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ARE SMART, COMFORTABLE, DURABLE, SOFT, WATERTIGHT

Gentlemen's (Smart, Medium, or Broad Toes) 10/6, 15/6, 19/6.

Ladies' (Smart, Medium, or Broad Toes, Lace or Button) 10/6 and 14/6.

Postage, extra: Inland, 6d.; Europe, 2/6; Colonies, 3/6.

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Send shape of foot on paper, or old boot, and a pair the exact size required will be forwarded by first post. Terms: Cash with order.

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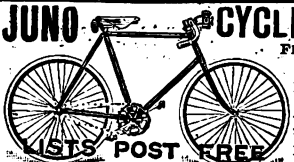

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FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER WITH

PAINS IN THE BACK,

Headache, Nervous Exhaustion, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, General Debility, in fact, all cases of Congestion,

Electricity will Cure when all other remedies fail.

Recommended by three Physicians to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and by the most eminent medical men of this century.

Bands for Headaches and Sore Throats, 5s.

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"Drs. Lee, Vaughan, and Shakespeare, and other medical men, appointed to inquire into the causes of severe epidemics of Typhoid, which carried off so many men during the war in Cuba, report that the disease was undoubtedly spread by flies. They are willing to stake their reputations upon these conclusions."

The most effectual method of exterminating these objectionable and disease-spreading pests is to use

MATHER'S CHEMICAL FLY PAPERS (50 Years' Reputation.)

28,000 SLAUGHTERED!

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Mr. W. GRIFFIN, of Bilston, writes, stating that he destroyed 28,000 flies with simply two of Mather's Fly Papers. Far and away the most effective Fly Papers on the Market.

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IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

MAINTAINS A BRIGHT METALLIC & PLEASING APPEARANCE

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FIXES IN HALF THE SPACE OF A WOOD BLIND

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by drinking regularly "MONTSERRAT" LIME-FRUIT JUICE, which is universally admitted to be the Purest and Best, being pressed from the Juice of Cultivated Limes grown in the famous Island of Montserrat.

Avoid chemical crystals, which have no healthful effect.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

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Latest and Best, Perfectly Pure, and of High Uniform Quality.

Prepared from COX'S FAMOUS GELATINE of BRITISH MANUFACTURE. They are as cheap as any other Tablet Jellies, despite the high quality of the material used. COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES will be found far and away Superior to other Tablets, which are often made from cheap foreign gelatines, and inferior material.

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ALL 3 in 1. IN A FINE POWDER.

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WILL NOT FINGER-MARK. POLISHING A PLEASURE!

STEPHENSON'S FURNITURE CREAM.

PEERLESS CARPET AND CLOTH SOAP, unsurpassed for Cleaning and Renovating Carpets, &c.

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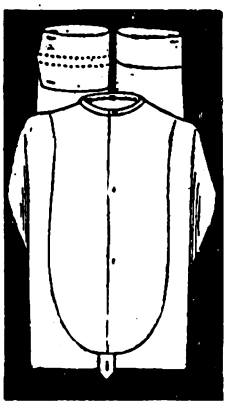
WHITE SHIRTS fitted with our REVERSIBLE CUFFS

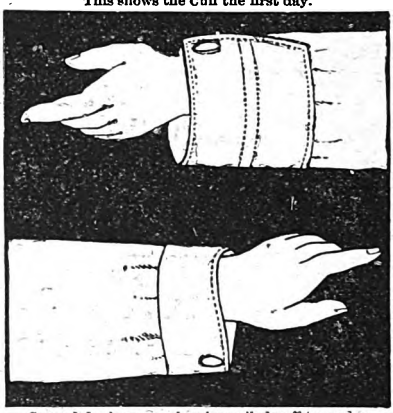
(See Nos. 2 and 3 described below.)

WEAR TWICE AS LONG as ordinary Shirts.



Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one-half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

This shows the Cuff the first day.



Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.

UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS.

Straight from the needle to the customer at Wholesale Prices.

IN THREE QUALITIES:

No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. With large single cuff, **2/6** each, **14/6** half-dozen, post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each. **18/9** half-dozen, post free.

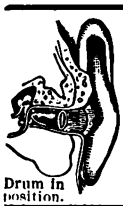
No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/9**, or **21/6** per half-dozen.

When ordering, mention size of Neck-band, and say whether to button back or front.

PETTIGREW AND STEPHENS, Manufacturers, L. Dept.; 191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.



Drum in position.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.

D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH

BECOME A "CRACKSHOT!"

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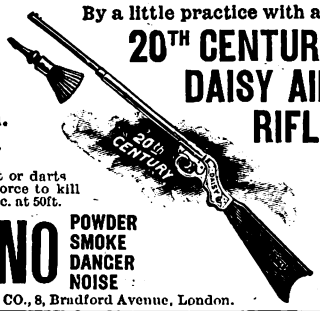

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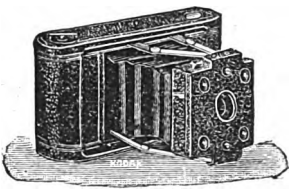

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1900.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by C. Lawson Wood.		
THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS FORCING THE EMPEROR KWANG-SU TO ABDICATE ... ... From a Drawing by J. J. Cameron.		*Frontispiece.*
THE ART OF THE CAMERA ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	363
THE EVIDENCE OF THE SWORD. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by C. Lawson Wood.	RAFAEL SABATINI	370
THE SLAVE GIRL WHO MOUNTED A THRONE ... ... Illustrated with Photographs, Engravings, and Native Drawings.	REGINALD MAINGAY	379
NICEST, PRETTIEST AND BEST. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by G. Malcolm Patterson.	DOROTHEA DEAKIN	390
THE WAR IN TOYLAND ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ARTHUR C. BANFIELD	396
THE STORY OF A RED ROSE. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Harold Copping.	R. NEISH	400
A BEAUTY FACTORY ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	CHAUNCEY MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN	408
A CITY MAN. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.	ALFRED HURRY	412
THE KING OF HANDCUFFS ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	H. J. HOLMES	418
FEEDING A BATTLESHIP. Being the Fourth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run" ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ARCHIBALD S. HURD	421
TO IANTHE. A Poem ... ... Illustrated by R. Pannett.	MARVIN DANA	428
THE WAR ON PICTORIAL POSTCARDS ... ... Illustrated from original French and German Postcards.	CLIVE HOLLAND	429
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story ... ... Illustrated by Victor Prout.	GUY BOOTHBY	432
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY ... ... Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		439
A SIGNAL SUCCESS. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by A. Popini.	R. AUSTIN FREEMAN	441
AT LOVE'S THRONE. A Poem ... ... Illustrated by R. Percy Gossop.	ANNIE G. HOPKINS	448

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Holidays. By the time these lines appear in print most of my readers will be off, somewhere or another, holiday-making. And very pleasant holidays I am sure I hope they one and all will have.

They will take their cameras and I trust will obtain some most excellent photographs. May I venture, too, to hope that such as desire it may secure not merely interesting but profitable results. After all there is an immense satisfaction in feeling that one has not only had an enjoyable holiday but that it has paid for itself. There is no earthly reason why a holiday should cost anything, or at any rate why the greater portion of the expense should not be covered by the proceeds of one's skill with the camera.

It is simply a question of making proper use of one's brains and taking a little trouble. A single snapshot of some peculiar incident may have a certain value, but the secret of profitable success lies in obtaining a good series of pictures of some interesting occasion or custom. The most expensive articles the editor of an illustrated magazine has to buy are those which are illustrated with photographs. Nowadays articles illustrated exclusively by artists have comparatively little value. The public appreciate the realism of a photograph and photographs therefore they must have.

Subjects for Profitable Photography. The natural and inevitable result is that an editor will pay far more for the photographs for an article than for the letterpress. After all, he probably knows any number of writers who can supply a thoroughly readable article. It is the pictures—after the subject—that constitute his chief difficulty.

My advice to such of my readers, therefore, who are not above turning a pastime

Photo by John H. Coath.

A Cooling Draught.

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to profitable account, is to keep a sharp look-out for interesting subjects for articles, and then to proceed to illustrate them by the aid of their cameras. It is not for me to suggest articles to my readers. If I had an idea I would go straight off and work it up myself. But the competition is open to anyone and everyone; and the prizes are worth winning. I once almost entirely paid for a trip to Italy by a single article which I worked up there. The great thing, of course, is to be original. By that I mean—don't set to work on a subject that has just been done in a magazine under the impression that you will do it much better. It must be fresh, or, if an old subject, it must be represented in an entirely new light.

Camera Fiends. I SEE that a photographic journal has been inveighing against the term "camera fiend" as applied to your ordinary, unobtrusive, but enthusiastic amateur photographer. I must say I thoroughly agree in the condemnation of the term, although I must own to having used it myself in a previous article. But, at the same time, I am not blind to the fact that the very enthusiasm of some amateurs, commendable as it may be theoretically, is in practice decidedly exasperating. The fact is, some people have a very small idea of how distasteful it is to certain folks to be photographed. It may be silly, but it does not lie with your amateur, or any other photographer, to teach people what in this particular matter may be philosophy, if not wisdom.

There are limits to all things, and the individual who succeeds in getting a snapshot of someone at a moment when he or she is looking her very worst and then rushes about exhibiting a print of it, is overstepping those limits.

Of course it is all a joke—or it may be, for there *is* such a thing as petty malice—but the joke is, at the best, of very doubtful taste. A most wise and safe principle for every amateur to bear in mind is to destroy at once any negative which happens to portray someone in a ridiculous attitude, or which has snapped a victim with an ugly and absurd expression. You may be pretty certain that the individual in question will, when shown the picture, turn the matter aside with a laugh. But he or she, as the case may be, regards you either as a fool for exhibiting

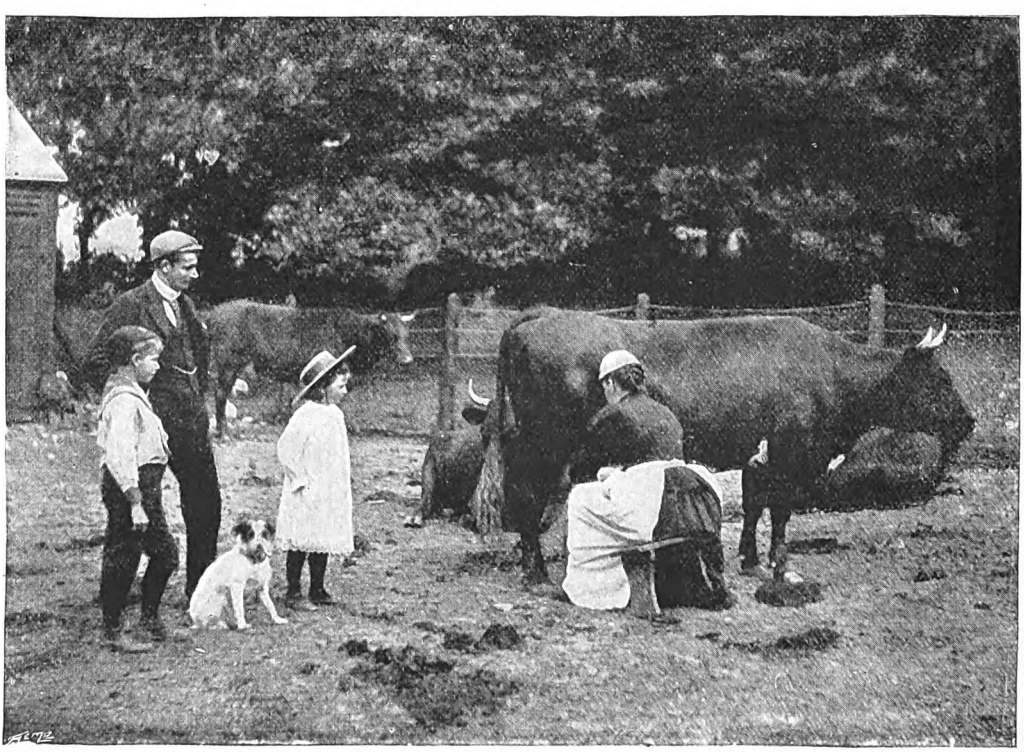

Photo by John H. Coath.

In the Farmyard.

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Photo by John H Coath.

Startled.

such stuff and being proud of it, or dislikes you for it.

Ill-advised Photography.

It is exactly the same on shipboard. I have travelled many, many thousands of miles on the sea, and I have invariably found that of two or more amateur photographers on board one, at least, is often thoroughly detested.

Young folks of either sex flirt with one another. If not why not? If Mr. Jones and Miss Smith are sitting abaft the wheel-box, what matter? It may be they are in earnest, or it may be *pour passer le temps*. Whichever it is, does it justify Robinson stalking them and, unbeknown to them, snapping them? Surely not.

It is very funny, mind you. Oh, of course it is *very* funny. And still more funny when Robinson having developed and printed the picture, shows it to every one and finally puts it under Jones's plate at luncheon. Very funny—but very rude. Some cyclists have been most appropriately termed "cads on castors," and for their sins of omission and commission the peaceful and polite cyclist often has to suffer. So too there are "camera cads"—camera fiends if you prefer it—on account of whom the ordinary well-behaved amateur photographer has sometimes to bear the burden of much undeserved odium.

Systematic Collecting.

It is curious how rarely the craze for systematic collecting is exhibited by the amateur photographer. Of course, I know that no more inveterate collector of bad negatives exists than the amateur photographer. Every plate he exposes he keeps. I really do not know why. I suppose there is a sort of sentimental interest even in an unsuccessful effort.

By systematic collecting I meant the gradual bringing together of photographs of some particular sort of thing in all its various forms. For instance, I was reading the other day of a gentleman who had made a collection of photographs of chimney-pots.

It appears that he travelled every morning in a certain ghastly institution—a morning express for business men. True to its kind, this particular express made prolonged halts at every available point where there was no station. During these frequent and painful sojourns our friend had ample opportunity to survey the surrounding scenery, and, seeing

Photo by Charles F. Inston.

Early Morning.

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that it consisted chiefly of chimney-pots, he began gradually to discover that there was a distinct individuality in chimney-pots. Apart from the endless difference in their sizes and shapes, he soon perceived that even the angle at which a pot chooses to tilt is, sometimes, to say the least of it, quaint.

Chimney-Pots. From studying pots to photographing them is not a far cry. With a hand camera this gentleman took a mean advantage of the vagaries of his express, and snapshotted any and every chimney-pot that struck him as peculiar. That was the beginning of his collection; for now he is prepared to go miles in order to obtain a picture of some quaint pot. Moreover, his collection must long have ceased to be merely a number of good, bad, and indifferent prints. They have each a particular interest as being part of a unique whole.

The moral of it is, why don't more amateurs do likewise? I don't limit the choice to chimney-pots, but there are endless subjects uninteresting in themselves when taken singly, and yet most amusing when grouped in a collection—gates, front-doors, door-knockers, sign-posts, tomb-stones, and goodness only knows what else.

From a Photo.

Mixed Bathing.

Washing Prints. I have come across a very simple but ingenious method of washing photograph prints. The general plan is to leave them in a basin with a running tap. Not everybody, however, and especially in summer, can manage a too extravagant use of running water.

Mr. Sercombe's suggestion is a way out of a real difficulty. All that you require is a supply of good-sized corks and some ordinary three-or four-a-penny tie clips. You split the narrow end of the cork and insert the long end of the clip. To make the clip still more secure run a pin through the cork and through the hole usually found at the end of the clip.

You will find as the result that you have a very serviceable little float, to which, after toning, you can attach your print. The hypo being heavy sinks to the bottom of your bucket or bath, and from half an hour to three quarters will suffice thoroughly to wash the prints.

Photo by Count Luig: Primoli.

An *Al fresco* Dance.

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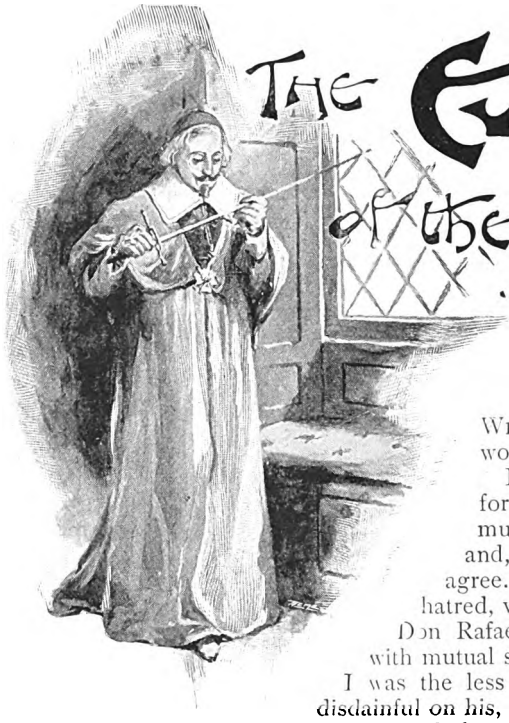

The Evidence of the Sword.

By Rafael Sabatini.

I.

When two men chance to love the same woman, they seldom love each other.

It appears unreasonable that it should be so, for such a state of things but proves how much their tastes lie in the same direction, and, therefore, how much they are fitted to agree. Yet in spite of this, dislike, and even hatred, will oft arise between them.

Don Rafael de Molina and I contented ourselves with mutual scorn, all the more bitter on my part since I was the less favoured suitor; all the more lofty and disdainful on his, since his wooing prospered passing well.

There were dark rumours abroad concerning the presence in Paris of this sleek and courtly Spaniard. 'Twas said on every hand when he was not by—for he wielded a tolerable rapier—that he was a ruffler of the Court of Spain, who, having fallen upon evil days, had pocketed his pride and taken secret service of a not over honourable character under Anne of Austria.

I took scant interest in the knave until he had the audacity to raise his eyes to Mademoiselle de Navéry. Then, of a sudden, I began to lend an ear to those who styled him a foreign spy. And when I saw him succeed with mademoiselle, where I had all but failed; when I saw the bold glance of unmasked meaning in his dark eyes when he addressed her, and the fatuous, self-complacent smile wherewith he listened to her answers, I felt convinced that what was said of him was true.

I might have picked a quarrel with him, but I had naught to gain by doing so; for, even if I succeeded in killing him, I should have to reckon with the Cardinal, whose edict against duelling was not a thing that one might make too free with.

I might have told His Eminence what title the Spaniard bore; but such a proceeding was too unworthy, and not to be dreamt of by Léon de Bret.

And so I contented myself with hating him cordially, and invoking every evil I could think of upon his head.

We were in the month of June, and the King was on the eve of leaving Paris for Blois. It was incumbent upon me, as one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, to accompany the Court. I made bold to ask Mademoiselle de Navéry's unnecessary permission, and she answered me with scant waste of compliments and a pretty toss of her fair head, that it was no affair of her's, and that I must follow my inclinations. Yet, when I told her that to follow my inclinations I must follow her, and that, since she went to Blois in the suite of Anne of Austria, I would accompany the King, she bit her lip and dubbed me *impertinent*. Dubbed *me* impertinent, *Pardieu!* for uttering words which would have brought a blush to her delicate cheeks and a smile to her red lips had they been uttered by that graceless de Molina.

It was with a heart full of bitterness that I left the Louvre that night, and turned my steps homeward, through the slippery streets—for a misty rain had prevailed since noon, and the mud lay deep upon the ground.

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Wrapped in my cloak, and a prey to thoughts that took no pleasant turn, I trudged moodily along until I reached the colonnade which borders the Place Royale. I was about to pass on, when, chancing to raise my head, my attention was arrested by the sight of two men pacing slowly to and fro in the middle of the square.

Now, as I have said, the night was rainy; moreover, had those two gentlemen in spite of that, still desired to enjoy an innocent promenade, methought it unlikely that they should choose the precincts of Place Royale to indulge their fancy, saturating their boots and risking a cold by stepping from one pool of water into another.

So I concluded that this was an assignation, and I waited to see another couple arrive, pitying the gentlemen that would have to strip in such weather.

But presently the twain stopped, and from where I stood I could just make out their voices raised in altercation, although I heard not what was said.

Then, of a sudden, they sprang apart. Their cloaks flew from them. There was a familiar rasp, and the white glitter of steel followed by a clash, as, with scarcely a word of warning those two engaged.

Astonishment and curiosity held me glued to the pillar against which I leant, and for some moments I watched them as best I could in the uncertain light. I saw the left hand of one of the combatants drop from its upheld position. I watched it running round the waist, then pause, then rise again clutching a short shining object.

For a moment I marvelled at this, then suddenly I understood, and with a loud cry I dashed forward to prevent what I saw was about to resolve itself into an assassination.

But I had understood too late; for even as I sprang into the square, the victim stretched forward with a lunge. His opponent's sword moved not to the parry, but his left hand shot out, and the dagger it held turned the stroke aside, while simultaneously he bent forward and transfixed his man by a vigorous thrust.

Then, hearing my footsteps, he freed his rapier. Gathering his cloak about him, and lifting it so as to conceal his face, he darted a glance at me from over his shoulder as he turned to run.

"Stop, assassin!" I shouted wildly, as I prepared to give chase. But as I reached the spot of the encounter and cast a sidelong glance at the prostrate figure, something familiar in the outline drew my attention and made me pause.

I turned, and stooping I raised the mud-bespattered head. A pair of eyes, wide open and mutely appealing, looked at me from out of the well-known countenance of Raoul de Navéry—Mademoiselle's brother.

Horrified at my discovery, I dropped on to my right knee, and pillowing his head upon my left, I proceeded to examine the nature of his hurt. 'Twas as I had expected. The murderer's sword had entered his breast full on the left side, close to the heart. Raoul was bleeding inwardly, and in a few moments would be dead.

I loosened his doublet so that he might breathe with as little pain as possible, and as I did so, I caught a faintly murmured word of thanks.

"Who was it, Ferdinand?" I inquired, taking his hand in mine.

"De Molina," he answered, in a hoarse whisper—"Foul stroke; he used a dagger." A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"I know it, *mon ami*," I answered; "I saw the parry. The dastard shall account to me."

He smiled feebly.

"Thanks, dear friend!" he said. Then, after a pause: "Bend lower, Léon," he murmured; and, as I obeyed, I faintly caught from the dying lips:

"He is a spy in the pay of the Queen Mother. There is a plot to poison the Cardinal. Warn him. Take care of my sister, she is——"

He stopped abruptly, and a shudder convulsed his body for a moment: then, with a long drawn sigh, he became still.

Overwhelmed by the tragedy I had witnessed and the news I had heard, I remained in my kneeling posture with my arms about the poor clay of him, who but a few moments ago, had been as strong and brave a gentleman as any in France, and wondered dimly how I should carry the awful news to the woman I loved.

But I was at length aroused from my sorrowful musings by the tramp of feet and the jangle of accoutrements, and presently I saw a body of men approaching across the square.

At a glance I recognised the uniforms of Richelieu's guards. Someone carried a lanthorn swinging on a pike, and, by the scant rays it shed, I discerned with glad astonishment—for I imagined that he was under arrest—the swart face and pointed beard of Rafael de Molina.

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But even as I looked his arm went up and his finger pointed towards me, whilst in his soft southern accent came the words:

"*Tenez*, Monsieur de Bret is still there."

The next moment, and before I could grasp the situation, I was confronted by an officer and six troopers, and in their wake a morbid, curious crowd of all grades from courtiers to mendicants, which rapidly encircled us, and well-nigh drove me frantic with its babbling.

Molina stood beside the officer, and surveyed me with a glance of malicious triumph which I was puzzled to understand.

"This is a sad business, Monsieur de Bret," said the officer, with an ominous shake of the head, as, stooping, he put his hand to poor De Navéry's heart.

"Dead," he muttered. "Worse and worse; and so irregular. No seconds. I am afraid it will fare badly with you, monsieur."

A light began to break upon my mind.

"*Diable!*" I ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

He drew himself up, and his foot struck against my sword. I had drawn it when I sprang to De Navéry's rescue, and I had heedlessly dropped it when I stooped to tend the fallen man.

"There is a witness, Monsieur de Bret," the officer answered respectfully, but firmly. "This gentleman," he continued, indicating De Molina with his thumb, "saw you fight and recognised you—unfortunately when it was too late. Did you not, monsieur?"

"I did," the Spaniard answered slowly, "and I ran to summon you."

"*Ventre St. Gris!*" I cried, springing to my feet and facing them, "this is preposterous!"

"I am afraid that it is not," answered the officer coldly. "I must trouble you for your sword."

For the moment the thought of opposing him and giving my version of the story occurred to me. Then, realizing how futile this would prove and that I might but flounder deeper into the quagmire wherein I stood already, I resolved to keep my narrative for the Cardinal's ear and to deliver it along with De Navéry's message. Richelieu knew me and held me in some esteem. I might rely upon his justice.

With a proud glance at De Molina I lifted the baldrick unconsciously over my head, nor did I understand the officer's puzzled stare until I saw that from it hung an empty scabbard.

The officer looked about him, whilst the swelling crowd set up a curious murmur, and some callous ones laughed, even in the presence of the dead, at my embarrassment.

Then noting that De Navéry's sword lay under him, the officer

"There is a plot to murder the Cardinal. Warn him," I caught from his dying lips.

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stooped, and lifting my naked rapier from the ground returned it to its sheath.

"The evidence is complete," he muttered, and again he shook his head. "Monsieur de Bret, I pity you. 'Tis a hanging matter."

He turned his back abruptly upon me, and bidding two men take up the corpse he ordered the others to surround me.

"Way there! Make way!" cried the guards that preceded me, and with the butt end of their pikes they persuaded the crowd to let us through.

II.

Ventre St. Gris, but my position was an unenviable one! And as I sat ruminating in the dark upon my prison bed I realised it to the full. The news would be all over Paris by then that Léon de Bret had killed a man in the Place Royale.

The King would know and the Cardinal would know—which troubled me but little—and Renée de Navèry would know—which troubled me overmuch.

What would she think? Had the Spaniard carried the news to her, and had he perchance—since he accused me of killing the man whom he had killed—also accused me of his full crime? Would he dare to say that I had struck a foul blow, and that I had not merely killed Raoul de Navéry, but *murdered* him?

The grating of a key in the door interrupted my miserable thoughts and reminded me of supper—for albeit a man must die to-morrow he must sup to-night.

I turned to greet my gaoler with an oath for having kept me waiting thus long, when, to my surprise, a cloaked and hooded figure entered the dismal chamber, and I heard a woman's voice which I recognized in a moment and which set my nerves a-tingling with excitement.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Capitaine," she said; "you may leave us."

Quéniart, the officer in command of the Chatelêt, set down the lanthorn upon the dirty deal table and bowed respectfully.

"For five minutes, the order says, Madame," he murmured bowing, whilst I watched him in a dull fashion, wondering what she had come to say, and what new torture Heaven willed me to endure.

At length, when the door had closed upon him, she tore back her hood, and, removing her mask, showed me a face white and drawn with pain, and a pair of eyes red from weeping.

"Monsieur de Bret," she said in trembling accents, "what does it mean?"

I started; for in her voice I detected the old ring of the days—before that accursed Spaniard came between us—when she had not been so sparing in her favours. I was bewildered, and justly might I have asked her the very question that she put to me.

"What does it mean, Monsieur de Bret?" she repeated.

"What does all Paris say?" I asked at length.

"That you have killed my brother," she answered brokenly.

"And you—you believe it?"

"Believe it?" she echoed in amazement. "Do I believe it? Should I be here if I did?"

"Thank God," I cried fervently.

"But you were there, Monsieur de Bret, when he died; do you know who killed him."

"He told me," I answered. "It was—"

"Molina," she cried, "Ah, you see I know. Am I not right?"

"You are, indeed," I said, marvelling from what source she had derived her information.

"Aye, 'tis as I thought. Oh, why did not Raoul heed my warning? I told him so often that Molina was a spy of the Queen's, and that naught would deter him from ridding himself of such an opponent as Raoul might become if he were able to prove what was being whispered everywhere—for Raoul was a cardinalist. But as God lives, I will avenge my brother," she ended passionately. "This Spanish hound shall not live to see to-morrow dawn."

"Hush, child," I cried. "'Tis not for frail women to talk of vengeance."

"But I have no one in the world, Monsieur de Bret," she wailed, "and Raoul has no one but me to look to for justice."

"Since when has Léon de Bret ceased to be counted among your friends—yours and your poor brother's? Moreover, Mademoiselle, Raoul entrusted me with a secret before he died, and with a mission which I shall fulfil to-morrow. Then, others shall reckon with Rafael de Molina, and if he escapes the wheel—I do not know Monseigneur de Richelieu."

"But you, dear friend!" she cried. "Oh, I had forgotten your position. Forgive my selfishness. I am distraught with grief at what has happened. You are a prisoner."

"True," I muttered, "but I shall have something to say to-morrow to Monseigneur de Richelieu. If only I could prove my own innocence conclusively——" I paused abruptly as a thought occurred to me.

"I have it!" I cried presently. "*Ma vie*,

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"Monsieur De Bret," she said in trembling accents, "what does it mean?"

but you may count upon me. I shall be freed to-morrow!"

We were interrupted by a knock, and she was forced to say farewell.

As I led her to the door, after she had readjusted her mask. "Do nothing, Mademoiselle, until you hear from me," I whispered. "Your brother will be avenged."

There was more that I might have said, but her grief commanded respect and circumspection, and so I contented myself with kissing her hand, and cutting short her grateful words by throwing wide the door.

When she was gone, I found that I had much to think of and ponder over. I had said that her brother would be avenged, and it was incumbent upon me to discover a manner wherein my promise might be fulfilled.

But I could not do it. I tried a score of times to drive my thoughts into such a channel. Unconsciously they would drift back again to Renée de Navéry, and again I would see the flash in her eyes; again I would hear her call Molina a Spanish hound. . . . .

And in the dark I rubbed my hands softly together and chuckled gleefully to myself — for love is a monstrous selfish thing — forgetting her brother's death, her own grief——which was but partly held in check by the overmastering desire to avenge him—and all else besides, down to the very condition wherein I found myself and from which I had yet to be extricated.

I remembered only that none stood between Renée and me, and gloated fiendishly over the discovery that she had but feigned a preference for Molina in order to unmask a traitor, and to defend her brother from the danger by which she rightly fancied him assailed.

I was ever sanguine, and the dawn of hope which brightened the blackness of my cell was rosy and full of promise.

She had found me gloomy, sullen, and despondent; ready for the airy death dance of Montfauçon. She had left me elated, joyful, and confident that to-morrow would restore me my liberty, my sword, and the right to woo her.

'Twas a pleasant enough dream, and it abided with me until I fell asleep.

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Morning found me cheerful and much refreshed in spirit, but famished in body, for those sons of dogs who kept the *chatelêt* had left me supperless.

I was beginning to fear that the Quéniart had made too sure that I should be hanged, and with a saintly solicitude for the welfare of my soul, had deemed it best that I should fast awhile in preparation.

A praiseworthy solicitude this, perchance, in the eyes of the well fed, but one which drew from the depths of my empty stomach a score of vigorous words which took not the shape of prayers, and did my soul but little benefit.

But in the end my breakfast came. A scanty one, 'tis true; half a tough capon—from which soup had been boiled for every other inmate of the prison before it was roasted—and a *demi litre* of wine which was first cousin to vinegar. Still I partook of it, and if it did not give me strength, at least it duped my hunger for the while, and paved the way for a hearty meal which I hoped to reckon with anon.

Scarce had I finished when Quéniart returned, and after a hasty toilet I announced myself ready to accompany him to the Hôtel Richelieu.

A coach was hired at my expense, for Quéniart was too well known in Paris to render it pleasant for a gentleman to walk swordless beside him.

"Hi, Master Quéniart," I exclaimed as we were leaving, "will you be good enough to bring my sword. I am indeed mistaken if His Eminence does not order it to be returned to me within the hour."

The captain's eyebrows were lifted in surprise.

"You are sanguine, monsieur," he ejaculated. Then bending his head, "It may serve as evidence," he said.

"And what of that?" I cried.

"There is blood upon it."

I started despite myself at the unwelcome news.

"When did you see the blade?" I inquired sharply.

"Last night when it was handed to me by the officer who arrested you."

He spoke the truth, I knew, and so I concluded that the blade must have received its stains whilst lying on the ground beside the wounded man. I pondered for a moment, then lifting my eyes to his face—

"Bring the sword," I said decidedly. "What signifies a little blood when there is one who swears he saw me slay the man, and a score who saw me with the body in my arms before it had gone cold."

He shrugged his shoulders, and turned to do my bidding, although he tired not of telling me how mad I was until we stood in the presence of the Cardinal.

Never was an audience granted me with such despatch. Scarcely had we been announced when the crimson portière which masked the door of Richelieu's cabinet was lifted by an usher, and——

"His Eminence will see Monsieur de Bret immediately," he cried.

Quéniart's great fingers closed over my hand.

"Good luck," he whispered.

I pushed my way through the idle crowd of clients, and the next moment I stood in the Cardinal's presence, and face to face with Don Rafael de Molina.

Richelieu, who was seated at his writing-table, raised his head as I entered, and darted a quick glance at me.

"Monsieur de Bret," said he, "I am sorely disappointed in you. What have you to say?"

"That your Eminence has been misinformed," I answered stoutly.

He perked his head on one side, and studied me attentively through eyes that wore a sleepy look—an infallible sign that he was wide awake.

"Do you mean that you did not kill Monsieur de Navéry?" he inquired slowly.

"I did not, Monseigneur."

Richelieu turned to Molina, and the words he spoke made my heart bound within me.

"I know Monsieur de Bret for a man of honour," he said quietly, "and in the face of your accusation, I looked for an excuse from him for having broken the edict, but never for a denial such as you have heard."

A deprecatory smile, full of significance and venom, swept over the foreigner's swart countenance.

"However," continued the Cardinal, "let us hear what Monsieur de Bret may have to say. Perchance it would puzzle him to explain satisfactorily how he came to be found in so compromising a position by the guard."

Briefly I told him what I have set down here concerning the affair, suppressing, however, the facts that a dagger had been employed and that in the man who returned with the guard I had recognised the perpetrator of the deed. I also omitted, for reasons of my own, Navèry's dying message.

When I had done, the Cardinal, whose eyes had been rivetted on my face whilst I spoke, turned again to Molina.

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"Are you certain that it was Monsieur de Bret whom you saw?" he inquired, with marked coldness.

"*Por Dios y la Virgen!*" cried the Spaniard, forgetting in whose presence he stood, "have I not said so? Think you I should accuse a man unless I were positive? Moreover, since my word appears to be insufficient, was not his sword found drawn?"

"True," mused the Cardinal, looking at me again. "Still, Monsieur de Bret has satisfactorily explained that he drew it to rush to the assistance of Monsieur de Navèry."

"Has your Eminence forgotten that there is blood upon his sword?" exclaimed Molina, with a sneer.

The Cardinal frowned, perchance at the Spaniard's tone, perchance at the fresh piece of evidence.

"There is more upon my sword than you will relish, Monsieur *l'Etranger*," I cried hotly, whereat his Eminence looked pleased, and the foreigner changed colour slightly, for he could not tell how much was known to me of the encounter.

"I dropped my sword," I continued, "when I raised Navéry from the ground, and the blood that flowed from his wound must have stained it where it lay. But we are wasting words. Since my sword has been mentioned as evidence, let it be produced. At my request Captain Quéniart has brought it with him. He waits now in the antechamber. If your Eminence will order it to be brought in, I imagine it will tell us something that will surprise Monsieur de Molina."

The Cardinal raised his eyebrows, and glanced from one to the other of us. Then, without a word, he touched a small handbell.

"Call Captain Quéniart," he said to the lacquey who answered the summons.

A moment later the burly soldier appeared.

"Now, Monseigneur," I said, taking the weapon, which, at a sign from the Cardinal, Quéniart surrendered to me, "your Eminence has wielded a rapier yourself, if Fame speaks truly, and you are well acquainted with the points and virtues of the weapon."

He smiled, evidently pleased by the memories I had aroused in his priestly heart.

"It was my good fortune," I went on, "to take this sword to an armourer's a week ago, so that a new blade might be fitted to it. Will your Eminence be good enough to look closely at the edge, and see what it has to say concerning last night's doings."

I drew the sword as I spoke, and I now presented the hilt to Richelieu.

He took it from me with a puzzled air, whilst Molina and Quéniart, actuated by different feelings, went nearer than deference ordained.

Richelieu looked at the blade, then, with a slight exclamation, he rose and walked over to the window.

The sun shone through the leaded panes and fell upon the steel which glittered brightly, save here and there where a shiny patch of reddish brown had deadened its lustre. For some moments he examined it attentively, then, turning, he bent his dark, penetrating eye upon the Spaniard.

"You have been over zealous in the cause of justice, Monsieur de Molina," he said coldly. "This sword has not been used since this blade was fitted to it."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet Molina could not have been more taken aback. He turned pale to the lips, and darted a furious glance at the Cardinal. There was a moment's silence, then Richelieu spoke.

"Monsieur de Bret, you are released. Quéniart, we must look elsewhere for the culprit; you may go. Monsieur de Molina you also may retire."

"Might I suggest that Monsieur de Molina should submit his rapier to a like examination," I ventured to remark.

The Spaniard drew himself up stiffly.

"We do not carry swords for ornament in Spain," he answered proudly, "as I shall be happy to prove to you if you have reason to doubt the fact."

Then, before I had time to reply—

"There may be dints upon the edge. Does Your Eminence desire to see them?"

"It would be useless," the Cardinal answered carelessly. "You may go."

III.

When we were alone I gave the Cardinal the fullest details of what I knew.

"I half suspected it was thus," he said when I had finished. "And he used a dagger, you say. The dastard! But what am I to do? He has killed Navéry, of that I am assured. He may be plotting against my life, that also I do not doubt. But what proofs can I offer the Court of Spain? He is a spy of the Queen's, and that makes it more dangerous still. I would consign him to the wheel if I dared, but—" He paused, frowned, and lapsed into thought.

"If peradventure, Monsieur de Molina, were to involve himself one of these evenings in a brawl, and receive a thrust in the windpipe or in low *quarte*, methinks Your

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Eminence's riddle would be well solved, and Raoul de Navéry most fitly avenged."

"True," he mused, "'twould be a great blessing."

"But an unlikely one while the edict is so strictly observed."

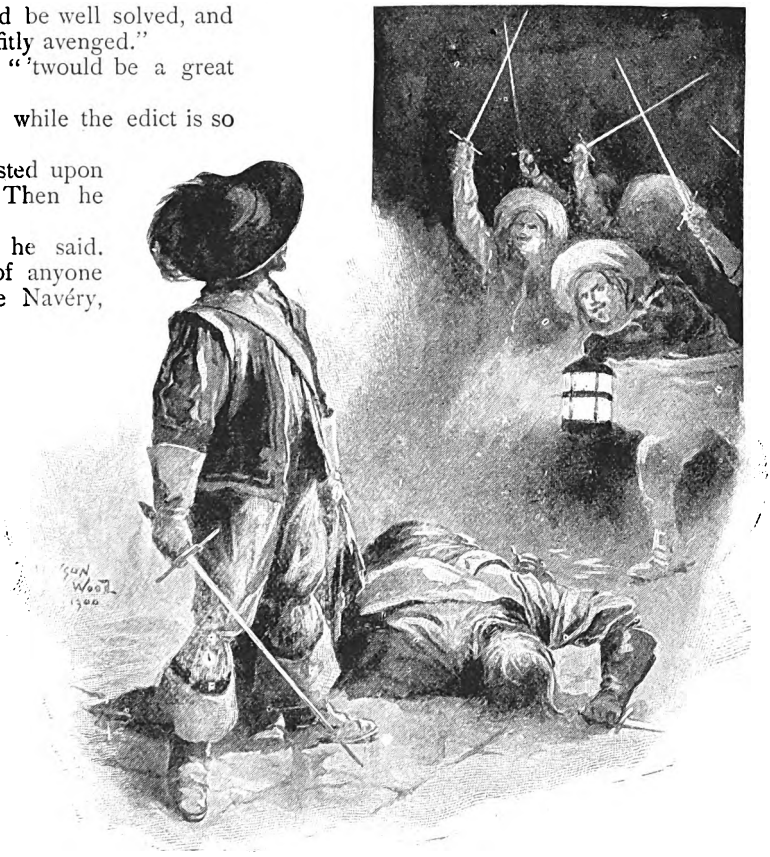
His glittering eye rested upon me for a moment. Then he laughed.

"I understand," he said. "Well, if you know of anyone inclined to avenge De Navéry, and to save me from poisoning — the edict shall be forgotten for once."

I thanked him, and told him that I thought I knew of such a man, whereupon he dismissed me with his blessing.

"You are a tolerable swordsman, I know," he said, as I took up my hat, "and I have every confidence in your skill. But what if he use a dagger again."

"I trust he will, Monseigneur," I answered, "I am reckoning upon it."



With angry cries of "Shame!" and "Murder!" they flung themselves upon me.

From the Hotel Richelieu I wended my way towards the house of my late friend, De Navéry. Renée welcomed me with a glad cry and a smile which lighted up the sorrowful darkness of her countenance. I did but remain until I had told her what had taken place, and what was likely to follow, then, leaving her, I went to dine, grim memories haunting me of my last repast.

To take Molina at his word, and ask him to prove to me that they did not carry swords for ornament in Spain, would have meant a duel. A duel with seconds, wherein he would have been compelled to follow the rules of honourable play. That I could have killed him under such circumstances I did not for a moment doubt. But it would be too easy an end for him. To let him feel himself mastered; to compel him to have recourse to that assassin's trick of his, and then, when he imagined himself triumphant, to beat him with his own cards—that would be something like revenge! And for that a brawl was needed.

Towards nightfall, therefore, I repaired to the "Green Pillar," in the Rue St. Honoré, which I knew he frequented. The gods were with me, for I found him there at play with half a dozen others.

I seated myself apart, unnoticed, and awaited an opportunity.

Presently it came.

"Come, host, another bottle of Armagnac. And let it be of the best, rascal, for we will drink to Don Rafael de Molina's safe journey home."

This was news that caused me no great astonishment.

"Does Monsieur de Molina contemplate leaving Paris?" I inquired, turning towards the party. "I am not surprised, for such an interview as he had this morning with the Cardinal is apt to make one's liver pale. I am glad to learn it in time, however; for I should have been deeply grieved had he left us without

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learning the opinion which I have had an opportunity of forming of this worthy gentleman, and which I imagine will be shared by all honourable men when the truth is known."

I had risen and stood facing the Spaniard, and giving him back scowl for scowl.

"You mean?" he inquired in a voice of suppressed wrath.

"That you are a liar and a murderer, Monsieur l'Espagnol," I answered coolly, "and that Monsieur de Navéry met his death at your hands."

A charming scene of confusion followed, as with a vigorous "*Madre de Dios!*" the Spaniard kicked aside his chair.

"Outside, Monsieur," I shouted, pointing to the door, and making myself heard above the din. "*Sortons!*"

And then, with many an oath and angry word, we burst through the door *pêle mêle* into the courtyard beyond.

We fought as we stood, in hats and cloaks. There were no formalities. De Molina was in too great a hurry, and I guessed his reason.

For a good five minutes I played the fellow in the uncertain light of a couple of lanthorns, and showed him that I was his master, yet forebore to press him too hard; but waited, with my eyes keeping good watch over his left hand.

At last it came. The onlookers stood ranged against the wall to the right. Away from these Molina led me; retreating under my attack, and I following as if his designs were unknown to me. At last the other side of the quadrangle was reached, and in the shadow that enveloped us, he thought himself safe from detection.

His left hand dropped as on the previous night, but I saw not the glitter I looked for, and yet I knew that he had drawn his dagger, But there were many eyes upon him, and even in the darkness a lack of caution might betray his motive. He must be wary lest they should interrupt the fight in the very moment of his victory. Possibly he did not care whether he was discovered or not if only he had time to kill me before the interruption came.

I pressed him hard, and whilst I did so I loosened the fastenings of my cloak with my other hand as if I desired to cast the garment from me. Then I feinted, and lunged under his guard. My sword was within an inch of his breast when his poniard met it, and sent it past him. Simultaneously he offered me his point, a triumphant leer upon his face.

But he had reckoned without my knowledge of his ways. I had dragged the loosened cloak from my back, and held it on my arm. With a sweep of it, I dashed his blade aside.

I saw the look of terror come into his upturned face. I heard the cry of horror which burst from the onlookers. Before they could interfere, however, Don Rafael de Molina lay writhing in the throes of death.

So cautious had he been that not one of those who stood there, so much as suspected his foul play, and when they saw him fall 'neath my murderous stroke, a dozen swords leapt from their scabbards, and with angry cries of "Shame!" and "Murder!" they flung themselves upon me.

But when I shouted to them to look at his left hand they paused to do my bidding. And when they saw the dagger which was grasped by the nerveless fingers of the dead, they sheathed their swords and hushed their angry cries; whilst when I told them that 'twas thus that De Molina had killed De Navéry, there were some amongst them who spat upon the corpse.

Half-an-hour later I stood swordless, and under arrest, in the guardroom of the Chatelét, awaiting the officer. When Quéniart entered and beheld me, he rubbed his eyes and spluttered out an oath.

"What, *again!*" he ejaculated. "*Ventre gris*, Monsieur de Bret, but you are like to hang this time, whether the edge of your sword be battered or not."

Nevertheless, it came not to pass as he predicted, for next day I was liberated, and I knelt in Notre Dame at the requiem mass for Raoul De Navéry.

The season was not propitious for the advancement of my suit, and so I determined to accompany the court to Blois next day, and leave my wooing until I should return, when perchance Renée's grief might have abated.

I paid her a visit that evening, and she received me kindly, and overwhelmed me with words of praise and gratitude, until I felt myself as great a historical personage as Bayard or Duguesclin. But when I came to say farewell she looked surprised.

"You are going to Blois?" she said.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I accompany the Court."

"You craved my permission three days ago," she murmured, studying the pattern of the carpet with great intentness, "and I cannot remember granting it."

My heart beat fast and furiously.

"Will you grant it now?" I inquired.

"No, Monsieur," she said, lifting her eyes to mine, "I will not. I cannot spare you."

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The Dowager **Empress.**

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THE SLAVE GIRL WHO MOUNTED A THRONE.

By Reginald Maingay.

As will be seen this is the most interesting article which has yet been published on the Chinese Empress's marvellous career. The illustrations will be found particularly striking, many of them being exclusive and unique, and coming at such a juncture, the article is peculiarly topical.

She rejoices in the name of Tszehi-Toanyu-Kangi - Chaoyu - Chuangcheng - Shokung - Chinhien-Chungsih, but such a name being a bitterness even to Chinese flesh, they call her simply Tze-hsi. She is a lady of middle height, with black hair, dark eyes, and feet shaped according to nature. A witty journalist described her as the only man in the Celestial Empire. Such is the Empress-Dowager of China.

It has been frequently stated that Tze-hsi's parents were of the lowest social grade—actors according to some, small merchants according to others. Both statements are erroneous; Tze-hsi's father, Li-Tzun, was a Manchu noble who held, some years before the birth of his daughter, an important Government post at Pekin. The poor man fell upon evil days; he lost, through no fault of his, both wealth and position, and left Pekin to try his luck at Fu-Chau But at Fu-Chau he was equally unfortunate, and the year 1843 found him in a state of almost utter destitution at Canton.

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The arrival at the palace of presents from the viceroys and mandarins upon the wedding of the Empress.

But as far as his domestic affairs were concerned fate had dealt generously with Li-Tzun. His wife seems to have been an exemplary person who bore her many and grievous afflictions with patience and fortitude, and presented her husband with a healthy son and daughter, both of whom were destined for great things, the son to a generalship in the Chinese army, the daughter, Yin-Ling, as she was called in those days, to reign in solitary grandeur over a quarter of the world's inhabitants.

But the future is a closed book; and in 1845 the unhappy Li-Tzun knew only that his affairs had reached a crisis, and that starvation stared him in the face. In such dire straits, what is a man to do? He must, of course, sell his children; but Li-Tzun, whose parental affections appear to have been strong, was loth to do so until Yin-Ling, with commendable unselfishness, suggested it herself. She could not bear to be a drag on her parents.

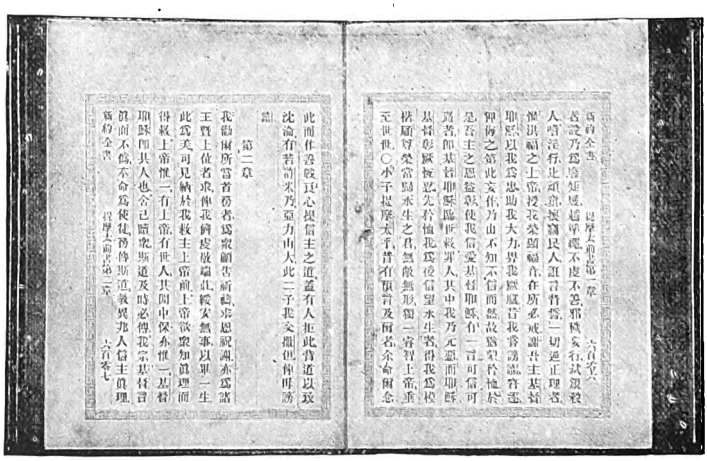
And now the girl's lucky star made its first peep over the horizon.

The silver-bound New Testament presented to the Dowager Empress. The centre plate bears the words "Holy Classic of Salvation."

At Canton had arrived a few weeks previously a fine personage, General Ti-Du to wit, a distant relative of the Emperor; him the afflicted Li-Tzun had known in happier days, and to him he now repaired, daughter and all. He told his tale and made his offer. Would Ti-Du buy the girl? She was strong and healthy and fair. Ti-Du could have her for a song — merely fifty taels. Surely the money was well laid out—the girl would amply repay him!

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the General planked down the money, and Yin-Ling changed hands.

Almost from the commencement of her career as a slave she found favour in the eyes of the General and his wife. In the first place, General Ti-Du and his wife were uncommonly worthy and generous, and had no children of their own; in the second place, Yin-Ling was uncommonly beautiful, charming (according to Chinese ideals, be it remarked), talented, ambitious, and, above all, diplomatic. Such was the situation, and it followed logically that she



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The New Testament, open at I. Timothy II.

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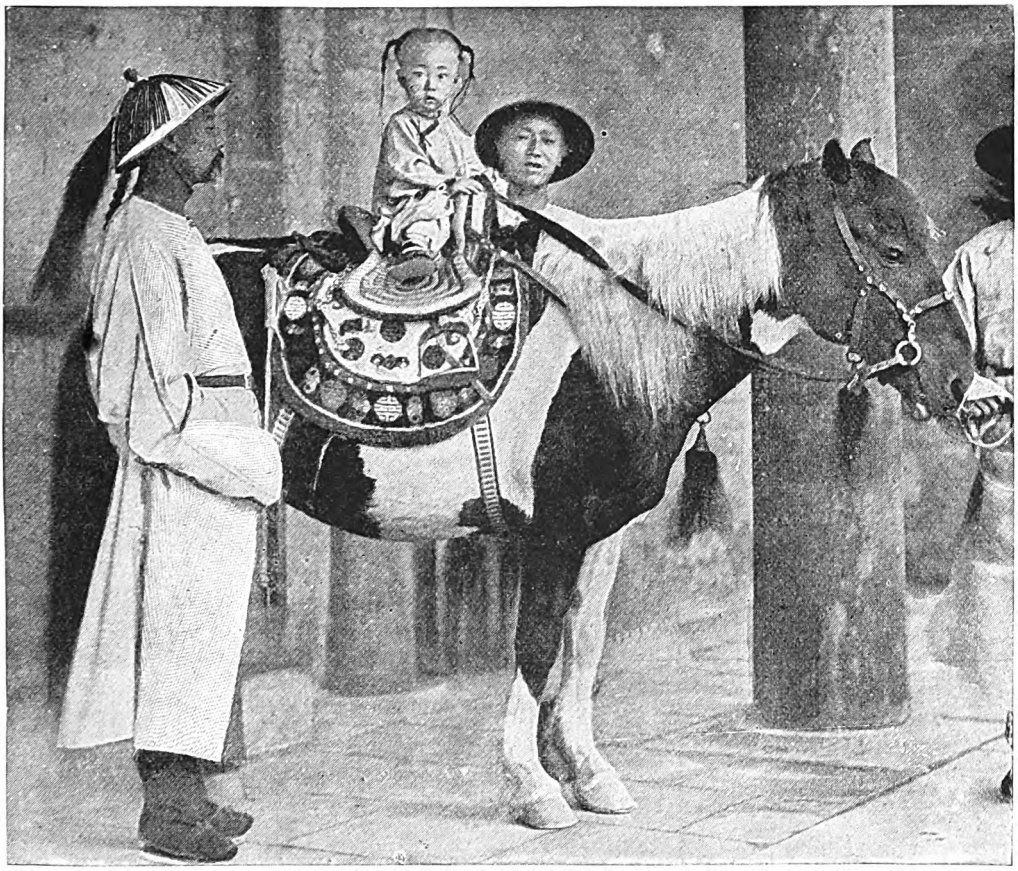

From a Copyright Photograph.

The Emperor Kwang-su as a child.

soon became her "pocket parents'" prime favourite. She was not immured in the yamen, or family establishment, as was the fate of domestic slaves in general, but permitted a certain amount of freedom. Her singular intelligence soon attracted the General's notice; he hired teachers for her; she learned reading, writing, ethics, astronomy, and other female accomplishments, and before she was fifteen years of age, was known as one of the cleverest and most desirable young women in Canton.

It was in 1850 that Hsien-Fung, who had just succeeded his father, Taokwang, on the imperial throne of China, issued a proclamation requesting all girls of Manchu descent to present themselves at the Imperial Palace at Pekin that they might be examined with a view to becoming secondary wives of the "Son of Heaven." For such is the custom in China: a wife is selected for the Emperor; she is the chief of his household, the Empress, and shares with her husband the throne; after her follow a bevy of wives of the second grade, and from these, should the Empress die, the Emperor chooses a substitute; then come an unlimited number of wives of the third grade, who have but a slender chance of promotion.

Yin-Ling, walking one day in the city—she was probably engaged in marketing for the General's household, Ti-Du having entrusted her with that important duty—read the proclamation. Returning home, she informed her "pocket parents," as they are called in China, with the utmost gravity, that she proposed to become one of the Emperor's secondary wives, and begged them to use their influence and wealth on her behalf. At first the General and his wife refused to take her seriously, and turned a deaf ear to her entreaties; but finally in this, as in all else, Yin-Ling, by dint of diplomacy and perseverance, succeeded, and managed to persuade her "pocket parents" to do all in

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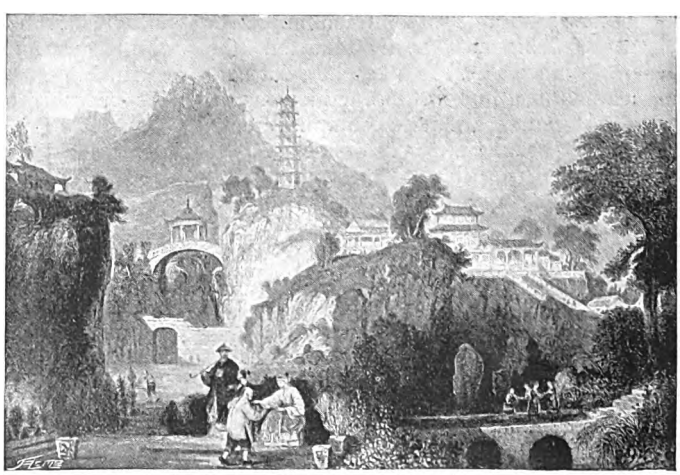
The Dowager Empress.
From a Copyright Photo of a Native Drawing.

their power to assist her. They changed her legal status from a slave to an adopted daughter; they dressed her as became the daughter of a Manchu noble (for such, as I have related, was poor Li-Tzun, though fallen on evil days), and they dispatched her with necessary funds to Pekin.

Many went to that examination, few were chosen. Of some six hundred Manchu virgins five hundred and ninety were disqualified; but among the lucky ten was Yin-Ling. She had passed, so to speak, with honours. The Empress-Dowager of the time, who is, in these cases, the chief examiner, declared, in so many words, that any virtues Yin-Ling was not the possessor of were hardly worth having. She was virtuous, she was accomplished, perfect from heel to head, and from head to heel exquisitely turned! It was a marvellous leap—a slave-girl one day, the next among the highest ladies in the land; but Yin-Ling showed no unbecoming exultation. If report is to be trusted, she took her promotion with admirable calm, and certainly without the least astonishment.

Yin-Ling's career was now beginning; its prologue, so to speak, had come to an end with her entry into the Imperial Palace, where for the next fifty years she was to become the centre of all the cabals and conspiracies which one naturally associates with China and its wonderful capital. Her first desire was to gain the notice of Hsien-Fung—no easy matter, for the Emperor may pass a whole lifetime without even knowing the names of three-quarters of his wives. But Yin-Ling was not the woman to let difficulties of any kind daunt her, and she set about gaining her object in a manner eminently worthy of her singular genius. With the utmost humility she besought Tze-An, the Empress, to take her as a maid, expressing at the same time the deepest admiration for her mistress's virtues and charms. Tze-An was no fool, and received these advances coldly at first, suspecting, no doubt, some hidden motive behind the honeyed speech and adoring glance. But Yin-Ling stuck to her guns, despite snubs and frigid glances, and managed at the same time to make herself popular with the other wives. Tze-An's suspicions were gradually lulled to rest, and almost imperceptibly, with such skill did the intriguer go to work, Yin-Ling became indispensable to her, and was never away from her side. It was thus that she came to the notice of Hsien-Fung, a man, if report errs



The Imperial Palace at the Hoo-Kew-Shan.

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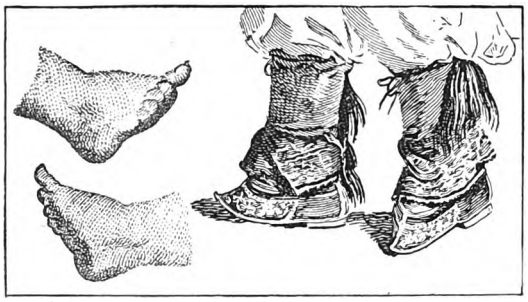
not, who appreciated a pretty face when he saw it. Becoming bolder, Yin-Ling included the Emperor in her manœuvres; he became, in course of time, deeply enamoured of her, and five years after her entry into the Imperial Palace, the ex-slave girl presented her husband with an heir to the throne of China, for Tze-An was childless.

Now was Yin-Ling's great opportunity. Was the mother of the future Emperor to remain a secondary wife? Surely such a state of affairs would be against all precedent! Hsien-Fung admitted as much, but was at loss to find a remedy. Then Yin-Ling cautiously reminded her lord that some hundreds of years ago the reigning house had been confronted with a similar dilemma (her learning stood her in good stead!), and had created a second Empress with the title, "Empress of the West." Would it not be well to follow the example set by the illustrious dead? Hsien-Fung turned the counsel over in his mind and found it good. He laid it before the famous Prince Kung, his brother. Prince Kung found it excellent, and Yin-Ling was made "Empress of the West," and henceforth known to the people of China as Tsze-hi-To-anyu-Kangi-Chaoyu, and so on, and so on, in short, as Tze-hsi, the mother of the Crown Prince.



Crushed feet of a Chinese lady. The Dowager Empress is the only prominent woman in China whose feet are not in this condition.

The Emperor Kwang-su as a child (on the right). His father is in the centre.

Had Tze-hsi been an ordinary woman, this striking triumph would assuredly have turned her head and led her to make enemies in the Imperial Household. She was, however, no ordinary woman, and knew full well that her position, strong as it was, was by no means unassailable. Acting, therefore, with great circumspection, she paid, as before, flattering attention to Tze-An,

A drawing by the grandson of the Empress of China.

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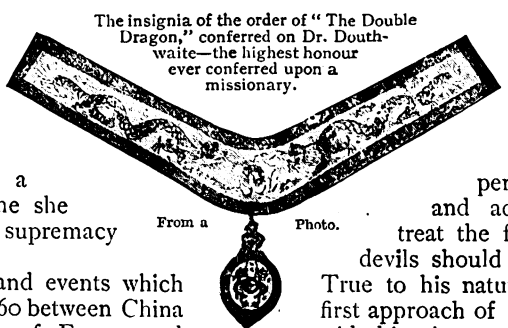
An imperial review in the palace at Pekin.

and treated the lesser wives with unusual consideration, never presuming on her exalted position. She conquered all along the line; the lesser wives soon forgave her her success, and willingly treated her with the deference due to her position; and Tze-An, though doubtless jealous of her at first, soon discovered that the wisest course was to go hand in hand with this new Empress, and in due time she passed completely under Tze-hsi's dominion, and together with Prince Kung, Li-Hung-Chang, and others, became the creature of her will, a piece in the great game she played for undisputed supremacy of power.



The insignia of the order of "The Double Dragon," conferred on Dr. Douthwaite—the highest honour ever conferred upon a missionary.

From a Photo.

The various causes and events which led up to the war of 1860 between China and the allied Powers of France and England do not fall within the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that Europe wished to open up China for her wares, and China wished to shut all her doors in the face of Europe.

There followed all manner of squabbles, and finally England and France took the Taku forts and marched on Pekin. Now Tze-hsi's policy at this time has seldom been commented upon, and yet it was undoubtedly in favour of the foreign barbarians. Not that she loved foreigners then any more than she loves them to-day, but, wiser than her husband and his counsellors, she recognised their power, and felt that no real harm would accrue to China from making a few cautious concessions. Prince Kung shared her views; but the Prince of I and a certain Shu-Shun, two powerful favourites of the Emperor, were in opposition, and advised Hsien-Fung to treat the foreigners as all other devils should be treated.

True to his nature, Hsien-Fung, at the first approach of the foreign troops, fled with his wives to the Hunting Palace at Jehol. There, after peace had been restored, a great contest was waged for influence over the Emperor, the Prince of I and Shu-Shun on the one side and the Empresses and Prince Kung on the other. The former party, in spite of the lesson they had received, were all for insulting and driving out the foreigners;

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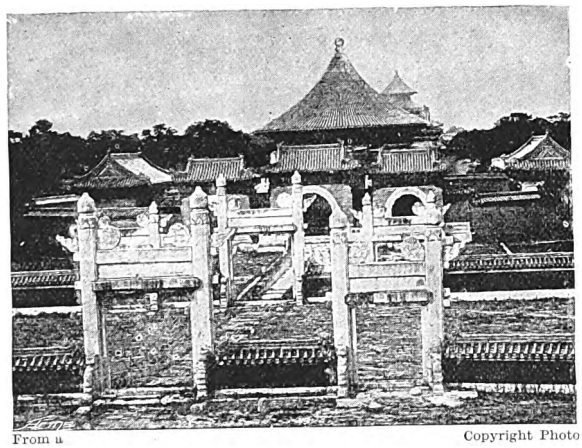
the latter party, though hating the foreigners with an equal hatred, advocated a temporising and moderate policy. Despite their efforts, Tze-hsi and her confederates lost ground, and all manner of calamities might have fallen on China had not Fate —which appears to be under State control in the Far East—stepped in and cut the Gordian knot. Hsien-Fung died suddenly "of a bad chill."

A few days before his death the Empresses and their allies had taken a momentous resolution, and being fully prepared, were not at all chagrined or astonished when the dying Emperor published an edict appointing the Prince of I and his party Regents during the Crown Prince's minority. This triumph of the Prince of I was but short-lived; a few days after the funeral of Hsien-Fung, Pekin was thrown into a state of wild excitement by the appearance of an edict, which purported to proceed from the Emperor (who was, by the way, four years old), ordering the Prince of I and Shu-Shun to be tried for high treason and appointing the Dowager-Empresses Regents of the Empire. Behind this palpably "faked" edict was practically the whole army massed in large bodies in the neighbourhood of the capital. Tze-hsi never does things by halves, and when she sees her opportunity, she strikes with ruining force and precision. But, contrary to what is at present believed, she is emphatically not a wantonly cruel and spiteful woman. When the Prince of I, Shu-Shun and Ching, another confederate, had been condemned to death, she did her best to ameliorate the sentences, which, true to Chinese custom, were ingeniously cruel. The Prince of I and Ching were mercifully allowed to strangle themselves in prison and Shu-Shun, who had been sentenced to the so-called "lingering death," was decapitated.



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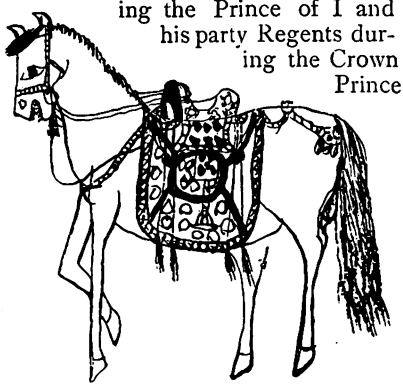
Entrance to the tombs of the Manchu Emperors. Here the Dowager Empress's husband and son are buried.



A horse drawn by the grandson of the Empress. (*Copyright.*)

From the death of Hsien-Fung to the coming of age and marriage of Tung-Chih, things went with tolerable smoothness both inside and outside the Imperial Palace. On Tze-hsi's initiative, the

The propitiatory sacrifices for the dead being offered after the decease of the Empress's husband.

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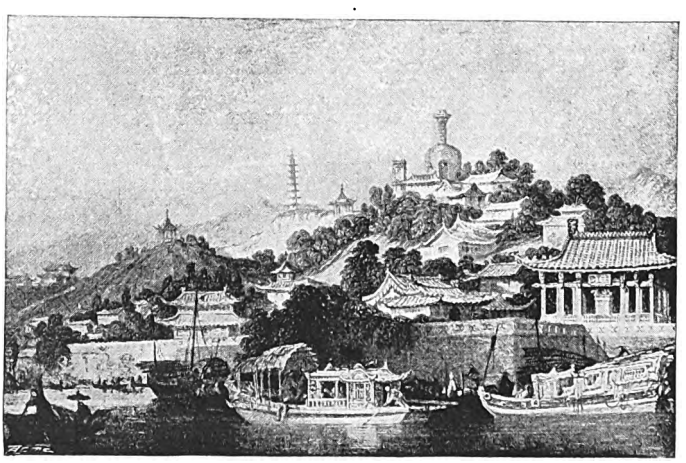
Mandarins awaiting an audience of the Empress at the palace at Pekin.

Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Office, came into being, and the army and navy underwent various reforms. As for her relations with the Powers, Tze-hsi was not tardy in showing that, although she was averse from reckless insult and defiance, she had no inclination whatever to allow her country to be overrun and managed by foreigners. Deplorable affairs, such as the murder of Mr. Burlingham and the massacre of the Catholic Sisters in Tientsin, though not directly traceable to her, were, at all events, due to men, such as Chen Kwojui, who enjoyed her confidence, and whose crimes she treated with suspicious leniency. Detestable as such deeds were, we must not forget, in judging this extraordinary woman, that she is not only an Oriental with vague ideas of right and wrong, but also a burning patriot, who from childhood on has been taught, and passionately believes, that China must inevitably go under the moment the foreigner penetrates its sanctities and gets the upper hand in its affairs.

In 1872 Tze-hsi's son, Tung-Chih, had reached the age when he should take to himself an Empress, and when the reins of power should pass into his hands. From among hundreds of Manchu maidens, Tze-hsi chose for him Ahluta, a young lady of great beauty and noble descent, and Tung-Chih's marriage was

"The Artful Dowager." "Punch's" famous cartoon published after the most recent coup d'etat.
(By kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")



The gardens of the Imperial Palace at Pekin.

celebrated with great pomp and ceremony on the 17th of October. But Tung-Chih as Emperor turned out a decided failure. Weak, dissolute, and self-willed, he vehemently resented his mother's and Prince Kung's interference, and affairs came to a crisis when an edict appeared degrading his Imperial kinsman "for language in many respects unbecoming." Tze-hsi publicly nullified this edict and reinstated the Prince, which shows that her power was still absolute, and a period of intrigue

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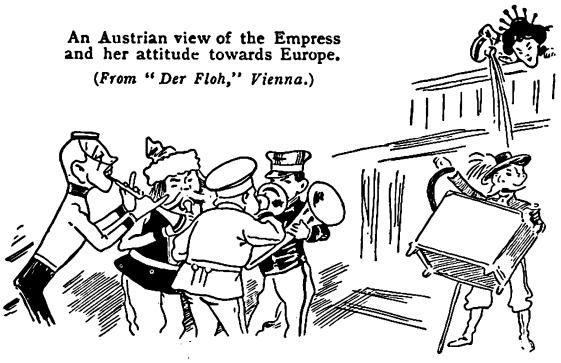


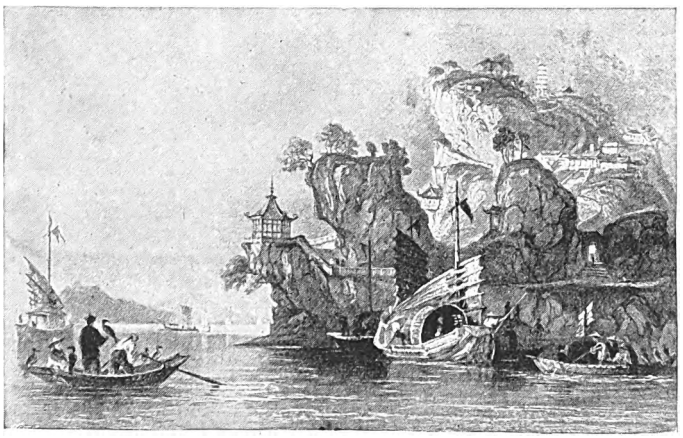
An Austrian view of the Empress and her attitude towards Europe.
(*From "Der Floh," Vienna.*)

and strife set in once more between the real and the nominal heads of the State. It closed, as it was bound to close, with the defeat of Tung-Chih, for on January the 12th, 1875, "The Son of Heaven" mounted the Dragon's back and became, as the saying goes, "a guest on high."

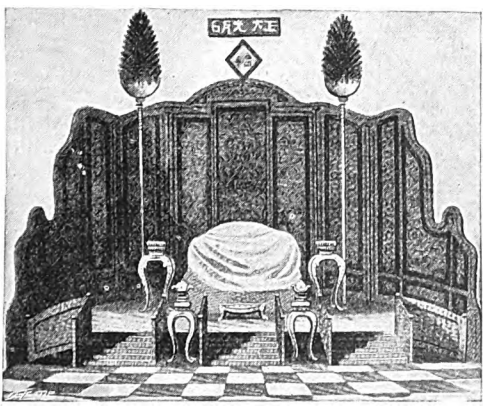
That Tze-hsi assisted fate in removing her son to a higher sphere of activity it would be futile to deny, though the fact of her complicity has never been proven. One thing is certain—Tung-Chih's policy endangered what she considered the welfare of China, and if no means save his death sufficed to arrest that policy, die he should were he twenty times her son.

But an Emperor there must be, and who was to step into Tung-Chih's shoes? Prince Kung's eldest son was the legal heir, but Tze-hsi, for sundry reasons, objected to his candidature. Her nephew, the infant son of Prince Chun, suited her purposes better, and him she caused one night to be seized from his nursery close to the Palace and placed on the vacant throne. Those who objected to this violation of law disappeared out of human ken, and Tung-Chih's widow, Ahluta, who, as Dowager-Empress, might have raised difficulties, passed suddenly away, an obituary eulogy on her "chaste and virtuous and wise and filial" character filling the pages of the *Pekin Gazette.*

Unlike our own Queen Bess, who, if historians speak truly, treated those who served and saved their country with flagrant ingratitude, Tze-hsi never forgets her dutiful servants, and is full of sympathy for her soldiers in war time and her people in hours of affliction. On one occasion when the army, putting down a rebellion in the island of Hainan, suffered greatly in the malarious climate, she dispatched post haste to the seat of war ten boxes of "Pingan Tan," or "pills of peace and tranquility." Could sympathy be more touchingly expressed? In 1897 there was dire famine in the provinces of Honan, Shausi and Kansu, and Tze-hsi collected funds for the relief of the starving by rigorously cutting down the Palace expenses and drawing largely from her private purse. That Tze-hsi is not violently anti-Christian is proved by her graceful acceptance on her sixtieth birthday of a New Testament bound in silver covers and costing no less than £200. The book was printed by the Presbyterian Mission Press at Shanghai.



The Imperial Palace at Tseaon-Shan.



The throne of the Empress's husband.

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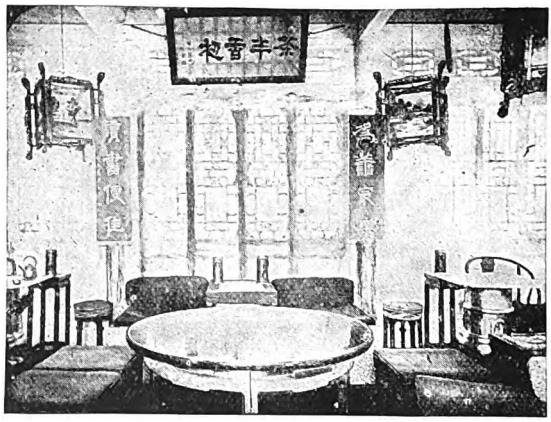
Though much dreaded in her household, she is most affable to those who obey her, her greatest favourite being an adopted daughter, the quaint drawings of whose little son (also a pet of Tze-hsi) are among the most valuable of the accompanying illustrations. They were received from an English lady-tutor of the boy.

The shameful aggressions of France in Tonking was the most important political event during the new Emperor, Kwang-su's minority, and it was these, more than anything else, that filled Tze-hsi with such deadly and implacable hatred against all Europeans. Kwang-su's marriage and coming of age, the Japanese war, and the aggressions of Germany, Russia, England, and the other Powers, are events too recent to need detailed recapitulation. But on the *coup d'état* of 1900, when Tze-hsi deposed and imprisoned the Emperor, a word must be said. Kwang-su, to put it plainly, is somewhat of a fool. Enamoured of European civilization, he sought in a day to do the work of centuries: to change the ancient customs of an almost changeless people. This foolish but well-meant labour was interrupted one fine morning by the appearance of Tze-hsi, a document in her hand. This she laid before the Emperor and bade him sign. It was practically a deed of abdication. He refused to obey her; and she (relates an attendant who witnessed the scene) handed him the pen in silence, but with a look on her face more terrible and menacing than the fiercest threat. Kwang-su sank back in his chair in an agony of indecision. He knew well what those terrible eyes threatened. Hsien-Fung and Tung-Chih had rebelled against this woman's will, and Hsien-Fung and Tung-Chih had paid the direst penalty for their rashness. This was common knowledge, though no one in the "Forbidden City" dared to breathe it, and the unhappy Kwang-su knew well that he must obey or die. So "with a groan and a gesture



From a Copyright Photo.
The interior of the Tsung-li-Yamen, the Chinese Foreign Office—founded by the Empress.

"Moonshine's" amusing cartoon of the Empress riding upon the Russian bear, led by Li Hung Chang.
(By kind permission of the proprietors of "Moonshine")

A high class mandarin proceeding to an audience of the Empress.

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of despair" the Emperor put his signature to the "edict," and Tze-hsi triumphantly snatched it from her nephew's hand.

"Then," the attendant continues, "the Empress Dowager's face instantly became wreathed with smiles, her eyes soft and benevolent, and she was all kindness and motherly solicitude for her Imperial nephew.

"He, poor fallen Majesty! had sunken down in his chair after signing the deed. A sudden deadly pallor spread over his face, and the moment after blood trickled from the corners of his mouth, dyeing his robe and the carpet beneath him. His excitement had been too much for his weak health, and it seems that he burst one of his lesser blood-vessels."

Curious specimens of the drawing and writing of the Empress's grandson.

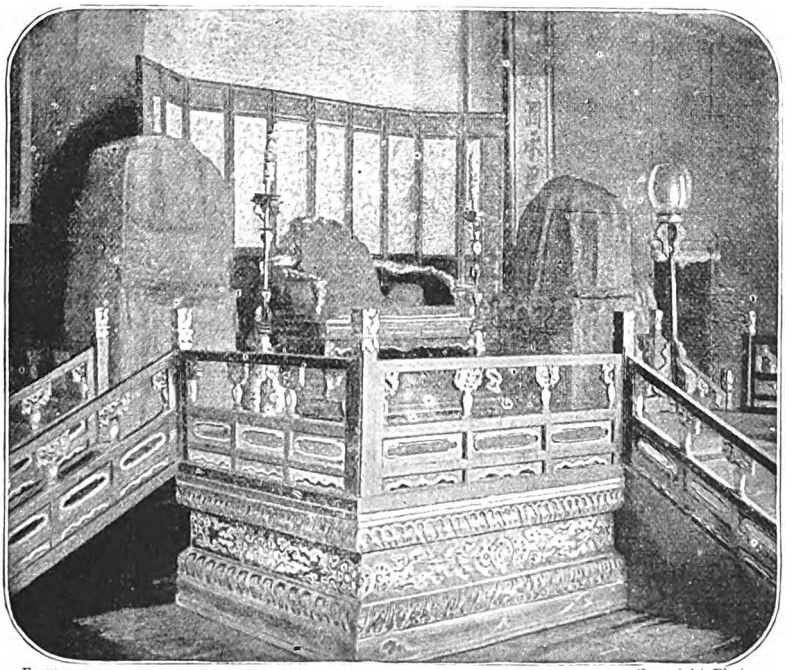
(*Copyright.*)

Tze-hsi removed her nephew to a sequestered part of the palace, a retreat known as Ying-tai, and there she tended him with pious care during many weeks' illness.

It is an open secret that Tze-hsi, at the time when she brought Kwang-su the "edict" for his signature, had a successor to the Imperial throne ready should her nephew refuse to obey her commands; and, if report speaks truly, she was somewhat chagrined when Kwang-su bowed himself to her will. Another infant "Son of Heaven" would have been so convenient, would have saved so large an amount of worry and intrigue!

No! Tze-hsi is not a paragon of virtue. But she is a very capable woman, a strong, and in many ways sagacious, ruler. She knows her own mind, and nothing and nobody does she permit, with impunity, to criticise her actions or stand in the way of her schemes. An ideal sovereign she is emphatically not, but better, a thousand times better, than the weak or dissolute young men who have occupied the Celestial Throne during the past forty years.

The tragic history of the Empress during the last few months is too fresh in everyone's mind to need recapitulation.



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The present Imperial throne of China.

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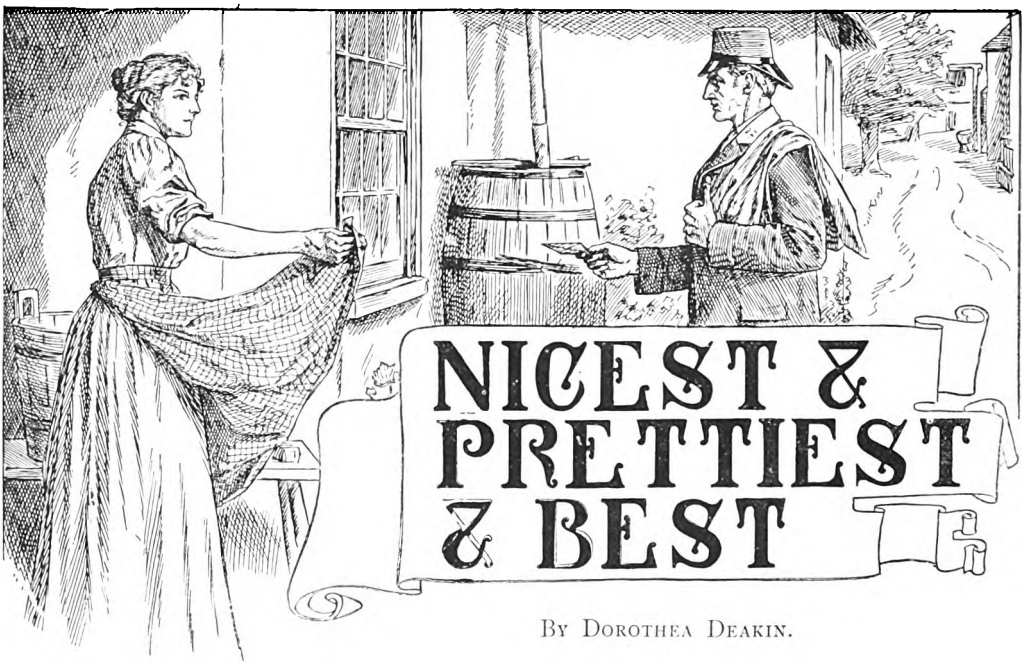

NICEST & PRETTIEST & BEST

By Dorothea Deakin.

"There's one for you, to-day, Charity Carr."

With a look of unbounded amazement the girl lifted her pink face from the wash-tub and took the letter in a hand carefully guarded by a corner of blue checked apron.

"You'll be wantin' a drink, postman, after coming so far with one small letter. Go inside and have a word with mother—she's main glad to see a neighbour these days."

The postman was hot and tired, and he obeyed without a word. Charity dried her soapy hands on her apron and turned the envelope over and over, wondering what Robert had got to say important enough to make him write when she was to see him on Sunday—she knew it was from him by the paper. She had given him a box of pink and blue paper last Christmas, and he had written on the pink kind ornamented with rosebuds. She wondered vaguely why he hadn't chosen the blue with the forget-me-nots in the corner. At last she tore it open, read laboriously through to the other end, and forgot the colour of the paper and everything else except the cruel words inside. It was from Robert, sure enough, and whatever could it mean? It was badly written and badly spelt, but in her eyes both writing and spelling were perfect, for she knew no better, and she loved the man who had written it. But whatever did he mean?

When she had been through it a second time she found that Robert's meaning was clear enough. He had taken care that there should be no misunderstanding here. He thought they had better part—she was too good for him, and too religious—he knew she would never be happy with a light-minded chap like him; and he was keeping company with little Kitty Robinson, who was not so serious.

Charity put the pink letter in her pocket and sat down on the wooden bench, slippery with soapsuds. She saw through the window that the postman had drawn the big rocking-chair to the fire, and that, having delivered all his letters, he didn't mean to move for a good hour.

Oh, how could Robert do it?—how could he do it? . . . After they had been going together for five years, and she so true to him, and saving every spare penny towards the housekeeping!

And all along of a flighty little thing like Kitty Robinson. He had always praised Charity for her quiet ways and thrifty habits, and now to turn round and as good as tell her that he was tired of her!

And Kitty, too, how could she bear to steal away another girl's sweetheart—she who had half-a-dozen lads hanging round her and might pick and choose? Surely the girl couldn't know how much it meant to Charity! Everyone said Kitty was a kind little thing for all her silly, giggling ways.

Charity rose and went on with her washing.

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She would go and see Kitty that very night, and ask her to give Robert back—she would tell the girl how dearly she loved him, how she had been pinching and saving for the little home, and what a wretched place the world would be to her if she lost him. She had never spoken to Kitty in her life, but that did not matter; she had heard, times without number, that the girl was gentle and loving, and she would ask her to give Robert back—to give him back!

So when the washing was finished and all the clothes dried and ironed, Charity put a big shawl over her head and slipped out of the cottage. It was growing dark, and she had nearly two miles to go, so she walked quickly, and soon reached the house where Kitty lived.

It was a lonely, grey cottage with a large garden. To-night everything seemed very quiet and deserted, and now that it had come to the point, the girl's courage had almost failed her. She walked up the narrow stone flagged path and looked through the window into the kitchen. A big fire roared and crackled in the grate, and Charity could see without any other light that the dresser and table had been scrubbed till they were as white as snow, and that the steels of the fireplace and the tins on the wall glistened and shone like silver in the flickering light.

Charity sat down on the wooden bench, slippery with soapsuds.

Ah! the girl might be flighty, but she knew how to keep the house nice. At first Charity thought the kitchen was empty, but as her eyes grew accustomed to the light she saw that there was something on one side of the fender. Surely it wasn't—yes—there was no doubt about it—a girl was sitting crouched up against an oven door, while the hot fire beat mercilessly down on a shining, ruffled, yellow head Charity stared. For the girl was Kitty Robinson, and she was crying and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Robert's late sweetheart felt a little indignant. What right had the girl to be unhappy when she possessed the love of a man like Robert? No doubt she was crying over one of her old hens, or the yearly pig-killing. Charity lifted the latch of the door and went softly in, and the other girl looked up in a dazed kind of way without moving.

"Mother's out," she said, showing Charity a little face red and swollen with crying. "There's no one in but me."

Charity crossed the kitchen to her side.

"It's you I've come to see," she said as gently as though she were speaking to a child with a cut finger. "What's the matter? What's been making you cry?"

Kitty didn't answer, but buried her face in her hands and began to sob quietly again.

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"What have they been saying to you? What's making you cry?" Charity repeated, touched by the utter abandonment of the girl's grief.

Still no answer.

Then she took the brooch out of her grey shawl and let the shawl slip to the ground, and spoke again, this time in a gentler tone, with one arm round the girl's slight figure.

"Look up, lass, and tell me all about it—I'm in trouble myself, and I can understand the comfort of a good cry. But what will Robert say if you spoil those pretty blue eyes? Why, your little nose is that red and swollen, your mother won't know you when she comes home."

At the sound of Robert's name Kitty looked up.

"Why! who's told you about Robert? I never heard of such a place as this for talk," she said pettishly. "It's about Robert—that—that's—makin' me cry."

Charity stared. Was it possible that she didn't know that Robert loved her? She took the girl's small work-roughened hand in hers and stroked it gently.

"Tell me all about it," she said, and Kitty, seeing only kindness and sympathy in the sweet, grave face looking so earnestly into hers, began her story.

"It's all Robert," she said, rubbing her eyes with a soaked ball of a handkerchief; "it's along of something he told me last night; it's made me so miserable. I've been crying all day, off and on, and mother, she said it got on her nerves. She said she wasn't going to stay at home to listen to no such dratted whining. She had an early tea, and went over to see my Aunt Martha, and I've been alone ever since, and I've been getting miserabler and miserabler, and I'm glad to see anyone, it's that lonely."

Charity wished she would get back to her story. What *could* be the matter?

"Well," she said in a low voice, "what did Robert say to make you cry so?"

Kitty straightened herself, and tried to smooth her untidy hair.

"It was last night," she said. "Mother was puttin' the clothes in soak in the wash'us, and me and Robert was settin' here alone, and Robert was tryin' to make me say when, and I was that silly I was only bent on teasing him. And he said as there never had been a girl loved so true as he loved me, and I said he didn't care two straws for me."

Charity shivered, and drew a little nearer to the fire, but she didn't take her arm from Kitty's waist. She remembered Robert's saying the same thing to her, but she, fool that she had been, had believed him.

"Robert took it very serious," Kitty went on, "an' he began saying pretty things about my hair. Like sunshine, he said it was, and he said he'd never seen such a pair of blue eyes, but I kept saucin' and saucin', till at last he ups and says, 'You say you know I don't love you! Prove it then!' And I says, 'Bless the lad—it's for you to prove as you do!' I'd been reading the "Young Ladies' Journal," and somehow my head was filled with the notion that a man couldn't really love you till he'd done something for you as he didn't like doin'.

"'Do something to show you love me best,' says I, and I kept on saucin' and saucin', till at last he jumped up and banged his fist on the table.

"'My God!' he said, and I was main glad the kitchen door was shut, 'you're a little cat, for all your prettiness. I *have* done something—something as I shall suffer for some day, I've no doubt.'

"And then I saw what a real rage he was in, and I began to get a bit frightened. He's a terror when he's roused, is Robert."

Her listener made no remark. Indeed she could not trust herself to speak. This was the girl her lover had deserted her for—this empty-headed little flirt, who thought it a joke to annoy and provoke him! She choked down the angry words which came to her lips, and Kitty went on:

"He sat down on a chair and he put his elbows on the table, and he looked me straight in the face.

"'I'll tell you what I've done for you,' he said. 'And maybe it'll please you. I've thrown over the nicest and the prettiest and the best girl in England for you, and you're not good enough to tie her shoestrings for her.'"

"What did *you* say to that?" Charity asked in a strangled voice.

"Well, at first I was a bit cross. I told him he could go back to his 'nicest, prettiest, and best,' and the sooner he went the better."

"And then?"

"Oh, then he shook his head, and said he'd done it now, and he should stand by it, and he said that for all the other girl was so good he loved me best, and if he couldn't have me, he'd have no other. And when he spoke so nice and quiet my crossness all went away, and I was glad he hadn't taken me at my word. An' I think I should die if Robert gave over loving me. So we made it up, and didn't say nothing more for half an

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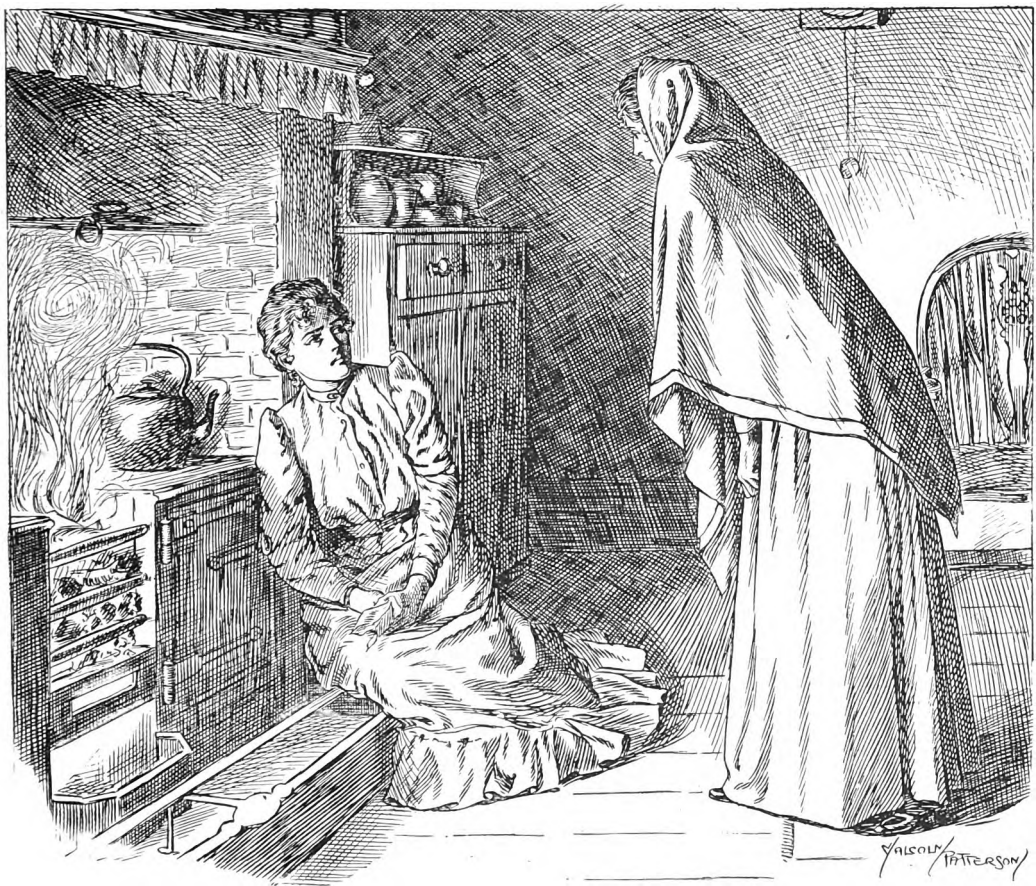

Charity crossed the kitchen to her side. "It's you I've come to see," she said gently, as though she were speaking to a child with a cut finger.

hour, when I thought of something, and I said to Robert:

"'Was the other girl fond of you, Robert?' And he said she was. Then I said: 'Had you been walking out with her long before you knew me?' And he said as how they'd been keeping company for five years. Then I took Robert's arm from round me, and I told him I was tired, and he went home. But for all I said I was tired, I didn't sleep, and I lay and I lay, and thought and thought, and cried and cried, and grew miserabler and miserabler, all for thinking of that other girl. An' I kept on thinkin', 'Suppose it had been me?' an' then I thought perhaps she was lying awake crying because Robert had left her, an' calling me everything for robbin' her—me!—as didn't know, an' I thought that I should have died if it had been me, and I knew she loved him, because no one could help lovin' him if they knew him—do what they could—and I thought she must feel nearly as bad as if she'd buried him."

"Perhaps the other girl would rather he'd have died," Charity said bitterly, and Kitty looked up wonderingly.

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "There's different ways of lovin'. I can't help thinking it's always better to see him as you love, well and happy, even if you're breaking your own heart for want of him."

Charity looked at her curiously. Was she speaking the truth?

"So this is all you've got to make you unhappy—the sorrows of another girl?"

Kitty flushed indignantly.

"All!" she cried. "You call it all, to steal a girl's lover away without knowing it, and spoil her whole life for her? Why, I'd do anything if I could make it up to her."

Charity tightened her grip of the little hand.

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"Is it you, Charity Carr, that comes sneaking here, settin' her against me?"

Her anger had quite faded away, but she was not quite sure.

"Listen," she said. "If someone was to ask you to pretend you didn't care for Robert, and didn't want to marry him, so that he should turn to the other girl, who loved him so long and so true, for comfort, would you do it?"

She gazed earnestly into the frightened blue eyes and watched the little flushed face grow white at her words.

"Oh!" Kitty cried, "but no one will, will they?—and Robert knows—he wouldn't believe me—and I love him so—"

Charity was relentless.

"You said you would do anything for the other girl," she said. "And if you do love him remember *she* has loved him for five years."

"But Robert!—he wouldn't be happy without me," the girl said piteously.

Charity smiled, rather sadly. Kitty thought.

"Oh, Robert would manage, I daresay. He's done without you up to now—and then you see he'd have the nicest, and the prettiest, and the best girl to make shift with."

Kitty hid her face in her hands and for a moment did not speak.

"Very well!" she said at last. "I will try and give him up. But oh! I hope he won't believe me—I hope he won't believe me!"

"You can make Robert believe anything," Charity said calmly.

And then Kitty began to understand.

"Oh!" she cried, "You know him—you—"

Then something checked her excited flow of words, and made her spring to her feet and hastily smooth her tumbled yellow hair before the small square of looking-glass. She had heard the click of the garden gate, and the well-known sound of a man's footsteps on the stone path.

"It's Robert," she whispered in a frightened voice, and Charity, who knew the step even better than she did, assented with a curt nod.

He knocked sharply, and the two girls stood looking at each other silently. Charity spoke first. She was paler than before, and her mouth was strangely hard.

"You'd better let him in," she said, "and get it over."

Kitty shivered

"I daren't go to the door," she said. "If he kisses me, I daren't tell him all those lies."

"Call to him to come in, then!"

"Come in!" Kitty's voice was hard and shrill. The door opened and Robert entered.

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He was tall and well-looking enough, but his mouth and chin were weak. At the sight of Kitty's tear-stained face he stopped, and stared, but when he turned his eyes on Charity he jumped to a conclusion.

"You here?' he cried.

The girl opened her mouth to speak, but Kitty stopped her. She knew that if she didn't say what she had to say at once, she couldn't say it at all.

"It's all a mistake, Robert—I don't love you a bit—I've never loved you—I hate you. Go back to the—the—nicest—and prettiest—and best girl, and don't never come near me again—I—I—can't bear you."

For a moment the young man was too bewildered to speak; then with one indignant look at Charity he crossed the room to Kitty's side and put his arm round her. She tried to push him away, but he was too strong, and at last she was obliged to give way, and burst into a hysterical fit of sobbing on his shoulder.

"And is it you, Charity Carr, that comes sneakin' here, settin' her against me? I would never have believed it of you!"

Then Charity rose to the occasion. This was Kitty Robinson's young man, not the Robert she had loved so many years, and the new light on his character was not a becoming one.

"Wait!" she said. "You are making a mistake. . . . Kitty! you said you were sorry for the girl your lover threw over—you've no need to be. The girl's me, and I never was so pleased in my life as when I got his letter breaking it off. I never cared the worth of a farthing candle for him, and I am main glad to be rid of him for good. Don't you spoil your pretty eyes with crying about a girl as don't need your pity, and don't be sorry for me any more. I'm as happy—as happy as ever was. There's as good fish in the sea as ever come out."

Then turning to the young man with flashing eyes:

"And as for you, Robert, you don't need to think as I was settin' your lass against you—you were right when you said it wasn't like me—but if you marry Kitty Robinson you treat her kind! I bear no malice to you, and I hope we shall part friends, but if you don't make her a good husband, and treat her more true and faithful than you've treated me, you will be the blackest villain as ever deserved hell-fire. She is a soft-hearted little thing, and too good by half for the likes of you."

Robert was speechless, but Kitty left him to come and put her arms round Charity's neck.

"You *do* love him!" she whispered; "and you're pretending you don't care because of me. But I did try to give him up, didn't I?"

Charity pushed her gently away.

"My dear," she said, "you go back to that Robert of yours—you can take my share of him and welcome."

And without another word she threw her shawl over her head and left the house.

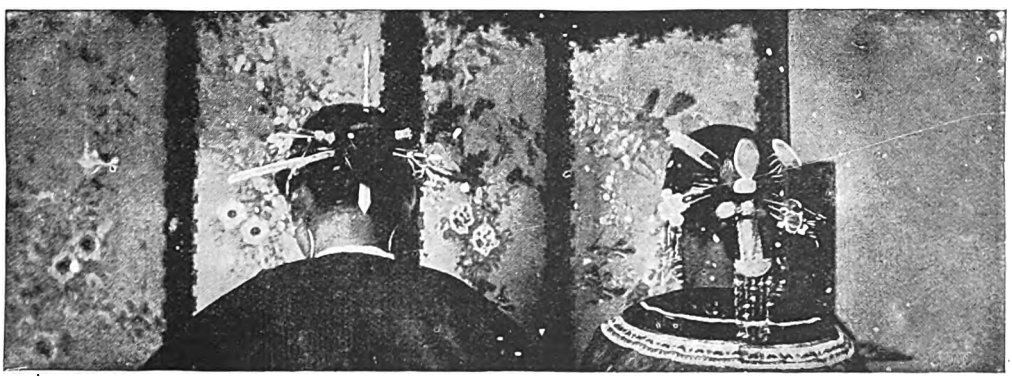

Photo by W. P. Edwards

Typical examples of Chinese women's curious headdress.

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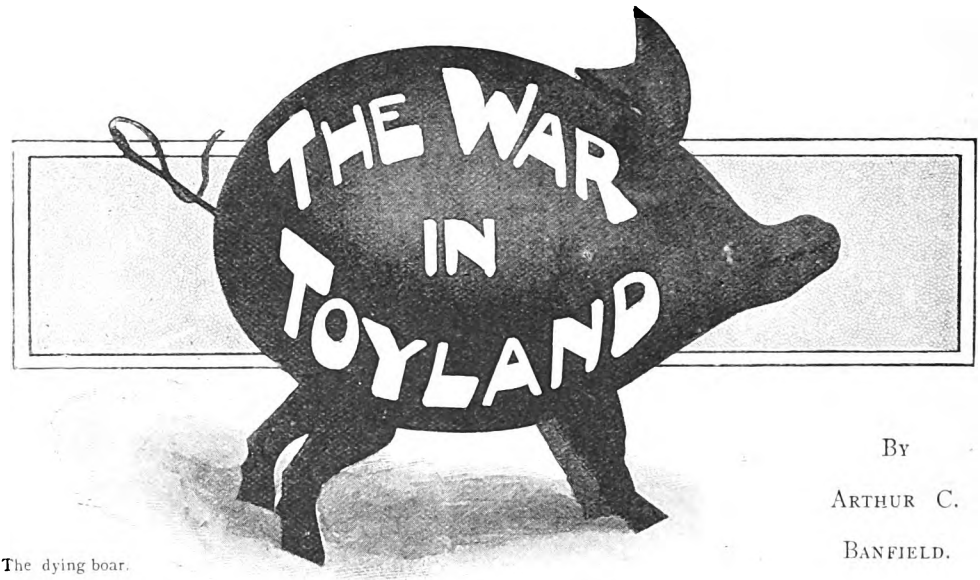
THE WAR IN TOYLAND

By Arthur C. Banfield.



The dying boar.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

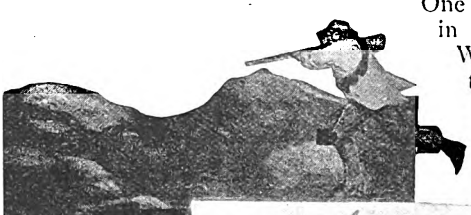
"'Ere y'are, sir! Price one shilling; the only original Oom Paul and future hex-president of the Transvaal, wiskers and all complete. Price one shillin' only!"

So runs the cry of the man who has a tray-load of the comical affair reproduced on another page to dispose of. The "only original Oom Paul," it will be readily seen, consists of an indiarubber bladder stamped with a likeness (?) of Kruger, with the addition of a cardboard top hat and tow whiskers By means of a mouthpiece it can be blown up to a vast size, and reminds one of the frog in the fable who would imitate the cow, with disastrous effect. Indeed, the writer was advised to "do the same as 'Bobs' wos doing—blow 'im up and bust 'im."

Another toy of the same class is illustrated in the "Dying Boar." If this is fully blown and placed on a table, the wind in escaping through the mouthpiece passes over a small reed, giving rise to a most mournful, ear-piercing wail, which, if you take the vendor's word for it, accurately resembles the last squeal of a dying Boer.

A Mafeking hat.

One might look in vain in the windows of the West End milliners for the choice article reproduced under the name of the Mafeking hat. As a matter of course, its "colour scheme" consists of the Union Jack, and on the receipt of the news of the relief of Baden-Powell and his gallant little garrison such hats appeared on the streets in thousands.



A transformation scene. On pulling a lever, a British soldier appears from behind a kopje and puts the Boer to flight.

The "Gentleman in Khaki" is another toy which has sold to an enormous extent, and, strange to say, it is of French manufacture.

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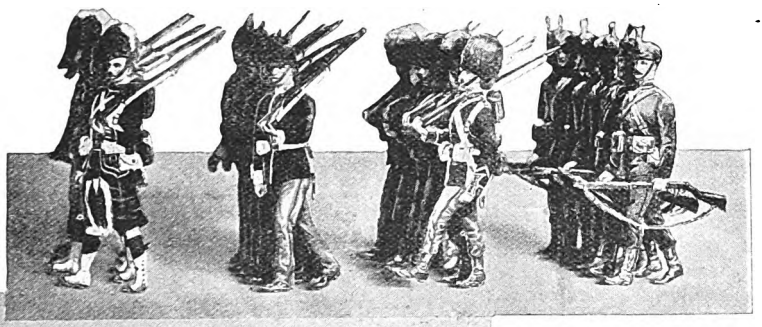
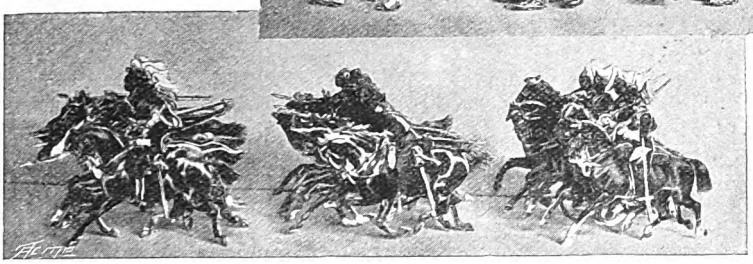


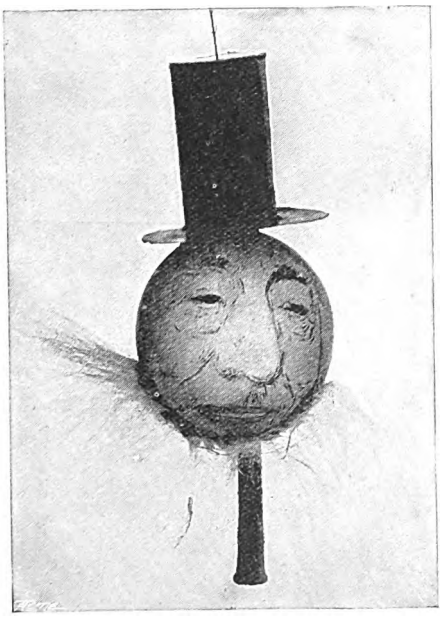
These soldiers are made of cardboard, and can be bought for 1d. a row. All kinds of infantry and cavalry can be obtained.



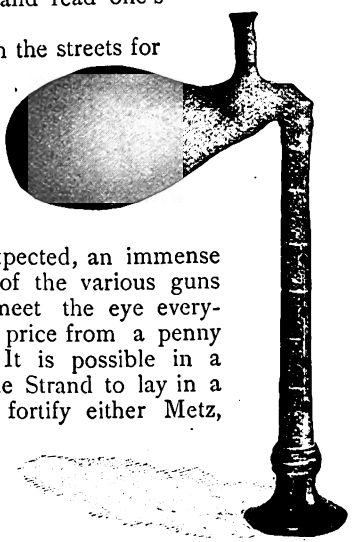
It is a little clockwork figure dressed in a fearful and wonderful khaki-coloured uniform, of a type unknown at the War Office, and is armed with a Lee-Metford rifle, with which, on being wound up, it goes through some curious evolutions, presumably some form of bayonet exercise.

Doubtless many persons who read this article will remember a form of fortune-telling very prevalent in the early nineties as a side show to bazaars, etc. On entering the "magician's cave" one was told to breathe on a mirror and read one's fate in a mystic inscription which would suddenly appear.

This has been revived in the magic mirrors now sold on the streets for a penny, one of which is reproduced. By breathing on them the portrait of one or the other of the prominent persons of the war is at once made manifest. The one here reproduced represents President Kruger.



This bladder head of "Oom Paul" can be blown out to a vast size. Its fate is often that of the frog in the fable.



The Highlander's Bagpipe.

As might be expected, an immense variety of models of the various guns used in the war meet the eye everywhere, and range in price from a penny to one shilling. It is possible in a single walk down the Strand to lay in a sufficient stock to fortify either Metz, Kronstadt, or Portsmouth (in miniature) twice over with an assortment of Creûsots, Armstrongs, Krupps, naval guns, wire guns, Long Toms, Hotchkiss, and Maxims.

All of them are capable of shooting peas and shot, but the boy who purchases them will discover, with a most lamentable lack of accuracy. The shilling model of a Creûsot gun, a photograph of which is reproduced, can, however, be depended upon to shoot a pea against grandpa's bald head with considerable force, provided grandpa is not more than three feet from the muzzle.

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A favourite Kruger toy — pull the string and the figure moves.

At the same time it may be as well to lay in a stock of cardboard soldiers to work them; they can easily be obtained in any uniform, both cavalry and infantry, at a price of one penny a row. A leaden general on horseback to direct them will cost sixpence, or, if a field marshal is preferred, Lord Roberts can be bought for a shilling—not a very excessive price, considering his sterling qualities. Caricatures naturally form a very considerable proportion of the toys that the war has brought into existence. In the one reproduced we have a fairly good likeness of President Kruger, and by lifting up the flap, of which the upper part of the picture is composed, the British lion is at once disclosed — with Kruger in its mouth, the chin being made to do duty for both the President and lion.

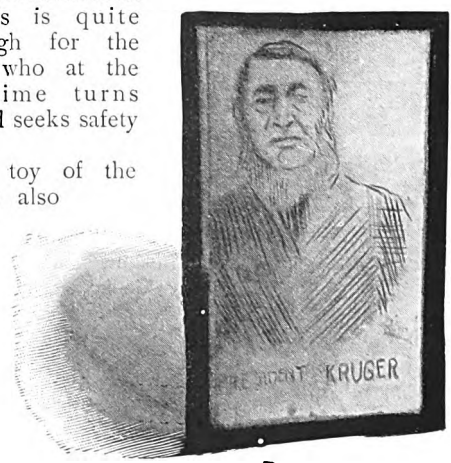
Various positions taken up by Kruger when he arrives in St. Helena.

Another very clever two-phase toy is labelled "Steel that makes the Boer Run." It consists of a bit of South African landscape, with a kopje in the background and a Boer (a little taller than the kopje), in the foreground, busily engaged in "sniping" a concealed foe, at the same time running towards him.

On pulling the lever out (seen behind the Boer's left leg) a radical change comes over the scene. Mr. T. Atkins, tired of being "sniped," appears from behind a rock, bayonet fixed, and with a look of stern determination on his face.

This is quite enough for the Boer, who at the same time turns round and seeks safety in flight.

Another toy of the same class is also reproduced. This one consists of five pieces of tin loosely riveted together in such a manner that the figure is capable of taking up an infinity of grotesque positions, illustrations



The magic mirror.

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of which are given. It will be noticed that Kruger is sitting on a packing-case, labelled "P. K., St. Helena."

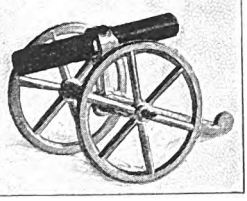
The first thought that strikes one when confronted with the immense number and variety of buttons and badges met with in a wholesale dealer's shop is: "Where on earth do they all go?" Not one in ten of the persons met in the streets wear one, yet they are sold in millions. Mr. W. J. Lawrence, of Houndsditch, assured the writer that he had patterns in stock, and of the more popular heroes of the war, grosses were sold a day. They range in price from a ½*d.* to 1*s.* by far the greater portion of them hailing from Germany. The favourites are those bearing likenesses of Lord Roberts. General Baden-Powell comes next, closely followed by the Queen and Lord Kitchener. Every general in the field is represented, however, also other heroes of the war as well, Bugler Dunn and Rudyard Kipling finding a ready sale.

A Boer Creusot.

An immense variety of toy-guns have been manufactured. Here are a few samples. They are all able to fire peas.

Long Tom.

A Maxim.



This gentleman in khaki goes through the bayonet exercise.

A curiosity, passing for the government buildings at Pretoria (with the Union Jack flying over them), is at present a prime favourite. These government buildings are, however, suspiciously like the Birmingham Council House.

The well-known medals containing small portraits of our heroes in South Africa are the work of a well-known Birmingham photographer (Mr. J. W. Beaufort), who, to the writer's personal knowledge, has been turning them out during the war at the rate of a quarter of a million weekly from about forty different varieties. Again one asks, "Where do they all go?"

Another surprising thing in connection with these buttons is the marvellous celerity with which they are produced. At the time of writing, the author has already seen many sample buttons of Admiral Seymour, whose fate was for so long a mystery and who fought his way so bravely back to Tientsin. How many toys will have their origin in the Chinese imbroglio?

Transformation scene—Kruger and the British Lion.

By permission of Woolston & Co., Manchester, producers of the novelty and holders of the copyright.

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By R. Neish.

I.

"I will have it, I will, and you're an old cat, so there."

"Very well, Miss Leila," said her nurse angrily, "I shall speak to Sir Ralph."

"I don't care," answered Leila Allingham. "You can if you like, but if you do I'll only scratch you."

Nurse tried reasoning. "But I can't reach it, Miss, and what does it matter about one wretched red rose, when you have a beautiful conservatory full of nice pink ones?"

"I don't care, I want that one," answered Leila, "I like red ones and I *will* have it." Her voice rose shrilly again, but stopped suddenly as a voice near her said, "Shall I get it for you, Miss?"

She glanced up. A small boy was looking down upon her from the topmost branches of a tree that stood in the lane outside the garden.

"Yes, Dick, quick, quick,' cried the child eagerly.

"Miss Leila, you are not to play with that boy," said nurse, in a low sharp voice; "he's only a common boy, and you're a little lady, and Miss Grant told me not to let him come into the garden on any account."

"It's *my* garden—mine, and Papa's," said Leila wilfully, "and Dick can come in whenever I tell him to and he shall, so there."

The boy had waited a moment while the discussion was going on; and then began to climb nimbly down.

"Make haste, Dick, I want that rose 'mediately."

Dick grinned. "Which one, Miss?"

"That large red one, there on the top," and she pointed to a crimson rambler that was nodding lazily in the wind that blew round the top of the wall.

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"I shall go in and fetch Miss Grant," said nurse angrily, as Dick began to climb the rose tree.

"All right, go on, I don't care," said Leila. "Tell-tale tit, tell-tale tit," she screamed, greatly to Dick's joy.

The woman walked angrily away.

Leila waited eagerly while Dick tore off the flower. He dropped it into her pinafore, then throwing one leg over the wall sat looking down at her.

"You're like the Fairy Princess in my school prize," he said slowly, his boyish face full of shy admiration for the little figure beneath him.

Leila looked pleased. "Am I? Well," —with great dignity—"I'm not really a princess, Dick, but we can pretend I am, and then I can give you a present; princesses always give people presents. Come down quick!" she added peremptorily.

"All right, Miss—look out!"

Leila moved backwards, and, with a spring, Dick came to the ground.

The child gasped. "Oh, Dick, how brave you are. I do like brave people."

The boy's face flushed hotly.

"Here's the present," she said, taking a peach out of a basket that lay on the ground and handing it to him.

Dick's eyes glistened. "Thank you, Miss. Don't you want it yourself?"

Leila shook her head. "No; hurry up and eat it quick, and we'll bury the stone and grow a peach tree."

"It won't grow," said Dick.

"It will—don't you contradict me,—or I'll scratch you."

Dick laughed. "You shouldn't scratch, Missie; only cats scratch."

"Don't tell me what I shouldn't do," replied Leila sharply, and turning round, she boxed Dick's ears.

She was only six-and-a-half, but Dick was nearly nine and tall and broad for his age. He drew himself up and laughed good-naturedly. "You're plucky enough," he muttered admiringly; "it's almost a pity you're only a girl, Miss."

"Only a girl?" repeated Leila with contempt. "I'm very glad I am a girl. Miss Grant says women rule the world, and some-day,"—she drew herself up—"I shall be a woman."

As the children were turning into the wood, Leila stopped and pulling Dick's arm whispered, "'Sh! there's Miss Grant, she's come out to fetch me, let's run away." In the distance the tall and rather gaunt figure of Miss Grant could be seen stepping determinedly down the drive.

"Come on quick, she won't see us if her spectacles aren't on," said Leila, and they began to run. Leila soon stopped. "I can't run here," she panted, "it hurts my feet," and she sank half crying on to the ground.

"Shall I carry you, Missie?" Dick asked diffidently.

"Oh, yes do, quick, what fun," cried Leila, springing up again. "Do carry me, and I'll be a damsel in distress, like the one in my fairy-book."

The boy lifted the small figure gingerly, almost with reverence. Leila seemed such a strange and wonderful little creature after the rough girls he met at the village school. He ran swiftly on, the child clinging tightly to him, and placed her gently on a bed of dried fir needles under the shadow of a big tree.

"Isn't it lovely," she whispered. "How I wish I had you always to play with, Dick. I'm so lonely."

The boy looked at her in surprise. "Lonely, Miss, when you've a nice garden and can eat as much fruit as ever you like, and—"

"Girls don't care to eat," interrupted Leila.

"Don't they?" he asked half incredulously. "But then you've got lots of toys."

"Yes, I know, but toys aren't half as nice as a real boy," said Leila, impatiently.

Dick blushed hotly, without knowing why.

"Would you like to see my nursery, Dick?"

"They wouldn't let me in," he said despondently. Your nurse says I'm only a common boy and you're a little lady."

"Nonsense," replied Leila, whose ideas of social decorum were self-made and invincible. "You're no more common than me, and you're brave and strong, and you've got curly hair like my boy doll, and"—in a sudden burst of admiration, as she remembered how he had saved her from her governess—"I love you awfully, Dick, and if you like, when you're grown up, I'll marry you." She waited breathlessly for his answer.

Dick sat silent and uncomfortable.

"Well, stupid, why don't you say thank you?" she asked impatiently.

"Thank you, Miss," he answered very humbly, for he felt almost shy with the lovely and imperious little creature who nestled so confidently to his side.

"All my dolls are married except the two last new ones," said Leila presently; "but

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I shall call them Dick and Leila and marry them this afternoon. They're both girls, but it won't matter. Listen!" she added, springing suddenly to her feet, "there's the tea gong. Quick! carry me back to the house."

The boy lifted her up and carried her to the edge of the wood where he would have put her down, but she held him tightly round the neck.

"No, carry me up to the house," she commanded, "I'm tired."

Soon the strangely assorted couple reached the front door. Miss Graham came forward and took her charge peremptorily from Dick's arms.

"Run away at once," she said angrily; "you are not to come into these grounds again."

"Yes, you shall," called out Leila, "I shall ask papa to let you come again, so there. Good-bye, Dick, good-bye, good-bye," she screamed shrilly as Miss Grant pulled her sharply into the house.

Dick feeling ashamed and angry, ran quickly down the drive.

Sir Ralph Allingham came out of the study. "Leila, what is it?" he asked in astonishment.

Flushed and panting, the child ran up to him and clasped his hand, but said nothing.

"Leila has been exceedingly naughty," said Miss Graham stiffly. "I found her talking to that common boy, Dick Burnett, again, although I have repeatedly told her not to do so."

Leila's hand tightened on her father's. Sir Ralph lifted her up in his arms. "I will be with you in five minutes," he said quietly. "I must speak to Leila first."

"I love you awfully, Dick, and, if you like, when I'm grown up, I'll marry you."

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Sir Ralph carried the child into his study, and, seating himself in the armchair by the window, said gently, "Well, Leila, what is it?"

The child burst into tears and flung herself against his neck. "They won't let me play with Dick, daddy," she sobbed, "because they say he is common, but he is no more common than me, and I want him."

Sir Ralph stroked the little face that lay against his breast. "And supposing daddy told you not to play with him, Leila?"

The child sat up and looked up straight into her father's eyes. "Then I shouldn't, because I love you even better than Dick—but I should want to all the same."

Her father smiled. "Do you like Dick so much, Leila?"

She nodded her head. "Yes," she said. "He is so awfully brave, and he can climb trees, and catch squirrels, and carry me, and water my garden, and——"

"What a list of accomplishments," interrupted her father, laughing, and for a moment he sat thinking deeply with contracted brow. He felt sorry for the little motherless girl, who seemed so lonely, yet he knew no child with whom she could play. His nearest neighbours were nearly three miles away, with the exception of the Vicar, whose only little daughter was an invalid.

As Leila sat watching his face anxiously a shadow passed the window, and Sir Ralph leant eagerly forward.

"Ah, Wingfield, you are the very man I want," he said, and pushed open the French windows.

Dr. Wingfield stepped into the room. "How do you do, Sir Ralph," he said cheerily. "Is that you, Fairy? And how are you to-day?" And he lifted Leila up in his arms.

"Run away to Miss Grant, pet," said Sir Ralph tenderly, as the doctor put the child down again. "I want to talk to Dr. Wingfield about this Dick of yours."

She looked wistfully up in Dr. Wingfield's face. "All right, daddy," she said. "Good-night, come up and see me d'rectly I'm in bed."

"A quaint little lady," said the doctor as she left the room, "but not very hardy, I fear."

Sir Ralph's heart sank. "Don't you think she is getting stronger, Wingfield?" he asked anxiously.

"I hope so," replied the doctor rather gravely, "but she wants very careful looking after. You must get her out in the air as much as you can, and not let that hard-faced governess you have got for her keep her too much within bounds."

"She was complaining to me this afternoon about being lonely," said Sir Ralph. "And there is some boy she wants to play with, a boy who lives about here, called Dick Burnett. Do you know anything of him, Wingfield? I hear he is quite a common boy."

The doctor's face brightened when Dick's name was mentioned. "On the contrary," he said, "he is a very superior lad, a nice, honest-looking little fellow, with the most extraordinarily faithful-looking brown eyes. You ought to know something of him, Sir Ralph. His father was in your old regiment."

"You think there is no harm in letting him come here and play with Leila?" asked Sir Ralph doubtfully.

"Harm," echoed the doctor, "it would do her all the good in the world. Let them romp together as much as they like. If anything will make her strong it will be having a companion of her own age."

Sir Ralph rose. "You always preach the doctrine of common-sense, Wingfield," he said pleasantly, "I shall follow your advice and now I am going up to Leila."

He went slowly up the stairs to his little daughter's room. She was kneeling beside the bed, her long fair hair falling far below her waist and her hands clasped earnestly as she finished her evening prayer.

Sir Ralph stepped softly up to her, sitting on the bed beside her, laid his hand on her head.

The child looked up at him.

"Leila, Dr. Wingfield thinks you may be allowed to play with Dick."

She jumped up. "Then he is a darling!"

Her father smiled. "Don't you like Miss Grant, Leila?"

Leila shook he head. "No, she is an old cat! I wish the Lord would take her away to Heaven, daddy—she says she is very good."

Her father laughed. "Would you like nurse to teach you instead, pet?"

"Oh yes, I love nurse—she is only cross when I'm rude," replied the truthful Leila. And I say, daddy, Dick isn't common, is he?"

"I hope not."

"He's going to be a soldier," said Leila, "and kill ever so many people, and rise out of the ranks and be a general like—like—what's the name of the man you showed me in the papers?"

"Hector Macdonald," said her father.

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"Yes, that's it, Hector Macdonald. And when he comes home a general no one will think him common then, and I am going to marry him—may I daddy?"

"Certainly when he comes home a general," replied her father gravely, "but you are making your plans rather far ahead."

"That is only right," said Leila, nodding her head sagely at her father. "Miss Grant says we ought always to be ready for 'mergencies as we never know when we are going to be called to greatness, or wanted by the icy hand of death." Suddenly her lip dropped. "I don't want to die, daddy. Miss Grant says I may die at any moment."

"Miss Grant is a fool," replied her father sharply. "Get into bed, and go to sleep, Leila, and don't be silly; you are no more likely to die than I am."

Instantly comforted, Leila scrambled into bed. "And can I play with Dick d'rectly I have had my breakfast?"

"Yes, pet."

"Good-night, daddy, good-night, good-night, good-night," she murmured drowsily, already half asleep.

Sir Ralph went downstairs, and, ringing for the footman, told him sharply to send Miss Grant to the study.

II.

Dick was very unhappy. He had not only been called common and dirty, but he had been driven with ignominy from the house where his little Princess lived, and now he would never see her again. Next morning he went out early and flung himself face downwards in the long grass in the field outside Leila's garden, and the tears welled slowly in his eyes and he clenched his hands fiercely when he remembered how sharply the governess had caught Leila by the arm. Suddenly, as he lay there, the hot sun pouring down upon him, a shrill voice called out, "Dick, Dick, where are you?"

The boy sprang to his feet, the tears still heavy on his lashes. "Miss Leila," he stammered, as the child appeared suddenly, knee-deep in the long tangled grass, before him.

Leila looked at him with some disapproval. "Have you been crying?" she asked in amazement. "I hope you're not a cry-baby. I thought you were brave."

His eyes flashed angrily, but he did not answer.

"What have you been crying for?" she asked.

The boy only hung his head sullenly.

"What's the matter?" she said imperiously. "Quick, tell me."

"I was afraid, I—thought—they—had—been—unkind—to—you," he muttered shamefacedly.

He expected a shrill "stupid," but to his surprise, with true feminine inconsistency, Leila flung her arms round him and said, "Oh! you *darling* boy to cry for me, how lovely of you. Listen," she went on excitedly, "daddy says I can play with you whenever I like, and he has sent Miss Grant away, and I have told him that you are going to be a soldier and kill people, and be a general, and marry me." She paused breathlessly and looked eagerly at Dick, who was far too bewildered to answer her. "Well, stupid, why don't you say thank you?" she asked shrilly.

He laughed. "I am sure I am very much obliged, miss," he said, his face beaming.

"All right then, then don't call me miss," said Leila peremptorily, "call me Leila."

"I can't," he answered shyly.

"Why not?"

"Because I am only a common boy," he replied bitterly, for the expression had hurt him even more deeply than he knew.

"Call me Fairy then, like Dr. Wingfield. No, call me Princess, and then I can give you another present. Come on, we will get it now." And they ran off together.

The next morning Leila came out with a small cardboard box which she carried mysteriously up to Dick. "Something awful has happened," she said tragically, "one of my lovely goldfish is dead."

Dick opened the box and looked inside. "Would you like me to bury it, Princess?"

"Oh, how funny! Yes," answered Leila, cheering up immediately. "Let's bury it under the red rose-tree and put a 'scription on it, like real graves outside a church."

Dick buried the box carefully, and Leila borrowed a pencil from her nurse. Here, you write it," she said to the boy. "Write 'Here lies a faithful goldfish.'" and Dick slowly wrote the words on a piece of paper.

"Why do you call it faithful?" he asked." "It can't be faithful, because it didn't know you."

Leila who was dancing up and down stopped abruptly. "Girls don't have reasons for what they do," she said loftily, and added, "Nurse says you look faithful."

The boy raised his beautiful brown eyes to her face.

"And your eyes are just like the wall-flowers in my garden," she continued nodding her head at him.

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The children were very happy together, and greatly to Sir Ralph's joy Leila began to look quite robust. Strangely enough her manner grew gentler and sweeter, and she became ashamed of saying "I will scratch you." Even nurse grew to like Dick, and allowed that the plan had been a success. Miss Grant had left.

III.

Dick was nearly sixteen. In two years' time he would be a soldier. Leila was almost fourteen and quite strong now. Sir Ralph Allingham thought it quite time that she should take more seriously to her lessons, and he determined to send her to an old friend of his who took a few pupils at Bonn, in Germany, to be educated. He rather dreaded the parting between her and her playfellow, but, to his surprise, Leila seemed to feel it very little.

Suddenly, as he lay there, a shrill voice called out, "Dick, Dick, where are you?

"I'm going to be made clever, Dick," she said cheerfully, as they stood together under the red rose-tree, "and when I come back you will be a soldier. Pick me one of those," she added, pointing to the thickly clustering flowers.

Dick's heart was heavy, but he picked the rose and handed it to her.

Dick had never lost his early shyness with her, and lately he had realised more than once that there was an impassable social gulf between them. He still came and went about the house, but Leila was growing up and had to look after her father's guests, and often when she was walking about the grounds with one of them, she would only nod to him as she passed. To do her justice, she would willingly have stopped, but he never spoke to her unless she was alone. The boy loved her with his whole heart and mind; to him she was his ideal of all that was beautiful on earth. His love grew daily and absorbed him more and more. He would cheerfully have laid down his life for her, but as his worship of her grew greater, he grew less and less at ease in her presence.

"Good-bye, Dick," cried Leila the next day as she stood in the hall waiting for her father, and she would have waved her hand, but suddenly catching sight of the misery in his eyes, she ran back and clasping him tightly round the neck cried, "Good-bye, darling old Dick, good-bye, good-bye."

* * * *

Leila was home again. Her three years at school had been very happy ones and she had grown not only in body but mind, and was more lovely than ever.

"How's Dick, daddy?" she asked as she sat chatting with her father.

"He's all right," replied Sir Ralph, "he is in my old regiment and is going to India

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next week. He was asking yesterday when you were coming home, and saying he wanted to see you."

"Of course, he must," said Leila. And in the morning she sent him a little note.

DEAR DICK,
Come up and see me this afternoon.
Yours sincerely,
LEILA.

Dick pressed the little pencilled letter to his lips. "God bless her," he murmured, "then she has not quite forgotten me."

It seemed to him a wonderful thing that after three years the girl of whom he had thought night and day should not have forgotten him. He felt shy and awkward as he walked slowly up to her house.

Leila was in the library arranging her flowers. She came forward and held out both hands. "Hullo, Dick, how are you? I'm so glad you've come."

"I love him still," she said, as she picked a red rose and put its cool petals against her hot face.

Then a feeling of shyness overcame them both. Dick had grown strong and tall, and the beautiful brown eyes had the same faithful expression in them, and Leila was a grown-up young lady now. In a long dress and her fair hair done up in some wonderful shining coils about her head, she filled Dick with a feeling of almost breathless admiration.

"When do you sail?" she asked presently.

"On Monday, Miss Leila."

She laughed a little awkwardly. "You don't call me Princess, now, Dick."

His face flushed. "I do in my heart," he said in a low voice, and stood silent again.

"You will do great things some day," said Leila gaily, "I know you will, I always said so. Do you remember I told you you would be like Hector Macdonald?"

Dick smiled sadly. "I shall never be that, miss."

They talked for some time longer, and at last he turned reluctantly to go.

"No, wait, Dick," said the girl, "I must first fetch papa," and she left the room.

Dick felt sick at heart at leaving her. "She must never know that I have dared to love her," he muttered to himself, "never know, I must never let her see." He felt there was a social gulf between them and that his secret must die with him, and that he must keep himself well in hand to-day.

"I can't find papa," said Leila, coming back. "He must be out."

Dick stood waiting for a moment, and then said slowly, "Good-bye, then, miss."

Leila held out her hand. "Good-bye, Dick, don't forget me."

Forget her! If he could only tell her

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what he felt, if he could for one moment kneel and kiss the little feet that had so often come to meet him; he did not answer.

Leila felt a vague sense of disappointment. "Aren't you a little sorry to go, Dick?"

He looked steadily at her for a moment, and, without understanding it, she saw something of the despair in his eyes.

"Yes, I know you are," she said hurriedly, and she lifted a red rose from the table. "Would you like to take this with you?"

He took it from her. "God bless you," he muttered huskily, and abruptly left the room.

Leila sat staring at her flowers, her face flushed and her heart beating violently. "How I hate his going away," she said to herself. "I—I believe I am in love with him, how dreadful when he is only thinking of his journey and his soldiering—yet he seemed sorry, too," and she blushed deeply at the remembrance of his voice, husky with emotion. "Oh, how dreadfully I shall miss him. Dear, dear, Dick, I hope he won't forget me."

IV.

Nearly a year later Leila stood beside her father's chair.

"Daddy."

"Yes, Leila."

"Morton Burnside wants me to marry him."

"Well, Leila?"

"Well, papa?"

Sir Ralph pushed back his chair and drew his daughter on to his knee. "Do you love him, Leila?"

"Yes, I—I don't mind him . . . . he's very kind."

"My dear," said her father very gently, "I don't think you love him much or you would not ask my advice."

"Yes I should, papa."

"Not quite in this way then, Leila."

Leila hesitated. "I shall never love anyone more than that."

Her father smiled. "You're only a baby, after all, there's no need for you to leave your old dad yet." Then he added, "But he is a good fellow, Leila, and remember you won't always have me to look after you."

"I shall go and think it over," said Leila, and she kissed her father and walked out into the garden, a look of her old determination on her face. She moved slowly up and down the rosary Her thoughts turned to her old playfellow. "I wonder what Dick would say. I shall never think anyone as nice as Dick, never, never, never, but he's forgotten me, and never writes, and he's only a soldier in the ranks and I ought not to think of him in that way at all," she said to herself as she picked a red rose and put the cool petals against her hot face. As she walked slowly towards the house the butler brought her a thick letter. It was from India, and she opened it wonderingly; a sealed packet fell out. She read the letter which contained it first.

DEAR MADAM,

I am a hospital nurse and venture to write to you at the request of Private Burnett, who died this morning. He begged me to give you the inclosed. He was shot while helping a wounded comrade, and, in spite of a terrible wound, he managed to get his companion to a place of safety.

Yours faithfully,
E. MARTIN.

With trembling hands and blanched face, Leila opened the other packet.

DEAR PRINCESS,

I am writing this to-night as to-morrow we start to fight, and it may be my last chance of writing on this earth. If I live I shall tear this up, but if not there can be no harm in it reaching you. I have loved and worshipped you with every breath I have drawn. Forgive me for telling you. I shall carry this letter with me to-morrow and the red rose you gave me, which has never left me.

Your faithful servant,
DICK.

Leila sat looking blankly in front of her, the tears falling down her face. Then she rose and locked the faded rose away in her cabinet, and for a long time sat thinking, still and miserable. Dick was an aching memory to her rather than a bitter grief, and although she felt very unhappy, her sadness was mixed with pride at his courage, for it was a noble death and she was glad to feel that he had loved her.

"I must try and forget him, poor, poor Dick," she told herself; then she burst into tears again.

The next morning she went slowly into her father's room.

"What's the matter, Leila?"

"Nothing, papa," she said cheerfully, "only a headache, and I've been thinking."

She would not tell her father about Dick's death until she could speak quite calmly of it.

"And have you thought about Burnside?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, Fairy? And what have you decided?" he asked nervously.

There was a moment's pause; then Leila said slowly and tenderly, "I—I have decided to stay with you, daddy."

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A BEAUTY FACTORY

By Chauncey Montgomery M'Govern.

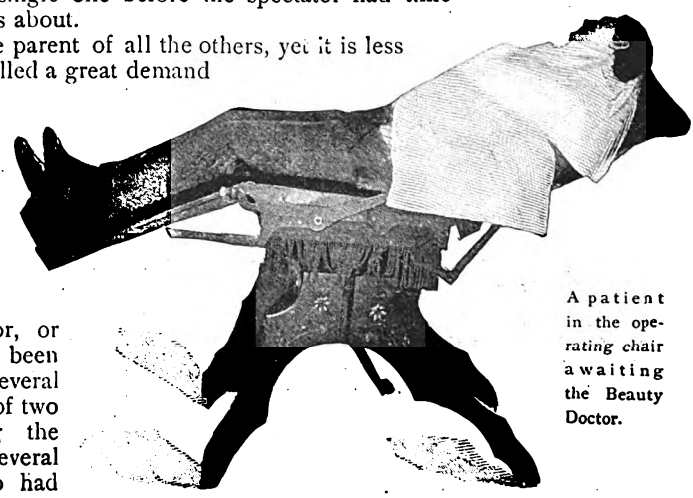
(*Illustrated with Photographs.*)

Yankee business enterprise having made itself felt in the four quarters of the earth is now invading the sphere of the gods, and beauty which since the earliest days had been looked upon by mortal man as the exclusive gift of the propitious Venus can to-day be purchased in the United States for the all-powerful dollar. There are already half-a-dozen "beauty factories" throughout the States, where any ugly woman may go, and, at a small outlay, buy as much loveliness as will cause her to pass muster in a crowd of beauties; and should the person in question be blessed with a bulging pocket-book she can have herself so completely altered that even her own mother would recognize her only with difficulty.

I spent several hours in one of these beauty factories not many weeks ago. Some people with whom I was acquainted had told me of satisfactory operations they had had performed at the place, so that I was prepared for surprises. But it was nothing short of amazing to see a nimble-fingered surgeon transform a highly-arched Roman nose into one of classic lines, to see a clearly formed moustache removed for ever from a woman's lip, and to see a double chin made into a single one before the spectator had time to guess what the surgeon was about.

The factory I visited is the parent of all the others, yet it is less than ten years old. That it filled a great demand was apparent in the fact that, although six rapid surgeons were constantly at work, there were never less than a score of people awaiting their turns for operations.

One can scarcely think of any defect of the body—caused either by nature, error, or accident — which has not been treated here. I was shown several large albums filled with sets of two photographs, each showing the "before and after" of several thousand ugly persons who had



A patient in the operating chair awaiting the Beauty Doctor.

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Before.

After.

A remarkable specimen of the Beauty Factor's work.

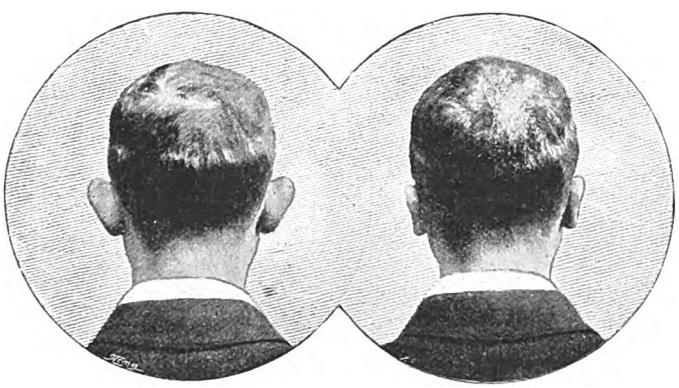
been made the reverse by one of the factory's surgeons. Repulsive hunchbacks had been made perfectly normal, pitiful club feet had been set at correct angles, comically bow legs had been given a graceful straightness, lame legs had been made sound, calves, busts, and arms had been either enlarged or reduced, thick lips—"nigger lips"—had been compressed to the average size; while the cases of warts, moles, pimples, and other blotches, and even whiskers and moustaches, which had been removed—the latter so as never to grow again—were too numerous to reckon.

A great number of persons had had their noses either reduced or enlarged or their angles altered; many had had hare-lips moulded down to the normal form. Nearly one person in every twenty-five had had protruding ears neatly pressed back against the head; several had had their heights increased by from three-quarters of an inch to two inches, while one patient—an Indian who had become a lawyer—had had his prominent cheeks reduced to the level of the average Caucasian.

The superintendent informed me that, in addition to these thousands of photographs, there were proportionately about as many more people who had wrinkles removed and dimples made in their cheeks and chins, but of whom he had not bothered to have photographs taken. He pointed out, also, that, while the photographs he showed me gave a good idea of the various "beautifyings which the factory turned out," many interesting patients would not consent to have their photographs taken "before and after," and that among these people were some with physical defects which the majority of human beings knew nothing about.

The methods employed by the beauty surgeons in their various operation seemed to me to be quite simple, and the apparatus they used for even the most delicate work not at all complicated. Many of the operations are performed in a few seconds without pain to the patient, but in most cases the use of anæsthetics is resorted to.

To show how a dimple is made in a cheek I was admitted to the room where a young woman of nineteen was desirous of being so adorned. The patient did not strike me as needing any dimple to make her worthy of the title of "beautiful," and so I whispered to the surgeon. His reply was that he thought as I did, "but she is so elated over the way I made her naturally large ears small that



Before. After.

Projecting ears are effectually trained.

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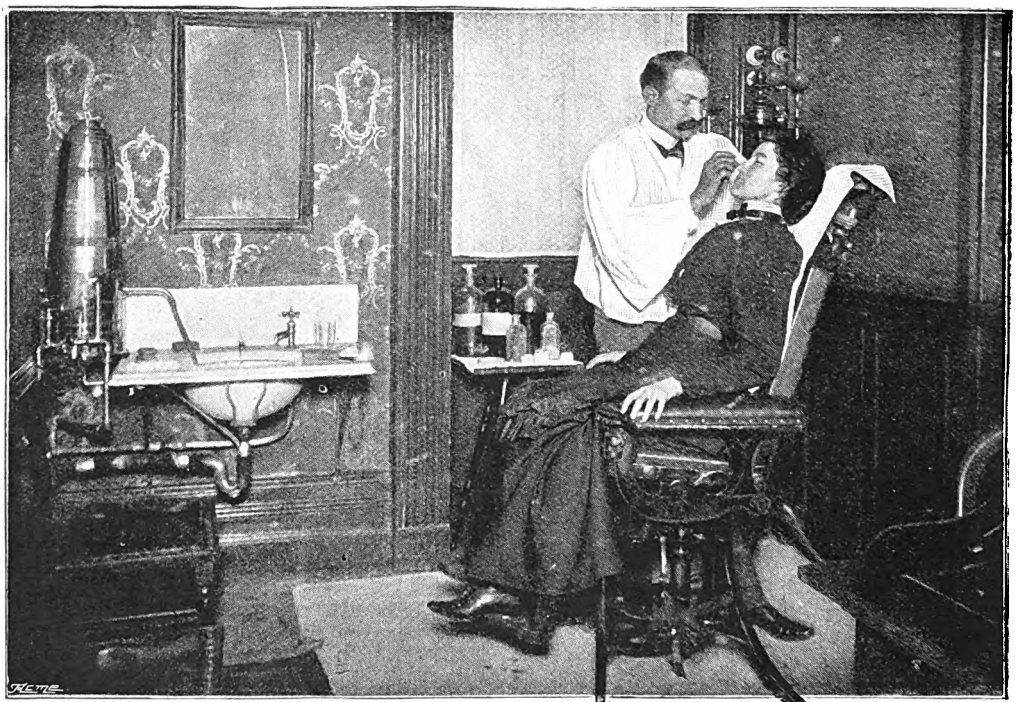
she wants me to go a step further." By the way, I was allowed by the patient to examine her ears, but I could find no trace of the surgeon's slashings.

When the chair had been adjusted the surgeon gave the woman a hand mirror, telling her to look into it and smile her very sweetest. As she was carrying out his orders, the surgeon marked a spot in her cheek, gave her some anæsthetic, and in a few moments she was unconscious. He then took up a small, narrow-bladed knife, and made a short, straight incision through the skin. He folded back the skin on both sides,

"There are other methods I use to make dimples," he continued. "I select my method according to the sort of patient and the size of the dimple desired. Sometimes I insert an electric needle under the skin in order to destroy the tissue with which it comes in contact. In the healing, the lower layer shrinks. This leaves a hollow, and the hollow is a dimple. A much more usual method than this, however, is where the electrical application is made on the inside of the mouth, a method which destroys some of the tissues in the lining of the mouth. After the wound heals there is no possibility of a



In this remarkable photograph you see the finishing touches being put to a "built-up" nose.

and then removed a slight elliptical section of the flesh. The assistant next sprayed the cut part with an antiseptic, to prevent inflammation, as the surgeon told me, after which the edges of the skin were drawn together and sewed up. I was told that the operation was then completed.

"The wound will heal in a few days," said the surgeon, "and at the end of that time the patient will return to me and I will remove the slight scar by electricity. There will then be not the least trace of the knife, and she will have as pretty a dimple as can be found in a day's walk.

scar when this method is used, but there is some temporary discomfort to the patient until the wound heals up."

On the day of my visit a man, well known on the American race track—Jockey Lindstrom—was having a high arch removed from his nose. The success of the operation so pleased him that he did not express the least reluctance to having his photographs published, with his name, and showing him before and after the operation.

When Lindstrom had stepped into the operating chair and had been put under the influence of anæsthetics, the surgeon made a

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vertical incision from between the eyes to the tip of the nose, and folded the flesh back on either side. A steel burr, run by a small electric motor, was then produced from a cabinet and placed against the bone. It was not long before the latter had been ground down to a straight outline. A small portion of the flesh and skin was then cut away, the edges sewn up together, and the surgeon announced that the work was completed—all but the removal by electricity of the scar a few weeks later.

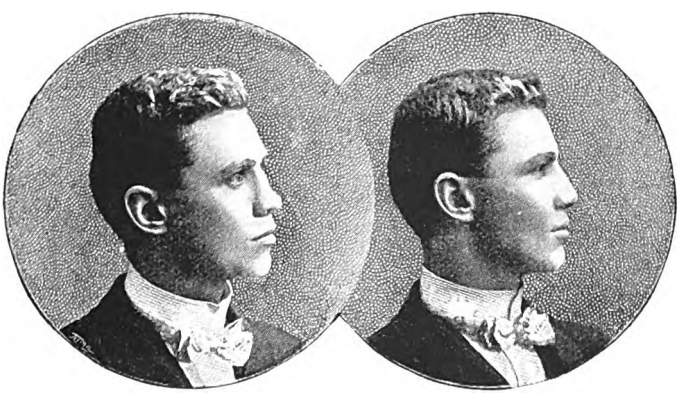
Removing a mole by electricity.

It was upon the same principle that the ultra prominent cheeks of the Indian lawyer had been reduced some time before.

Next I was a witness of the exact reverse nose operation—that of building up a nose with a sunken bridge. This feat proved much more difficult and complicated. The patient was a woman. Having placed her under the influence of anæsthetics and opened her nose in the same fashion as I had seen the surgeon treat Lindstrom's nose, the surgeon, instead of sawing away a good deal of bone as he did in that operation, simply pared off the outer surface of the bone. He then placed upon the bared surface a piece of bone from the body of a rabbit especially killed for this purpose a few hours before. The patient's nose had been already carefully measured, so that when she arrived for the actual operation that afternoon the rabbit bone had already been shaped to the proper size and curve.

Some substance was placed on the bones to cement them together, and then several pieces of flesh and skin were cut from the patient's thigh—with her previous consent, of course—and carefully grafted over the new bone. All the edges were then sewn up, and the operation pronounced complete. I have since seen a letter from the woman in which she praises the work of the surgeon in the highest terms, and begs him to accept for himself a cheque for a neat little sum.

The persons who patronise the beauty factories do not belong to any one particular class of society, although the number of evidently wealthy patients is several times larger than the number belonging to the working-classes. I learned the names—on promise not to publish them—of more than one member of a socially prominent American family, who have had bow-legs and knock-knees made straight in order that they might look better in their golf stockings.



Before. After.

The evolution of a nose.

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A City Man.

By Alfred Hurry.

There was a vacancy for a shorthand and typewriting clerk in the office of Boulger and Co., tea-brokers. An advertisement had been inserted in the *Daily Express*, and between four and five hundred applications had already been received; fresh batches were still dropping in.

Mr. Biggs, the manager, winnowed out the likely letters, and put them before the "governor"; the rest he dropped on the floor, and Robert the office boy gathered up twelve wastepaper-basketfuls thereof, and filled the great dust-bin on the ground floor where was shot every day the rubbish of five hundred offices.

"Only twenty starters for this event," he said, returning to the clerks' office. That office was strongly interested in racing, and it was understood that "Biggsey" had kept the letters of only twenty applicants.

They came in answer to terse letters two or three mornings later, and coughed nervously on chairs along the wall in the clerks' office, till one by one they had been called into the "governor's" room and put through their paces.

They were all lads under twenty, and most of them were little more than schoolboys—the advertisement had said, "Lad fresh from school preferred." They coughed nervously, and glanced with awe at the clerks on the other side of the counter. Occasionally one candidate would venture a subdued remark to the rival next to him, but mostly they were silent. Robert regarded them patronisingly from his stool, as from a watch-tower. Every now and then the governor's bell rang, and the boy, rushing in, would return, and desire Mr. So-and-So to "Step this way."

At length all save one had been interviewed, and he sat alone forlornly. He was a slight, dark lad, evidently very fresh from school. Perhaps the long waiting had intensified his nervousness, for when at length his turn came, and Robert desired him, with a distant suggestion of a popular comedian, to "Walk this way," his knees smote together visibly and almost audibly. He could hardly be said to walk; it was more an invertebrate totter. The penetrating glance of Mr. Boulger, who was a bald, business man of fifty, increased his confusion.

"Sit down, Mr. Rayment," said the "governor."

The chair whereon his nineteen predecessors had sat danced spectrally before Mr. Rayment's eyes, but he managed to capture it and sit on it without disaster. To let him recover, Mr. Boulger perused the candidate's letter of application, and glanced afresh at the schoolmaster's testimonial.

"Well, Mr. Rayment; I see you write shorthand a hundred words a minute, and type fifty. In that case I don't know that I should require your shorthand. I don't dictate my letters very rapidly, so you could

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probably take them down on the typewriter as I speak."

"Yes," said Mr. Rayment, sadly.

Mr. Biggs' iron-grey eyebrows went up. But perhaps the fact that Mr. Rayment had not been in the City before explained the breach of etiquette.

"Yes, *Sir*," he corrected, not unkindly. He was a City man of the old school, very prim and precise, and cabmen had been known to acknowledge receipt of the exact fare from Bayswater to Eastcheap by shouting "Collars" after him as he disappeared into the building.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rayment, blushing with shame.

"Very well. Sit down there, and take this letter down which I will dictate."

Mr. Rayment sat down at the little typewriter table, which had been moved in from the clerks' office that morning for trials of speed. He seemed to feel more at home when he faced the keyboard. He adjusted the notepaper deftly, rapped out the date in a trice, and waited with uplifted forefinger.

He sat alone forlornly.

In measured tones, and in somewhat Micawberian phrase, Mr. Boulger acknowledged "your esteemed favour of yesterday's date," repeated its purport, much as if he were answering a formal invitation, and in reply thereto "begged to state."

R-r-r-r went the typewriter. As Mr. Boulger had said, he was not a rapid speaker; he probably averaged thirty words a minute, even over stereotyped phrases. At every frequent pause Mr. Rayment's fleet forefinger paused too. This candidate at least had used no poetical license in stating his speed per minute. It was a fairly long letter—Mr. Boulger, though he did not look it, had a prodigal imagination, and could rival any lady novelist in writing at length about nothing. He concluded with the words "Yours very faithfully," which phrase, bald and stereotyped, when you see it written down, became an imposing peroration when Mr. Boulger spoke it. Before the last syllable was well out of the dictator's mouth, the letter was out of the machine.

"Hum," said Mr. Boulger, rather suspiciously. "Let me look at it."

One of the other candidates had written at this record rate, but he had sacrificed accuracy to speed, and had put not more than five wrong letters in each line; except in the last, when, getting into his stride, he had introduced seven.

To Mr. Boulger's relief, there were no mistakes at all in Mr. Rayment's letter; and it was properly punctuated, a feature about which Mr. Boulger was *very* particular.

"Ve-ry good, ve-ry good. You may consider yourself engaged. With reference to the question of remuneration. Your salary will be sixty pounds per annum, rising (contingent upon your good conduct) by annual increments. You will come at 9.30 on Monday morning and Mr. Biggs will instruct you in your duties.

"I may say," proceeded Mr. Boulger more humanly, "that I am partly influenced in my decision by the circumstance that I am an Old Tanner myself."

Mr. Boulger did not mean that in a former period of his business career he had been connected with the tanning industry. He meant that at the excellent school of the Worshipful Company of Tanners he had imbibed that sound commercial education, which, combined with the punctuality of a clock synchronised by electric current hourly from Greenwich, had spelt success in the tea trade.

Among all Old Tanners there is a sort

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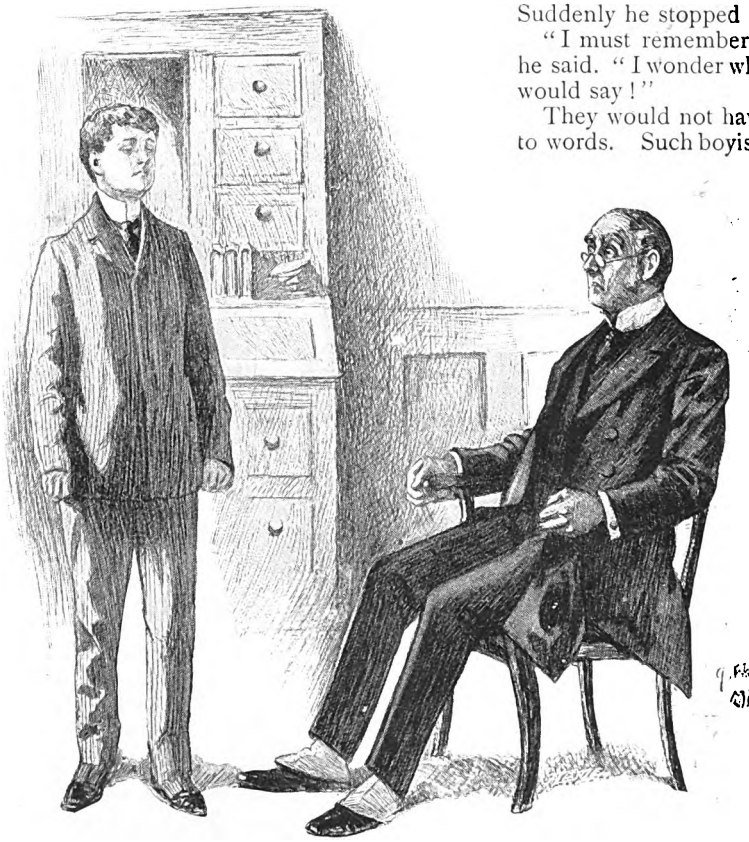
of freemasonry, which partly levels distinctions of position and age. This holds good even in the cast-iron City, where there are many Old Tanners. A "governor" has been known to shake hands with an office boy on discovering they were both Old Tanners.

Mr. Rayment should have been encouraged by his future employer's declaring himself a brother, as it were—the motto of the Tanners' Company is "Be as brethren." Instead, his nervousness seemed, if anything, to increase. He looked quite ill.

"Dr. Robotham's testimonial is very satisfactory, and if you work as well in my office as you appear to have done at school, I shall not regret having engaged you. Good-day."

Mr. Boulger held out a fleshy hand in which there was more kindliness than in many a spirituelle one. The eulogised of Dr. Robotham took it timidly. Mr. Rayment's hand was rather a young lady-like member. He had apparently spent more time at typewriting than cricket. He suffered a shake limply, and then sidled out of the room.



Mr. Biggs' iron-grey eyebrows went up.

"Hem," said Mr. Boulger, "he is certainly an excellent typist, and Robotham's testimonial is most glowing, but—why, the fellow could not have been more nervous if he had something on his conscience."

This really should have been a recommendation. It is not every harum-scarum junior clerk that has a conscience. Mr. Boulger, however, did not believe in daring innovations. He adjusted his collar suspiciously, and resumed his work.

Meanwhile Mr. Rayment returned to the bosom of his family. Elation at his success seemed to be struggling with "funk"—that is the most appropriate word. He burst into the little, clean-curtained parlour at Kilburn, where a feeble, faded lady in deep mourning greeted the adventurer as if he had returned from a battlefield instead of the peaceful City. The lad threw his arms round her neck, and hugged her.

"I've got the place, mother; I've got the place. Hooray!"

He danced about the room rapturously. His mother sat limply in the arm-chair. Suddenly he stopped dancing.

"I must remember I'm a City man now," he said. "I wonder what my future colleagues would say!"

They would not have confined themselves to words. Such boyish abandon in the office of Boulger and Co. would have incited the clerks to throw wastepaper baskets and blotting pads at the head of the abandoned one. Even Robert, who was no respecter of persons, would have expressed his disgust in vigorous Cockneyese.

On the following Monday Mr. Rayment was instructed in his duties by the manager; and subsequently in a variety of matters that were not his duties by the clerks. They received him with effusion, and, having won his confidence, played practical jokes on

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him. As a crowning joke they induced him —in order, they said, to test his possibilities as a "taster"—to drink tea adulterated with nauseous drugs. He bore his initiation patiently, occasionally turning the tables with a sudden sarcasm, and they gave him to understand that he was free of the tea trade.

He told his mother that "it was not so bad as might have been expected." It might have been better still, if he had made friends with the other clerks, and joined in the amusements wherewith they relieved the dulness of office routine. They told him that a clerk's life in the tea trade was rather worse than that of the average galley slave; but they did not seem to find it so, the juniors especially. Each youngster put in a fair amount of work between 9.30 a.m. and 6 p.m., but he managed to put in a good share of play, too. Mr. Biggs, the manager, was deaf and shortsighted, and the fun would wax fast and furious till he would descend from his desk and threaten to have the whole office "sacked." Then he would take snuff and go back to his desk, and in a few minutes the noise would be worse than ever. Only Mr. Rayment would steadily clack his typewriter, without ever raising his eyes or his voice.

The clerks, though they did not dislike him otherwise, objected to his quietness. They exhorted him, however, to "buck up," and pelted him with tea samples, as with confetti, but without effect. He took no interest in music-halls, and received with equal lack of enthusiasm the offer of a "cert." for the Leger and of an introduction to the barmaid at the "Alderman and Turtle."

Mr. Boulger took an interest in him as an Old Tanner, and chatted with him when he brought his typewriter into the private room. The lad admitted that it was a fine morning, and then retired into his shell, till Mr. Boulger, rather disgusted, gave him up.

"That young Rayment is an extraordinary lad," he said to Mr. Biggs. "He does his work well, but there's something about him I can't understand. What's your opinion of the lad?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Biggs, "I don't understand him either, sir. He does his work well, as you say—too well, if you understand me, Mr. Charles. He's—well, he's too well-behaved. He's all that a model young man should be—and it's my belief that he'll never make a City man."

"He's not like you and me when we were his age, eh, Biggs?"

The prim "governor" and the trusted manager chuckled in harmony. The clerks would have gasped had they seen. Biggs, however, had been a junior clerk in the office when Boulger, then young Mr. Charles, had entered it fresh from school, and they had often spent a night in Bow Street together. They agreed that young men *were* young men in those days, and that Mr. Rayment was not built for the City.

Two or three days later Mr. Boulger made a final attempt to thaw him.

"Shall I see you at the Old Tanners' dinner, on Thursday evening?" he said genially. "The Doctor writes me that they expect a large gathering this year. You'll see some old friends."

Instead of expressing delight at the prospect Mr. Rayment turned deadly pale. He sat silent for a moment, and then gasped something about his mother not liking him to leave her of an evening. He took down the letters and then escaped into the outer office.

"H'm," said Mr. Boulger, "filial piety is an excellent thing, but this young man seems to me to carry it to the verge of fanaticism. He didn't seem to like the idea of meeting his old friends. That's peculiar."

The more Mr. Boulger thought of it, the more peculiar it appeared. On Thursday morning he interrupted himself in a letter, and said suddenly:

"By the way, Rayment, as you're not coming to-night, shall I remember you to the doctor? He's always glad to hear of an old pupil."

The lad was speechless for a moment; then he burst forth excitedly—

"Please don't, sir. *Please* don't say a word to Dr. Robotham about me."

Mr. Boulger did not seem so surprised at this outburst as might have been expected. All he said was:

"How far had I got in the letter?"

Fortunately he remembered, for the miserable clerk was inarticulate. He remained so for the rest of the day, and but that a cricket match was on, and the office fully occupied in slipping out every few minutes to cheer the scores exhibited at a neighbouring shop, they would certainly have cheered Mr. Rayment—with more samples.

Next morning the bolt fell.

"The governor wants to see you, Mr. Rayment," said Robert. "He don't seem in a very good temper this morning. What-ho!"

Mr. Rayment tottered into the private room. Mr. Boulger gazed at him from

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beneath his eyebrows for an awful moment, and then said:

"Your game is played out, my young friend. Fortunately I disregarded your request not to mention your name—or rather the name of Harry Rayment—to Dr. Robotham last evening, and he informed me that Harry Rayment died six months ago. You have obtained a situation in my office under a false name, and by using another person's testimonial . . . Faugh, you young hypocrite, it would have a better effect on me if you showed yourself a man at last, and brazened it out."

Mr. Rayment had produced his handkerchief, and, having preluded with a few artistic chokes, was executing heart-rending sobs.

Mr. Boulger eyed him with disgust.

"Now there is only one thing that will prevent me from prosecuting. You say that you have a widowed mother and that you are her only support. If I find that that is true, you can go—directly you have given up the Harry Rayment testimonial, and explained how you came in possession of it. If the widowed mother is a fiction, I shall send for a policeman. While Mr. Biggs goes to Kilburn you will remain in this cupboard. I don't know whether you're anything of a Jack Sheppard, but if you try to kick the door down I shall send for a policeman without waiting for Mr. Biggs."

Mr. Boulger opened a large cupboard, and invited "Mr. Rayment" to enter. At sight of its cavernous darkness the culprit's knees smote together.

"I won't go in there," he said hysterically. "Oh, how brutal you are. You—oh, you ought to be ashamed."

"I ought, certainly," admitted Mr. Boulger, "at having been taken in by you. Come, get inside."

"I won't. Don't you *dare* to touch me. Oh, if I were only a man ——"

She stamped her foot, and her eyes blazed with feminine wrath. Mr. Boulger dropped into his chair as if he had been shot.

"Good heavens," he said after five minutes' petrifaction. "I never dreamt of this. I'm astounded—absolutely astounded. There, there, don't cry, my dear. Sit down and tell me all about it."

She sat down as close to the desk as possible. Boulger waited for her to recover. Never in the whole course of his experience had he heard of such a thing—a girl coming into a City office—his office, too, above all others—and working like a man. It—why, it was not business! She recovered her tongue first.

"I'm his s-sister," she said, with a sob. "He d-died, and there was only mamma and me, and all our money was gone. They said they paid girls such a little in the City, even if they worked as well as men. I r-read in the paper that a girl had gone to sea as a sailor, and that girls had been known to dress up as men without being found out, and I thought I'd d-do the same. I didn't think there'd be any harm in using Harry's testimonial. I'm sure I've worked as well as it said I should. I suppose I shall have to find another place now. Oh, dear, I don't think my hair will ever grow again like it used to be."

"Well, yes," said Mr. Boulger at length, "I'm afraid it wouldn't do for you to stay like this; and it would never do for you to stay as Miss Rayment, when the clerks have known you as Mr. Rayment. My brother, who is on the Stock Exchange, however, requires a lady typist, and he'll pay a good one—as you undoubtedly are—a liberal salary. I shall have to tell him all about you, of course, but he has daughters of his own, so you needn't mind that. Good-bye for the present, Miss Rayment. You'll be all right in my brother's office, but if ever you require a testimonial I shall be only too pleased to give you one as good as Dr. Robotham's."

He shook hands with her, and then turned to look at the almanac. By the time he had ascertained the date "Mr. Rayment" had slipped out.

"Ha, Biggs," he said, when the manager chanced in half an hour later. "I've a word to say to you."

Biggs was all attention.

"You know, Biggs—you *must* know, my very strong objection to women in business?"

Biggs admitted that he had heard his employer proclaim this objection on more than one occasion, and looked rather puzzled.

"Well, then, Biggs, what do you mean by putting a young woman on your list of applicants for the typist's work? I say, Biggs, what the deuce do you mean by it?"

Mr. Biggs's jaw dropped. Had Mr. Charles been tasting something stronger than tea? Then he smote his thigh.

"I thought it all along, Mr. Charles," he stuttered. "I thought it when I discovered him eating chocolates after lunch the other day. Don't you remember me telling you he'd never make a City man? Oh, there's no getting over me, Mr. Charles. I may be old, but I ain't so shortsighted as they think

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Yes, Jerry Biggs knows a thing or two, even if they do call him 'Old Biggsey!'"

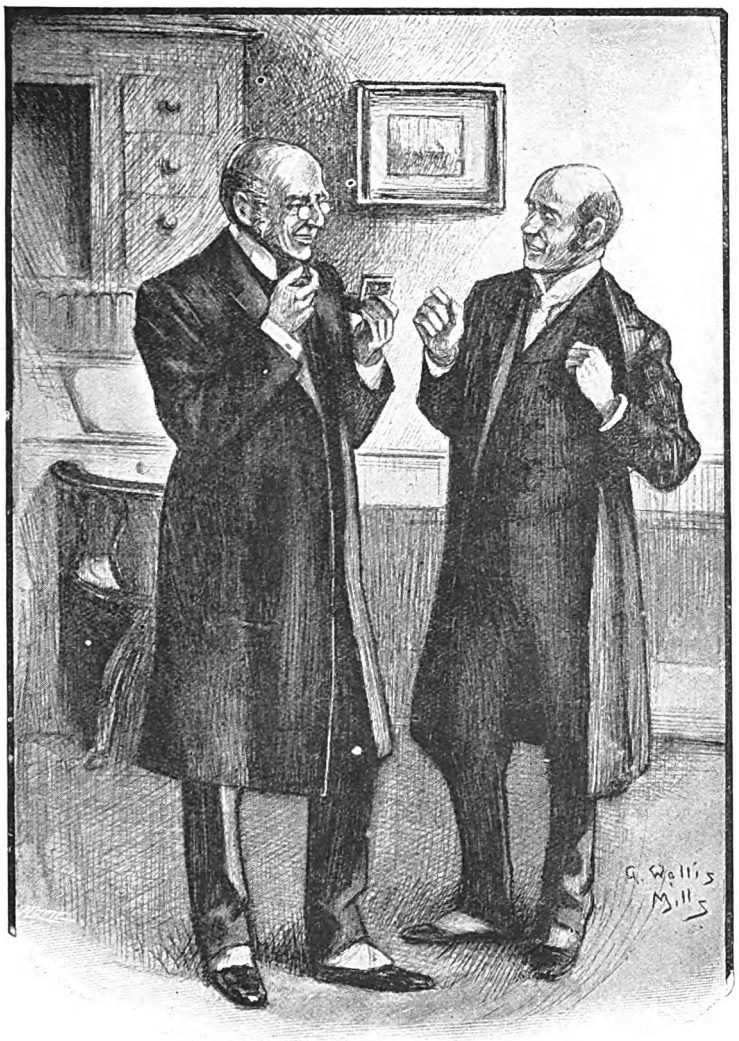
They both took snuff furiously, and then Boulger laughed, and Biggs chuckled, till they had to stop lest the clerks should hear.

When Mr. Boulger told his brother "Mr." Rayment's story, that worthy, who, by the way, possessed the tea-broker's kindness of heart and an even stronger sense of humour, fell back in his chair with a shout of laughter. And even before Mr. Boulger asked him whether there was a vacancy in his office for a type-writing clerk, he said:

"I must have that girl, William. There's not a proper vacancy at present, but I dare-say we'll find enough to do to keep her employed."

And old Boulger trotted back to his office and told Jerry Biggs of the success of his mission.

* * *



They both took snuff furiously, and then Boulger laughed, and Biggs chuckled.

"Mr." Rayment is very comfortable in her new office. She is prettier as a girl than she was as a boy, and is much more popular with the clerks than *he* was at Boulger and Co.'s. Instead of samples, they beguile her with flowers and French confectionery.

Indeed, one of the clerks has lately taken to going home to Balham by way of Kilburn, and as he and "Mr." Rayment leave the office at the same time, they go together. Thomas Harley, as the young man's name is, is the younger Boulger's chief assistant, a confidential clerk, and in receipt of a salary such as only rich stockbrokers can afford to pay their employees. How he came to hear of "Mr." Rayment's escapade at the tea-broker's nodody will ever know, but hear of it he did, and it was ever since the story came to his ears that "Mr." Rayment found favour in the eyes of Thomas Harley. "Mr." Rayment's mamma, however, is aware of these carryings on. Indeed, she has lately filled her daughter's friend with bliss by inviting him, through the medium of "Mr." Rayment, to tea on the following Sunday. From all of which circumstances it may be inferred that, though "Mr." Rayment will never be a City man, she will probably in the near future be the better half of one.

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THE KING OF HANDCUFFS

By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by Frank Foulsham.

"Get out of these handcuffs and leg-irons, and I'll think I'm walking in my sleep."

Thus spake Mr. Laurence P. Collermann, Chief of the Chicago Detective Bureau.

A very young man had strolled into the Bureau, and, having requested and obtained an interview with the Chief, announced that he was capable of getting free from any "jail jewellery" on the premises. More than that, he was confident enough to assert his willingness to part with five hundred dollars to any charity selected by Mr. Collermann if he failed to accomplish that which he undertook to do.

The American detective chief is by no means so superior a person as his English prototype, and Mr. Collermann had no hesitation in obliging the very young man who was eager to help the charities of Chicago in so substantial a manner. Therefore, he called a dozen of his subordinates into the office, and, with a smile on his face, related the desires of the visitor. The "sleuths" joined their chief in the smiling performance, and promptly produced a selection of "darbies" and leg manacles which had braved many an attempt of Chicago's criminals to get rid of.

A pair of the very latest pattern of cuffs were placed on the willing wrists of the visitor, who, like a certain well-known Dickens' character, demanded more. The officers obliged him to the extent of two pairs of handcuffs and a pair of leg-irons, double-locked, and so connected that the manacled one was doubled in a crouching position.

"Get out of these handcuffs and leg-irons and I'll think I'm walking in my

With hands securely fastened together by several pairs of handcuffs, Houdini easily frees himself in a few moments. Even when his feet are also manacled he escapes with equal facility.

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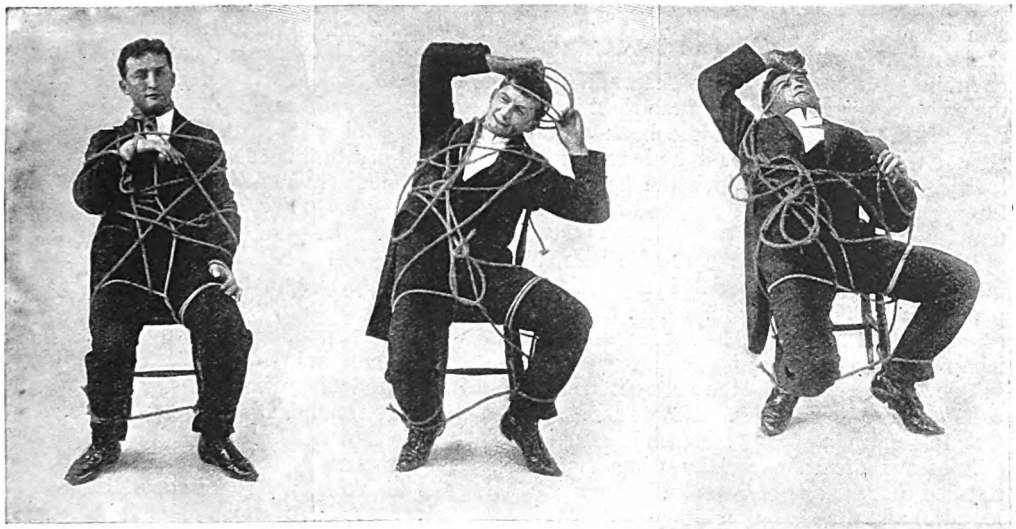


sleep. The cuffs are the most ingenious ever constructed, and the prisoner they will not hold cannot be kept in custody."

Five minutes afterwards the Chief of the Chicago Detective Bureau admitted himself to be an astounded man, and signed a statement to that effect; for the reckless philanthropist had not only succeeded in getting out of the handcuffs and leg-irons within that time, but had unlocked each of the manacles and returned them to the amazed staff exactly as they were before they had adorned his wrists and legs—unharmed, and as useful as ever.

That was when Houdini came to Chicago.

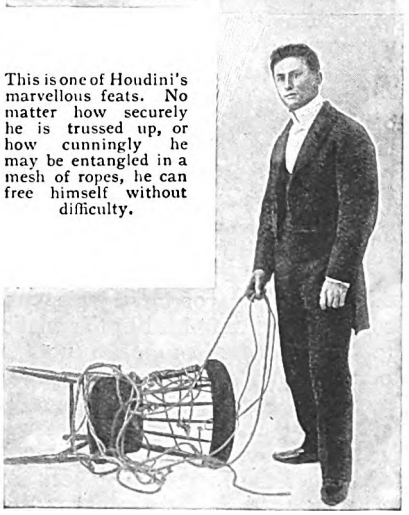
And the King of Handcuffs has succeeded in amazing the London public just as strongly as he amazed the Chicago detective staff, accustomed to every dodge of the "crook" in manacle manipulation.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Dundas Slater, manager of the Alhambra Theatre, and that of his lieutenant, Mr. Pickering, the editor of THE ROYAL is enabled to present to his readers a series of photographs of the remarkable mystifier who defies the ingenuity of any modern contrivance in "jail jewellery" to keep him secure. Those who have witnessed Houdini's performances must echo the exclamation of Superintendent Melville, of Scotland Yard:

"Absolutely a miracle!"

And, indeed, it does sometimes seem that Houdini is privileged to call in supernatural assistance to help him to mystify the public. How else is one to account for the fact that he is able to remove two, three, four, and five pairs of handcuffs from his wrists, the manacles used being those employed by the Scotland Yard staff, and snapped upon his arms by experts in the art of securing dangerous criminals.

His wrists being locked to irons binding his ankles



This is one of Houdini's marvellous feats. No matter how securely he is trussed up, or how cunningly he may be entangled in a mesh of ropes, he can free himself without difficulty.

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forms no obstacle to Houdini; let the left arm be manacled in front to his left leg, a chain running from his wrist to a locked ring encircling his neck, another descending to the small of his back securing the right wrist, which is in turn secured to the back of his right ankle, each chain taut and each iron locked—Houdini can unlock the handcuffs, the neck ring, the ankle irons, and be free in ten minutes!

I really do not blame the sceptic who, in San Francisco, wrote an article in a prominent paper "exposing" Houdini. The Didymusian scribe declared that it was by means of ingeniously secreted keys, manipulated while grasped in the teeth, that the "King of Handcuffs" secured his liberty. Now, I must say that this seems the only reasonable explanation of such feats, especially when one is satisfied that the age of miracles is past. But Houdini met the charge in a novel way. He evidently wished to prove the naked truth. He volunteered to give his performance while stripped entirely naked! And he did.

I have seen a document signed by the Chief of the Police Bureau, of San Francisco, and by twenty detective officers, bearing unquestionable testimony to the following facts:—On the 13th of July, 1899, in the presence of no less than two hundred members of the San Francisco police and detective staff, Houdini was reduced to that state of native simplicity enjoyed by him upon his original introduction to this vale of tears. He was then thoroughly searched and examined by the medical officer attached to the police depôt, to make sure that no key, wire, or other means for tampering with the locks were secreted upon him. His mouth was sealed with adhesive plaster that could not be removed without yielding proof thereof. He was then shackled by several of the most experienced detectives with ten different pairs of their own handcuffs and leg-irons, drawn together so that he seemed absolutely helpless, crouching on the floor. This done, he was carried to a small empty ante-room or closet, in which it is certain he had never been before, and left alone.

The shackling of his limbs by the detectives occupied eight minutes six seconds. In nine minutes precisely he had completely escaped from all the manacles, and with every one of them unlocked, not forced, he re-entered the presence of his 200 critics, who, needless to say, were utterly dumbfounded.

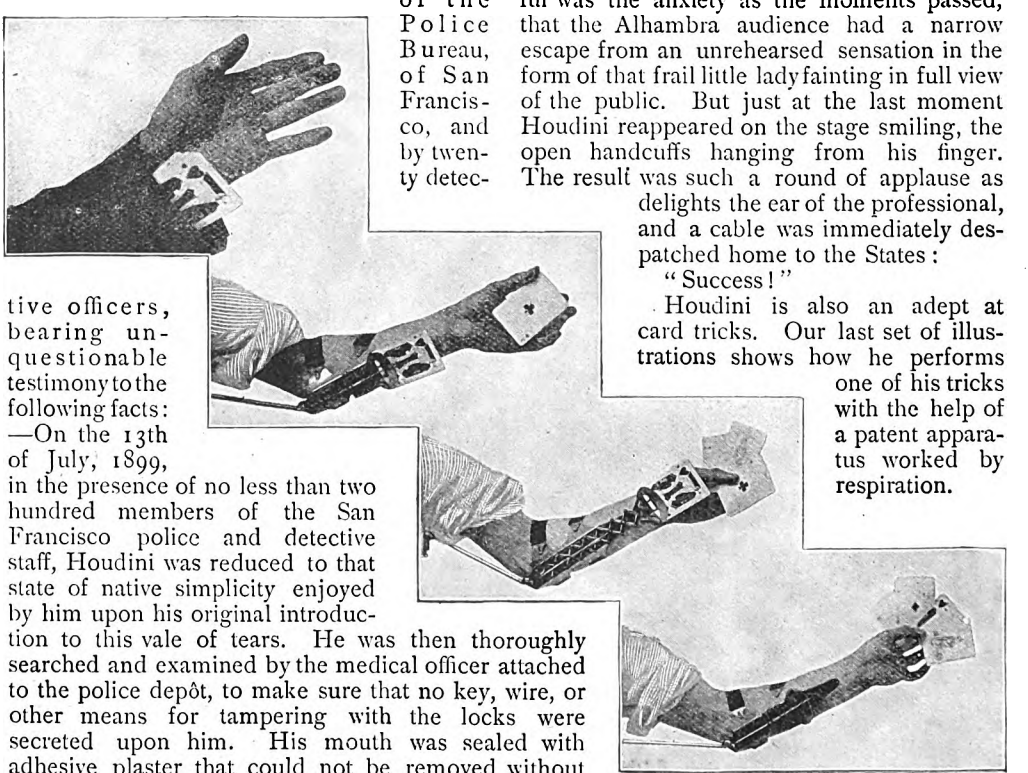
What are we to think of a man like that?

On his first public appearance in London recently, Houdini was locked up in three pairs of handcuffs, with his arms crossed, by a well-known handcuff expert.

I happen to know that the job of getting off those bracelets proved one of the toughest ever undertaken by the "Handcuff King." It was his first night in England, and, a stranger in a strange land, Houdini was very nervous. So was his wife, the pretty young lady who assists him in the wonderful box illusion forming part of the entertainment. So fearful was the anxiety as the moments passed, that the Alhambra audience had a narrow escape from an unrehearsed sensation in the form of that frail little lady fainting in full view of the public. But just at the last moment Houdini reappeared on the stage smiling, the open handcuffs hanging from his finger. The result was such a round of applause as delights the ear of the professional, and a cable was immediately despatched home to the States:

"Success!"

Houdini is also an adept at card tricks. Our last set of illustrations shows how he performs one of his tricks with the help of a patent apparatus worked by respiration.



These four photographs show how Houdini performs a wonderful card trick. A patent extender concealed up his sleeve works by the simple process of breathing, and gives him a card without observation.

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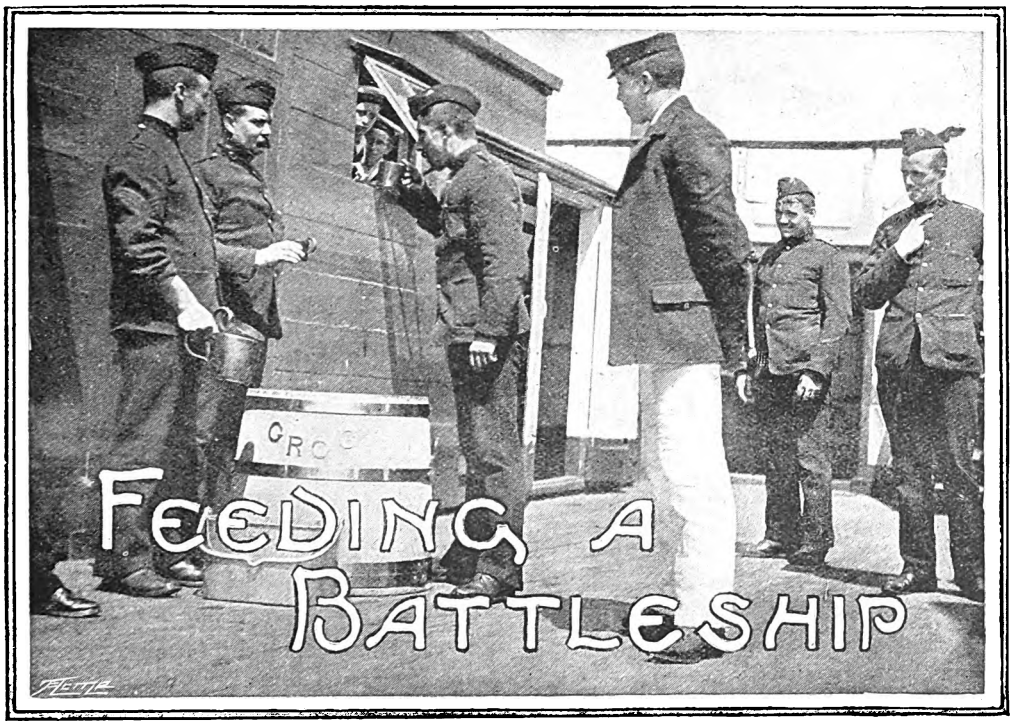

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

FEEDING A BATTLESHIP

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the Fourth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

The Board of Admiralty have so planned the *menu* for the men of Her Majesty's fleet that the total cost to the country of the daily provisions of each bluejacket does not exceed 10*d.* a day. Consequently, the feeding of a battleship like the *Majestic*, the flagship of the Channel Squadron, with its 700 lower deck men, requires only about £30 a day, or just under £11,000 for a whole year's food bill. According to official figures a seaman costs about £15 a year for all his food. From this it will be not inaccurately assumed that in the matter of food the men of our first line of defence are not pampered. In the current year's Estimates £636,000 are set aside for the provisioning of the fleet.

But the feeding of these men is not priced so simply as this statement might lead one to expect. The Admiralty's dietary scale, often praised by those who know nothing about the matter, is so curiously framed that from sheer necessity the authorities have been compelled to sanction the men receiving monetary allowances for food they prefer not to have, but this rebate must not exceed one-third of the regulation rations. The official scale of food is quite out of date, and consequently the men vary it, with the consent of the authorities, by refraining from "taking up" certain portions of their provisions and receiving money instead. In this way the paymasters of the Navy hand over to the men considerable sums, which are known as "savings." Last year these amounted to £427,000. It may be remarked by some innocent of the ways of Government Departments, "How just to allow the men the value of the rations they don't eat!" This would be a hasty conclusion, for, as a matter of fact admitted by heads of the Admiralty, the full value of the food or grog, as the case may be, is not given to the men. Even in 1892, when there were only 71,000 officers and men, Lord George Hamilton calculated that on these little "deals" the country made a profit of £45,000 out of its jolly tars. Since then the number of men has been nearly doubled, so that this year these ill-gotten gains will amount to certainly not less than £70,000 or £80,000.

Anyone who would, therefore, know what

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the country pays for feeding the men serving in the squadrons that move over the world's seas, must add to the cost of provisions—£636,000—the money to be paid in "savings" which amounts this year to about £450,000. Thus the total of something over a million sterling is reached.

These few remarks on Jack's food clear the ground, and will make some of the intricacies of the victualling arrangements—"messing" it is called by naval men—better understood. Jack and his master—be the master an admiral, captain, or commander—receive absolutely the same food allowance from the Admiralty, but the officer's rations are handed over to their steward, who receives from each officer of the ward-room usually 2*s.* a day for all meals, and does what he likes with the Admiralty allowance of food. The Admiral makes his own arrangements, as does the captain, both officers being provided with special staffs of servants.

Jack and Joe (for bluejackets and marines) piping the crew to dinner.

The feeding of a battleship is a very complicated matter. Firstly, the captain—always an officer of long service and distinction—has his meals alone; secondly, there is a mess for other officers in the wardroom, where all of not lower rank than the lieutenants of the

Photos by Stephen Cribb

Bluejackets feeding on the mess-deck of a warship.

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military line—such as the surgeons, chaplains, officers of marines, engineers, and paymasters—have their meals; thirdly, comes the gunroom mess, where the sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, cadets, and junior officers take their meals. The fourth mess is that of the warrant officers — glorified bluejackets—the backbone of the service; and, lastly, come the messes for the men, which are also graduated, so that "the kings of the lower deck," the chief petty officers, the stockers, the most skilled naval mechanics, and the ordinary men may not have their meals together.

There is little of interest connected with the feeding of the officers. The captain and his colleagues have their own cooks and attendants, and pay their mess bills monthly. Life in the wardroom and gunroom is particularly happy, and in the latter the proceedings are naturally less decorous than in the apartments where the senior officers have their meals. A story of life in the gunroom runs that in one ship a young officer was serving whose father was a member of the House of Commons, and spoke sometimes on naval matters in a manner that did not please the young lords of the warship. They had no means of obtaining redress from the august M.P., so they decided they would claim it from his son, and the latter consequently suffered corporal punishment every time his parent made a speech to which the young bloods of the gunroom took exception.

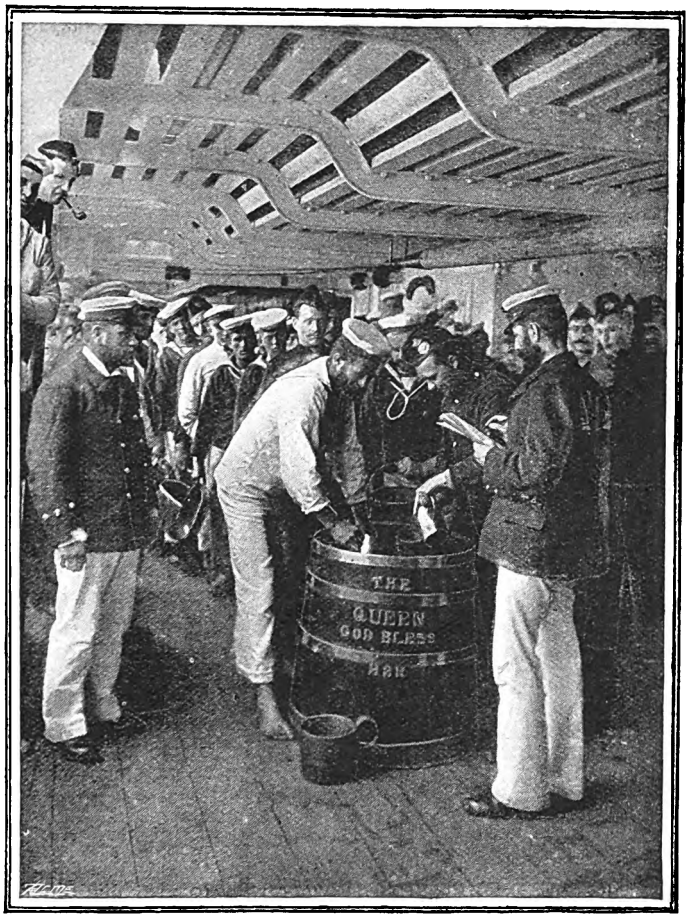

Photo by Reinhold, Thiele & Co

Serving out the grog. Observe the toast on the side of the cask.

Warships, of course, carry cooks — "doctors" they are called—who are trained at the naval cookery school at Portsmouth; and every lower deck mess has also an amateur cook of its own, known as the "cook of the mess," who usually understands as little about cooking as he does about statesmanship. Every member of the mess takes his turn as cook, and the results are sometime as unpalatable as they are surprising. It falls to the lot of this popularly selected cook to get the provisions for his mess from the issuing room where ship's stewards officiate, more or less under the eye of the paymaster. Having obtained the raw material, he sets to work to manufacture a meal, which he takes to the ship's cook to be prepared for the consumption of his mates.

The food of course varies. Very different meals can be provided in harbour to those which are served after a ship has got well away to sea. The official table for a ship in harbour is as follows:—1½lbs. of bread, 1lb. of fresh beef or mutton one day a week when in England, ½lb. of vegetables, 1oz. of chocolate, ¼oz. of tea, 2ozs. of sugar, ⅛ pint of rum.

The rations served at sea vary from day to day, but the issue of chocolate, tea, sugar and rum is, of course, the same as in harbour,

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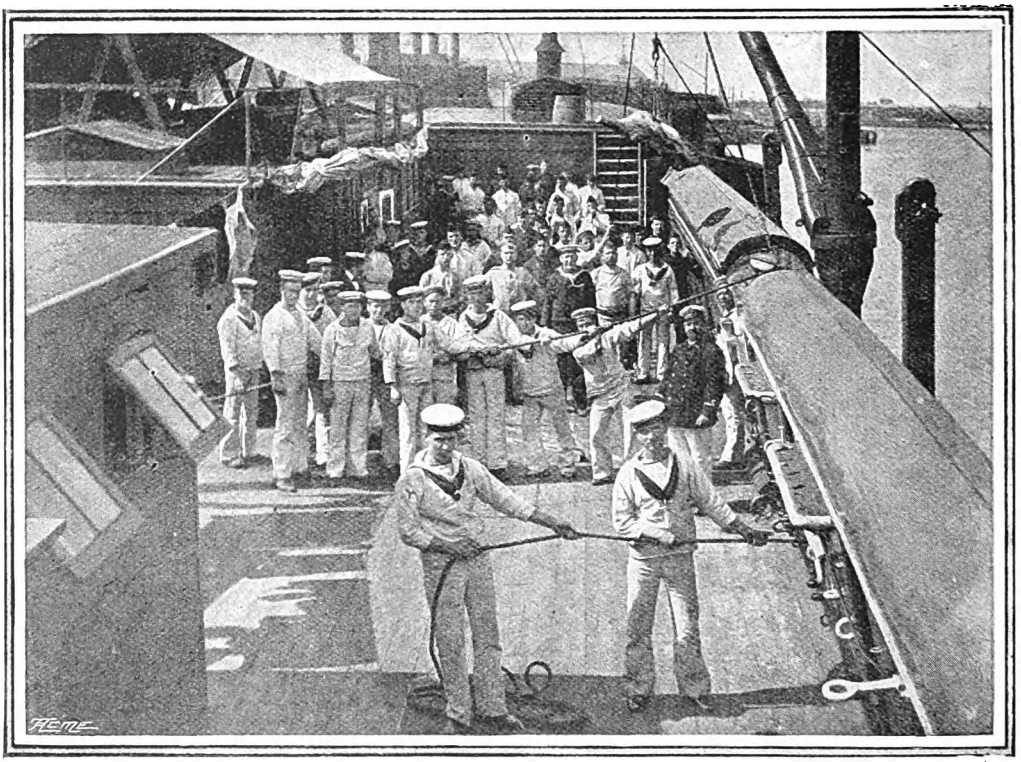

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Taking meat on board.

and is accompanied by 1¼lbs. of biscuits. The chief item for dinner consists of 1lb. of salt pork, with split peas wherewith to make soup, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On the other days of the week a ration consisting of 1lb. of salt beef, with 9ozs. of flour, 1½ozs. of raisins, and ¾oz. of suet alternate with ¾lb. of "Fanny Adams," otherwise known as preserved beef or mutton, and no material for a pudding. Every alternate day a quarter of a pound of preserved potatoes or rice is served.

The "saving" allowances for this food are not exorbitant. Meat, salt, suet, and potatoes are held to be worth 4d. per lb., "Fanny Adams" and chocolate 5d., raisins and sugar 2d., flour 1½d., and tea 1s. These daily rations are supplemented by the weekly issue of 3ozs. of oatmeal, and small quantities of mustard, pepper, salt and vinegar. The issue of salt is quite a new departure and Jack had his eye on several articles of diet he would have liked better. Suddenly, however, after saltless centuries in the Navy, the authorities decided that salt was necessary, and Jack had to have it. This little reform means that 400,000 or 500,000 pounds of salt have to be bought by the Admiralty every year for the Navy.

The bluejacket is supposed so to husband his resources that he shall have enough and to spare for each of the three meals which are officially presumed to meet all his bodily needs. He is an early riser, and at once sets to work on deck, but it is not usually until 6.30 in the morning that he has his breakfast of a pint of milkless cocoa and dry bread or biscuit. At noon, or thereabouts, his dinner, as indicated above, is served to him, and at four o'clock he eats his "supper" of plain fare—a pint of tea, usually well stewed in the copper in which the dinner has been prepared—and whatever is left of his allowance of bread or biscuit. Imagine such fare sufficing for a healthy man, who has his supper served to him earlier than a child of three when, in the summer months, the sun is still high in the heavens. After "supper" he is supposed to toddle off to his trying night duties, contented to wait from 4.30 p.m. to 6.30 a.m., fourteen hours or so, before he can have anything more to eat.

It stands to reason that such a table of meal hours is not adhered to, and a few

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hours after their early morning "snack," usually about nine o'clock, the men utilise a short rest—"stand easy"—for their real breakfast; and again at night, about 7.30, after hammocks are piped down, there is an opportunity to have a real supper. For these two unofficial meals Jack has to pay out of his own pocket. Some captains, when very hard work has to be done at night, order an extra half pint of cocoa to be served, but the Admiralty do not encourage such generosity, and always ask the reason why. Only by means of these unofficial meals is a sailor saved from semi-starvation.

His extra provisions he obtains from the canteen, a kind of general shop such as every village boasts, which is managed by a committee of men, with an officer to see that it is properly conducted. As a rule it is the cause of much dissatisfaction, for the prices are almost invariably high, and the profits seem to disappear into thin air. On board some ships the whole canteen is run by a trader—bumboatman—who, from the excellent profits he is able to make from the men, often presents paint and varnish to the chief executive officer to enable him to keep the ship smart, but that is a story for another article.

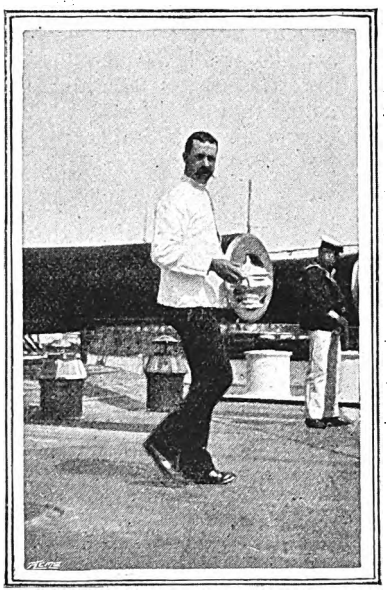

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Captain's dinner.

The canteen of a warship is quite a big business, which is managed on most stations by men chosen by the crew, but on the Mediterranean Station is in the hands of Maltese traders, who grow fat on poor Jack's necessities. When a battleship of the Channel Squadron leaves England, stock, costing as much as £1500 will be taken on board, and will keep the canteen going only three or four months. The main fact is that the unfortunate bluejacket finds the Admiralty's rations so inadequate that he has to supplement them largely from the expensive canteen, and in this way makes considerable inroads into his pay, which is not that of a prince. Tastes differ vastly, but probably the average amount spent by each man to supplement the official allowance of food is not less than 4*d.* or 6*d.* a day. Some men claim that if Jack were as good an accountant as he is a gunner, it would be found that his expenditure out of his privy purse rises as high as 9*d.* a day, when there is a good supply of food to be got—and this in addition to the "savings" which his mess absorbs with frugal regard to the welfare of his inner man.

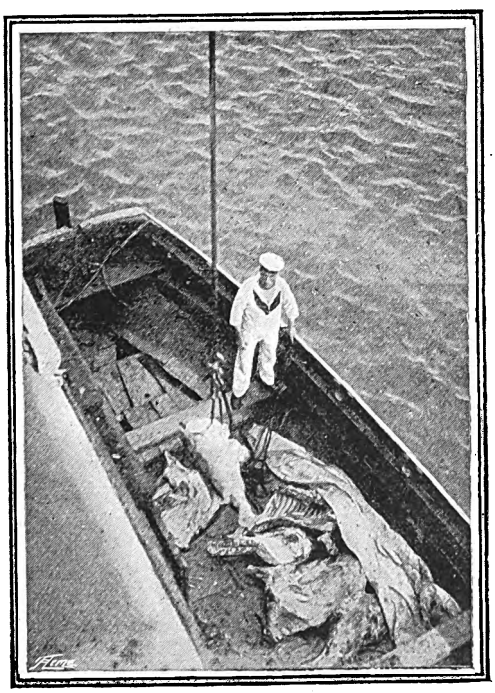

Photo by Stephen Cribb

Meat being hauled on board a warship from a boat alongside.

One of the most important functions of the day on board a warship is the serving out of the grog after dinner. With the spread of temperance principles, largely due to Miss Agnes Weston's energetic campaign against drunkenness—the bluejacket's besetting sin some years ago—this daily event is, however, becoming less prominent, and an increasing number of men do not take up their one-eighth of a pint of spirits, but receive instead a money allowance equal to 1½*d.* every two days. The majority of the men, however, still value their daily "tot."

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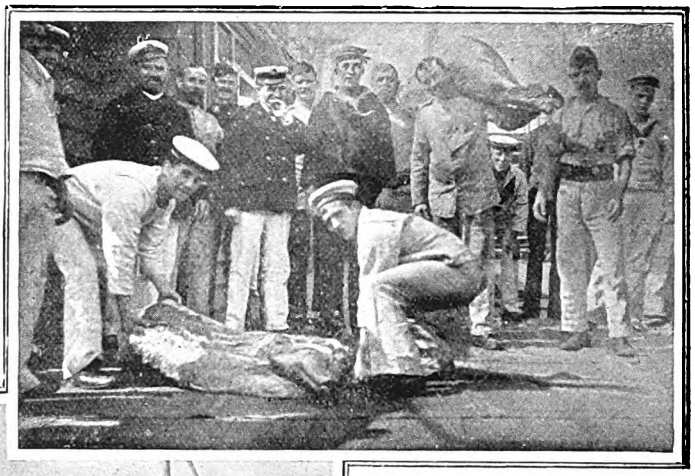
What does grog mean? Years ago beer, usually sour, was served to the fleetmen, but as the amount of rum good for a man occupied less bulk in the storeroom, it gradually superseded the typical heavy British drink in the years immediately preceding the Queen's reign. When first occasionally served in the middle of the eighteenth century, the men had their grog undiluted. Admiral Vernon, a naval officer, famous in his day, which was a hundred and fifty years ago, came to the conclusion that if the rum — half-a-pint wine measure to each man at that time, and drunk half at midday and half at night—were diluted, probably the men would be rendered less sleepy and quarrelsome by their daily "tot," which to this day they playfully call "mutiny." He instituted the reform of mixing water with the rum before giving it out. As the admiral was nicknamed "Old Grog" from the fact that he wore a cloak of grogram, a coarse mixture of silk and mohair, in foul weather, this mixture of rum and water has always been known in the Navy as grog. But the word has passed into the landsman's vocabulary with a much wider interpretation, and is applied on occasions to almost any spirituous drink.



Packing the meat away on board.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

Luxuries for the ward-room mess.

Every day, at or about 12.30, on board all Her Majesty's warships, grog is prepared with all due ceremony. So jealously do sailors regard their only regulation spirituous or, for the matter of that, alcoholic, drink for the day that it is mixed with the most scrupulous care under the eye of one of the officers, who tastes it to satisfy himself that it is up to the mark. The concoction, consisting of three parts of water and one part of rum, in sufficient quantities to ensure every man receiving half-a-pint, is mixed in a large tub, very like a big washing tub, bearing on its side, in letters of brass, the toast which every loyal naval officer and man honours every day of his life: "The Queen, God bless her." As soon as the grog is ready the cooks of the mess flock round the tub and bear off to their comrades as many half-pints as will give each man the regulation mid-day drink, or nearly so. Often, if not usually, after the distribution is over, the cook of the mess finds he has considerably more than half-a-pint left for himself, and he, possibly with a few companions, will make merry. Occasionally this little service custom of rewarding the cook by winking at a slight under-measurement of the half-pints leads to trouble. In fact, naval officers, not themselves teetotallers, will tell you that most of the misdemeanours which causes Jack to make the close acquaintance of the chief executive officer and the captain are due to this daily honouring of the toast of Her Majesty's health. If it

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were not for the fear that some of the men would regard the loss of their daily "tot" of grog with angry, if not mutinous, behaviour, this old custom would probably die to-morrow or the day after. Nineteen years ago the Admiralty had the temerity to interfere with this hoary naval custom. They then ordered that no one under twenty years of age should be served with grog. These youngsters are called by their messmates "Nordenfeldts." At the same time the issue of a ration of spirit to the officers was stopped, a monetary allowance being given instead.

Space will not permit of any description of the manner in which the Admiralty keep pace with the food demands of the Navy. The principal victualling yard is at Deptford, and there are others at Portsmouth and Devonport, where biscuits are baked, bread made, animals killed and prepared for Jack's table, and at these yards everything that is not actually made by the Admiralty is thoroughly tested on delivery by contractors. Haulbowline, near Queenstown, has a victualling depôt, and Gibraltar, Malta, Simonstown, Hong Kong, Sydney, Trincomalee, Esquimalt, Bermuda, and Jamaica supply the wants of ships in far off seas.

No one who has seen a party of bluejackets going on leave, great healthy typical seamen, many of them looking as though in time they would be as broad as they are long—seamen, as a rule, are rather below than above the average height, or at least they look so—would say that they ever lack nourishment. It has been the attempt of the writer in this article to show how it comes about that Jack is still the jolly, sturdy sailor that we love to picture him. The Admiralty provide him with a portion of his rations which he supplements with food bought with his own pay. Everyone who knows these facts agrees that some reform is desirable, and that the grumbles that in recent years have come from the lower deck have good foundation. It has been joyful news to the men of the fleet that, as the result of the action of certain Members of Parliament, the Board of Admiralty are going to investigate the whole question, which is not as simple as might at first sight appear. It will be remembered that the great mutiny at the Nore was due in some degree to the bad food with which the men were supplied. Though the conditions of life at sea have improved immeasurably since that trouble, and Jack would now never think of violent measures, he would be far happier if the authorities gave him a greater variety of provisions, not forgetting those little luxuries which practically every landsman enjoys. They might at least put their official seal to the real supper which the men provide for themselves the last thing at night, even if some better arrangement cannot be made for a recognised breakfast after the early "snack."

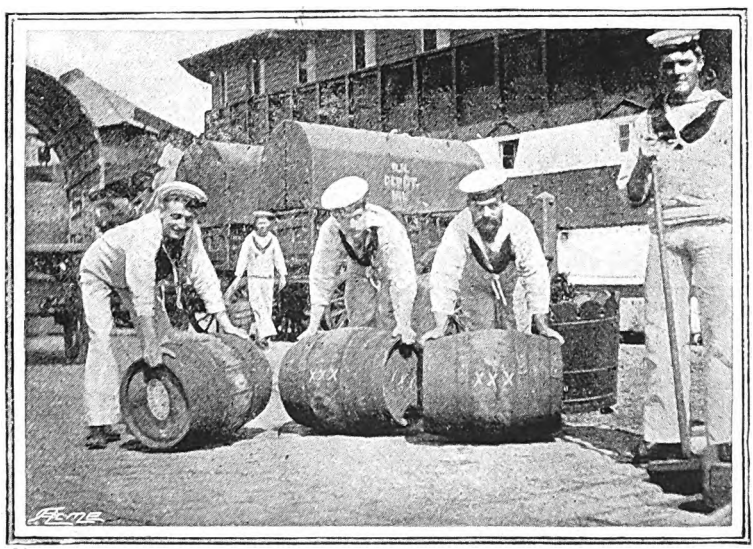

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Jack's beer in a naval depôt. Each man pays twopence per week to a common fund which provides the beer.

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The War on Pictorial Postcards

By Clive Holland.

Illustrated from Original French and German Postcards.

We have had our "Tommies" of all grades and regiments depicted upon the home manufactured articles, but Boers and Britons as seen through the spectacles of Continental artists will probably prove of far greater interest to the readers of The Royal. They may feel their British blood stirred, they may write to the editor to ask the address of the chief sinner amongst the artists responsible with a view to his condign punishment, but all the same they will be amused; and the older ones amongst them will possibly remember English caricatures which were little or nothing better in the matter of taste, and probably far inferior in that of art and actual drawing.

Both French and German artists are responsible for the cards which serve as illustrations for our article.

Oom Paul's trouble at beholding John Bull's war preparations.

The "reflection before a jawbone (skull)" which forms the first of our illustrations, is really clever. Africa is shown with the contour of a skull. The adaptation is very easily made, as can be readily seen by a glance at a map. The idea is not preposterous after all when one remembers the withering blight and butcheries in connection with the slave trade, the horrible fetishism of interior tribes, the Mahdism and the massacres by Dervish hordes of the Soudan. Africa may well be called "the continent of a skull." John Bull's attention, however, in the picture is not occupied by historical reflections on the subject of the past, but by more mercenary anticipations of the time when the Transvaal and its gold and diamond mines (represented on the "skull" map by the two rows of teeth) would become the most priceless and lovely pearls in his Empire.

The second very fitly shows John Bull's war preparations. President Kruger appears on it much troubled in mind by witnessing John's activity in landing troops (they are red-coated and not in khaki, so probably this card was an intelligent anticipation of the war that was bound to come), which are marshalled on the shore, whilst others come in a long line of

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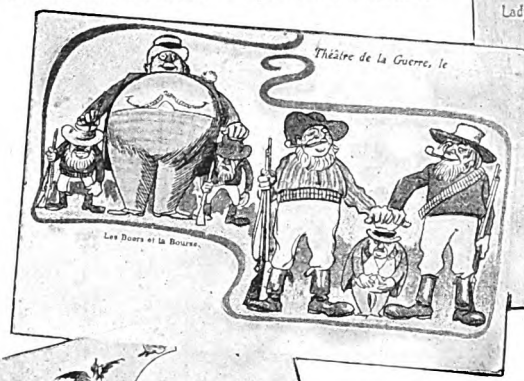
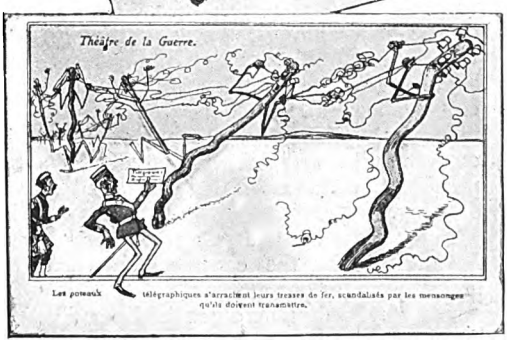
"The Boers and the Bourse"—a postcard for financiers.



The prudish Lady-Smith rejects the offers of General Joubert.

You will understand the joke of this picture by reading about it in the text.



These telegraph posts are supposed to be scandalised by the lies that are transmitted on the wires.

transports reaching to the horizon of that sea into which Uncle Paul in his innocence thought he could drive us. In the original John is given a coat of scarlet hue, in character, no doubt, with his well-known piratical and bloodthirsty tendencies, whilst the "gentle Kruger" stands gazing at John's activity down below, clad in a veldt green, or should we say Irish Legion coat?

Doubtless another of our postcards was inspired by the reiterated statements in the Continental papers that the British were not only being beaten, but were being literally routed on all occasions when they came in touch with the enemy's forces. We still have—in the original—the old-time scarlet coats instead of the universally adopted khaki, and doubtless this particular postcard, as well as others, was in hand before the German artist, Herr Thiele, had learnt that khaki was in existence. The "humour" of the card is further supplied by the inscription accompanying it, which reads "A well-organised English retreat, or a movement to the rear."

"The frightened mules" of one of our cards records an incident of the war, in a not too flattering manner for ourselves. Note the benignant smile on the face of the Boer who has just captured a *rooinek* officer, and the strategic movement to the rear of the whole British force. Also the noble way in which the Boer on the stone in the corner has for once cast off his usual invisibility and come out of cover.

In another illustration the usual type of British soldier, which we have before referred to, appears. And the ever-benevolent and "slim" Boer is handing the startled representative of the British Army therein depicted a very indigestible "pie," presumably in exchange for the "English chocolate." The "pie" probably contains soft-nosed bullets, if one may judge by the sly look on "brother Boer's" benevolent countenance.

The postcard which shows a portrait of President Kruger is so unflattering that its French origin might almost be doubted. Possibly, however, with "Les Norwin's" the idea is the thing, and not the holding up of a friendly power to ridicule.

Lady-Smith and the amiable Joubert afford a comic relief to the war postcards we have given. Happily, Lady-Smith remained

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prudish to the last, and the amiable Joubert was unable to make any lasting impression on her. But surely even a Joubert would scarcely have found such a Lady-Smith attractive.

The "Boers and the Bourse" card, which we have reproduced, will be comprehensible to our financial readers. The moral in the artist's mind when drawing the picture seems to have been that when the Bourse is strong and healthy the Boers are puny, and when the Boers are 'up' stocks and shares are down. Perhaps the hint may not be altogether lost on French financiers.

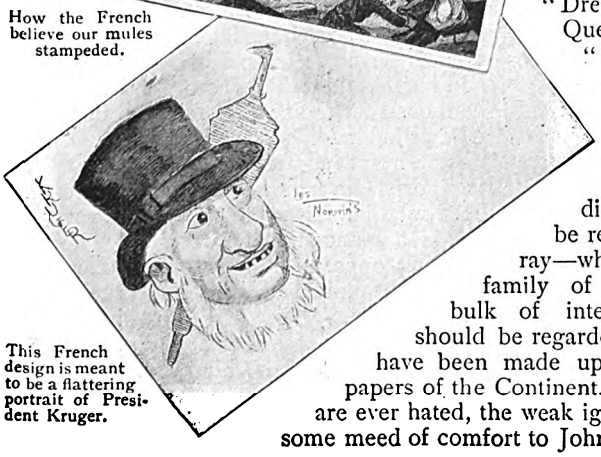
The point of the joke in the case of the "English Carrier Pigeons" postcard is the fact that the "pigeons" are ducks, and the duck in the French tongue the symbol for unfounded rumours. The indignation of the stalwart Boer, who is stopping Tommy's little game, provides an element of humour not intended by the German artist, when one considers how Boer victories and British reverses are concocted, and news generally of Boer casualties has been from the start edited for Pretoria consumption.

A well-organised English retreat from a Dutch point of view.

"English chocolate and Boer pies."

The card on which is depicted an affrighted staff officer contemplating a line of telegraph posts suffering from fits, has this explanatory paragraph: "The telegraph posts tearing their iron hair, scandalised at the lies they are made to transmit." Poor posts! Do they lead from Paris, I wonder?

How the French believe our mules stampeded.



This French design is meant to be a flattering portrait of President Kruger.

Scores of other cards have, of course, been published, which have been eagerly snapped up by collectors, destined ultimately to form an amusing, if inaccurate and not a little scandalous, pictorial record of the South African campaign. Many of these, such as the horrible "Dream of the Queen of England," "The Queen of England at the Nice Carnival," "The Brave English," and a score or more of others are too indecorous for reproduction. That there must be a market for such things is proved by their production; but their issue and their purchase do not indicate a national opinion. That should be remembered. The coarseness of Gillray—who caricatured the English Royal family of his time—did not represent the bulk of intelligent opinion. In like manner should be regarded the more scurrilous attacks which have been made upon things English by the illustrated papers of the Continent. A great writer has said "the strong are ever hated, the weak ignored." This maxim may well bring some meed of comfort to John Bull in difficulties.

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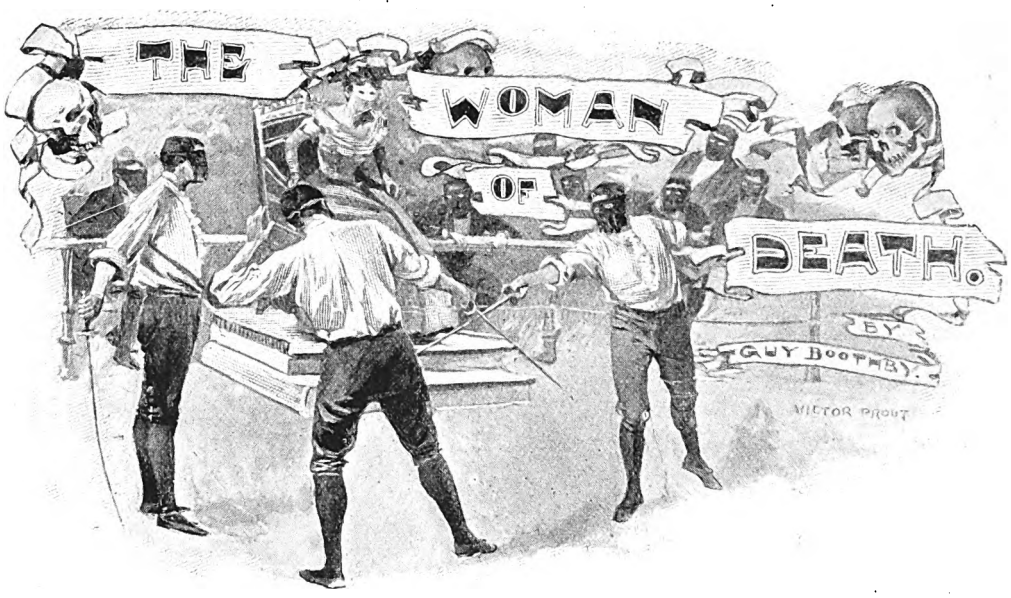

CHAPTER XIII.

As the clock struck midnight, Middlesborough stood in the handsomely furnished room, which was his own private property at the house at St. Germain. He had exchanged the evening dress he had worn when he left Paris, for the uniform of the club, but on this occasion the latter varied, in as much that, in place of a member's coat of solemn black he wore a white cambric shirt, which, with deadly significance, he had found laid out for him upon a chair. As he stood waiting for the summons which was to call him to the arena, he took a locket from about his neck and looked at Cécile's portrait which it contained. He thought of de Tarvenac, and wondered whether he would feel any remorse when, on the morrow, he should hear that his son-in-law was dead, and if he would guess by whose hand he had met his fate. He crossed to the dressing table and regarded his reflection in the glass. So far as he could see he was showing no sign of fear, his face was certainly pale, but when he put his hand upon the table it did not tremble. While he was satisfying himself on this point the bell above his door sounded with that imperative summons which is the peculiar property of electric alarms. As the bell of St. Sepulchre's has tolled the knell of many a despairing wretch in Newgate, so this ingenious production of the nineteenth century rang out for him.

It had scarcely finished, and he had barely time to don his mask, before the door opened, and one of the same noiseless servants, with whose appearance he was by this time familiar, entered, and bowed before him. Middlesborough took this as an intimation that he was to follow him, and he accordingly did so, passing in the other's wake down a softly carpeted corridor towards a door at the further end. Many were the men who had trodden that path before him, but surely never one who was making such a sacrifice, or who had such an end in view. The curtains covering the door were pulled aside, and, almost before he realised he had left the passage, he found himself standing in the room he knew so well. Rows of silent spectators sat on either side, while, beside him, was his second, who on his entering bowed and handed him his sword. As he took it he looked for the first time to his opponent. Always behind his settled conviction that it was de Tarvenac with whom he was to fight, there existed a faint hope that it was possible he might be mistaken. Now, however, he saw in a glance that he was not. The man standing opposite him, sword in hand, was the same individual who had killed poor de Gonville. He had no difficulty in recognising the tall figure so elegantly proportioned, and with such a peculiar length of arm.

For upwards of a minute they stood

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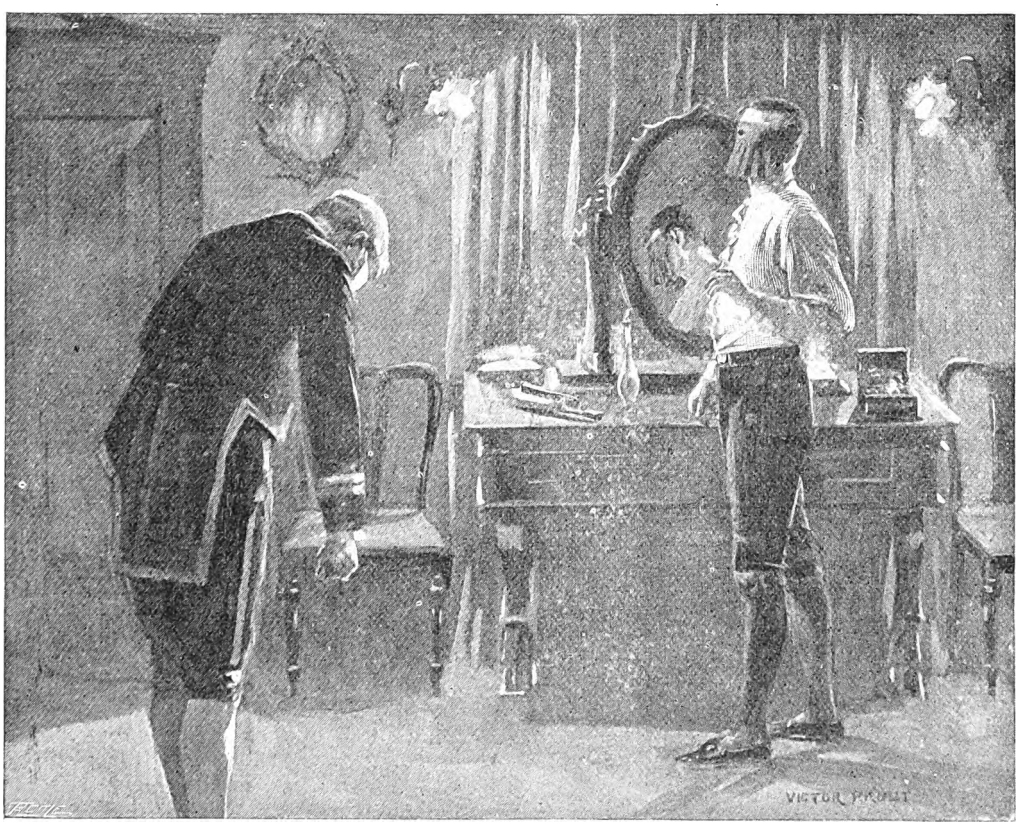
confronting each other. Then the bell sounded once more, and the Woman of Death entered the room. As on the previous occasions that Middlesborough had seen her in her dread capacity, she was dressed entirely in white, the upper half of her face being concealed by a mask of the same colour. With that grace which characterised her movements, she passed down the room and approached the throne. Middlesborough watched her and noticed that as she placed her foot upon the first step of the daïs she swayed a little, as if she was not quite certain of her balance. A second later, however, she had recovered her self-possession, had bowed to the company, and had taken her seat. There was another period of silence, during which the two opponents saluted her and each other, after which she gave the fatal signal.

Both men immediately stepped forward and took their places. The swords crossed and a moment later the combat had commenced. Middlesborough had been permitted an opportunity of judging something of his adversary's skill on the occasion when he had killed de Gonville, and from what he had seen then he felt sure that de Tarvenac must be one of the finest swordsmen in Europe. Though he himself w. s no mean exponent of the art, he knew that he was not a match for the other, and wondered how long he would be able to hold out against him.

Strange though it may seem, a dozen passes had not been exchanged, before Middlesborough found himself deriving an actual, though peculiar, delight from the encounter. It was that lust of fighting which, it is said, takes possession of the veriest coward as soon as the battle has actually commenced. Time after time de Tarvenac attempted to get within his guard, but always without success. Every attack was met with a parry, but there was no attack in return. The whole assemblage was beginning to wonder what this singular behaviour could mean.



He had barely time to don his mask before the door opened and one of the noiseless servants entered and bowed before him.

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"Come, my friend, what are you doing here?" the gendarme began suspiciously.

At last the seconds, acting on a concerted sign gave the order to disengage, whereupon the combatants separated. When they returned to their places in the centre and the signal was given for the duel to recommence, Middlesborough discovered that his opponent was adopting different tactics. He had taken a leaf out of his adversary's book, and by furnishing him with sufficient opportunities of striking, was endeavouring to induce Middlesborough to relinquish the defensive and to assume the aggressive. But Middlesborough was not to be drawn. On more than one occasion he permitted admirable opportunities to escape him of striking his opponent, and as they noticed this the wonderment of the spectators increased.

At last de Tarvenac, wearied by his futile attempts to achieve his purpose, returned to his former line of action and pressed the attack with such vigour and dexterity that Middlesborough found himself in a position of considerable danger. Once, so close was the other's sword point to his side, that it actually pierced the folds of his loose cambric shirt. An inch and a half further to one side, and nothing could have saved him. A heavy perspiration covered his forehead as he realised that his wrist, tired by his long and obstinate defence, was gradually losing its strength and suppleness. Resolved as he was, however, to persevere until the very last, he still doggedly defended himself, knowing all the time that it could only be a few moments before the deadly point would lay him low for ever.

Once more the seconds interposed. The spectators, who, so far had watched them as if fascinated, moved in their seats. Middlesborough looked at the Woman of Death. She was leaning forward in her chair, supporting her chin in the hollow of her hand. During the period they rested she did not move, nor did she do so when, for the third time, the combat commenced. Once more the signal was given, and once more the two men stood face to face with each other in the centre of the arena. Their swords crossed, and a second later de Tarvenac made a feint, the other parried, and then, almost before the weapons had ceased to touch, Middlesborough's opponent uttered a little cry, staggered for a moment, and then fell prone upon the floor. For a moment Middlesborough could scarcely realise what had happened. He saw the seconds bend over the fallen man. One of them felt his pulse, while the other placed his hand inside his shirt, upon his heart. Then followed an agonising period of uncertainty, which lasted while a man might have counted fifty; after that, one of the men rose to his feet and said in a voice that could be heard throughout the room, "Messieurs, he is dead." On hearing this, Middlesborough's overwrought brain gave way, and he fell fainting into his attendant's arms.

How long he remained unconscious he had no idea, but when he recovered his senses and opened his eyes he was no longer in the arena, or even in his dressing-room. Moreover, he felt strangely cold and cramped. He sat up and looked about him. What he saw induced him to rub his eyes in order to find out if he were awake or dreaming. Nor, all things considered, was his surprise to be wondered at. He found that he was lying in what appeared to be an enormous stone archway. His head ached consumedly, and from the pain he suffered, every bone in his body

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might have been wrenched asunder. At last he struggled to his feet and determined at all hazards to find out where he was.

As he stepped from the shadow out in the open beyond the arch, a man approached him. His uniform proclaimed him a Sergeant de Ville.

"Come, my friend, what are you doing here?" he began suspiciously. Then noticing the other's evening dress he became somewhat more polite. Evidently this was a swell who had been dining not too wisely, but too well, and his experience led him to reflect that under such circumstances swells are usually more free with their money than at other times.

"I have met with an accident," said Middlesborough. "My head seems quite dazed. Would it be troubling you too much to tell me where I am?"

As he said this he produced a ten-franc piece which he handed to the sergeant, who immediately became politeness itself.

"I regret that Monsieur should have been so unfortunate," he said. "Surely he recognises that this is the Arc de Triomphe in the Place de Él'toile. Perhaps Monsieur will permit me to escort him a short distance upon his homeward journey?"

Middlesborough reflected a minute before he replied.

"The Place de l'Étoile?" he said to himself. "How, in the name of all that's wonderful, did I get here?"

But the more he thought of it the further he seemed to be from solving the mystery. Had he been drugged after the fight and brought to here in order that he should not make any scene at the chateau? That seemed the most feasible explanation. One thing was certain however, he must now get home to Cécile as quickly as possible. He looked at his watch and discovered that it was after two o'clock. Nearly two hours had elapsed since he had seen de Tarvenac lying dead upon the floor of that hateful room.

"I hope Monsieur is feeling better now," said the sergeant. "Perhaps with a little searching it would be possible to find a *fiacre*."

"You need not trouble, thank you," Middlesborough answered. "I would rather walk home. I think it will revive me. Good-night my friend, and many thanks to you."

"Good night to Monsieur, and a pleasant walk," said the officer, who immediately entered the arch in order to make sure that there was no other person concealed there.

Leaving the Place de l'Étoile, Middlesborough passed down the Avenue des Champs Élysées, through the Place de La Concorde, not without a shudder as he thought of what his first meeting with de Chartres on that spot had led to, over the bridge de La Concorde, and then down the Boulevard St. Germain to his own house.

When he had removed his hat and cloak

"I have had such a terrible dream," she said; "I dreamt, Evelyn, that you were dead."

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he made his way upstairs, treading as softly as a thief. He was about to pass his wife's door to proceed to his dressing room, when the former was suddenly opened, and Cécile stood before him.

"Oh, thank God, you have come back," she said in a voice overflowing with thankfulness. "You cannot think how frightened I have been concerning you!"

"Frightened about me?" asked Middlesborough, as if in surprise. "What does this mean?"

He led her back into her room and placed her in a chair. She was still trembling violently.

"I have had such a terrible dream," she said. "Ever since it woke me up I have been praying for your return." She paused for a moment and then continued, "I dreamt, Evelyn, that you were dead; in fact, that you had been murdered."

"But why, darling, should you let a mere dream frighten you like this?" he answered, not, however, without a shudder. "Who would be likely to murder me, and for what reason?"

"I dreamt that it was done at Madame d'Espère's instigation," she answered. Then covering her face with her hands she continued, "*And it was my own father whom she employed to do the deed.*"

Middlesborough gazed at her in horror. He was not a believer in dreams, but here was something that was likely to shake his doubt for the remainder of his existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

The morning sun streamed in through the windows as Middlesborough opened the shutters, and it seemed as though the rays heralded the birth of a new life for him. How little had he expected to see this day!

Unlocking the drawer of his writing-table, he took from it the two letters he had written on the previous evening. Placing them on the hearth he set fire to them. Only when they were reduced to ashes was he satisfied. The last flickering flame had scarcely died down before the sound of a bell, ringing in the basement, reached him, followed by a loud knocking at the front door. A few moments later the butler, who had only that moment made his appearance downstairs, knocked at his door and entered, with a serious face.

"A police commissary is at the door, my lord," he said. "He would be glad if he might see you for a few moments on a matter of grave importance."

Middlesborough endeavoured to assume a look of astonishment as he asked what the man wanted.

"Very well, show him in," he said.

The servant departed to return presently with the officer in question. The latter bowed gravely.

"I understand, my lord, that the Comte de Tarvenac is your father-in-law," he said.

"That is so. What can you have to tell me concerning him?"

The other paused for a moment to consider how he should best break the intelligence.

"I must beg your lordship to be prepared for some very unhappy news," he said.

"I am quite prepared," Middlesborough replied. "I beg of you to tell me at once. Can it be possible that he has met with an accident?"

"I have to inform you that Monsieur le Comte was found this morning quite dead, lying before the high altar of the church of St. Paul in the Rue des Marmousets," said the Commissary.

"In the church of the Rue des Marmousets?" cried Middlesborough, unable to conceal his astonishment. "Good Heavens! how did he get there?"

"That is a mystery we cannot solve," the police officer answered. "However, the fact remains that he was found there by the Sacristan when he entered this morning to prepare the church for early Mass. He immediately communicated with us. When we arrived we found on the body a card bearing his name and address."

"This is extremely sad intelligence, and I am greatly shocked at it," said Middlesborough. "As you may suppose, it will have a most distressing effect upon my wife. What have you done with the body?"

"We have conveyed it to the deceased's residence in the Rue Joséphine," the officer replied. "I trust we did right?"

"You did very right," Middlesborough replied. "I will go there at once. In the meantime I must thank you for the promptness you have shown in communicating with me."

The officer withdrew, leaving Middlesborough alone. Now he must consider what he should do. One thing was quite certain: Cécile must be told, and at once. He accordingly ascended to her room, and with the utmost gentleness broke the sad intelligence to her. To his surprise her grief was not as extreme as he had feared it might be. She declared that she had been prepared for it by her dream.

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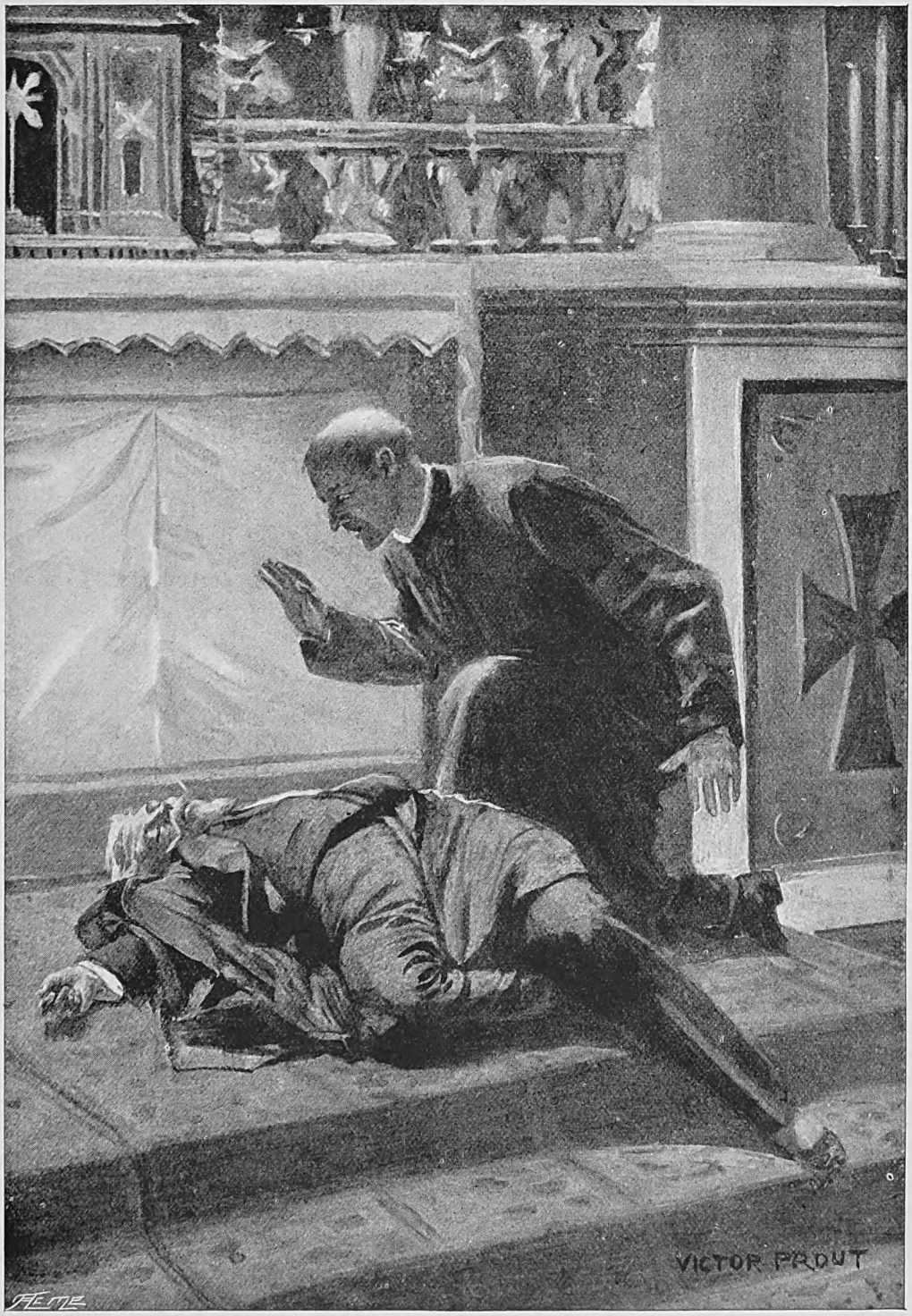

The Count was found quite dead, lying before the high altar of the church of St. Paul.

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"Take me to him," she said simply. "I must go to him at once."

Middlesborough accordingly ordered a carriage to be prepared, and when she had dressed they set off together for the Rue Joséphine. There Middlesborough left her alone with her dead.

When an hour later he returned for her he found her perfectly calm. They accordingly returned to their own home, and after they had breakfasted, Middlesborough once more went out. He drove direct to the Rue Thèbes, a street which his coachman had in all probability never entered before, and having discovered the little chemist's shop on the right hand side, entered, and enquired from the middle-aged assistant behind the counter, where he would be likely to find a certain Monsieur de Chartres.

"Monsieur de Chartres occupies a room upstairs," the man replied. "If Monsieur will have the goodness to wait one moment, I will ascertain whether he is at home and also whether he can see him."

The man departed, and Middlesborough waited patiently for him to return. Presently he did so, when he invited the other to accompany him. At the top of the first flight of stairs the man stopped and knocked at a door, and a voice from inside bade him enter. Middlesborough accordingly did so, and found himself in a room such as he had not expected to see. The walls were lined with bookshelves, the floor was softly carpeted, and an excellently painted window shut off all view of the outside world. In the centre of the apartment stood a writing-table, and at this sat M. de Chartres.

"Good-morning, Lord Middlesborough," said the latter, rising and bowing to his guest. "You are abroad early this morning. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

In reply Middlesborough took from his pocket an envelope, which he handed to the man before him.

"Last night," he said, "I fought my first and only duel. I am here now to pay the amount of the fine imposed by the rules, and to inform you that henceforth I shall cease to be a member of the club."

De Chartres took the envelope and withdrew the cheque it contained. Having examined it carefully, he drew a sheet of note paper towards him and wrote something upon it. Then he handed it to Middlesborough.

"There is your receipt," he said.

Middlesborough examined it in turn. What he read was as follows:

> Received from Lord Middlesborough the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand francs, which amount secures his release from any agreement he may have entered into with me.

"I thank you," said Middlesborough. "And now one other question."

"What is that?"

"I want you to tell me where I can find the person you call the Woman of Death?"

"She has left Paris," the other replied, "and she will never return. I am quite sure of that. Is there anything more I can do to serve you? No! Then I have the honour to wish your lordship good-morning and good-bye."

When Middlesborough had taken his place in his cab once more, he bade his coachman drive him home by way of the Champs Elysées. He wanted to see if what de Chartres had told him were correct. It certainly appeared to be, for when the carriage reached Madame d'Espère's residence, he noticed that the shutters were up at the windows and that the house had the appearance of being unoccupied.

* * * * *

True to the promise he had made to himself on the morning after his terrible adventure, Middlesborough and his wife crossed to England immediately after de Tarvenac's funeral, to take up their residence at "Burgrove." In the years that have elapsed since that night when he last saw the house at St. Germain, Middlesborough has made his personality felt in English politics. He takes an overwhelming interest in all that appertains to his estates and his tenants, and, above all, he loves his wife and children with an affection that grows stronger every day.

"There is only one subject upon which we differ," his wife tells her friends, with a mock regret. "Try how I will, I cannot persuade him to remain for more than a week in Paris.

To this Middlesborough invariably answers that he has tired of the Gay City. He does not tell her that he can never disassociate the French capital in his memory from his acquaintance with a person of whom he has never since heard, but who was once known to himself and other people by the soubriquet of,

"THE WOMAN OF DEATH."

[THE END.]

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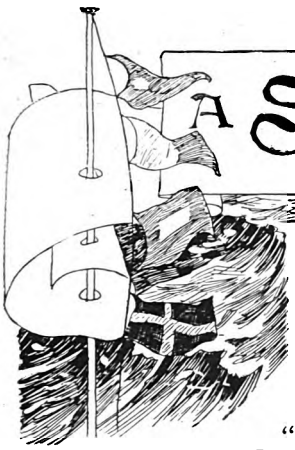

A Signal Success

By R. Austin Freeman

Illustrations by Paget

I.

"The men have come aft, sir, and they say they want to speak to you."

"They want to speak to me, Mr. Jopling, do they?" said Captain Merriman in a tone of surprise. "Do you know what about?"

"I don't, sir," replied the first mate, "but by the look of them I should say there's something brewing."

Captain Merriman dropped the compasses on to the chart on which he had been working out his position and strode out of his cabin and up the companion way, followed closely by the mate.

The men were gathered in a knot just by the break of the poop, and a glance at their faces and attitudes told the Captain that there was something amiss.

"Well, my lads," he called out in a cheery, good-humoured voice, "what is it that you have to say to me?"

The men were silent for a few seconds and fidgetted about with an air of embarrassment. At length, one Joe Salter, the boatswain, stepped forward a pace and cleared his throat.

"Why d'ye see, Captain Merriman," he said, "the thing's like this here. We've been hearing a lot about Klondike and the fortunes that's been made there by able-bodied workin' men like us, and we've been a-thinkin'—in fact, the long and short of it is, we're going to Klondike ourselves."

"Very well, men," said the Captain, "but it's early days to talk of that matter, seeing that we are only four days out from Sydney; moreover, it is no business of mine where you go after you're paid off, so long as you do your duty while you're aboard."

"But we ain't agoing to wait till we're paid off—we're a-going now, on this here ship."

"The deuce you are," exclaimed the Captain angrily, "I can tell you, my men, you'll have to settle with me first."

"We're quite ready to settle with you, if you want us to," replied Salter with a grin. "Here, boys, show him your teeth," and, to the skipper's amazement, every man, including the boatswain, whipped out a regulation navy revolver.

"You see," said Salter, "we're ready for anything that may turn up, and I may tell you that we've got all your firearms as well. And look you here, Captain Merriman," he added, "you'd best keep a civil tongue. We're masters of this here vessel and you've got to obey our orders. We made all our arrangements before we left the London Docks, and the whole thing's settled; and if you do what you're told, and don't give us none o' your lip, you'll find we're uncommon pleasant bosses to work under."

The skipper bit his lip and reflected.

"You'd better think again, men," he said presently, regarding the men without a sign of irritation—"mutiny is a serious thing, and you have no excuse that I know of; you have good food and comfortable berths, haven't you?"

"Now you needn't try to come round us, you know," said Joe Salter, "with yer argiments. If the grub hadn't been all right you'd ha' heard from us before this. No, we ain't a-makin' no complaints, but wot we says and wot we sticks to is that we're going to take charge of this here ship and we're goin' to employ you to navigate her for us."

"And supposing I refuse?" asked the Captain.

"Why then overboard you goes, and we'll employ Mr. Jopling instead; and if he refuses,

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"We're quite ready to settle what you want us to," replied Salter with a grin.

overboard *he* goes and we tries Mr. Saunders, and if none of the mates won't do as they are asked, we chucks 'em all overboard and works the bloomin' ship ourselves."

"I should like to talk this matter over with my officers," said the Captain.

"I daresay yer would, but yer won't. We ain't a-goin' to have you a colloguin' and a plottin' against us. We're goin' to give them there mates nice compact quarters in the forecastle, but you'll be allowed to keep your cabin, and I shall take Mr. Jopling's so as I shall be near to you if you should want my advice in navigatin' the ship."

These last remarks of the boatswain's were received by the crew with sniggers of enjoyment, and Salter, thus encouraged, proceeded:

"And now if them three mates will do us the honour to step forrard they will be shown to their apartments."

"What do you wish us to do, sir?" asked the first mate with a face like thunder.

"Well, Mr. Jopling," replied the Captain, "here are thirty men armed, and here are we four men unarmed. That is the situation, and I am afraid there is nothing for us but to accept it."

"Spoken like a sensible man," commented Salter jeeringly, and without another word the three mates descended on to the main deck and marched forward with the crew.

"What port is it you want to make for?" asked the Captain of Salter, who had now stepped up on to the poop.

"The nearest port to Klondike," answered the boatswain.

"That would be somewhere about Cross Sound, I suppose."

"Very well, that will do; you can show it me on the chart presently. You will make direct for Cross Sound, and, when we're a day's easy sail off the land, let me know and I'll tell you what to do next. And see here; if I catch you at any tricks, takin' the ship into any other port or trying to make signals to any other vessel, you're a dead man that very instant."

Captain Merriman nodded and passed down the companion way.

That night Captain Merriman retired to his cabin at about half-past nine. Having lit a pipe, he reached down from his small bookshelf a leather-bound volume marked "International Code Signals," and studied it attentively, making a few brief notes on a sheet of paper until, hearing a footstep on the companion stair, he hurriedly replaced the book, turned the paper over and fixed a meditative gaze upon the tell-tale compass just over his head.

"Havin' a quiet pipe, are yer?" observed Joe Salter, thrusting his head in at the cabin door and peering round suspiciously.

"Yes, I'm having a pipe," returned the Captain without removing his gaze from the compass.

"Well, I'm going to have a weed myself. Keep yer pecker up, Cap'n. So long," and he vanished into his—or, rather, into Mr. Jopling's—cabin whence presently issued the

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aroma of one of Mr. Jopling's special Havanas accompanied by the sound of frequent expectoration.

Now, if Mr. Joseph Salter had possessed an abnormally acute sense of hearing he might have detected certain faint but curious sounds in the direction of the adjoining cabin. He might, for instance, have heard a key turned very softly in a lock, and then the scarcely distinguishable creak of a pair of hinges, followed by a prolonged soft rustling. He might then have been aware of a second faint creak and another soft revolution of a key. But Mr. Salter's senses were not abnormally acute, and there are many noises in the cabin of a wooden sailing ship under way.

II.

"PUT up the helm there and keep her away a point or two. Ease off the lee braces and let her go free."

It was Joe Salter who issued the above orders, notwithstanding that the Captain was on deck and was nominally in command of the ship.

The latter's face flushed angrily for a moment, but he controlled himself by an effort and said coldly to the boatswain:

"You perceive that you are putting the ship off her course."

By way of reply the boatswain expectorated on the deck and strolled forward to the break of the poop to watch the hands manning the braces.

Captain Merriman walked to the taffrail and gazed intently at the horizon astern, but could distinguish nothing; as he turned, however, he perceived for the first time a man perched on the main yard looking in the same direction, and presently Salter came aft, and, taking the telescope from the companion hatch, ascended into the mizzen top, where he stood observing some object on the weather quarter.

"Set the foretopmast stun'sails," roared the boatswain.

The Captain again gazed in the direction in which the boatswain's glass pointed, and presently his practised eye detected a minute grey speck.

He rapidly descended to his cabin, and in a few moments returned with his own glass, through which he examined the object on the horizon.

Seen in the field of the telescope the grey speck resolved itself into a buff-painted funnel, from which no smoke issued, and the three masts of a barque with single topsail-yards and no sail set.

The Captain drew a deep breath.

"Well, what do you make of her?" asked Salter sulkily.

"A cruiser under steam, I fancy," replied the skipper.

"Englishman or foreigner?"

"English, I think."

"So do I," replied the boatswain; "and look here," he continued, coming close to the Captain, his revolver in his hand, "if she comes within speaking distance, you mind what I said. No tricks, or ——" And he scowled significantly, and rolled away forward.

The Captain looked at the retreating figure of the boatswain, and a faint, quizzical smile spread over his face for an instant.

"Luff her up again," bawled Salter some ten minutes later, "slack off the weather braces and look smart, my lads. That cruiser is end on again. And get in them stun' sails as quick as you can."

Once more the braces were manned and

"And look here," he continued, coming close to the Captain, his revolver in his hand, "No tricks, or ——"

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the yards swung round as the ship luffed up until the wind was right abeam.

The Captain took another peep at the approaching stranger, the white hull of which was now well above the horizon. As the ship luffed and presented her broadside to the cruiser, the latter also changed her course and made for a point well ahead of the *Patagonia*. This manœuvre was quickly observed by the knot of men who had gathered on the poop to watch the man o' war.

"She's a-headin' us off, Joe, she'll be right aboard us presently," said one of the hands to Salter, "what are you goin' to do next?"

"Do?" repeated the boatswain irritably. "What can you do? If she wants to speak us she'll have to, seeing that she's doing sixteen knots to our eight."

"No, that won't do, Joe Salter," retorted the other. "If any of her people board this here ship it means chokee for us, that's wot it means. Ain't that so, mates?" he continued, turning to the rest of the crew.

"Ay, that's so," was the rejoinder in a growling chorus.

"Well, what would *you* do, Bill Hurst?" asked the boatswain turning to the first speaker defiantly.

"Why I'd wear ship and show her our heels," replied Hurst.

"And let her see as we're a-running away from her," sneered Salter.

"Bill Hurst's right," said another of the men. "We'd best wear right away," and this statement was met by a chorus of approval.

"All right then, wear ship and be hanged to you," exclaimed Salter turning his back to his comrades.

Once more the helm was put up, the brace-blocks "cheeped," the big yards swung round, and the *Patagonia*, having fallen off, came up on the opposite tack on a course at more than a right angle to her previous one.

As soon as this manœuvre was executed, all hands came aft and mounted the poop to watch the cruiser, Salter and the captain keeping her covered by their glasses.

"Hang me if she ain't a follerin' us," exclaimed the boatswain suddenly, and sure enough the cruiser's white hull rapidly shortened as she turned right into the *Patagonia's* wake.

An expression of alarm soon made its appearances on the faces of the men, and their anxiety continued to increase in spite of the boatswain's efforts to reassure them.

In half an hour the cruiser had reached a position about one mile away on the *Patagonia's* starboard beam. The crew, ranged along the weather bulwark, watched the stranger for a time in silence, while Salter followed her movements closely with his glass, which he had steadied against one of the mizzen shrouds.

"There she goes!" suddenly exclaimed Bill Hurst as two tiny coloured specks mounted to the cruiser's peak.

"B. D.,"* commented the Captain, putting down his telescope.

"*All* right," exclaimed Salter turning insolently towards him, "nobody asked you to speak. I reckon every seaman knows what the red burgee and the blue pennant means seein' as they are always a flyin' from Lloyd's stations all over the world. Now then, boys, where's the flag chest?"

"Why, it's kep' in the Cap'n's cabin," said Fox, the steward.

"Well, then, get it up here, two of you, and look lively, or we'll have them sending a boat," shouted the boatswain.

Several men scrambled in a great hurry down the companion, and in a very few seconds the chest was planted on the deck close to the wheel.

"What's our number, you?" asked Salter of the Captain.

"There's the code-book in the chest," replied the latter. "You can see for yourself."

"Well, show us where it is," said Salter, handling the book rather foolishly.

The Captain opened the book at the list of ships' names and gave it back to the boatswain. "There is the list," he said, "you will find our name among the 'p's.'"

Salter drew a stumpy forefinger down the column of names commencing with "p." "Ah! here we are," he said at length, as his finger became stationary, "'*Patagonia*, of London, 1,200 tons, official number 388641. M. P. W. G.' Now, Hurst, you toggle the flags on to the halyards as I pass 'em to you. Here's M," and he fished the ball of bunting out of the compartment labelled "M" and passed it to Hurst—"here's P, this here's W, and there's G. Up with 'em smartly."

Hurst made fast the toggles, and then hauled briskly on the halyards, and the four balls of bunting mounted rapidly to the peak. A smart jerk on the halyards unrolled the four balls simultaneously, and the four brightly-coloured flags fluttered gaily against

* "What ship is that?"

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the blue sky. The cruiser's signal was instantly lowered, and shortly afterwards a single coloured speck was seen to rise to the mast-head.

"There goes the answering pennant," observed Salter with his eye to the glass. "Now they've got their answer they can hook it as soon as they like. Down with them signals and let's stow 'em away."

The Captain, standing by the binnacle, watched furtively as Salter detached the flags and stuffed them untidily into their compartments. Then, as the boatswain slammed down the lid of the chest and turned the key, he heaved a sigh of relief and turned to take another look at the cruiser.

"I say, Joe," shouted Hurst excitedly, as he gazed intently at the man-o'-war, "she's a-roundin' to. S'help me if she ain't a-headin' straight for us." He picked up the telescope and pointed it at the cruiser.

The skipper adroitly executed what is known as a postman's knock on the unlovely countenance of Mr. Salter.

"Why, dash my eyes, if they ain't a-gettin' ready to lower a boat," he exclaimed, turning to Salter.

The boatswain snatched the Captain's telescope from his hand and took a long look at the approaching vessel.

"Let's have a squint, Bill," said one of the men, taking the glass from Hurst and levelling it at the cruiser.

"Yes," he exclaimed after a moment's inspection, "there's the boat right enough a-swingin' from the davits. Why" he roared, after a pause, "there's a whole crowd of guffies a-gettin' into her."

Salter, who had observed the knot of red-coated marines climbing into the boat, laid down his glass and, discharging a volley of oaths and imprecations, strode up to the Captain and shook a large and dirty fist in his face.

"You hound," he screamed, huskily, "I'll learn yer, I will."

The precise character of the instruction he proposed to offer his commander did not appear, but the latter having regarded him for a moment with a bland smile, turned to the crew who were standing looking blank enough by the rail.

"Now listen to me, my lads," he said, "and don't be fooled any longer by that mutinous scoundrel——"

His speech was brought to an abrupt end by a sounding smack on the face delivered by the infuriated boatswain; but before anyone had time to realise what had happened, the skipper had adroitly executed what is known to pugilists as a postman's knock on the unlovely countenance of Mr. Salter, who staggered backwards across the deck until he

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brought up heavily against the binnacle, thereby knocking the breath out of his own body, and driving his elbow through the plate glass front of the instrument.

Captain Merriman was about to follow up the attack when a rush was made at him, and his arms were pinioned by several of the men. The boatswain picked himself up, and, drawing his revolver from his pocket, roared out in a voice made husky with fury:

"Stand clear there while I blow his brains out!"

"Here, none o' that, Joe Salter," exclaimed Hurst sternly. "The stone jug's enough for us; we don't want no running bowlines round our scrags, so you just stow it."

"All right, Bill," replied Salter conciliatingly, returning his pistol to his pocket; "I allow I'm a bit hasty, but *I* don't want no bloodshed if I don't get too much aggravation. But see here, mates; that boat will be alongside in a few minutes, so if we're going to do anything we'd best set about it quick."

"But what *are* we going to do?" queried Hurst.

"Why, this is what I'd do," answered the boatswain. "I'd first lock that swab," pointing to the Captain, "up in the forecastle along o' the others."

"But," interrupted Hurst, "they'll want to see the Captain."

"O' course they will," rejoined Salter, "and they *will* see him. *I'm* the captain of this blessed ship, and so you'll know what to say."

"My eye!" murmured one of the men, glancing round at his grinning messmates, "that cat won't jump, I reckon."

"Well, are you going to be taken like a pack of fools, or are you going to have a try for Klondike?" asked Salter glaring contemptuously at the men.

"We'll have a try," answered the men, without very much enthusiasm however.

"Very well," said Salter, "that's settled. Now get the skipper stowed away forward as quick as you can, and leave the rest to me."

"Well, I'll explain," said Captain Merriman, regarding the lieutenant with a twinkling eye.

The Captain was thereupon bundled forward and locked up in the forecastle, while the boatswain hurried down into the cabin.

In a few minutes the man-o'-war's boat—a large launch—came alongside, and as the three officers who had come with her stepped on deck, the boatswain, rigged out in a coat and cap belonging to the Captain, appeared at the break of the poop and descended to meet them.

Salter's appearance was the signal for the outbreak of an epidemic of grins from the crew of the *Patagonia*, which his

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admonitory scowls and grimaces only served to increase.

"Could we see the Captain?" asked the senior officer, a dry, brown-faced, little lieutenant, addressing Salter.

"Yer could," replied the latter, "if yer was to cast yer eyes on me."

"Oh!" responded the lieutenant, regarding Salter in undisguised astonishment, especially as to his shirt collar and his immense grubby paws.

"Why 'Ho?'" enquired Salter tartly, upon which the youngest officer—a lanky midshipman—retired to the bulwark and apparently suppressed a sneeze.

"For what purpose might you have boarded my vessel?" persisted the boatswain.

The lieutenant glanced at his companions with a puzzled expression, and after a short pause, said:—

"Our Captain thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to allow us to compare our chronometers with yours."

"Why cert'nly," replied Salter, "with pleasure. Where are they?"

"Where are what?" asked the astonished officer.

"Your chronometers. Have you got 'em with you?"

"Good Heavens! No!" replied the lieutenant, in a tone of amazement. "I've brought a hack watch, of course."

"Oh! ah!" responded Salter, in no little confusion. "Well, come along below," and he scuttled down the companion way cursing softly under his breath.

"Stay on deck, Woodburn," said the lieutenant in an undertone to his junior, "and keep your weather eye lifting."

"Rather," responded the sub significantly, as the lieutenant and the midshipman followed Salter below.

"Now as to these here chronometers," said the latter, slapping the instruments with his great paw, "which one will you see first?"

"Whichever you please," replied the lieutenant.

"Well, we'll try this one, then," said the boatswain, unfastening the hooks and endeavouring vainly to raise the lid of the case.

"The thing's locked," he muttered, turning crimson. "Here you, Fox."

"Yes, sir," said the steward, thrusting a scared face in at the cabin door with rather suspicious promptitude.

"Go and fetch the key of the chronometers."

"Beg pardon, sir, but the keys is kept inside the cases," said the steward hastily.

"But the cases are locked, you idiot. Go and fetch the keys, and look sharp." Here the boatswain shook his fist and scowled frightfully, and the steward, suddenly comprehending, hurried away.

During this dialogue the two officers exchanged brief but significant glances.

Barely two minutes had passed before the silence was broken by a confused noise from the deck, followed by the scuffling of feet on the companion stairs. As the footsteps reached the cabin door Salter leaped from his chair with a loud curse, and the officers turning round beheld Captain Merriman and the sub-lieutenant, closely attended by a sergeant of marines, who carried and ostentatiously clinked a pair of handcuffs.

"How the deuce did you manage it?" asked the lieutenant of Captain Merriman when the officers had the cabin to themselves.

"Manage what?" queried the Captain.

"How did you get them to run up *that* signal of all others?"

"Well, I'll explain," said Captain Merriman cutting the end off a cigar and regarding the lieutenant with a twinkling eye. "The flag chest, which you may have noticed on deck, was always kept down here. Now, on the night when the mutiny broke out, after the lights were extinguished I had a brief interview with that flag chest, and ventured to make a few trifling alterations in its arrangement. Our number is M.P.W.G., and as it was almost certain that that signal would be made before any other I changed those particular flags. I took M out of its compartment and stuffed D in its place, P changed places with K, W. with P, and G. with R. Now when Salter got the flag chest on deck and asked me what signal to make and how to make it, I referred him to the code book where he found our number without any difficulty. I was afraid he would notice the change in the flags, but he never unrolled them, and they remained in a ball until the halyards were jerked.

"Now Salter got the flags out of their compartments quite correctly, but of course when they went up instead of making M.P.W.G., '*Patagonia*, of London, 1,200 tons, official number 388641,' they made, 'D.K.P.R., mutinied.'"

The midshipman fell back in his chair with a bellow of enjoyment as the skipper concluded his recital, while the grinning lieutenant remarked, "Well, Captain, I must say that you've salted their tails very nicely."

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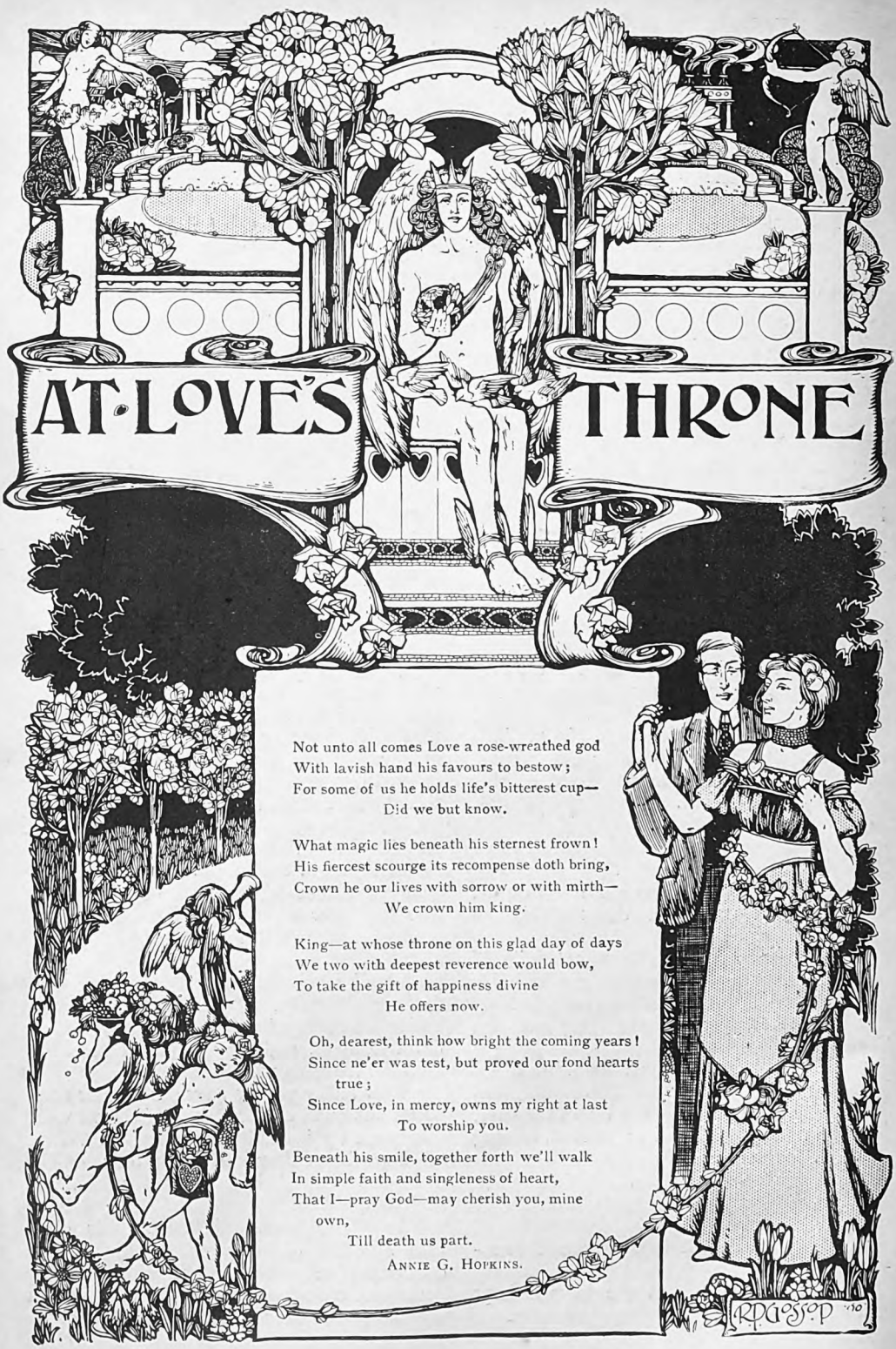

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With lavish hand his favours to bestow;
For some of us he holds life's bitterest cup—
Did we but know.

What magic lies beneath his sternest frown!
His fiercest scourge its recompense doth bring,
Crown he our lives with sorrow or with mirth—
We crown him king.

King—at whose throne on this glad day of days
We two with deepest reverence would bow,
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Oh, dearest, think how bright the coming years!
Since ne'er was test, but proved our fond hearts true;
Since Love, in mercy, owns my right at last
To worship you.

Beneath his smile, together forth we'll walk
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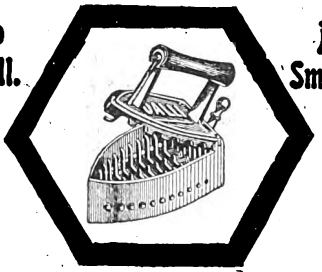

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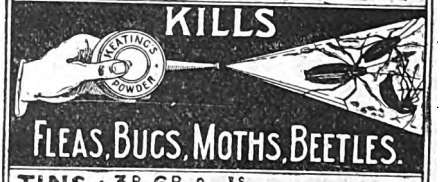

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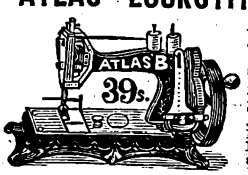

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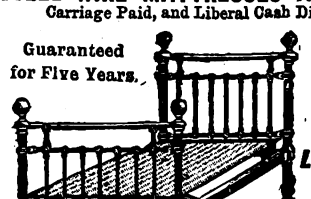

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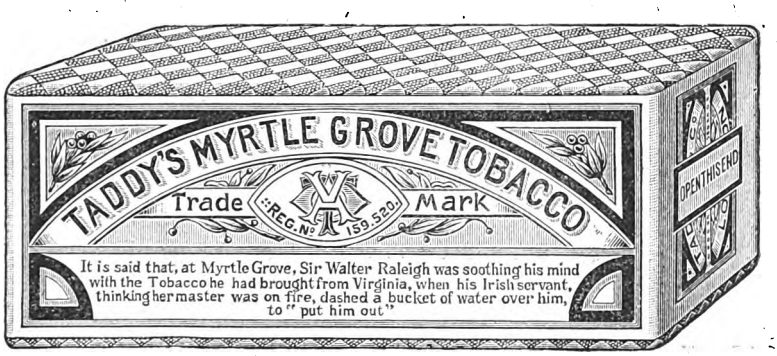
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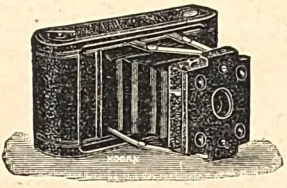

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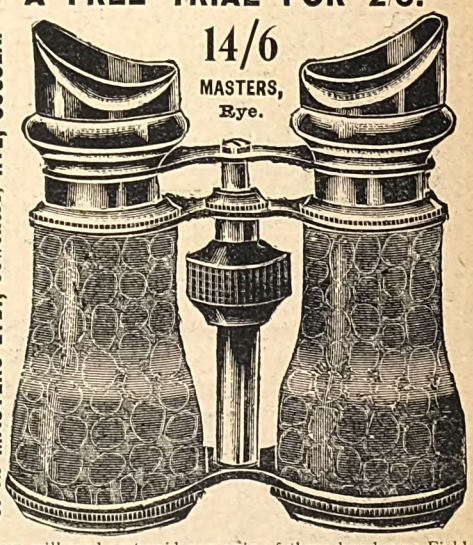

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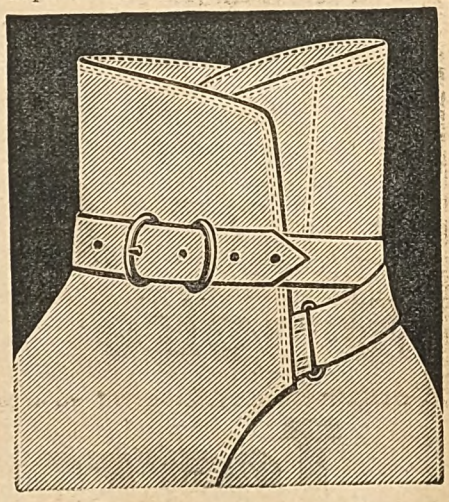

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TORTOISE-SHELL MIXTURE

The Purest and Best Smoking Mixture ever produced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

MILD With Silver Shield **MEDIUM STRENGTH** Green Shield

ALSO

TORTOISE-SHELL CIGARETTES

The Highest Class Virginia Cigarettes Procurable.

W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN, Ipswich, London, and Norwich.

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UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORCE OF GREECE.

(*High Commissioner of Crete*), &c., &c.

EDWARDS'

"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR.

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.

A Luxury and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

"HARLENE"

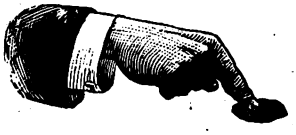
Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Full Description and Directions for Use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (3 times 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of P.O.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., *95 & 96, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.*

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

It touches  the SPOT!

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/9 per box.

Homocea

Heals

Burns, Boils, Bruises, Bites and Broken Skin; Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Cuts and Colds; Stings, Scalds, Scratches, Swellings, Sores; Tooth-ache, Piles.

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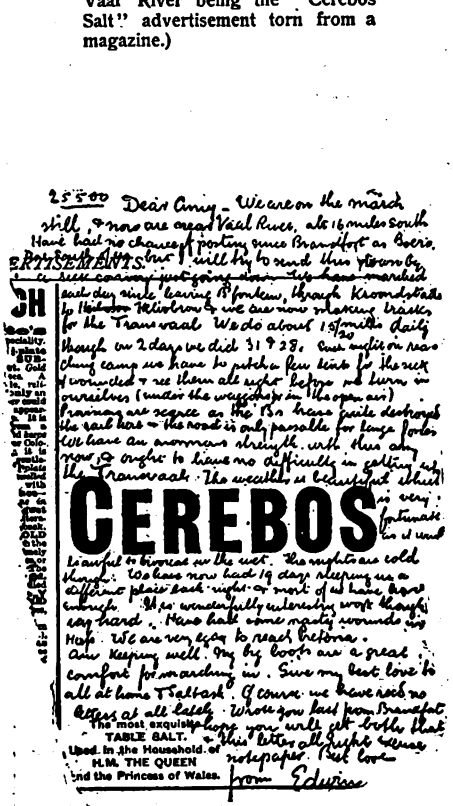
A LETTER

From the Front

(The only notepaper available near Vaal River being the "Cerebos Salt" advertisement torn from a magazine.)



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"Sweet are the uses of advertisement."

ELECTRICITY

offers the greatest opportunities for advancement to-day.

We can teach anyone at home by mail to **Become an ELECTRICAL ENGINEER** or to learn Telephony, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways; also Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing. Fit yourself to start in a new profession at a better salary. Write for our free, illustrated book, entitled **"Can I Become An Electrical Engineer?"**

The ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION,
Dept. 29, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

NO MORE CORNS OR TENDER FEET!

(SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW.)

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than Leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless. Mr. MASON writes (21/5/98): *"Got a pair three years ago, and have worn them every day since."* Mr. MAKER writes (29/11/98): "Find them very comfortable for factory use, as I do a lot of standing." They are also very much in demand by electric light workers, nurses, hotel and asylum attendants, &c.

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe. Prices (post free).

Colour—White, Black, or Brown.	Children's	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/-	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather Soled Shoes (Superior) ...	3/6	4/-	4/9
Rubber Shoes (Brown or White)	—	3/6	3/6
Superior Red Rubber (Brown Canvas only)	—	5/-	5/6

Off 3 pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath St., Glasgow

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION. White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled 2 sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56in. wide, 6d. 9d. per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 inches wide, frilled both sides, 11½d yard,*

Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4s. each. Samples of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, *Tapestries*, Cretonnes, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, and Mantel Borders. *Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c. post free.*

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

HAVE YOU TRIED KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH?

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is no better Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: if you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1s¼d. tins.

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COX'S "Elfin" JELLIES.

Latest and Best, Perfectly Pure, and of High Uniform Quality.

Prepared from COX'S FAMOUS GELATINE of BRITISH MANUFACTURE. They are as cheap as any other Tablet Jellies, despite the high quality of the material used. COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES will be found far and away Superior to other Tablets, which are often made from cheap foreign gelatines, and inferior material.

COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES can be made in a few minutes. They are delightfully flavoured, and form a delicate, dainty dish for Luncheon, Dinner, or Supper. Send a postcard (naming your Grocer) and you will receive a free sample.

J. & G. COX, Ltd. (OF EDINBURGH), **Eastcheap Buildings, London, E.C.**

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Though J. & G. Cox, Ltd., believe they are justified in claiming that the tablet jelly is the finest on the market, they wish to point out that, for best results, every cook should use "Cox's SPARKLING GELATINE," with which a hundred other dainty dishes can also be prepared.

A BOON FOR SUFFERERS FROM ANÆMIA.

Cheltine

ANÆMIC FOOD

CHELTINE ANÆMIC FOOD

By its use the blood is quickly regenerated, the colour becomes normal. The drooping strength is revived. The languor diminished. Health, vigour, and tone predominate. New life and happy activity result. The attention of Physicians is especially directed to this novel preparation. PERFECT, EFFICACIOUS, and CERTAIN. It acts quicker than physic, is cheaper, and far more pleasant. Sufferers should send at once for sample. Price in Tins, 1/- and 2/6 each. Of all chemists.

APPLY TO THE WORKS FOR SAMPLES AND FIRST SUPPLIES POST FREE.

Address: The MANAGER (Dept. B), Cheltine Works, CHELTENHAM.

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Southalls' Sanitary Towels

Ladies on Tour or at Home should ask for

"SOUTHALLS"

"Southalls'" are manufactured by the **original** Patentees according to their improved patent, and are the best made articles of this class, therefore always ask for "Southalls' Sanitary Towels"; if you simply ask for "Sanitary Towels" inferior makes will probably be offered you, so for your own protection always ask for

"SOUTHALLS'"

SOUTHALLS' "SANITARY TOWELS" are

Absorbent,

Antiseptic,

AND

Downy Softness.

Sample free from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham

A copy of "HINTS ON HOME NURSING" by Sister Eva, sent post free to any Lady mentioning this paper.

From all Drapers, Ladies Outfitters and Chemists.

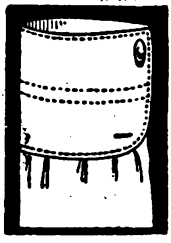
Sold in packets containing one doz. from 6d. to 2/- each.

TWO SHIRTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED)

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.



The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. It is in every way a "perfect "shirt, and fits without a crease. Sheaths the wrists with comfort, adds a grace to the hands, and looks the very perfection of neatness and smartness. Made only in one quality—the best, at one price—the lowest—**3/11.** To open in front or behind as preferred. In ordering, please state size of collar.

Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ¼ doz., **22/6**; post free.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish linen collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, 3, Ranelagh Pl., Liverpool.

Trial Bottle, Post Free **7D.**

TO COLOUR

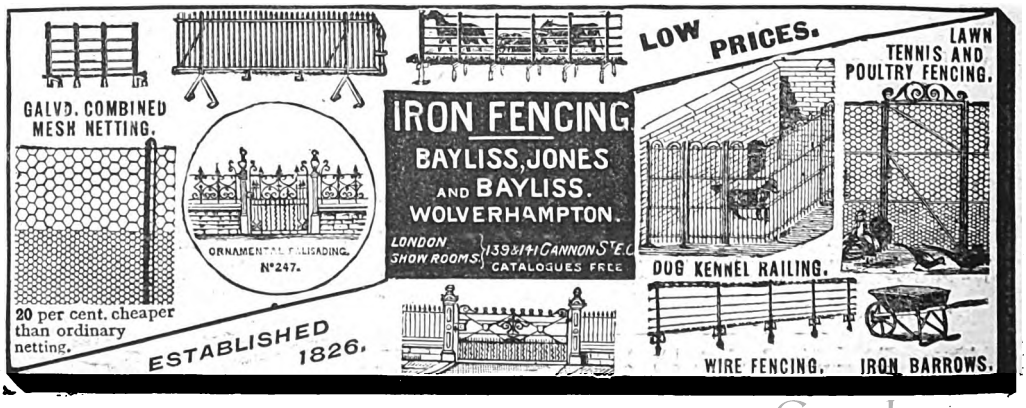
GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Wes bourne Grove, London, W.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Satisfying.
Strengthening.
Soothing for Infants.
Agreeable.
Digestible.
Nourishing.



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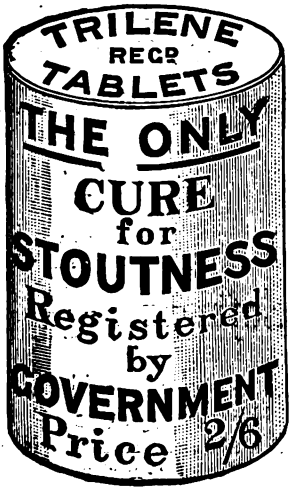
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

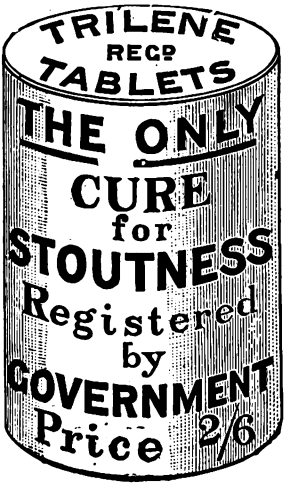


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess **Furstenberg** writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from **"The Lady,"** 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 2lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. C. Alexander, 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, Wilts, writes: "Tablets have reduced me quite 28 lbs."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

HENDERSON'S Peralia REG'D

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition. Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face, and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6. Postage in each case 3d. extra.

Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES.

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle. 3d. extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price 10/-. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, 5/6 pair.

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 and 73, Camden Street (R.M.), North Shields, England. Foreign Orders punctually attended to. PRICE LIST POST FREE.

TOO STOUT

I was, for years; by chance I came across a simple home remedy that reduced me from 17st. to 10st. 12lb., and I will willingly send particulars free to any sufferer enclosing stamp.—Mrs. M. C. FELL, 195, Oxford Street, London, W.

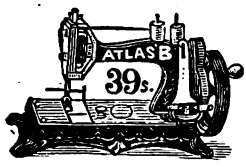
SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers. &c.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.

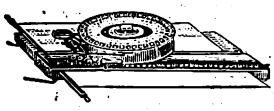


Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. Monthly. Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.**, 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

A 10/6 TYPEWRITER.



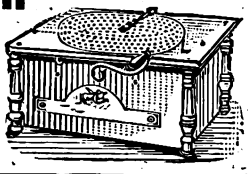
The "SIECLE" gets through its work the same as a £20 machine. Compact and portable. Complete range of characters.

EASY TO OPERATE.

Takes any size paper. Post free, 10/6. Catalogue of Novelties, post free

VARIETY CO., DALSTON, LONDON, N.E.

HAND ORGANS, FROM 20s.



Made in 3 sizes, in Ebony and Gold Case. Full organ tone. Plays all Songs, Hymns, or Dance Music. If desired, sent on receipt of P.O. 5/-. Write for Terms to pay 5/- Monthly. List of Tunes and Prices. ATLAS CO., 184R, High St., Camden Town; 63, Seven Sisters Road; 14, High Road, Kilburn.

I Beg Pardon! But do you clean your

BRASS and METAL WORK with

Needham's

METAL

Polishing Paste?

There's nothing like it for quick, clean, work.

NO ACID IN IT.

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sole Manufacturers, **SHEFFIELD.**

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YOU OUGHT TO JUMP AT SUCH AN OFFER

TAKE A PEN and write your name and address on a postcard, and ask for **H. SAMUEL'S BARGAIN BOON.** By return of post you will receive a

HANDSOME ALBUM,

FREE OF ALL CHARGE,

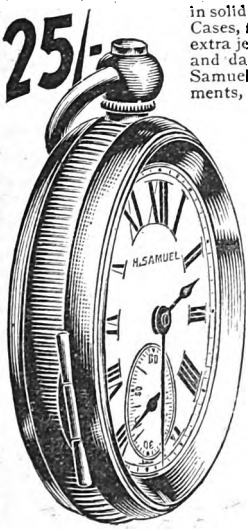
the perusal of which will afford you infinite pleasure. The **200 PAGES** of this surprise-exciting gift are adorned with over **3000 BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS** descriptive of H. Samuel's wonderful bargains in Gold and Silver **WATCHES,** Jewellery, beautiful **DIAMONDS,** Clocks, Plate, Cutlery, &c., &c., all of which are supplied direct from H. Samuel at **WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH.** Every security is afforded to the purchaser,

A FULL MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

being allowed with all goods.

H. SAMUEL'S FAMOUS 'ACME' PATENT LEVER

25/-



in solid **STERLING SILVER** Cases, fine ¾-plate movement, extra jewelled, fitted with dust and damp-tight **CAP** and H. Samuel's special improvements, protected by

HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT,

and only to be obtaind in H. Samuel's Watches **WARRANTED** for Five Years. H. Samuel's price, **25/-.** With each a Handsome

SPECIAL FREE BONUS GIFT

is enclosed from H. Samuel's **GREAT DISTRIBUTION,** full particulars of which are given in H. Samuel's large descriptive

ALBUM OF BARGAINS.

Send to-day to—

H. SAMUEL (Dept. 39), 95, 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, and 121,

Market St., Manchester.

MYRTLE GROVE

CIGARETTES

IN PACKETS OF

10 CIGARETTES.

SWEET. COOL. FRAGRANT.

TADDY & CO., LONDON.

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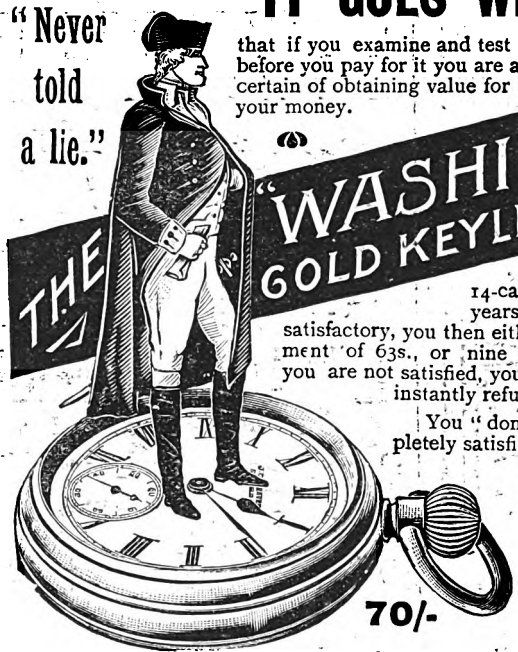
"IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING"

"Never told a lie."



that if you examine and test an article before you pay for it you are absolutely certain of obtaining value for your money.

THE "WASHINGTON" GOLD KEYLESS WATCH £3. 10s.

Contains all the Latest Improvements, fitted with 14-carat Gold Cases, and Warranted for Five years. It is sent on receipt of 7s., and, if satisfactory, you then either complete the purchase in one payment of 63s., or nine more monthly payments of 7s. If you are not satisfied, you return the watch, and your deposit is instantly refunded.

You "don't buy a pig in a poke," you are completely satisfied or you do not part with a copper.

Send to-day for J. G. Graves' New Catalogue of all the Latest Designs in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Cutlery, &c., &c., &c.

WANTED.—Young Men who can get orders. Good remuneration. No risk. Write for terms and particulars.

70/-

J. G. GRAVES, Dept. 67, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

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35/- FOR AN ORGANETTE WORTH £4 : 4.

The finest and most unique musical instrument ever made. Worthy a place in every home. Highly prised by all lovers of GOOD music. Built just like a full-sized Organ, with 2 sets of reeds and 3 beautiful stops. Requires no teaching or knowledge of music.

A CHILD CAN PLAY IT

with effect equal to the performance of a talented pianist.

AND THIS IS FREE!

We are presenting FREE to all applicants a copy of our Householder's Money Saving Guide to Jewellery, Watch, Cutlery, &c., buying. Profusely Illustrated. Handsomely got up. A wealth of useful household information. Teaches you how to save money in buying. Write for it to-day—at ONCE. It is worth a postcard.

J. M. DRAPER (Dept. 309),
ORGANETTE WORKS, BLACKBURN

ORGANETTE

FITS CURED

From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist*, 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

WOODS' PATENT GALVANIZED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.
Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED Carrying ONE TON AT *Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.*

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London Office—61, St. Mary Axe. Liverpool Office—159, Duke St.
Please mention this Magazine.

TO INSURE GOOD HEALTH

FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER WITH

PAINS IN THE BACK,

Headache, Nervous Exhaustion, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, General Debility, in fact, all cases of Congestion,

Electricity will Cure when all other remedies fail.

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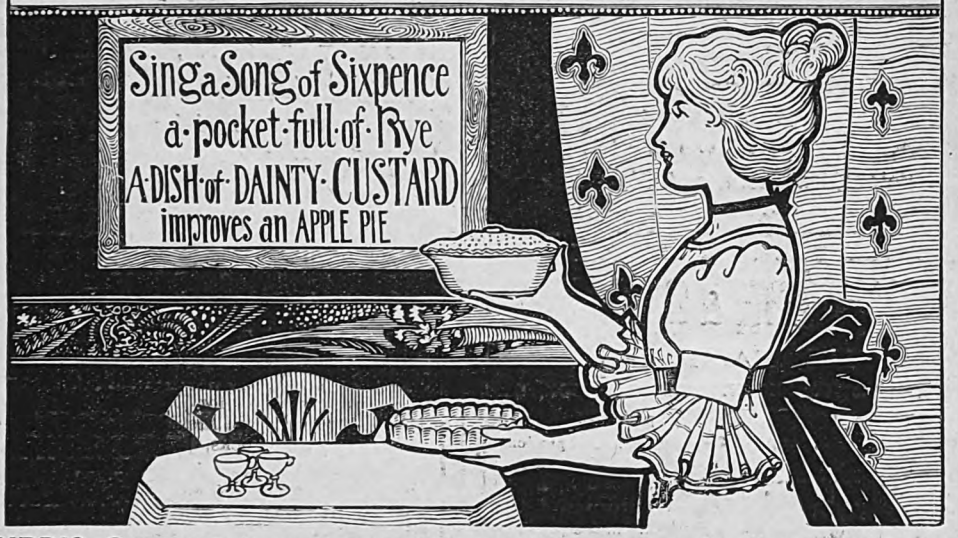

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1900.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by the Editor.		
"WHEN WILL HE COME?" From a Photograph.		*Frontispiece.*
THE ART OF THE CAMERA Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	451
A STRATEGIC MOVEMENT. A Complete Story Illustrated by R. Pannett.	HYLDA M. ROBINS	458
PRIVATE JOHN CHINAMAN. Something about the Pigtails of the British Army Illustrated with Photographs.	HECTOR GRAINGER	463
THE WITCH CHILD. A Complete Story Illustrated by Harold Copping.	ETHEL BEATRICE PAGE	467
THE WOLF AS A FAMILY FRIEND Illustrated with Photographs.	MARGARET COLLINSON	473
DR. MOSKOWITZ' EXPERIMENT. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	J. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN	479
PICTURES IN HAIR Illustrated with Photographs.	CHAUNCEY MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN	488
AN INGENIOUS BULLET-PROOF SHIELD Illustrated with Photographs.	REGINALD MAINGAY	492
THE BEGUM'S DIAMOND. A Complete Story Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.	JOHN K. LEYS	495
CAN WE PROLONG OUR LIVES? Illustrated with Photographs and from Engravings.	DR. CYRUS EDSON	502
TROPHIES FROM THE FRONT. A Complete Story Illustrated by Victor Prout.	EDWARD NOBLE	509
A CHINESE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW Illustrated with a Photograph.		515
GREAT GRANDPARENTS. A Poem Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	A. L. HARRIS	516
HOW JACK IS CLOTHED. Being the Fifth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run" Illustrated with Photographs.	ARCHIBALD S. HURD	517
AN ARTIST'S WEDDING IN BRITTANY Illustrated with Photographs.	KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER AND PAUL GENIAUX	524
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		527
OUT OF THE DICE BOX. A Complete Story Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.	RAFAEL SABATINI	529
INDEX AND TITLE PAGE TO VOLUME IV.		

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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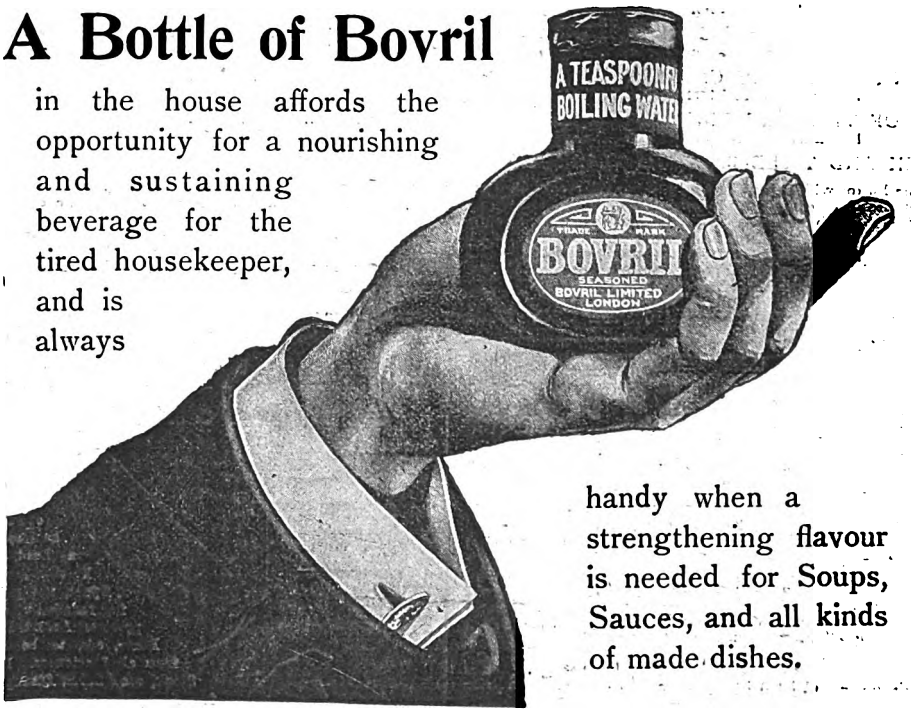

handy when a strengthening flavour is needed for Soups, Sauces, and all kinds of made dishes.

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Photo by C. F. Inston

WHEN WILL HE COME?

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Photo by Lafayette.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Cameras on the Continent.

The use of a camera has, on the Continent, to be conducted with a certain degree of circumspection. The mania for imagining that an individual armed with a camera is a spy is quite real. There are, in fact, times and places when and where it is unwise to use a camera. I must say that one can scarcely cavil at this. It is all very well here in Great Britain to scoff at the idea of spies; there are such individuals, and a considerable number of them. But there is, with respect to our tight little island, a big limit to the evil spies can do. That limit is the fact that an invasion of our country is dependent on the successful landing of a hostile army.

It's all very well for the French or the Germans to know every stick and stone of the fortifications of the Solent or Plymouth or the internal workings of some of our arsenals and dockyards. Before they can derive much benefit they have to effect a landing. Mind you, I, for one, humbly hold that we are much too lax in guarding our national secrets. We allow visitors to come and go with but very slight credentials. I am sorry to realise that the fact of a man being a Briton is not invariably a *sine qua non* of honour and patriotism. There are renegade Englishmen, and Irishmen and Scotchmen, and one may be quite certain that the foreign powers are not blind to this.

The Camera as the Notebook of the Spy.

Each one of the great Continental powers is in a very different position to what we are. None of the powers has a broad belt of water forming the finest and most secure of all bulwarks. Their frontiers are imaginary lines running along chains of hills or mountains, across valleys, along rivers and across open plains. Posts mark the frontiers and great forts are the guardians.

Photo by John H. Coath.

A Basketful.

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Vol. IV.--October, 1900.--No. 24.

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I am not a military expert, but I believe there are no more wonderful forts in existence than those on the Franco-German frontier. Obviously their existence is well known, but equally obvious is it that, as far as possible, the details of each fortress are profound secrets. Consequently to be discovered taking photographs or making sketches of such places is a heinous offence.

Britishers have a reputation on the Continent for calmly ignoring the susceptibilities of the people in whose country they find themselves. There is a deal of justification for this. I have been heartily ashamed to see how fellow-countrymen of mine can misconduct themselves abroad with respect to the little details of life whether it be in going to the best parts of a theatre in tweed suits or shouting, and not infrequently swearing, at the waiters in the hotels.

When, however, such gentry are not content with ignoring the sentiments of the people they are amongst, but proceed to ignore, if not their laws, at any rate their State regulations, they have only themselves to thank for the rows they may get into. I am quite aware of the fact that in many instances people, for no cause whatever, have been subjected to vast discomfort by being arrested and brought before the authorities merely for being in possession of a camera whilst unconsciously wandering near some forbidden quarter. But I am very inclined to think that as often as not these apparently most innocent and ingenuous victims have for sheer bravado tempted Providence in the shape of the military officials, and in the hope of getting a snap-shot of which they can subsequently boast.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

The Parasol.

The Right to Photograph in our Streets.

I WONDER how many people realise that no one has a right to take photographs in our own streets. All a photographer has a right to do is to "pass along," as our friend the constable expresses it, like an ordinary law-abiding pedestrian. A man may use the Queen's highway in a usual and reasonable manner, and that is all. Taking photographs cannot be regarded as the usual way to make use of a highway; and, therefore, it is not, strictly speaking, a reasonable way.

Photo by John H. Coath.

Tempting Neddy.

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As a matter of fact, no objection is taken so long as the photographer causes nothing in the way of an obstruction. If he does, and the attention of a policeman is attracted, off the enthusiast has to go. He has, in fact, no right to stay. The justification for the attitude of the law towards the camera becomes obvious if one imagines an amateur with a full-plate camera on a heavy stand, or even armed only with a hand-camera, taking up a position in the centre of the Strand, or some other busy London thoroughfare, and then proceeding to take photographs.

Photographing in Cemeteries.

WHILST on the subject of what rights a photographer has, I might as well add a word or two with respect to the right to take photographs in cemeteries. How far the law I am going to lay down is settled law I am not altogether prepared to swear. For the matter of that, who can confidently swear to the certainty of anything legal except the Queen's taxes?

Under ordinary circumstances I doubt whether the right of a person to photograph a grave belonging to him would be disputed. The right to photograph someone else's probably would be. But suppose, as is not altogether infrequent, the cemetery company has let the right to photograph in the cemetery. Could a man in such a cemetery photograph his own family grave. No.

The law seems to hold that the purchase of a grave is subject to the right being sold to a photographer. Now it stands to reason that if the purchaser was told of the photographer's right when he bought the grave there could be no possible question. But suppose the sale was subject to the regulations of the company without a specific mention of the photographing question. Well, in that case the purchaser would be bound by the regulations, assuming them to be reasonable; and the regulation whereby the exclusive right to photograph is given to a photographer is not likely to be regarded as unreasonable.

From a Photo.

A Broiling Day.

All the owner of a grave has a right to do is to pass and repass in a reasonable and usual manner along the cemetery paths. To take up his stand on them or on any adjoining ground would be trespass.

Developing.

THE art of the camera is the art of developing. Such a statement reads very nicely and, really and truly, I think there is much truth in it. No amount of skill in developing will, of course, make

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a picture out of a fogged plate or a snap-shot made in the dusk. No degree of skill in developing will affect the composition of the subject. If you photograph your best friend, who, proud of her small feet, but ignorant of the vagaries of a camera, has put them out well in front of her, nothing you can do in the dark room will reduce their size. The liberal use of your trimmer on the final print is the only remedy.

But still, it is wonderful what an expert can do in the way of helping his negative during development. With the inexpert amateur the probabilities are that his negative requires more drastic treatment than does that of the expert, for the latter has exercised great skill when exposing the plate.

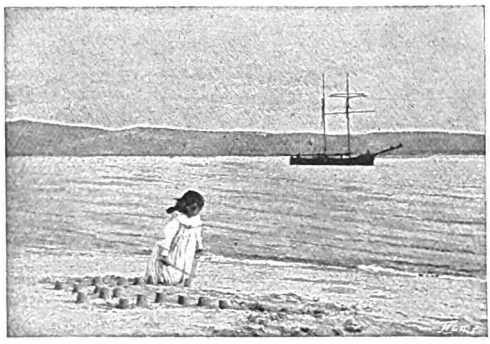

Photo by F. Ollo.

On the Sands.

The difficulty with most amateurs is to tell under-exposure, over-exposure, under-development and over-development, the one from the other, and of these I shall say something at some future time.

The Panoramic Camera.

Last month I referred to the new camera which the Kodak people have put on the market. I praised it, and, having become still further acquainted with it, I find it improves on acquaintance. Apart from the exceedingly pretty shape of the pictures, the panoramic cameras give the most comprehensive view of any scene or incident any camera possibly can give. Their limitation is with respect to anything in the way of a long horizontal

Photo by John H. Coath.

Happy as a King.

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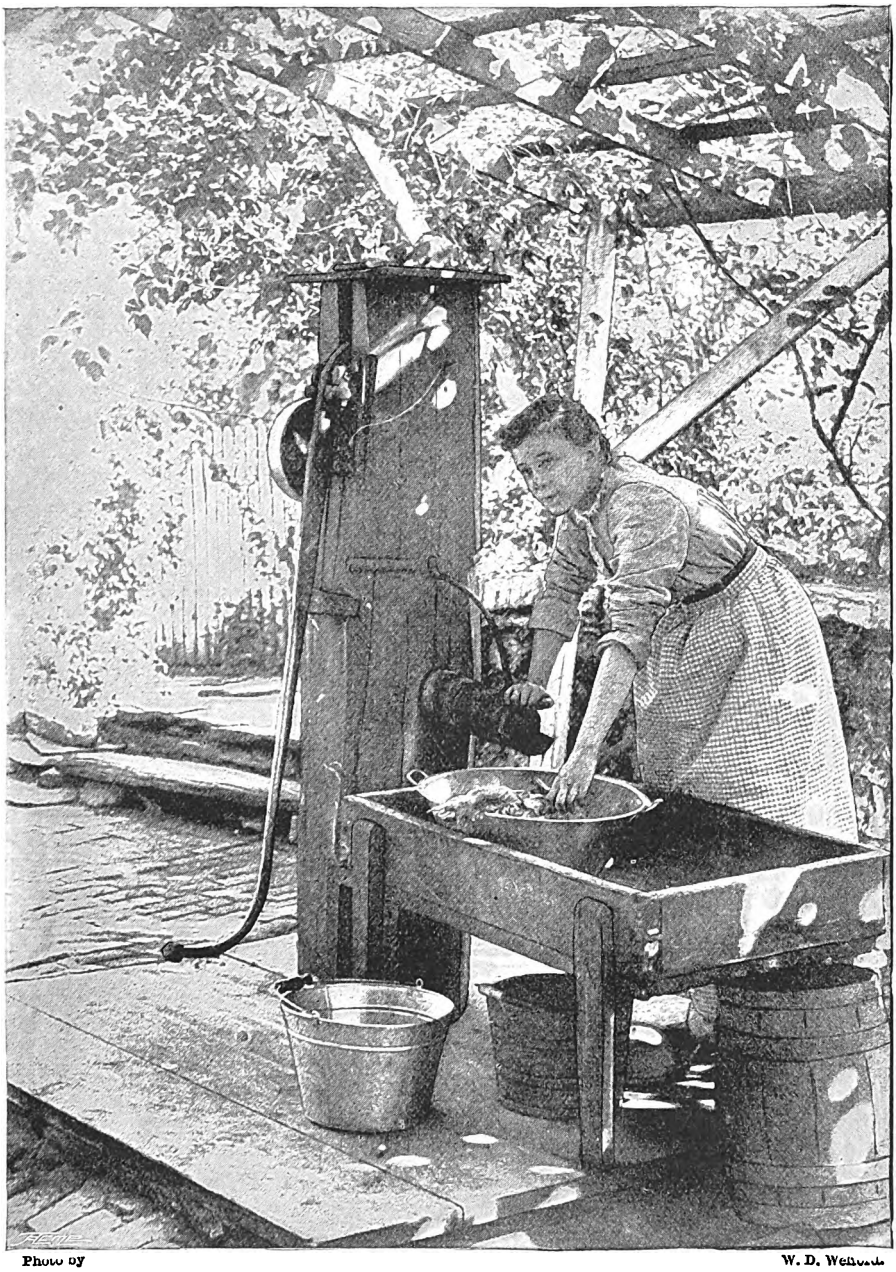

Photo by W. D. Welford.

The Garden Pump.

line high above the horizon or in the very foreground. The films, of course, are exposed on the form of the arc of a circle, and if you bend the picture back into a curve the curved lines become straight.

Quite lately when passing in a steamer along the beautiful coast of Guernsey, with its lofty granite rocks, green-crowned cliffs, and little groups of picturesque cottages nestling by the bays and in the hollows, I bemoaned the fact that I had no camera with me which could do justice to so fair a scene. Never again will I go on my travels without a panoramic camera.

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By Hylda M. Robins.

Author of "Neapolitan Violets," "A Royal Heirloom," &c.

I.

"Women are ticklish creatures, my friend, and require as much strategy as any great military movement. Treat the woman you love as you would the enemy on the battle-field, and in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself the victor."

Colonel Forsyth laughed, for the opinions of the old general on the subject of the fair sex were always amusing and worth listening to.

"You speak from experience, doubtless?" he suggested.

"Well, yes! yes!" assented General Brabazon, with a faint smile which showed his thoughts had wandered into the past. "I confess I've had a fair share of little *affaires de cœur*, and, judging from my own experience, I'm fully convinced there's as much strategy needed in love as there is in warfare. Take a high hand with a woman and she always likes you the better for it. Show her you are her master and will stand no nonsense, and then when you are in possession of the field, issue a proclamation to the effect that she shall enjoy the ordinary privileges under British rule. Take my word for it, she'll surrender her arms soon enough."

Colonel Forsyth laughed again.

"But you've got to get possession of the field first," he remarked, with a rueful remembrance of the attack and defeat he had suffered only an hour or so before in a certain Mayfair drawing-room. "Tell me how to do that first, then I'll issue the proclamation at once."

"Ah, my dear Forsyth—that's where the strategy comes in. Your question springs no doubt from personal motives. Tell me all about it and I shall then understand the situation better."

The Colonel removed his cigar from his lips and looked for a moment through the club window at the rush of traffic in Piccadilly.

"There's not much to tell," he said at length. "She won't look at me—that's all—and when I try to speak the important words she turns them off in some way or other and often ends by laughing. And yet—and yet—I'm certain that she cares for me really."

The General rubbed his hand gleefully.

"A very favourable subject for an experiment," he said. "Why not decamp for a while and let her think you have cleared out. The tables will soon turn then, and she will be after you instead of you after her, I dare swear."

The younger man shook his head.

"That would not do," he said. "She would soon console herself with someone else. She's not the kind to be drawn like that."

"No? Well, treat her like a besieged town and starve her out. Hem her round by your presence at every turn, and let no other man get near her, until from sheer desperation she gives in."

Forsyth shook his head again, for neither of the ideas appealed to him at all.

"Take her by storm then," continued the General. "Women like being taken by storm; or else try the very old trick of going on with someone else. Make a feint and draw her

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into danger by letting her think you have changed your mind. It often throws them off their guard, and makes them disclose their real feelings."

Colonel Forsyth meditated for a minute over the latter proposal, and it seemed to find favour in his eyes; then he rose and stretched himself with a movement preparatory to departure, due, perhaps, to the rather sultry atmosphere of the club smoking room, but even more likely to the sight of a certain victoria bowling down Piccadilly.

"Well!" he said, "I will think over what you say, and if I take your advice will let you know the result. Good-bye, for the present, and many thanks. Shall see you to-morrow, I expect."

The General watched him go, and as the door closed behind him, he smiled.

II.

Mrs. Tremaine was sitting under the trees near Stanhope Gate when Colonel Forsyth entered the Park, and as he caught sight of the pretty niece by her side he was quick to remember General Brabazon's last suggestion.

As a matter of course he went and joined them, but as he pulled one of the iron chairs across the grass, it was by the side of the pretty niece he placed it, instead of by Esther Tremaine.

"Have you been here long, Miss Farwell?" he asked, looking under the girl's shady hat into her blue eyes with genuine admiration and hardly vouchsafing a glance at the beautiful widow beyond. "I thought you told me you had half-a-dozen teas to get through."

"So we had," she replied, "but we preferred the fresh air, and, after all, there is rather a sameness about such things."

"Yes, indeed! This is far more amusing. You are not crushed to pieces here as you would be in a drawing-room, and moreover"—with a glance at the people strolling along in front of them—"the Park affords you such delightful opportunities of criticising your friends. See that man in front of you, for instance. He has made his fortune in soap, and is now looking about for an aristocratic wife to endow with it. Nothing beneath an Earl's daughter will content him now, and, by Jove! I'm sorry for the poor girl who has to marry him. He is a horrible type of man, and you can't touch pitch without getting defiled."

"But you can touch soap and become clean, can't you?" asked Violet Farwell.

"Women are ticklish creatures, my friend, and require as much strategy as any great military movement."

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"But you can touch soap and become clean, can't you?" asked Violet Farwell.

They both laughed a little, and the sound made the third member of the little party feel as though she were left out in the cold. She had become so accustomed to this man's undivided attention ever since she had known him, that it was something new to hear him laughing and talking with another girl in her neighbourhood.

"I would not marry him with all his millions," continued Forsyth. "His shiny face always exasperates me so. I often wonder if he uses his own soap to get that beautiful polish on it. On a warm day it positively glows. It *is* hot this afternoon, too. Just the kind of day one ought to be in the country, instead of dusty London."

"Why don't you go, then? There is nothing to keep you in town if you don't want to stay." It was Mrs. Tremaine who spoke, and Colonel Forsyth fancied he noticed a touch of acrimony in her tone.

"But I do want to stay," he said. "In fact, I have a great desire to remain in London just now."

"And why?" turning towards him with a faint show of interest.

As she asked the question Violet Farwell espied some friends of her's just a little way in front, and when she went across to join them Colonel Forsyth slipped into her vacant chair.

"Why do I want to stay!" he repeated, resuming the conversation the girl's departure had interrupted for the moment. "Because I have a little scheme on hand I want to carry out. I wonder"—musingly—"if you would help me?"

"Of course I will help you if I can," and there was a gentle encouraging sound in her voice.

He drew his chair a little closer.

"Will you really? Well, my scheme is this. I want to get married, and, if possible, to bring the whole thing off before the end of the season."

Her grey eyes flashed a little, then fell before his searching glance.

"But—but how can I help you to do that?" she asked hesitatingly.

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"In this way. You see I don't have many opportunities of speaking to her alone, and you could make them for me."

She busied herself with the tassel of her sunshade, and he studied her clear-cut profile meanwhile.

"How?"

"Why, by arranging that I should go into dinner with her if you have the chance, or that I should sit next her at a theatre party perhaps. Ladies have more tact than men as a rule, and often manage these things better. I only want the opportunity to propose; give me that, and I will do the rest alone."

Her lashes quivered on her cheek. What better opportunity could he have than this one? They were in the midst of a huge crowd of people, yet practically alone, and it was not likely anything he said could be overheard.

"When shall it be?" she asked, turning her face towards him for the first time.

"As soon as you can manage it. I am sure you will agree with me that Miss Farwell is a prize worth winning."

The colour fled from her cheeks and her pallor stood revealed beneath his watchful eyes.

"Miss Farwell!" she repeated in an astonished way. "Do you mean to say you want to marry Violet Farwell?"

"Why not? She is one in a thousand. I have often heard you say so yourself."

Her breath came and went a little quicker than usual. Was it to see pretty Violet Farwell that he had haunted her house for the last six weeks?

"She is, indeed!" recovering her self control with an effort. "And if you have made up your mind I will do my best to help you. We have a box at the Opera to-night. What do you say to joining us?"

He bowed gravely.

"I shall be delighted, thanks! What! must you be going now?" as Violet Farwell rejoined them and she rose from her seat. "Well, I shall see you again to-night. Many thanks for your kind promise of assistance."

He watched them stroll away across the grass with a faint smile of triumph on his lips, and that night General Brabazon received a telegram which made him laugh and chuckle to himself.

"*Had slight skirmish with enemy this afternoon. Routed her with great slaughter.*"

III.

It was a week later, and those people who took the trouble to observe Mrs. Tremaine closely, noticed that a distinct change had come over her; for the old light-hearted manner seemed to have left her, and there was a look in her eyes which told of wakeful nights and troubled thoughts.

Colonel Forsyth had been at her house more often than ever, yet no engagement was announced so far, and Mrs. Tremaine dare not trust herself to speak to her niece on a subject which was so near her own heart.

It was one Saturday evening at Hurlingham that matters finally came to a climax, when the people were strolling about the lighted grounds after dinner, and the Blue Hungarians playing a swinging valse under the trees.

"Well! Have you any news to give me?" asked Mrs. Tremaine, as she and Colonel Forsyth, who was her host for the evening, wandered down by the river a little away from the rest of the people. "I have been expecting to hear your engagement announced daily."

He removed his cigar from his lips, and regarded it meditatively before he answered.

"No!" he replied at length. "I am not engaged yet."

"And why not? You told me you were only waiting for an opportunity to propose, and though I have given you plenty during the last week, you don't seem to have done it."

"No! I have not proposed yet. I—I thought I had better be quite certain she would have me before I spoke."

"Oh!" Mrs. Tremaine could think of nothing else to say at the moment.

"Do you think she will?" throwing his cigar into the river and facing her suddenly.

"My dear Colonel Forsyth! How should I know? Why don't you go and ask her yourself? These sort of things are not usually done by proxy."

"I thought of doing so to-night."

"By all means. Go to her now. She is talking to Sir Gerald Craven up by the band."

"Then I think I had better not interrupt them."

"Nonsense!" with a little hard laugh. "I will go with you if your courage fails."

"Have I your consent to—to speak then?"

For a moment she hesitated, and he saw her under lip tremble in the half-light.

"Of course," she replied in a voice which struggled to be steady. "I gave you my consent when I promised to give you my assistance."

"You have been most kind in every way," he continued gravely, while General

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Brabazon's words of advice floated across his mind, and he determined to press the siege a little closer. His enemy was evidently in sore straits, yet she was still bravely holding out and doing her best to hide the distress which had come upon her little garrison. "Will you be still more so and—and tell me what I ought to say?"

"What you ought to say?" repeating his words in contemptuous amazement. "Why! don't you know that? It comes easily enough to most men when they find themselves alone with the woman they love."

"Does it? Well! tell me what you would like said to you under the same circumstances?"

Her face blanched. He could see it even in the little light which penetrated through the trees, and a feeling of triumph took possession of him. For the moment she was off guard and the time had come to charge.

"I—I—really don't know," she faltered. "I think I would like him to say the first words which came to his lips."

"Would you? Then—Esther, I love you. Will you marry me?"

She looked back at him wonderingly.

"Is it a dress rehearsal?" she asked. "Because I really don't care about understudying Violet."

"No! it's the real performance. It's you I love, not Miss Farwell, and as you gave me your permission to speak I presume I may take your consent for granted too."

"I was obliged to resort to strategy to pull down your fortifications."

"Then why have you been deceiving us both all this time?" she asked with a catch in her breath.

"All's fair in love and war," he replied coolly; "besides, I was not deceiving Miss Farwell. I took her into my confidence that first night at the Opera. You see," with a swift smile, "you kept me at arm's length so long, I was obliged to resort to strategy to pull down your fortifications. Are you going to keep me at arm's length any longer?"

"I can't!" she answered back with a sob in her voice, "for the wish as well as the power went long ago."

* * *

It was late before Colonel Forsyth said good-night, but he could not resist turning into the club on his way home.

"Good news, General!" he said. "I've won at last. The white flag was hoisted to-night."

"Bravo! Bravo!" replied the other. And now you are in possession, are you going to make it a case of absolute supremacy?"

"No, General, no! It's going to be a joint rule."

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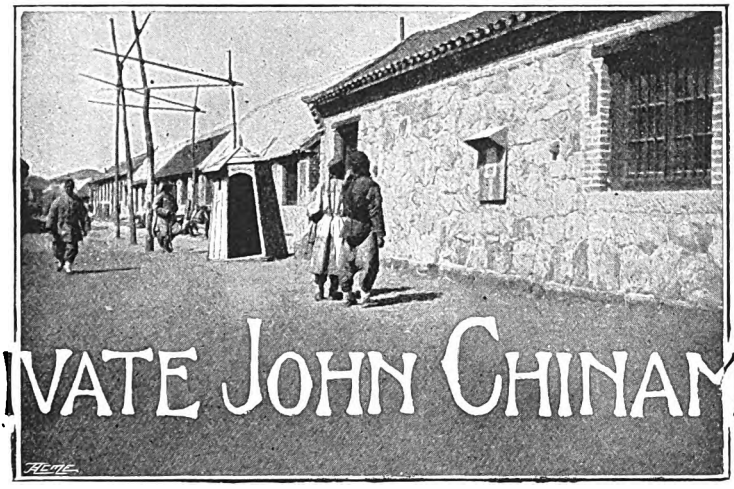


PRIVATE JOHN CHINAMAN

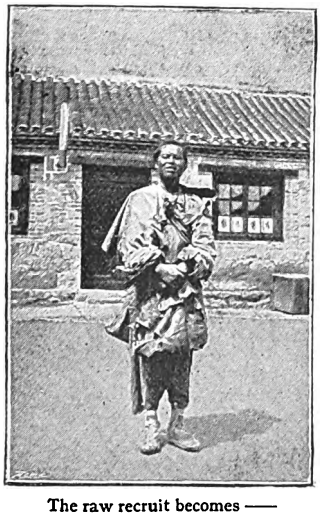
Reading the Recruiting Notice.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PIGTAILS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

By Hector Grainger.

Illustrated with Photographs.

When in 1898, Germany and Russia, with really no adequate excuse, seized on Kaia-Chau and Port Arthur respectively, England — after much lifting of shocked hands and pious denunciation of such piratical proceedings on the part of her Continental "friends"—ended by pocketing Wei-Hai-Wei, and declared, in so many words, that since certain people determined to pick and steal, she really had no option but to follow suit. Most of us would be, no doubt, quite ready to cavil at the morality of this excuse were not the present moment but ill-suited for the expression of righteous indignation. For if England's, if Europe's sin was great, their punishment has been greater—indeed, it has been out of all proportion to the sin.



The raw recruit becomes ——

So Wei-Hai-Wei was seized, and the first question that presented itself after the place had passed into British hands was—What is one to do with it? After careful examination at the hands of engineers and experts, Wei-Hai-Wei turned out somewhat of a disappointment as far as its natural capacities as a fortress were concerned. In any case, we were forced to acknowledge that we could never hope to make the place as strong as Port Arthur, even if we spent a couple of millions on the job. So we very wisely let the millions

—— a soldier of the Queen.

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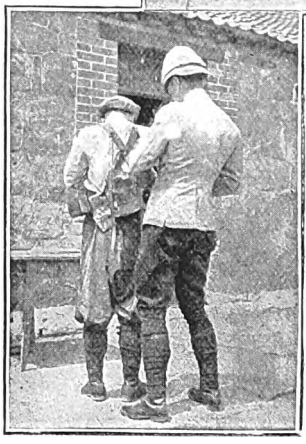
These photographs show Capt. Watson and Colour-Sergeant Purdon, of the regimental staff, fitting equipment upon the Chinese recruits.



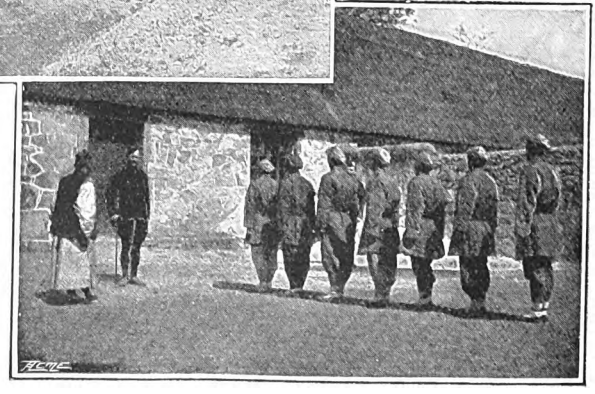
lie untouched in our pockets (and no doubt they came in useful when Oom Paul took it into his head to defy us), and set all our energies to work on the creation and organisation of a native garrison for Wei-Hai-Wei.

Now it may be safely affirmed that of all peoples under the sun—not forgetting even the most thick-headed and apish tribes in Central Africa—the Chinaman, though immensely shrewd in many things, is the hardest nut for the European drill-sergeant to crack. His colossal stupidity in some matters, his unpenetrable lack of comprehension where a half-witted European child would understand, require that the unhappy individual delegated to make a soldier of him should be gifted with the astonishing patience of Job. And his difficulties are augmented by the necessity of having, when the interpreter is not handy, to convey his orders by means of pantomimic gesture to his pupil, for it is out of the question for a busy soldier to learn Chinese, even were that impossible language one and the same all over the Celestial Empire—which is far from the case, nearly every province having a wholly different dialect. But a garrison had to be organised, and Colonel Bower was presented with this somewhat unenviable job. Having selected his staff, he sailed for the East, and arrived at Wei-Hai-Wei in the early spring of 1899.

How those fishers of men, the recruiting-sergeants, made their first catches is unhappily secret history. Short of dragging Chinese loafers by their pig-tails into the nearest barracks, it is difficult to imagine how they induced the men of Wei-Hai-Wei to give their services to so extraordinarily novel an undertaking as the formation of a regiment on European lines. Anything that a Chinaman is not accustomed to, and therefore knows nothing about, he regards with suspicion or treats with derision; and even when its excellence and utility has been proved to him as plainly as it is possible to prove anything, he absolutely refuses to see anything either excellent or useful about it, and gets rid of it at the first possible opportunity. The railway which brought prosperity to impoverished districts he was forced

The Chinese regiment on a route march.

Capt. Dent, of the regimental staff, with an interpreter drilling a squad.



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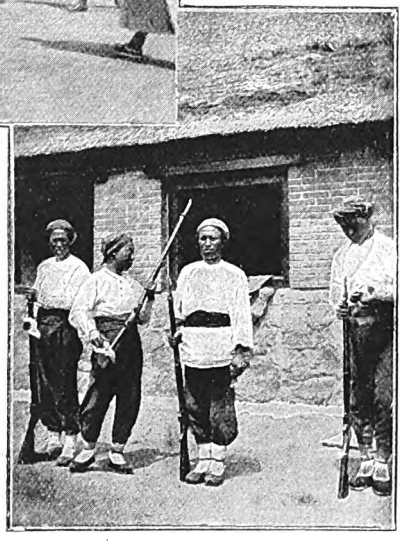
to accept, but let no one imagine that he looks upon it as a desirable innovation. The moment he is able safely to do so, he will tear up the lines and sink back with glee into his former condition of squalor and poverty.

Physical drill takes place every day.

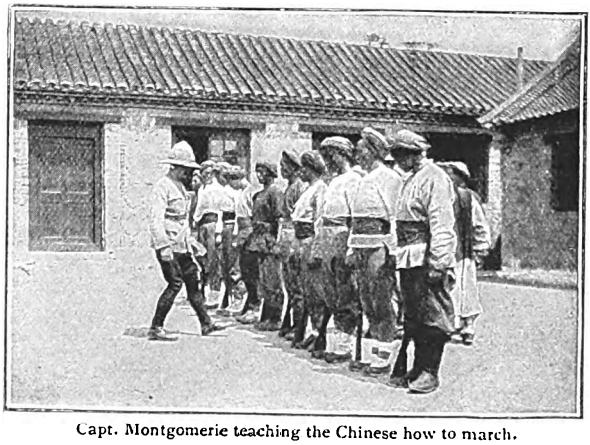
The men are taught how to clean their arms.



Imagine, then, the difficulties that beset Colonel Bower and his lieutenants. But with infinite pains and patience these were finally surmounted, and after many months' labour a really fine native regiment came into being. One of a soldier's first duties is to appear smart and clean; one of a Chinaman's most ingrained ideas is to appear slovenly and filthy. We talk much of the Boers and their unsavoury ways and manners, but the Boer is a paragon of cleanliness when compared to the Chinaman. A Boer *may* wash himself occasionally, but the average Chinaman—at any rate, the Chinaman in and about Wei-Hai-Wei—literally *never* touches water; and—to use the vigorous expression of a sergeant-major who had the training of the regiment on his hands—"don't they hum!"

A gentleman who knows the Chinese well, and has spent many years in various parts of China, states as a fact that in the Chino-Japanese War many of those extraordinary Chinese retreats from positions that might very well have been held, were due to a sudden shower rather than to the Japanese bullets. Rain!—it was more than flesh and blood could endure, and the Chinese troops started pell-mell for a position better sheltered from the elements. If it had been possible to turn a hose on the Boxers, who knows but what the revolt might have been quelled at a much earlier date, and many valuable lives saved?

When once in the hands of our men, the first thing a Chinese recruit has to endure is a thorough scrubbing and a rigging-out in smart clean clothes. Among the interesting photographs taken by one of Colonel Bower's staff, which accompany this article, is a snapshot showing the "raw material" in all his rags (the camera thoughtfully spares us the dirt), and another, showing the finished article, spruce, neat, and with a broad grin on his expressive countenance. One trembles to think of all the blood-curdling tortures (such, for instance, as a liberal use of soap and water) that man must have undergone before he reached his present perfection. Yet the grin on his face is certainly not that of an unhappy individual; it seems to argue that, after all, it may not be outside the bounds of



Capt. Montgomerie teaching the Chinese how to march.

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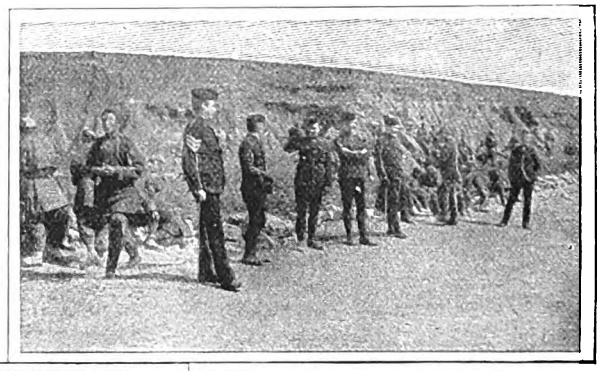
possibility to accustom a Chinaman to healthy and respectable living. Another photograph shows an officer instructing a recruit in the important art of dressing himself with decency. The rags have been cast aside (a bitter parting for the Chinaman, no doubt), and the regulation clothes are being donned. The victim turns his back on us; we are not permitted to see his face; it wears, doubtless, an expression of deep concern and misery.



A halt on the march.

A word must be said of Sergeant Wang-Yung-Ping, whose portrait appears on these pages. A fine, soldierly-looking fellow, and yet only a couple of years ago his appearance coincided with that of the "raw material" shown on another page. He was one of the earliest of the recruits, and from the commencement of his military career showed uncommon aptitude and intelligence. Before a year was out he was promoted to the proud position of sergeant, and who knows but what he may one day rise from the ranks and command his battalion? The last I heard of him was that he had greatly distinguished himself in the recent fighting round Tientsin, assisting in the removal of some guns over a swampy field. This he and his men did under a heavy fire from the enemy's lines and—in the pelting rain!

Wang-Yung-Ping, the first Chinese non-com., in his winter clothing.

Colonel Bower and the Chief Interpreter of the regiment.

Until the outbreak of the Boxer rebellion, when it got excitement enough in all conscience, the Wei-Hai-Wei garrison did policeman's work more than anything else. The monotony of barrack life was relieved at intervals by incidents such as the summary dispersion of native meetings, when the "foreign devil," his ways and manners, his tenure of Chinese soil, and those possibilities of driving him into the sea, were discussed with too great heat and effusion to please the "foreign devils." Occasionally, so threatening did the people of the surrounding country become, the Wei-Hai-Wei garrison had to sleep, night after night, with loaded arms ready to hand. But no real fighting took place until the Boxers rose, when every Chinaman in British service clamoured importunately to go to the front. They had no sympathy with the Boxers, and burned with eagerness to prove their fighting capacities. So, after some momentary hesitation, for the authorities can never be absolutely certain of a Chinaman's loyalty, to the front they were sent. And up to the present they have carried themselves like men, and have shown that, in spite of what many people believe, the Chinaman has in him the making of a fine soldier.

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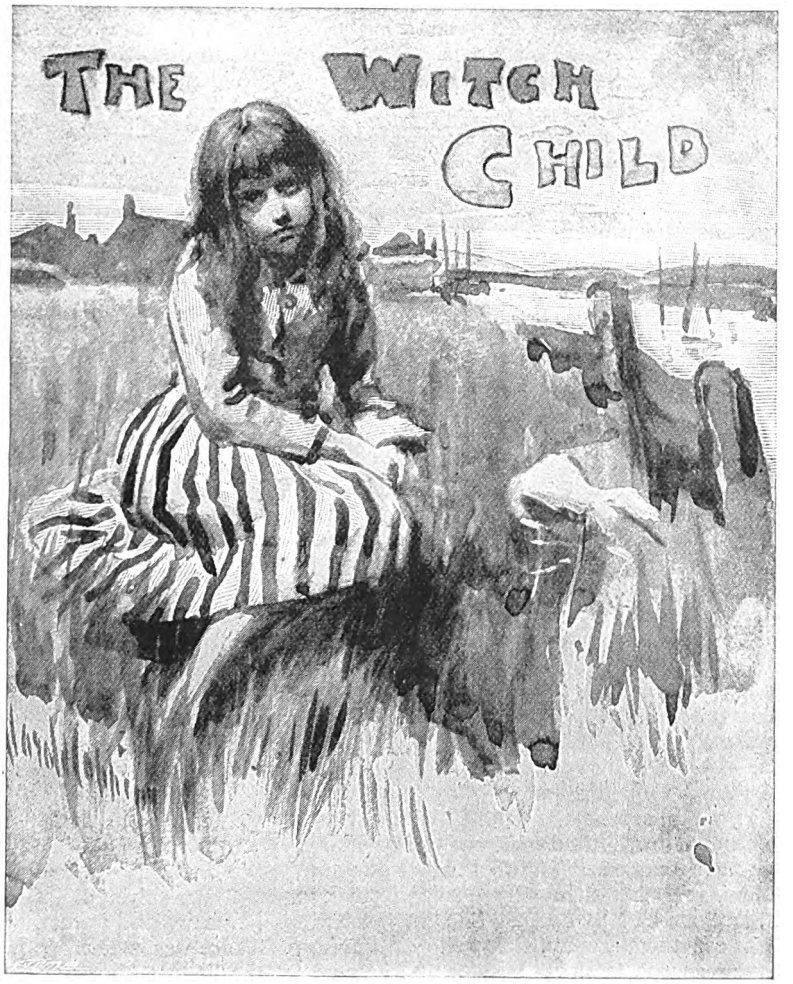
THE WITCH CHILD



By

Ethel Beatrice

Page.

I.

"NOW then, stoopid, what be ye cryin' for? Broked the jug an' wasted all the beer, have ye? No wonder! goin' about with yer eyes glued to the clouds!"

"Indeed, aunt, I was not looking at the clouds. The boys shouted at me, and I was frightened because they called me witch-child."

"Then they called ye by the right name, with yer great owl's eyes and elfish ways. Many's the time yer mother's eyes has rested on my pans of milk up at the farm yonder, and turned it right sour, fit for naught. Ye'll be just such a one as she. Go and fetch the money the parson give ye for pickin' up of his whip. I'll teach ye to spill beer."

The child turned away without a word in self-defence. She went up to the attic room, shared with two cousins. Under the mattress was a red cotton handkerchief, with two knots in it. They were the lock and key to her bank. There were two shining pennies inside it. She laid them in the palm of her tiny hand, and gazed at her treasures wistfully, until she could no longer see their brightness. No thought of concealment or deception entered that sterling little soul. She clasped the coins tightly and ran downstairs.

When she had gone aunt went out to exchange grievances with her neighbour. Mrs. Potter, a new-comer in the village, was contemplating her surroundings in her favourite classical attitude—arms akimbo on the fence, eyes on a level with next door.

"And to think," said Mrs. Sharpe after relating the misdeeds of her little niece, "to think that a child livin' on charity 'ud be so thankless!"

"Lor!" said Mrs. Potter, "Lor! what a world it are."

Aunt was pleased. "An' it's gospel truth you're speaking," she said.

Aunt had a magnificent moral telescope, but it was always reversed when regarding other folks heavens. When she looked through she saw the virtue of her neighbours as a street lamp on a foggy night—her own, as Aurora Borealis. Black as night were their sins and omissions; as for her own she just peeped and—shut the telescope up. So it

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came to pass, on that sunny morning when the child Mara was gone, Aunt let her light shine.

"That child," she said, pointing to the fast disappearing figure, "is the daughter of my husband's sister—understan'?"

Mrs. Potter wondered at the relationship, but nodded briskly.

"She," continued Aunt, "was a witch-woman—the mother you know. Her husban' died early—helped off perhaps, tho' I don't go as far as some folk and say she murdered him. After his decease, as they call it, she lived in a little owd hut on the marsh with the child, and give it the name of Mara, a heathenish name to my thinkin', an' the child's never been christened. 'Sure as ever that woman came up the street somethin' happen; the milk 'ud turn, or a child be took, or there'd be a fearful tempest, and at night tokens was heard. She always wore a shawl over her head, her eyes were like live coals, and glittered so strange that when folks see her comin' up the street they'd go t'other side. I don't know to this day how she lived—she never did no work as I saw. My husban' only laughed when they telled he she was a witch-woman. When she died, for want of food some say, and others agin that she was claimed by the——" at this point Aunt wagged her head and looked solemn—"my husband, he said, we must take the child in with our own Susan. Now, I didn't see no call to take in stranger brats, seein' as we'd five of our own, and I said as much. My husband stuck to it, and she had to come. She was just five year old then, a puny, sickly slip of a thing, much as she is now. I puts it to you as bein' a mother yerself, Mrs. Potter, wouldn't you feel it a disgrace to have such a one in with yer own? And Lord! she's so queer—cold nights she'll set close up to the stove, glowering into the fire, till it almost makes me wonder if she ain't castin' spells; warm weather she's down on the sea-wall as near to the water as she can get, and I've seen her there starin' and starin' at the water like as if she was expectin' somethin'. Parson says the child is precious in the Almighty's sight, but Lord! ain't there a rumpus if he catches one of his own childer even speaking to her. How t'Almighty came to make such a queer child I don't——"

Mrs. Potter suddenly nudged her arm.

"Here she comes," she whispered. "What's that she's got tucked under her arm, don't it look to you like a dawg?"

Aunt put up her red hand to shade her eyes.

"If it is a dawg," she said "she's bringin' 'im to the wrong place. I ain't goin' to have no dawgs here, and shall tell her so pretty flat."

The child came up to the garden gate, carefully carrying a jug of beer. Tucked under her arm was an ugly black puppy; there were patches of mud on his dusky fur; one paw hung limply down, bleeding. Mara laid her burden down, panting slightly. She was a frail little thing, and the dog was heavy.

"What's this?" demanded Aunt; and she pushed the black heap so roughly that the creature whined.

The child started forward. "Oh, please, he is hurt; don't push him. See, his foot is bleeding."

"Well, it ain't goin' to bleed here," was the answer. "I ain't going to have no dirty black dawgs in my 'ouse."

"I thought," said the child meekly, "that I could wash his foot and make it well. I could not bear to leave him lying in the road for the boys to stone. Do not be angry, Aunt"—her eyes were piteous—"I will take him away, and not let him come near the cottage, if only I may keep him till he is better."

Aunt took the jug roughly from her hands. "Take the beast out of my sight!" she said. "And if I do find it inside the cottage I'll pretty quick let him know the feel of a broomstick."

Mara shivered. She took the puppy in her arms, and walked down the village street. There was a turning just beyond the pump that led to the sea-wall and the water. When she had gone half-way down, she stopped, and laid the dog in a deep grass ditch. It was shaded alike from the sun and prying eyes.

"There!" the child said softly, "the boys cannot find you, and you will be safe till I come back. Good-bye, dear."

The dog, exhausted with pain, lay motionless, but his eyes followed the little figure until it had scrambled up the ditch and disappeared from view.

Mara went speedily back to the cottage, and crept up to her room. The red handkerchief was on the floor. She picked it up, and, stuffing it into the bodice of her dress, went down to the kitchen. The table was spread with the mid-day meal for her cousins coming home from school. On her own plate were two thick slices of bread scantily spread with dripping. She caught them both up and filled a blue mug with water. This

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she carried with great care. Aunt was still exchanging grievances with Mrs. Potter, so she slipped out unobserved, and went back to the puppy. Sitting on the grass she took it in her lap and held out the mug. The thirsty creature lapped greedily. They dined together on bread and dripping. The meal ended, the child drew out the handkerchief and tore it in half. With the water left and one piece of rag she tenderly bathed the injured paw, washing it free of blood and dirt. Somewhat awkwardly, but with infinite care, she took the remaining rag and bound up the wound. The dog thrust out his rough tongue and licked her hand gratefully. Mara hid the mug in the grass, and they went together down the lane, across the marsh, on to the sea-wall.

"And to think," said Mrs. Sharpe, "that a child livin' on charity 'ud be so thankless!"

Sitting down in the long grass, with the puppy curled up beside her, the child looked contentedly across the water. She was happiest by the river. Out of the water and clouds, she made for herself stories and pictures. So strange and fantastic were her fancies that her companions called her witch-child. Once she had pointed to the sky "perhaps those are not clouds," she said, "they are angel's wings."

With such sayings she made herself unpopular. The children never asked her to join in their games, so she stole away by herself. They never saw her, as God saw her, face downward in the grass with tiny clenched hands. "I will not cry," she moaned, "I will not cry."

That afternoon, with her dog-companion, her mood was almost gay, and her pictures were varied and bright.

Far out across the river bar she saw the gleaming of white sails and, curling blue against the sky, the smoke of outbound steamers. In the broad river mouth a fishing boat heeled gently over with the breeze. She could hear the voice of the blue-jerseyd fisherman at the tiller as he shouted directions to his lad.

Curlews, gulls, and numerous small birds filled the air with sound and motion. The

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saltings, divided by narrow shining streams of sea-water, and dotted with small pools, were gorgeous with purple sea-lavender. Wherever the child looked there was rich colour—no stint, no discord. When Nature paints she is not economical with her colours.

It was late before the child went home.

She carried the puppy across the marsh and laid him again in the ditch, bidding him lie quietly.

When she entered the cottage, she saw that tea had been cleared away.

"Where have you been danglin' round all the afternoon, I'd like to know?" Aunt was angry.

"I have been down to the river," said the child, "I am sorry I am so late, and please may I have a little piece of bread and butter?"

Aunt assented ungraciously. She gave the child a thick slice of bread with the faintest apology of butter smeared on. Mara took it with timidly uttered thanks and went into the garden. Glancing round—to see no curious eyes observed her movements—she broke off a large portion of bread and concealed it behind the rain-tub. The remaining piece she ate hungrily. When the last crumb had gone, she glanced longingly at the larder behind the tub. "It would be nice," she said, "but then there'd be none left for dear puppy's supper."

"Where have you been danglin' about all the afternoon, I'd like to know?"

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II.

"Please—please let me go—Aunt will be so angry—she told me to hurry."

The voice was Mara's. She stood in the centre of a ring of village girls. They had joined hands, refusing to let her pass through. In wild mood they teased the child until tears stood in her eyes.

"Why don't you ride on your mother's broomstick?" they said, and, "How much milk did her black cat drink?" Then they call out mockingly, "Witch-child! Witch-child!"

A tall girl stepped forward. "Mara," she said, "would you like to see your mother?"

The child turned to her with sad eyes.

"My mother is living with God," she said simply.

For one moment the ringleader wavered. Soon, jokes and laughter encouraged her in the cruel sport.

"There is a way to see her," she continued impressively. Mara's eyes were fixed intently on her face; she turned her head slightly away. "If you go down to the marsh when the tide is high at twelve o'clock at night, and dip your foot three times in the water, saying each time 'Mother come to me,' you will see her. Isn't it true?" The girl turned to her companions. Mara waited for the answer, her hands pressed over her heart in excitement.

"Yes," they said, "it is quite true."

The ring was broken up, and Mara passed through. The girls strolled away, their sport was easily forgotten.

Mara hurried home, her brain filled with wonderful thoughts, her heart aglow with joy. Every day she was by the river watching the tide, and calculating, in her simple way, when it would be high at midnight. At night she lay awake trying to hear the sound of the water and shivering as she thought of the lonely marsh to be crossed at dead of night. The puppy should go with her, and she would think of all the good things she had seen and heard. Once she had seen the picture of an angel leading a little child. If she thought of that very hard, perhaps the night wouldn't seem very dark.

And the memory of her mother, which had gradually been growing fainter, revived, and day by day became more vivid in Mara's mind. Not only did the form and features, the tone, the manner of the dead woman, grow real and distinct almost as though she were present, but little, insignificant incidents seemingly forgotten woke suddenly in the child's memory as she lay awake at night or wandered beside the river, her eyes fixed on the sad horizon or dreamily following the flight of the great white gulls. The passers-by would glance doubtfully at her and shake their heads, for so distinct did her mother's presence often become that Mara, forgetting she was alone, would stand still and talk to the phantom of her brain. And though her aunt scolded her, and the other children teased her, as usual, unkindness had no longer any power to hurt her, for Mara lived in a separate world of her own—a world of dreams and memories that she alone was able to enter.

And so the time passed, until one night Mara went to bed with the unshaken faith that before the morning came she would see her mother.

Beside her in the narrow bed slept Polly—pretty rosy-cheeked cousin Polly. Mara lay still, with wide open eyes. She heard her aunt come heavily up the creaking stairs. A clock in the village church struck eleven.

She stepped out of bed when aunt's light was gone, and put on her clothes with trembling hands. The night was chilly. She wrapped round her shoulders a ragged white shawl. Some impulse moved her to stoop and kiss Polly—lightly—for fear of waking her.

She crept downstairs, unbarred the door, and closed it softly behind her.

She was alone in the quiet night—the village was asleep. No lights shone through the windows, no form showed black against the curtains. There was nothing to disturb the serenity of the September night but the distant rushing of the river and faint call of an awakened sea bird. The moon was hidden behind a heavy bank of cloud, but the light of stars was on the earth, and made it beautiful. In the air was the scent of autumn flowers, and the rich fragrance of newly-turned soil.

The child stood for one moment looking up at the sky. Then she knelt on the door-step. "Dear God," she said, "please don't let it be very dark, because I'm frightened; and let me see mother."

She rose comforted, and went on her way.

Half-way down the lane a sharp bark from the ditch greeted her.

"Hush, puppy, hush!"

She patted him gently; the creature leapt, and licked her face.

They crossed the marsh and climbed on to the wall. Mara paused, trying to find a path that would lead to the edge of the river. She knew there was one where the sheep

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were driven for pasture when the tide was down. She searched anxiously, fearing lest it should be covered. Presently she found it—it led right out to the edge of the saltings; the water was deep there—she could dip her foot easily. Her face was flushed and earnest as she crossed the saltings; at the edge she stood silent, waiting for the village clock to strike twelve.

Her heart was beating joyously; she was supremely happy. The unkind words and emptiness of her short life were all forgotten. Joy was before her—sorrow behind.

A great white bird floated lazily across the water. Mara watched it until it disappeared in the blue haze.

The black puppy was crouching near her, his nose between his paws, and with ever watchful eyes.

The first stroke of twelve sounded on the still night air. Mara, on the edge of the saltings, dipped one little foot in the chill water.

"Mother, come to me."

At the sound of her voice the puppy pricked up his ears, listening intently.

Again she dipped her foot. "Mother—mother, darling, come to me."

Before the last appeal she looked about her. The world that night was very still, and the stars looked down so calmly. Surely God was not very far away.

For the last time she stretched out her foot, all blue with cold.

"Mother—mother, darling, come——"

The treacherous black mud slipped from under her; the edge crumbled. With the passionate cry still upon her lips she fell heavily. The waters closed over her greedily. The puppy—missing her—ran whining to the edge of the river, seeking wildly. Out in the river something gleamed white. With one great spring he was in the water, swimming madly towards it.

* * * * *

In the full glare of a mid-day sun, with sea birds ever turning and wheeling above her, and a soft sea-wind lifting the dank wet hair from her forehead, slept the witch-child. The tide had been pitiful and laid her on a royal couch of purple sea-lavender. Beside her, with dripping coat and holding up an injured paw bound with red rag, crouched the black puppy. He was moaning dismally. He was left behind. His friend was gone.

In the full glare of the mid-day sun, with the sea-birds wheeling above her, slept the witch-child.

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Feeding the baby wolves.

THE WOLF AS A FAMILY FRIEND.

By Margaret Collinson.

Illustrated with Photographs.

The French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, is celebrated for many things beside her superb acting; she is an unusually fine sportswoman; she has been said to sleep in the coffin in which she is eventually to be buried, and to perform her ablutions in champagne. But most famous is this extraordinary woman for her inordinate love of animals, and the quaint and often dangerous pets she keeps in her house in Paris and takes with her on her various tours about the world. Reptiles of all kinds—lizards, snakes, toads, crocodiles — she delights in, and lions and tigers are her prime favourites. No doubt many people have heard of the fuss she got into in New York when the pet tiger somehow or other escaped from its cage and stalked majestically down one of the most crowded thoroughfares. Her tame serpents also have got her into hot water, once in Vienna, and, I think, in London as well. Now, I take it that Mme. Bernhardt aims at securing a renown for originality in her quaint selection of pets; but, as far as snakes and lions and tigers are concerned, she merely follows a precedent, having been anticipated by many daring persons in both the ancient and modern world. But a wolf—has she ever thought of including a wolf among her household? I believe not, in spite of the fact that she would earn for herself a wide renown in so doing, as few, very

A contented wolf.

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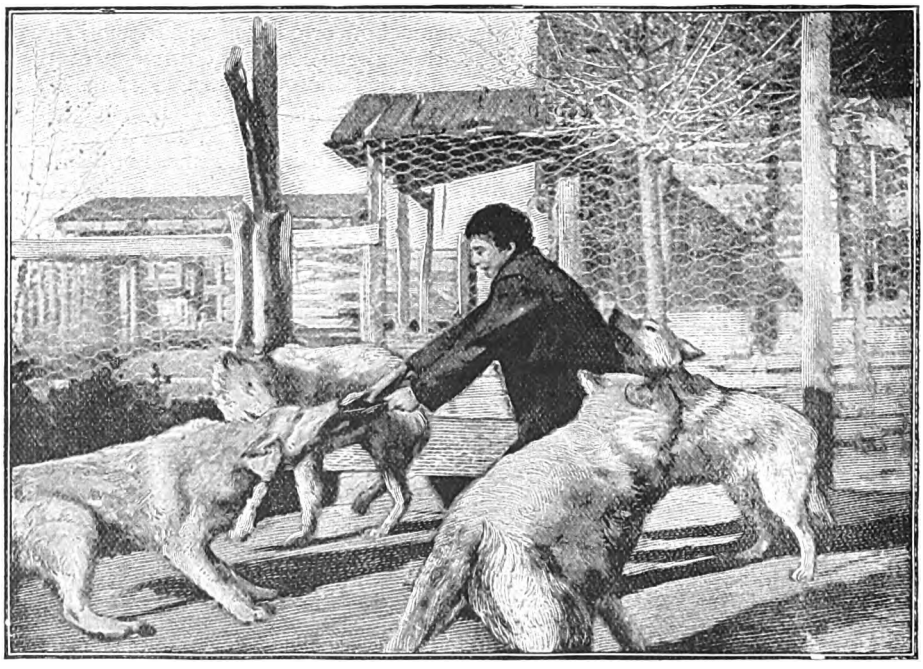
few, have dared to make a pet of this notoriously wicked animal. It is an omission Mme. Bernhardt would do well to make good with the least possible delay, and, should this article by any chance fall into her hands, I have little doubt that the papers will soon announce that the great actress has added yet another new and impossible pet to her wonderful menagerie. Impossible? Not at all. Just run your eyes over the accompanying photographs. Can you imagine anything more docile, more friendly, more respectable than the wolf as he looks at you out of these pages?

The fate of an old coat.

About a year ago Mr. A. J. Bothwell, of Wyoming, in the United States, came upon a litter of grey wolves in a hole close to his ranch on the Sweetwater River. The little animals were only two weeks old at the time, and Mr. Bothwell, struck with the idea that, with proper care and education, they might well become respectable members of society and amusing pets, took them home with him from their native haunts. Like other babies, of the human as well as the canine species, they were very helpless at first and had to be fed on warm milk and other infantile nourishment. But before many weeks had passed they learned to shift for themselves, and it soon became evident that Mr. Bothwell's experiment was to be crowned with success, that, when properly brought up, a wolf may become as genial and trustworthy an animal as a dog or a horse. Those who understand animals and love them—like Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for



A frolic with a friend.

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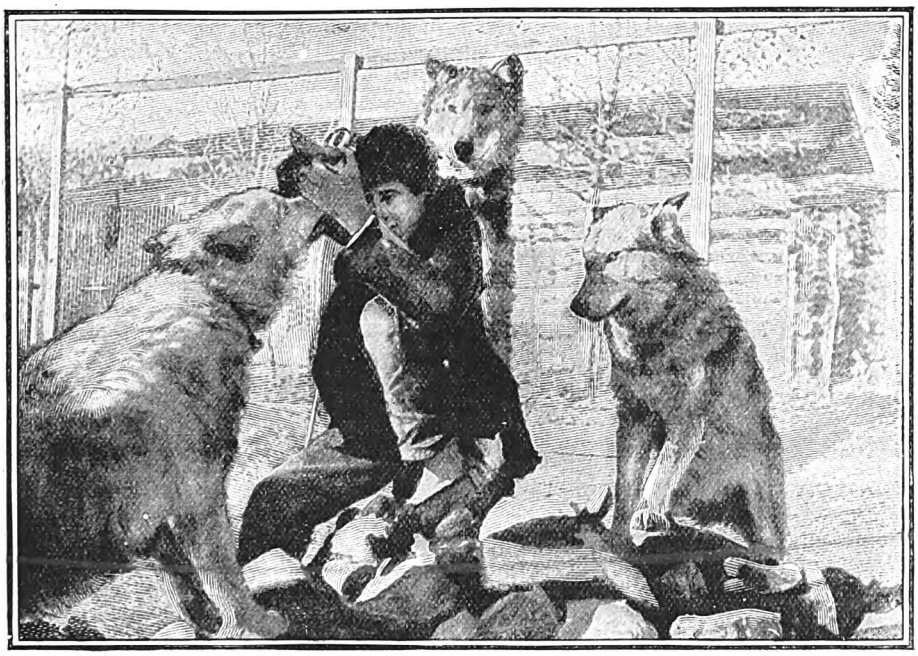

Wolfish curiosity.

instance, who has told us in his wonderful "Jungle Books" so much that is interesting and quaint about wolves in general—have long suspected lovable qualities hidden away in the wolf's character.

The fact is that, while most animals have had opportunities of making themselves agreeable, the wolf has been detested and shunned and hunted down from antiquity onwards. Indeed, he may be called the Ishmael of animals, every man's hand having been against him as far back as history goes. Kings and rulers have made him the subject of proclamations, a price has been again and again set on his head, and his lands have been given to those who managed to exterminate him from them. He has been vouchsafed no chance at all to reform his character and refine his ways. Poor beast! his natural struggle for existence was hard enough in all conscience without the additional ill of having to protect himself against determined and merciless persecution. There were larger and better armed animals to contend against, there was biting frost and snow to be endured, and finally there were the pangs of hunger to satisfy, and nature has so ordained it that a wolf's hunger needs a deal of satisfying.

An eight-foot jump for a hat.

In fables and nursery rhymes and children's stories it has been the melancholy fate of the wolf to play the part of the villain. How many children's hearts have not throbbed with pity at the doom of the poor innocent lamb, and one has only to remember the tearful stories of Faithful Gelert and Little Red Riding Hood to see how deeply ingrained

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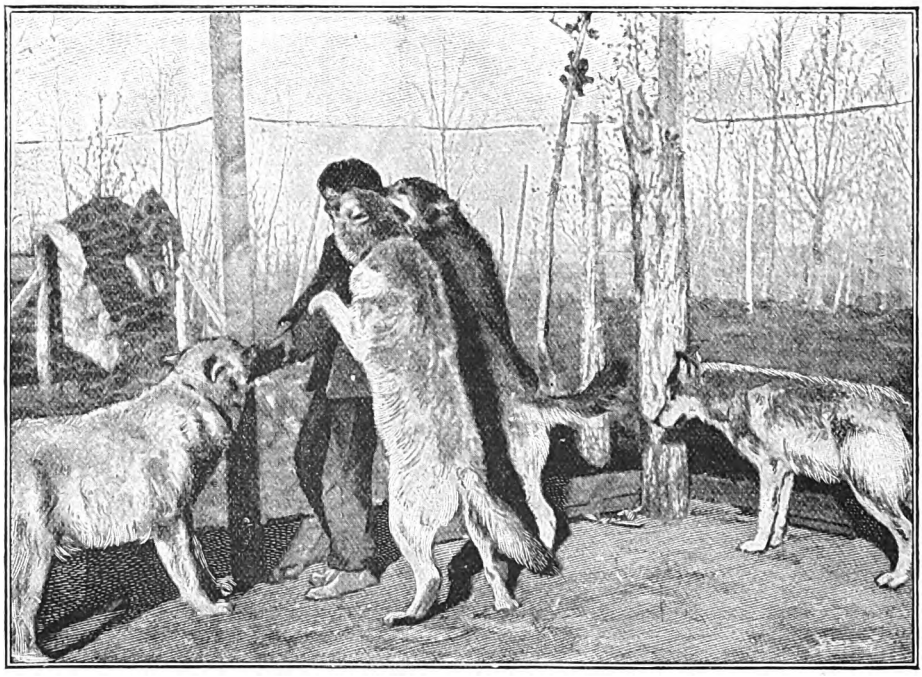
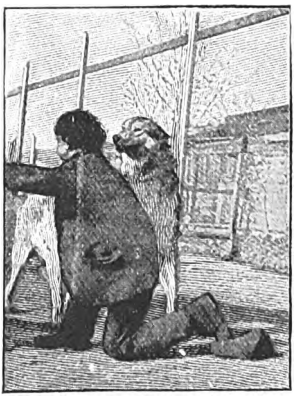


Playmates.

is the notion of the wolf's incorrigibly evil character.

But Mr. Bothwell's four pets have proved that wolves, if caught young, kindly treated and carefully fed, may learn the amenities of life and the usages of polite society. From the first days of their captivity these animals were accustomed to have human beings perpetually among them, they knew that it was from human beings that they must expect their food, and they got to look on human beings as their natural friends and benefactors. They are never happier than when playing with some member of Mr. Bothwell's family. On some hot afternoon they may be all lying together half asleep and rather bored, in some shady corner of the large inclosure where they live. Miss Bothwell, or one of her brothers, saunters up to the cage, and all four wolves leap to their feet, heat and boredom forgotten, and spring around the visitor with howls of delight. For they love nothing better than a hard rollicking game. Give them an old boot or coat, and no four fox terriers could possibly relish more scrambling for it and tearing it to pieces. Unique is the accompanying photograph, which shows two of our friends leaping into the air after a hat, and on another page you see them gathered about a boy, two of them standing on their hind legs and attempting to lick his face.



A game of tag.

Not one of these wolves has ever been known to bite or even growl at his human friends, however much they may have teased him. In the heat and excitement of a romp, when the best behaved of dogs often forgets his manners and tears your clothes and uses his teeth on your hands so as to leave a mark behind, these wolves remain invariably gentle; you might safely put your hand between their jaws or pull their snouts — they would never dream of unseemly retaliation, or even of losing their tempers and growling and showing their teeth.

As I remarked at the beginning of this article, there have been very few cases of completely domesticated wolves

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Something like affection.

that will in any way bear comparison with the case of Mr. Bothwell's pets. Two such cases, however have been recorded which are really too interesting to omit. Captain Hare, of a well-known Devonshire family, brought home on his return from the Peninsular War a wolf he had caught young in the Sierra Morena. By kind treatment it had become perfectly tame, and had lived with him on the same terms as a dog. During many a mountain bivouac the soldier, his horse and his wolf had slept together, and together shared the fatigue, the scanty food, and the dangers of the campaign. During Captain Hare's furlough, part of which was passed in Bristol, his pet trotted about with him wherever he went, to the terror of the Bristol citizens. Upon his departure, Captain Hare left his wolf in the keeping of Sir Hugh Smith, of Ashton Court. The poor beast never ceased to sorrow over the separation, pacing before his kennel all day long, and keeping the sharpest look-out for strangers, in the hope that among them might come at last his old master.

The other story is told by the great French naturalist, Cuvier. Here also the animal was caught young and brought up as a dog might have been. His master, for whom he showed marvellous affection, being obliged to travel, presented the wolf to a menagerie where he was received and confined. There he remained for weeks, uneasy and discontented, pining and refusing food. Gradually, however, he became reconciled to the situation, recovered his health, and attached himself to the keepers. After an absence of over a year, his former master returned. At the first sound of the man's voice the wolf sprang up, frantic with joy, and, being set at liberty, rushed up to his old friend and overwhelmed him with caresses. A second separation was followed by the same symptoms of grief, which again were allayed by time, and by the companionship of a dog which had been given our friend as comrade. Three years passed before the master returned; but when he did

"The Wolf and the Lamb."

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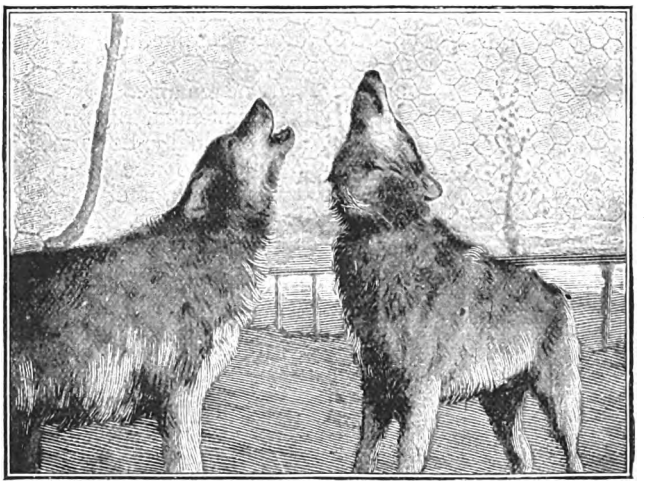
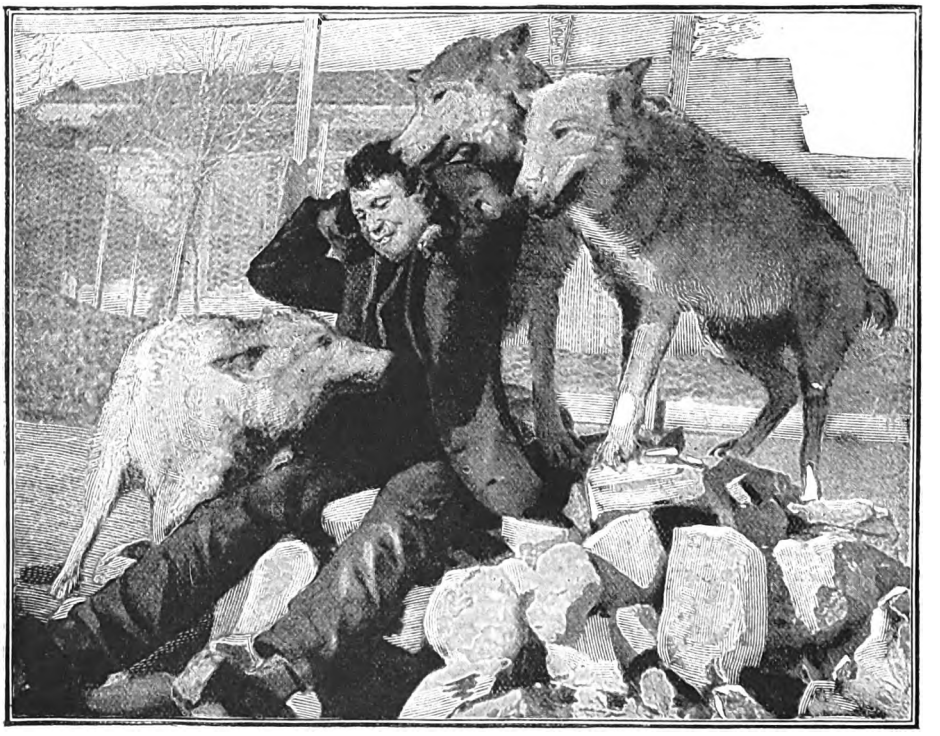


Saying Grace before meat.

so, which was at night, his first word awakened in the wolf the uneffaced memory of a beloved voice, and leaping forward, he greeted his friend with even greater enthusiasm than at their last meeting.

These two incidents, in conjunction with the story of Mr. Bothwell's pets, should at last convince people that the wolf is by no means the evil creature he has hitherto been depicted.

But he must be caught young, otherwise you will never be able to trust him, however docile and compliant he may appear on the surface. For the evil companions of the forest, and all the cruel hardships which freedom entails, ruin the wolf for respectable existence. He learns to relish the taste of blood, to steal, and to regard man as his natural enemy. A short while since I read of an inspector of woods and forests in India who captured a wolf about a year old, and brought it back with him to his bungalow. The wolf, though he allowed his master to stroke him and play with him, could never be trusted with any stranger. But his master might do anything with him — he never showed the faintest irritation, until one day when the servant gave him some raw meat. After that he became unmanageable, and had to be killed.



Posing for a Photograph.

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DOCTOR MOSKOWITZ' EXPERIMENT

By J. Montgomery McGovern.

The Women whispered it first behind their fans to each other and to their very particular masculine friends. The latter shook their heads and declined to believe it. It was monstrous, impossible. They did not presume to doubt the word of their fair acquaintances who confided the matter to them, but they were convinced that it was all the result of some malicious, unfounded rumour.

Miss Campbell a kleptomaniac! If the slander were not such an outrageous one it would be almost absurd enough to be laughable. The story was started first by a woman, who declared that her very dear friend, whose name she was, of course, not at liberty to mention, had seen Miss Campbell appropriate several yards of valuable lace and an exquisite tortoiseshell fan from the counter of the little Italian curio shop, which it was then the fad of fashionable women to patronise, and walk rapidly out of the shop while the proprietor's back was turned.

Such a tale was as obviously ridiculous as it was malicious, for the beautiful Miss Campbell was the only child of a man whose wealth was estimated at a trifle above three million, and it was well known that he never refused his daughter's slightest whim, and that at all times he kept her abundantly supplied with pocket money.

Everyone knows, however, how a rumour of this sort will spread and gain credence with each repetition; so, despite the efforts of Miss Campbell's friends and the friends of her father to have the matter hushed up, it continued to be the subject of general gossip. The prominent social position which Miss Campbell had occupied since her *début*, two seasons before, made her a conspicuous target for gossip both in her own "set" and in those sets whose members vainly tried to imitate the manners of her own.

Miss Campbell at first assumed a scornful attitude, and, holding her head high, continued to go out to social functions and to entertain as lavishly as ever; but as the glances cast at her, even by those who accepted her hospitality, grew more and more suspicious, and fewer of her invitations were accepted, and she was no longer invited to certain houses where previously she had ever been a welcome guest, her courage gave way; she became moody, silent, and morose, and, with the exception of a drive through the park, accompanied only by her father, or a solitary shopping expedition, the girl never left her father's house, and, according to the servants, usually remained alone in her own room.

As the winter wore on, other rumours similar to that of the preceding autumn were started, and soon gained credulous hearers. Women of unquestionable veracity no longer hesitated to have their names used in connection with the report, but asserted that they had seen Miss Campbell steal various articles from their own drawing-rooms, when the girl was

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calling there, and also declared that she had stolen wraps and fans from her own guests during a reception at her father's house.

The matter was warmly discussed in various clubs, among the masculine friends and acquaintances of Miss Campbell. A few of them were inclined to believe the story, but, in spite of apparently increasing evidence of her guilt, the majority still stoutly declared their belief in her innocence, until one evening a bomb was exploded in camp by young Wainwright, who came into the reading-room of his club, and after a good deal of unnecessary fidgeting with newspaper and cigar, suddenly exclaimed: "I want to tell you fellows something, though I'm hanged if I know whether I ought to or not—still, I think it's due to the women we've been accusing of infernal jealousy and that sort of thing——"

"What are you driving at, Wainwright?" interrupted Macdonald, "come to the point, can't you."

"Well, it's just this," continued Wainwright, "those women who said that they had seen Miss Campbell take things that didn't belong to her told the truth, for I saw her this afternoon myself."

Then the young fellow, in an excited, disconnected way, told how he had seen Miss Campbell enter a large jeweller's in Bond Street in which he himself was making some Christmas purchases, and after having a number of pins and brooches taken out for her inspection, had quickly and stealthily slipped a diamond pin into her pocket-book, when the shopman's attention was momentarily diverted. As the young woman was about to re-enter her carriage, however, the private detective of the shop had stepped up to her, and touched her on the arm. Wainwright had seen the girl crimson with evident mortification and chagrin and follow the detective into the private office of the proprietor of the shop. Horror-stricken at what he had seen, Wainwright hurried away from the place, knowing that Miss Campbell would be able to compromise the matter by payment for the pin, which she could amply afford, and thus spare herself and her family the humiliation of her arrest and trial for theft.

When Wainwright had finished, Dr. Jarvis, one of the group of men to whom the former had been speaking, leaned forward and said earnestly:—

"Wainwright, if any man except one whose veracity I knew to be as unimpeachable as I know yours to be had started to tell what you have just told, I would have knocked him senseless before he could have got his words out. But I cannot question your word, or, under the circumstances, your motive in repeating what you witnessed this afternoon. Matters have reached a point, however, when it is only fair that you and the others should understand my position in regard to Miss Campbell. She is my *fiancée*. We became engaged in October, but at her earnest request, I consented not to have the engagement announced for several months. At that time I did not believe a word of the rumours afloat with regard to her kleptomania. Now I am forced to believe the fact, for if any testimony in addition to Wainwright's were needed, a few days ago my sister—a girl whom I know to be unvaryingly truthful—told me of an incident she had witnessed, in connection with Miss Campbell, very similar to the one Wainwright has just told us of.

"In view of what Wainwright has repeated, I think it best that the whole matter, as far as possible, should be made known, so that you will all understand what I mean when I say that I intend to sift this matter to the bottom. That phrase may sound rather cheap and melodramatic, perhaps, but I mean literally that I want to get at the bottom of this trouble. For while I do believe now that Miss Campbell steals, I believe just as firmly that she is no more morally responsible for stealing than any of us are for her doing so."

There was a moment's silence after Dr. Jarvis had finished speaking; then a man, sitting somewhat apart from the little group—a man with narrow, half-closed, light blue eyes, and thin, colourless lips, which reminded one of those of some feline animal—spoke, in a sneering, contemptuous tone, which made his broken English accent the more apparent.

"Not morally responsible? It is a disease with her, I suppose. Ah! I have heard such talk before. There may be such a disease as kleptomania. I do not presume to question that. But, in all cases of genuine kleptomania, it will be found the disease manifests itself in early childhood, and the victim is always marked by certain physical peculiarities. Now, this young woman, with whom I have the pleasure of a slight personal acquaintance, is a perfect physical specimen. She, I believe, gave no indication of her slight moral—peculiarity—shall I call it?"—this with a particularly disagreeable smile on the speaker's part—"until she was fully of age, and had seen enough of the world to make her believe the expenditure of money for any article which she could obtain by—

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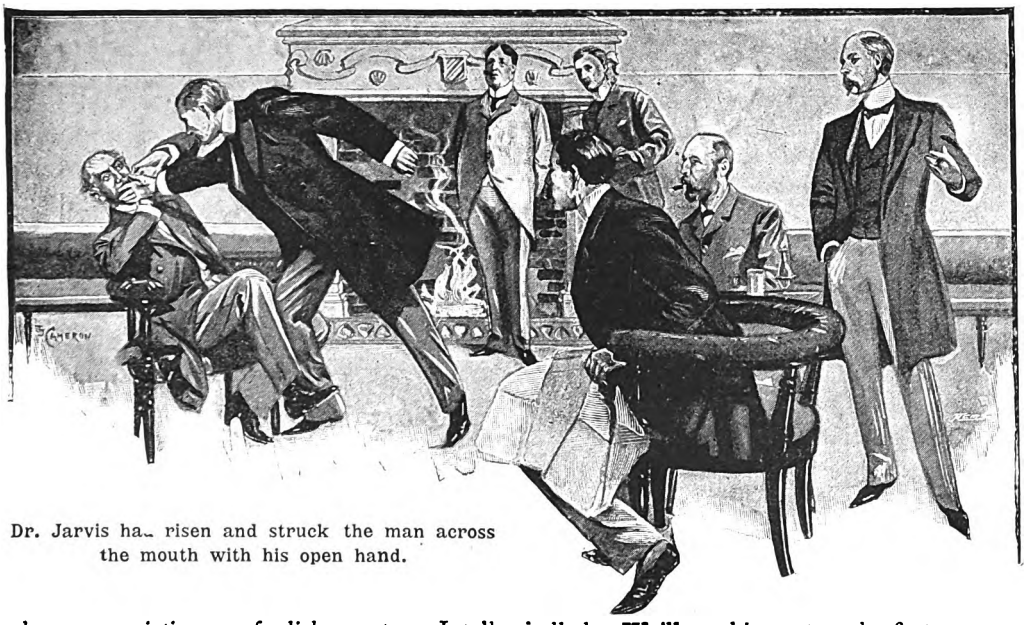

Dr. Jarvis ha.. risen and struck the man across the mouth with his open hand.

ah—appropriation—a foolish waste. I tell you this woman is a common thief, and ought——"

This sentence was never completed, for Dr. Jarvis had risen and struck the man across the mouth with his open hand. All the men in the room sprang to their feet, expecting to see the foreigner resent the blow as any of them would have done. Instead, he simply picked up his hat and gloves, and as he turned to leave the room, said in a strangely steady, low monotone, with a still further narrowing of his long, slit-like eyes:

"Ah! you resent my words in regard to the—ah—lady. Take care that you do not some day become infected with this strange disease, Dr. Jarvis." Before the astonished Jarvis could reply, the door had closed behind the man.

"Who is this cad, this Dr. Moskowitz?" MacDonald demanded after all the men in the room had agreed that the fellow richly deserved the blow Dr. Jarvis had given him. "And what did he mean by what he said to Jarvis?"

"As to what he meant—he probably didn't mean anything," Jarvis replied hotly, "it's only his caddish way of talking. As to who he is—he's some Russian or Pole that old Johnson picked up the last time he was abroad, and brought back with him and tried to introduce into society here. It was Johnson's influence that got him into the club, though as we all know, he ought to have been blackballed. We'll get him out at the first opportunity. It's particularly indecent of him to have spoken of Miss Campbell as he did—it's such clear pique—for everybody knows he paid her the most devoted attention and tried his best to marry her until she sent him away."

The following evening Dr. Jarvis sat alone with his *fiancée* in her father's drawing-room. After several ineffectual attempts on the doctor's part to lead the conversation up to the theme that was uppermost in his mind, he finally succeeded in alluding—as delicately as only a man of his peculiarly refined temperament could—to the current rumour in regard to the girl, and to his own unwavering belief in her honesty as far as all moral responsibility was concerned. Miss Campbell, who had seemed unusually nervous all the evening, burst into hysterical tears. The physician's side of her lover's nature asserted itself, and he allowed her to sob out her first wild passion of humiliation until she regained her characteristic calm dignity. Then she rose, and, laying her head on Dr. Jarvis' arm, looked into his eyes, and said:

"Walter, I am glad you have spoken to me about this at last. I have been trying to summon courage to tell you about it all—about everything—but I am a woman, and although I knew it was weak, I have postponed it from time to time. For I feared when I had told you it would cost me your love and—God only knows what that means to

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me . . . so I have gone on—like a coward, perhaps—saying nothing and only trying to cling for a little while longer to the only thing that made my life worth living."

The girl's voice quivered pitifully, but after a few minutes she controlled herself, and went on bravely: "What they say is true, but—believe me if you can, Walter—I cannot help it. Morally speaking I am not to blame; I swear this to you—as there is a just God, he must know. But, of course, the world believes me guilty, and in the eyes of the law I am guilty."

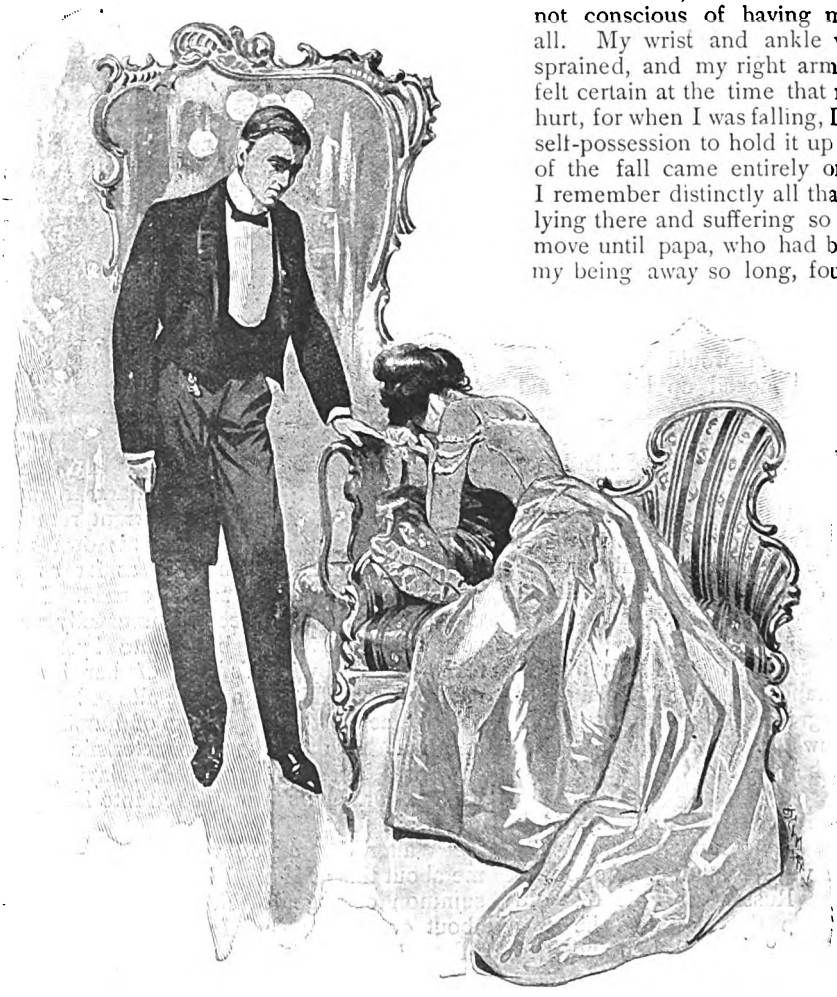
Miss Campbell was deathly pale, and trembled so violently that Dr. Jarvis insisted upon taking her hand and leading her to a seat. Then kneeling by her side, and taking both her hands in his, he again assured the girl of his unchanging devotion, and reaffirmed his belief in her moral innocence.

"Tell me, Mabel," he begged, "all about it, from the very beginning, you know—when you first had this uncontrollable inclination to take things which did not belong to you."

"That is very easy, Walter," the girl answered. "It was only after the fall I had from my bicycle early in the summer—that I have told you about—in the Tyrol where papa and I were staying."

"Ah," interrupted the young physician quickly, "were you unconscious after the fall, or hurt about the head in any way?"

"Walter, that is the strange part of it," the girl replied in a lowered voice, and with an appealing, half-frightened look into her lover's eyes; "it is something I have never been able to understand, for when I fell I certainly was not conscious of having my head hurt at all. My wrist and ankle were both badly sprained, and my right arm was broken. I felt certain at the time that my head was not hurt, for when I was falling, I retained enough self-possession to hold it up so that the force of the fall came entirely on my right side. I remember distinctly all that happened—my lying there and suffering so that I could not move until papa, who had become uneasy at my being away so long, found me and had me carried home on a stretcher. Even when I was put to bed and they had sent for a doctor, I was not conscious of any pain about my head."



Miss Campbell, who had seemed unnaturally nervous all the evening, burst into tears.

"Who was the physician that attended you, dear?" Dr. Jarvis asked.

"Dr. Moskowitz. You know him, I think," Miss Campbell replied. "He was the nearest physician.

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Papa and I were stopping at a farmhouse, you know—and—" here the girl paused in her evident embarrassment—"Dr. Moskowitz had come to the same neighbourhood about a week after we did, and was boarding on an adjoining farm."

Miss Campbell's expression was one of unconcealed repulsion as she added: "There were many reasons why I would have preferred almost any physician in the world to Dr. Moskowitz. But papa insisted, for you know this man is said to be an unusually skilful surgeon. Besides, there was no other doctor in the immediate neighbourhood, and I was suffering so badly that papa wanted me relieved as soon as possible.

"After Dr. Moskowitz had attended to my sprains and set my broken arm he began to examine my head carefully, feeling it—you know how doctors do—in different places. Then he declared that it had been injured—even though I was not conscious of it—to such an extent that an operation would be necessary. Papa demurred at first, and suggested waiting until another physician could be called in consultation. But Dr. Moskowitz insisted that any delay would be dangerous, and that the sooner the operation was performed the better, assuring papa of course that any physician would agree with him. So at last papa consented. I was given ether, and that is the last I know until I woke up, my head feeling dreadfully sore, and all bandaged.

"When the nurse that papa telegraphed for arrived from London, Dr. Moskowitz told her that my head had been hurt so by my fall that it had been necessary to 'trepan,'—I think he called it—my skull, but when I told the nurse how unconscious I was that I had hurt my head in any way she looked peculiar, and said it was the 'strangest case she had ever heard of.'"

"Wait a minute, Mabel," said Dr. Jarvis tenderly, "you must know how I hate to question you or to seem inquisitive about such things, but it is best that I should understand as far as possible. Wasn't this Dr. Moskowitz a suitor of yours once?"

"Yes, Walter; he asked me to marry him last spring, but I refused him, of course. I always had a sort of repulsion for the man, one of those 'Dr. Fell' dislikes that one can never account for. But my dislike to him then was nothing compared with what it was after that reception at the Marshalls, where I met him for the first time after—well, after I had refused to marry him, you know." The girl paused a moment, then continued: "It was all so singular—everything that happened that evening, that I think I will tell you about it, for it may have some 'bearing on the case,' as you doctors say, though I can't see just how."

Dr. Jarvis pressed his *fiancée's* hand sympathetically, and the girl went on:

"In some way we all got to talking about hypnotism, and Dr. Moskowitz told us that he was a very successful amateur hypnotist, and asked if any of us would like to become his 'subject' that evening, assuring us that hypnotism was really beneficial instead of injurious, and that he often employed it in his practice for the cure of nervous diseases and that sort of thing. Well, several of us offered to try it, or, rather, to allow him to try his powers upon us, and I was foolish enough to be one of these. After he had succeeded in making the others do some rather funny things, and a good many silly ones, it was my turn, and I begged him not to make me do anything silly. 'I will make you do nothing silly,' he replied, but as soon as I felt myself getting under his influence—and if you've never been hypnotized you don't know what a horrible feeling that is—I felt, too, that he was trying to force me to do something wrong—to secretively take something that did not belong to me—to steal, in fact. He suggested—mentally, of course—several things, handsome bits of *bric-à-brac* about the drawing-room, and pieces of Mrs. Marshall's jewellery, which I would have had an opportunity of taking when I went up to her boudoir to put on my wraps.

"For a while it was literally a battle of wills—Dr. Moskowitz's against my own. However, I would not give up, and resisted successfully all his suggestions."

"Cur! He will have to answer for this," exclaimed Dr. Jarvis indignantly. "But go on, dear."

"Finally," Miss Campbell concluded, "Dr. Moskowitz laughed, and declared he had got hold of a subject who could not be hypnotized, and I returned to my seat feeling rather weak and ill from the effects of the mental struggle, which was stronger than you can probably realise. Afterwards, when I saw Dr. Moskowitz privately for a moment, I asked him how he dared to suggest such a thing to me, or to take advantage of my hypnotic state to force me to do something wrong. He indignantly denied the imputation, and declared it was all my imagination, that such a thing had never entered into his head.

"Still, I am sure, it was not imagination

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on my part, and I cannot help thinking that he must have, in some way—I cannot understand how—have hypnotized me later when I was in his power—under ether, you know, for the operation, or by some other means—Heaven only knows what. He must have forced my mind into a channel which compels me to do wrong. It is a terrible accusation to make against a man, and may sound as if I were trying to exonerate myself by placing the blame on someone else. But this I tell you, Walter, on my honour, that while all my life before that time I would have recoiled with horror from the bare idea of taking the most trifling thing that did not belong to me, yet from the time I began to recover from this operation I had an insane desire to steal. No one on earth knows how I have struggled against this desire—this mania, for that is what it amounts to. Strange to say, my moral sense has never been killed, or even numbed, as one would suppose a thief's would be. I have realised all along—even when I was committing the acts—how wrong, how terribly wicked it all was, but I simply could not help it.

"At first I thought perhaps I could overcome it by going into society, and getting diverted from myself in that way. But the feeling only became stronger; so to try to save other people from my thefts (isn't the word a horrible one?) and myself from further humiliation, I have secluded myself here at home, and scarcely dare to go outside my own room, for fear I should, in some strange way, against my will, be forced to take something that is not mine. Whenever I go out to do any necessary shopping I always take more than double the amount of money I really need, to try to guard myself against temptation as far as possible. But it is no use. I do not seem to be able to resist secreting things about my person—actually stealing them, even when I have the money in my pocket to pay for them ten times over."

"My darling, you must not pain yourself by talking any more about this horrible thing to-night, but I wish you had told me all about it before, for I believe I could have found a solution, and possibly a cure. No," he added, in reply to a suggestion of his betrothed, "I will not release you from your engagement, and neither must you go to an institution or asylum to be treated—certainly not yet, until I have tried every means in my own power first."

Then a sudden thought seemed to occur to the doctor. "Mabel," he said, "one more question before I leave. Did you see anything of this Dr. Moskowitz in the Tyrol, before you were hurt?"

"Yes, Walter, he came to see me once, and renewed his offer of marriage. When I refused him the second time, he told me I would be sorry some day. I told him I was not afraid of him. He replied, with a sneer, 'There is more than one way of getting even with a proud woman, and remember you are not dealing with a blundering American or a thick-skulled Englishman.'"

* * * *

As the result of Dr. Jarvis' consultation with several of the most eminent brain and nerve specialists in London, Miss Campbell consented to undergo an operation.

"A dangerous experiment," the doctor acknowledged, "but one that I believe can be safely carried through. If I am on the right track, as I have every reason to think, it is the only radical cure for you, my darling."

"I will take any risk that you suggest, Walter, and gladly," the girl replied, "for if I am not cured of this disease—mania, call it what you will—I will put an end to my existence, for I cannot live any longer as a thief."

A few days later, Miss Campbell lay unconscious in the private operating room of the man who is generally acknowledged to be London's most skilled surgeon. Besides the chief surgeon and a trained nurse there were several physicians present, among them Dr. Jarvis. The girl's hair was shaved over the spot where the cicatrix indicated the former wound had healed. Fresh incisions were made directly alongside the old ones, and a small piece of the scalp was laid back, exposing the skull to view. It was evident in a moment to the trained eye of the surgeon that the operation of trepanning had been recently performed. But what was the object of that trepanning? From the girl's own account she had sustained no injury to her head, sufficiently severe to warrant such an operation, yet the suture clearly indicated that there had been a fracture of the skull. That fracture was the strange feature, for instead of being jagged and uneven as a fracture caused by a blow or a fall usually is, it was clean cut and straight as if it had been made by a knife, or more probably a tiny surgical saw. Carefully and with infinite pains the surgeon slipped aside the little silver plate supporting the fractured skull, and there beneath, pressing directly against the brain itself, was a small ivory disk, about the size

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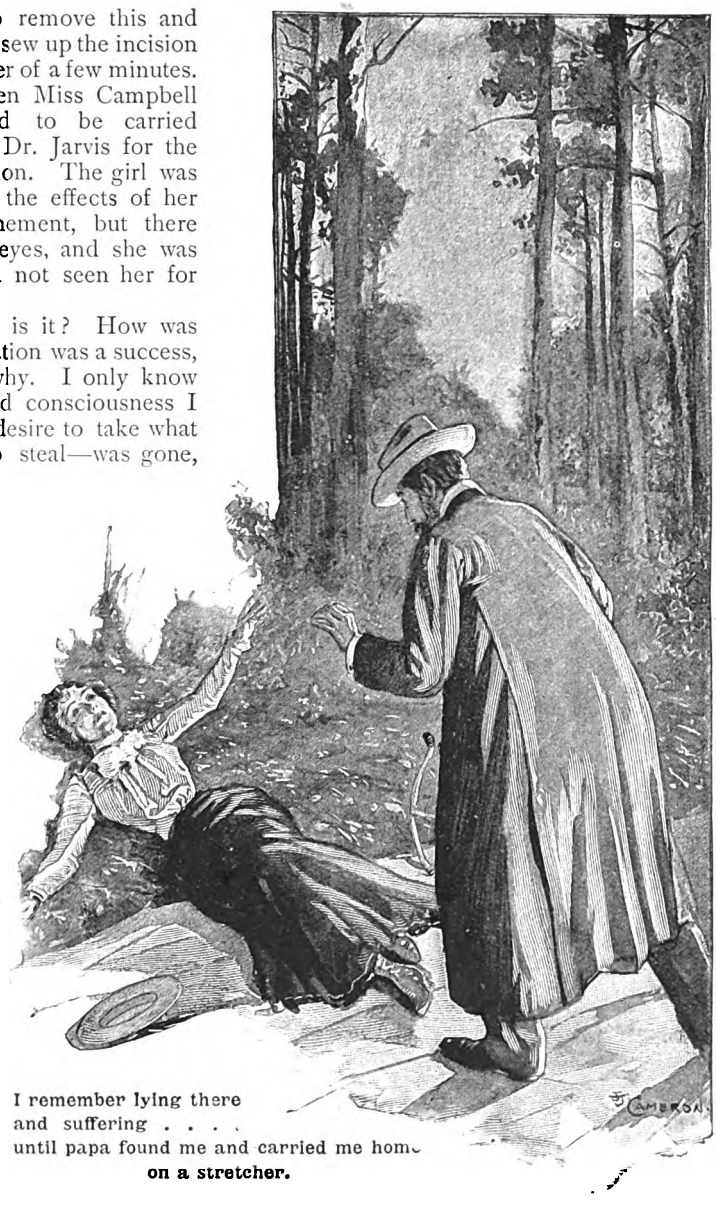
of one's thumbnail. To remove this and again trepan the skull and sew up the incision in the scalp, was but a matter of a few minutes.

Several weeks later, when Miss Campbell had sufficiently recovered to be carried down-stairs, she received Dr. Jarvis for the first time since the operation. The girl was weak and very pale from the effects of her suffering and long confinement, but there was a happy light in her eyes, and she was smiling as her *fiancé* had not seen her for months.

"Tell me, Walter, what is it? How was it done? I know the operation was a success, but I don't understand why. I only know that as soon as I regained consciousness I felt that the old horrible desire to take what did not belong to me—to steal—was gone, just as the desire first came on me when I was recovering from the other, the first operation."

Dr. Jarvis stooped and tenderly kissed the radiant girl, then taking something from his pocket he said: "Mabel, this letter I received a few days after the operation will explain everything to you as it has to me. I only wish it were possible for me to meet the writer of it again. I suspected something of the man's villainy from what you told me—that was the clue I worked on—but I did not believe it was possible for human wickedness to go so far. Listen:



I remember lying there and suffering . . . . until papa found me and carried me home on a stretcher.

"Dr. Jarvis—Honored and respected English Gentleman,—Allow me to congratulate you upon having outwitted a man who, under another name, is generally conceded to be the cleverest in Russia. If you and your associates had known who I really was—or, perhaps, if you had known even one of my other aliases—you would, I fancy, have been scarcely so willing to accept me into your club, nor would I have been received in the society I have, here in London.

"You blundering Englishmen—your stupidity makes me sick. You are as bungling and clumsy in your methods of crime as in everything else, and you take it for granted all the world is like you. Because I did not use the wrong forks at dinner, and knew how to wear a dress suit, you concluded that I was a gentleman. Did it never occur to you, my dear friend, that because I was an educated and polished man, I was a dangerous one? Because I had studied medicine, and hypnotism and phrenology—the last two only as they are taught in India—were not my weapons more dangerous than those of an ignorant man, and was I not more capable of taking a

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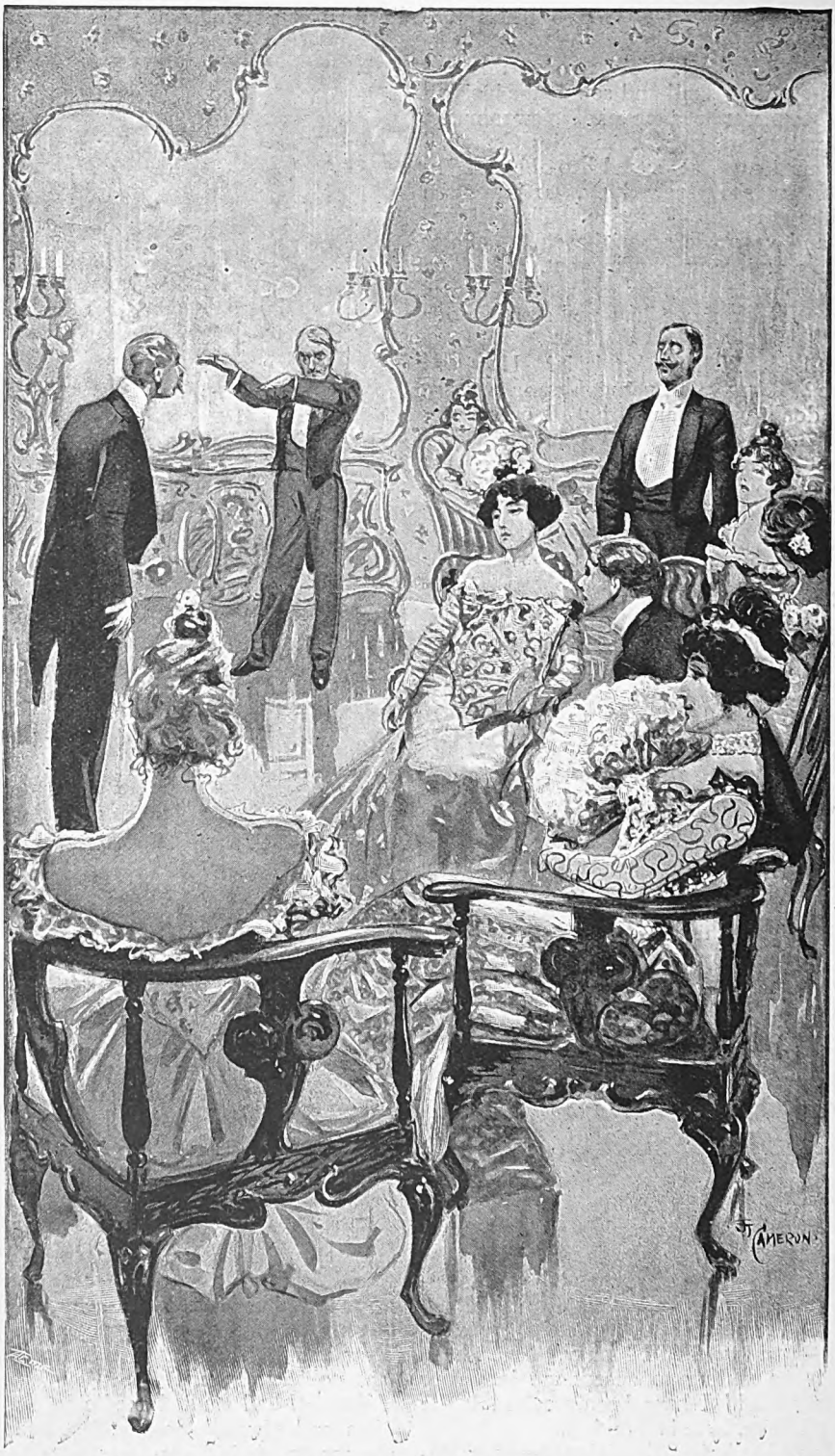

Doctor Moskowitz told us he was a successful hypnotist . . . and several of us allowed him to try his powers upon us.

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more subtle and lasting, and less clumsy revenge? You know that now, but you never suspected it before; and if you had not been gifted with more cleverness and insight than most of your stupid Anglo-Saxon race, you would never have known, and my revenge would have been complete. I can admire ingenuity in others even when it is to my own undoing. Because you have proved yourself a genius sufficient to baffle my own genius, I respect you, and will tell you some of the details of my work. My English may not be perfect—but I think you can understand.

"The only revenge that there is any satisfaction in taking on a woman is to humble her, and to do that most effectually one must injure her reputation. There is, however, a certain type of woman whose acme of suffering is not reached until she knows herself to be guilty. Of this type is the woman whom you love, and whom I hate. No matter how the world condemned this woman, if she knew herself innocent she could retain her self-respect, and carry her head proudly through it all. Even you must acknowledge the beauty, the artistic perfection of my revenge when I tell you that I planned to make this woman not only appear criminal in the eyes of the world, but to make her actually a criminal in her own eyes. To do this I resorted first to the method that has given me success over other enemies—hypnotism. But the girl's will was stronger than I had supposed. I could not subdue it; consequently I failed there.

"I had one recourse left to accomplish my purpose. I determined to put into practice a theory I had learned and seen demonstrated while I was in the East. Still my love—passion, give it what name you choose—for the girl was so great that I decided to give her one more chance. Again I asked her to marry me, but she refused—this time with more apparent aversion than before. Then nothing on earth would have deterred me from my purpose. We were practically alone—this woman, her father and I—in an isolated part of the Tyrol. I knew the path she was in the habit of taking when riding on her bicycle. I knew, too, that she was in the habit of returning about dusk. I placed an obstruction in the path, one that would not have been noticed in the twilight except by a very close observer.

"The fall occurred as I had intended, but the injuries were not what I had intended. Her head had not been hurt, as I supposed it would be; still this did not discourage me. I was the only physician within miles around, and I was called in, as I knew I would be. I told her and her father that trepanning her skull would be necessary; there was no one there to contradict me. It *was* necessary after I had opened the skull over the lobe of the brain which certain phrenologists teach us controls the acquisitiveness—or desire for it—of an individual. You must admit that I am a good surgeon. This was an operation that required both skill and cunning. After I had placed the little ivory disk so that it would affect the nerves controlled by this portion of the brain, I trepanned the skull, and had everything in order before another physician or even the trained nurse had time to arrive.

"It seems strange to you, does it not, that a man like myself should waste time and energy in humiliating a girl whose only sin was her dislike for me? Well, you are an Anglo-Saxon—I a Slav. There is no more to be said.

"As to how my experiment succeeded, that you know as well as I do. The girl became a thief from the moment she regained consciousness, and the love of stealing grew upon her as the months passed. She had the humiliation of being looked upon as a thief, and of being discarded by her former friends, but, far worse—to a woman of her temperament—she had the realisation of being actually as guilty as she was believed to be. My revenge was complete; there was only one thing needed to add to my triumph, and that was that you, whom I knew she loved better than her own life, should break your engagement—decline to marry a thief. But for the first time in my life I have been outwitted by an Anglo-Saxon. You must have suspected my design—in part, at least—for I heard last night of the operation that had been performed yesterday and of the ivory button that had been removed from where I placed it. I bow to the genius that is able to compete with and to overthrow my own. I have feared you for some time, consequently have kept out of your way; now I shall take care to do so the remainder of my life, or of yours.

"I am safe in writing you this, for by the time you receive it I shall, under a different name and a different disguise, be in mid-ocean. Further—and this in all friendliness—I warn you that it would merely be a waste of your time and money, possibly of your valuable life also, to ever seek to regain any trace of him whom you knew under the name of SERGIUS MOSKOWITZ."

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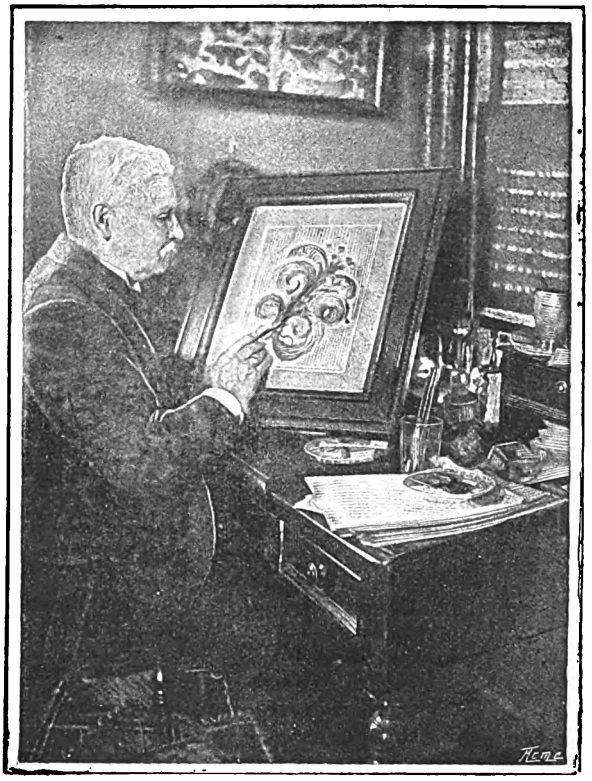

Mr. Moutoux at work in his studio.

PICTURES IN HAIR.

By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

Illustrated with Photographs.

It would be a difficult matter to find a more curious occupation than that of Mr. William E. Moutoux, a white-haired old gentleman who lives in the quiet village of Wakefield, New York. There is no one word that can be used to denote the nature of Mr. Moutoux's occupation. He terms himself "artist," but this word is too general to give an adequate idea of what his curious occupation is. The old gentleman is indeed an artist inasmuch as he is a maker of pictures, but he is not an artist inasmuch as he never uses paper, pencil, paint, canvas or brush. "Picture-of-hair-maker" is about the only term that can describe Mr. Moutoux's business, so I must ask the reader's permission to coin that word.

The pictures which Mr. Moutoux makes are of all classes—that is he makes landscapes, portraits, mythological conceptions, etc.—but in each case the picture is composed entirely of human hair, not a touch of paint nor stroke of pencil being used in any part of his pictures. No subject is too technical, no shape so beautiful, no expression so fine that Mr. Moutoux cannot depict it in hair. He brings out a true likeness in a repose portrait, any peculiarity about the expression being faithfully reproduced, and the next day he begins work upon such a distinct thing as an animated picture of the charge of a squadron of dragoons, and so wonderful is his peculiar gift for arranging hair, that with a few hairs placed here and a few others placed there he brings out the expression of frenzy in the troopers' eyes and the gleam of sympathetic excitement in the eyes of their steeds.

Probably the most remarkable of the portrait pictures of Mr. Moutoux is that of General Ulysses Grant. The artist was one of that great general's soldiers during the American Civil War, and thus had abundant opportunity for the study of General Grant's countenance. When the war was over Mr. Moutoux determined to have a unique souvenir of those turbulent times, so he went to work and collected a lock of hair from as many members of Grant's army as could be reached. With these thousands of locks, which were of all shades from light yellow, dark brown, jet black, to very white, Mr. Moutoux set carefully to labour, and the portrait of General Grant was the result. A photograph of this picture, much reduced, is published on another page.

Of those pictures of Mr. Moutoux, which combined the delineation of graceful form and delicate expression, his copy in hair of the mythological painting of the "Erl King"—with its flying horse with outstretched neck and straining muscles, with its strongly-formed king, with its circling clouds and the delicate curvings in the forms of the female air-spirits—is probably the best. The bodies of the females and the face of the "Erl King" are made of pure white hair, the shading of the forms being made of jet black hair of gradations of fineness.

The body of the horse is of chestnut hair, its muscles being brought out by super-imposed brown. Down in the lower portion of the picture are seen a fence and some trees, pigmies in

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proportion to the flying horse. These trees are in high relief, the rest of the picture being almost flat, yet the details in every tree are so carefully worked out in hair that it is almost impossible to detect that there is any hair in their composition; in fact, they appear as though they had been patiently hewn out of real wood by a sculptor's hand.

Another difficult picture is one showing Christ being taken from the cross and placed in the sepulchre. The dead look on the Saviour's countenance, with the agonised expression of his mother and the sorrow of his disciples, form the most wonderful piece of work ever done in hair. Mr. Moutoux prizes this picture so much that he has repeatedly refused offers to sell it for as high as $5000 (£1000).

A portrait of General Grant, composed of thousands of human hairs, each from a different head. The hairs were selected from men who fought under Grant in the American Civil War.

Mr. Moutoux possesses the distinction of having held in his hands the hair of nearly every very great celebrity, man and woman, during the nineteenth century. People in all parts of the United States and Europe have sent or brought him hair to be made into pictures, and it is in this way that he has been able to handle the hair of so many prominent persons —from George Washington, who died a hundred years ago, to Charles Dickens, who died a quarter of a century back, down to President McKinley.

On the day I spent in the studio of the interesting "picture-of-hair-maker" a stranger was announced who insisted upon seeing the artist immediately. It appeared that the man was a western millionaire who had heard of Mr. Moutoux' work on the Pacific coast, and had come all the way to see him personally as he had a commission he wanted executed under his very eyes. The millionaire had in his possession thirteen hairs of the same colour, each about eight inches long. He told the artist he wanted these hairs made into some sort of a picture, but that he would insist upon the picture being made in his presence in order that he might be absolutely positive that these thirteen hairs alone were used in the picture, and all of them.

I smiled at the solicitude of the millionaire, and at the prospect of making a hair picture out of some 104 inches of thread, but Mr. Moutoux at once replied that he could do as he was asked. I was afterwards told by the artist that such requests were by no means uncommon on the part of his patrons.

"Can you make me a picture of George Washington?" the millionaire eagerly asked. "Easy," was Mr. Moutoux's ready reply, "but you must be content with a silhouette." It was three hours before the picture was completed, and framed in a solid gold frame, but time did not seem to drag, for it was an interesting sight to both the millionaire and myself as we sat by the artist and watched his treatment of the evidently precious hairs. When he had finished we saw a good likeness of the "Father of his Country" outlined on an oval piece of ivory —ivory or ground glass performs the same

The "Erl King." A wonderful picture wrought entirely in human hair.

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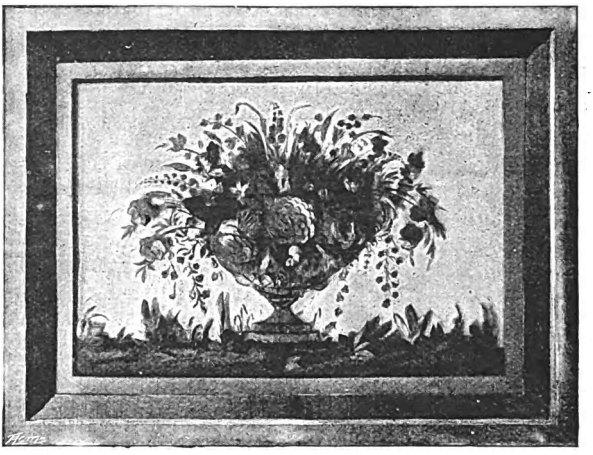


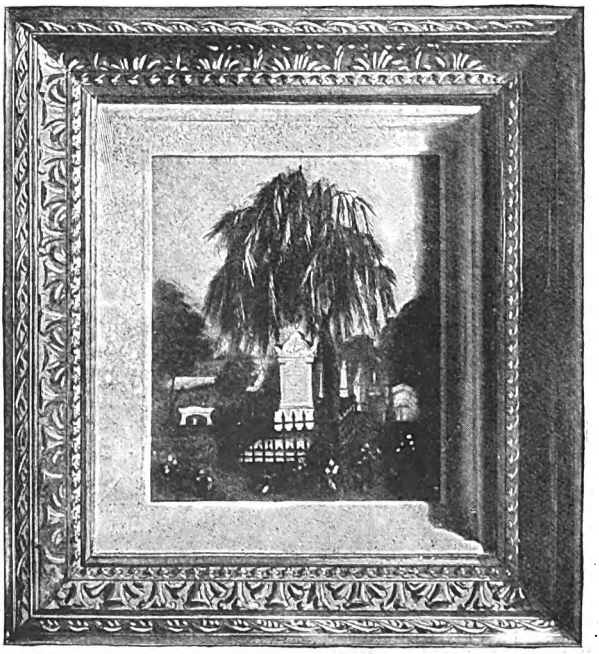
A basket of flowers made exclusively from the hair of the owner, his wife, and their eight children.

office in a hair-picture as the canvas does in an ordinary painting.

The millionaire was highly pleased with the result, paid the artist double the fee he mentioned, and then told us the reason he valued those thirteen hairs so extremely. "They were taken from the head of George Washington during the War of Independence," said the millionaire, as he kept his eyes fastened on the picture. "Each hair represented one of the thirteen original States of the Union. They were secured by my great grandfather, and they have been treasured by the eldest son of our family ever since, for we have a sort of feeling that as long as these hairs are kept safe by our family just so long will the United States remain a great country; and I was afraid the hairs might get lost unless they were put into some shape that would enable me to show them without risk of their accidental loss."

It is not alone because they are made of human hair that Mr. Moutoux's pictures are so unusual. In almost every instance they have additional value by the fact that the hair itself bears some natural association to the picture which it constitutes. For example, in making a hair-portrait, Mr. Moutoux never uses any hair to his hand, as an artist uses any paint that is most convenient. The hair used by Mr. Moutoux is taken from the head of some person near or dear to the person whose portrait is being made. More frequently the portrait is made with hair taken from the head of the person represented in the picture. It is quite a common thing for a widow to come to Mr. Moutoux with a package of hair of her dead husband to be made into a portrait of him; the idea being that hair even in picture form can never decay. It is of course obvious that in such cases the finished picture must usually be a monochrome—a one-colour portrait.

Mr. Moutoux permitted me to take a photograph of one hair-picture, made in shades grading from light flaxen to black, and then to aged white. All the hair used in making the picture had been cut from the same head at various times, and the picture showed the appearance of the plot in the cemetery where the person, whose hair was still fresh, was taking his long last sleep.



A remarkable hair picture. The scene is the grave of a person from whom at different times of his life sufficient hair was cut to compose the picture.

Mr. Moutoux's efforts are not confined to making general landscapes. He makes a picture of a vase of flowers, of a pet

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dog, and the like, with a result always wonderful. A picture of this kind that Mr. Moutoux showed me was one he was about to send off to the person who had commissioned it. This was a picture of a basket of flowers standing upon a marble table. The basket itself was of a rather dark flaxen shade, beautifully interwoven, the handle of a dark reddish tinge, while the flowers were of eight different shades and varieties. To anyone this would be a pretty picture to keep in the drawing-room, but how infinitely interesting and dear it must be to the real owner. For the basket is made of his own hair, the handle of the hair of his wife, and the flowers of the hair of his eight children, all of whom are now dead.

There is nothing secret or complicated about the manner in which Mr. Moutoux makes his pictures. Let us presume we want a picture of a rider jumping his horse across the bars of a rustic gate; Mr. Moutoux first takes a piece of ground glass, say, about 10ins. by 18ins., which he places in a wooden frame with a stout back. This frame and back are used to support the weight of the artist's arms against the ground glass while the picture is being made. Mr. Moutoux next brings out a piece of elephant's tusk about the size of a saucer, but with upper and lower sides perfectly smooth—smoother than ordinary glass. A pair of steel scissors, a steel crotchet needle, a steel bodkin, a steel knife as sharp as a razor, and a piece of chamois are all his tools. With his bodkin the artist scratches—no other word is more appropriate of this deed—a rough outline of the picture he is to make on the ground glass. Each picture is begun at the top and worked downwards across the whole picture, so Mr. Moutoux makes his sky of one sort of hair, his rider of another sort or sorts, the horse of another, and so on.

Mr. Moutoux has been in the United States since he was fourteen years of age, having been born at Hessen, Germany, in 1844. His hair is perfectly white but he has a fresh youthful-looking complexion. His father was the county physician in his native town, and desiring to make his son a clergyman when he had a natural aptitude for drawing, succeeded in driving the boy from home. Coming to America young Moutoux apprenticed himself to a commercial hair dealers' establishment in New York, and it was this which first gave him the idea of making pictures in hair. Except for the three years he served in the United States army Mr. Moutoux has lived all his life since in New York city, where he belongs to several select clubs and army societies. He has two sons and two daughters, neither of whom is able to make a hair picture, although the father has tried hard to teach them the art.

Photo by The Smith-Hassell Co.

The prize winner at a recent flower festival.

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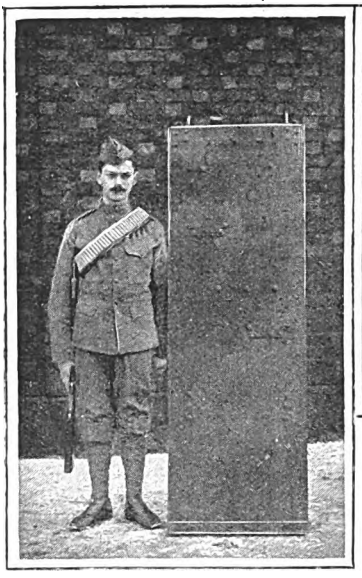
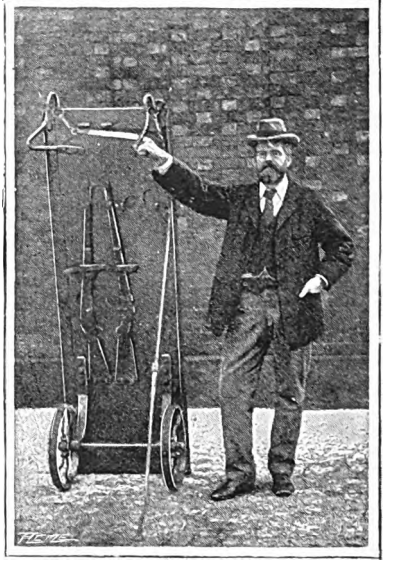


The front of the shield.

AN INGENIOUS BULLET-PROOF SHIELD

By Reginald Maingay.

Illustrated with Photographs.



The shield seen from behind, showing supports for the rifles.

When Lord Roberts surrounded Cronje at Paardeberg he had to advance on the Boer positions by raising an ever narrowing series of trenches, parallel with those of the enemy. Had he advanced immediately and without cover he might have forced the Boers to surrender earlier, but his losses would have been appalling. The digging of trenches necessitated much loss of time, but it had the effect of winning a practically bloodless victory. In order both to save time and life, military men have come to the conclusion that a bullet proof shield will have to be used in positions where the nature of the ground offers inadequate shelter from the searching fire of modern weapons.

Already a large variety of bullet proof shields, of all sorts and sizes, have made their appearance, but the most ingenious by a long way seems to be that which Mr. Fred Wallis, of Birmingham, lately patented, and of which we give some unique photographs in the present article.

Constructed of specially prepared steel, which has been tested by experts, and guaranteed bullet proof at all distances down to twenty yards, Mr. Wallis' invention stands some seventy-one inches high, twenty-four inches wide, and weighs a hundred and ninety-four pounds. The two handles, to be held when the shield is propelled by a man, are collapsible and hang quite out of the way when in action; while the folding rod, which supports the shield in an upright position, can be fixed or replaced in two seconds.

The firing position which two men take up behind the shield is shown in an accompanying photograph. As will be seen, there are only two firing apertures, and yet each shield can, with but small amount of discomfort, be made to provide space behind it for four men to fire from at the same time, two standing, one resting on his knee, and the fourth lying flat on the ground.

In one of our photos we show the position which two men with the shield should take when approaching an enemy within rifle range. In this position the man propelling the apparatus, also his relieving comrade, and any others who might follow in the direct line in the rear, expose only their heads to the fire of the enemy in front. Should a bullet strike the shield,

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The shield may be used as a bedstead or as a covering for a soldier lying upon the ground

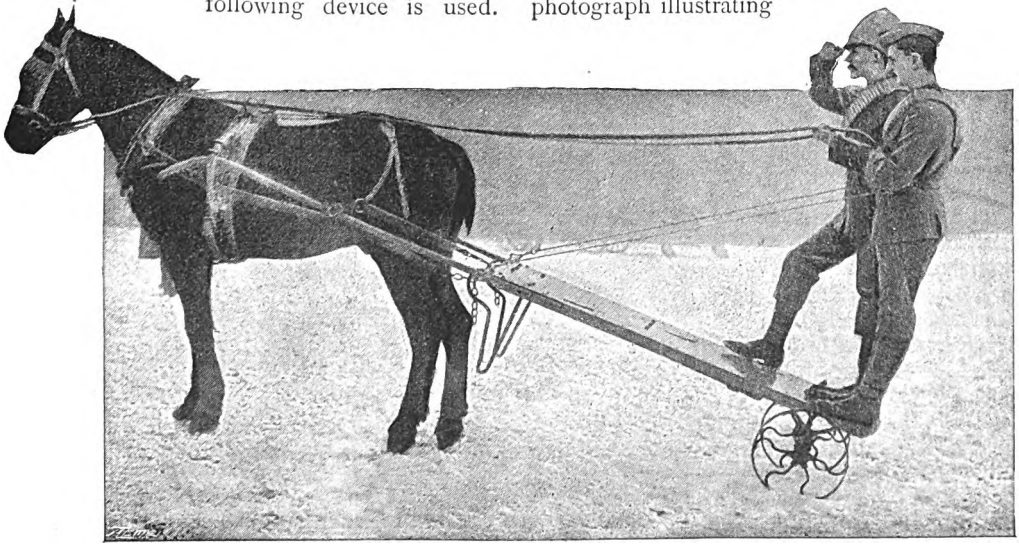
the missile would pass harmlessly over the attacking party. At the first intimation that the range has been reached, the defence can be raised to its full height in one second, and it takes five seconds for the men to get into firing position.

When attacking an enemy up a steep incline, where the shield in an upright position might prove somewhat unsuitable, by reason of a single section not being able to cover many men, and forming a conspicuous target for heavy guns, the following device is used.

It would be very useful for removing the wounded from a battlefield.

The wheels and spindle are detached, the shield is thrown on its side, and by a simple contrivance which can be easily manœuvred the wheels are mounted to each end of the long edge of the apparatus. It then forms a protection twenty-four inches high, and seventy-two inches long, with a covering and firing advantage for six or eight men. When so used, one of the collapsible handles is removed and attached to the side of the shield so as to form a prop answering the same purpose as the long prop which is used when the shield stands in an upright position.

So much for this apparatus when treated as a mere shield. Its superiority over other inventions of a similar nature consists in the by no means unimportant fact that it is capable of being put to so many uses. In the third photograph illustrating



As a one-horse vehicle it is invaluable.

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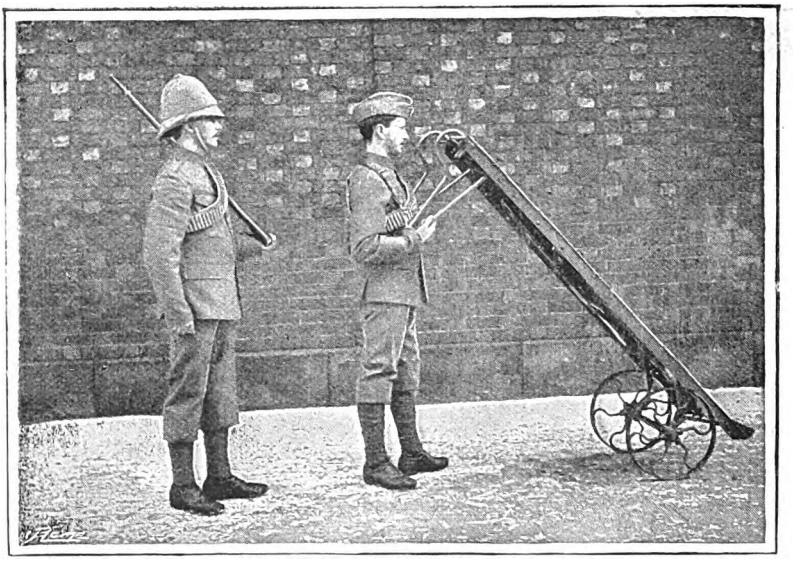


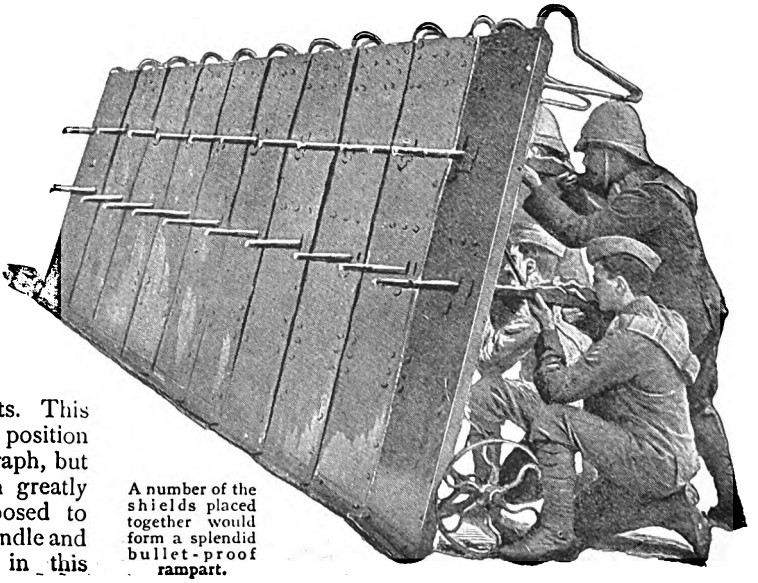
Approaching the enemy within rifle range.

this article, one sees how comfortable a shelter it can be made to provide from the sun or rain; and in the same position it forms also a capital bedstead, which ought to be most useful should an army be encamped on marshy ground. Our soldiers fighting in South Africa would have found the shield a wonderful boon during those nights of terrific rain, when it was impossible to lie down, the whole camp being three or four inches deep in water.

The next photograph shows how the shield should be held when retiring from the field. It will be observed that it still protects the man propelling it, and those marching in front of him, from the rifle fire in the rear. The same photograph also illustrates how the shield can be used as an ambulance for the removal of wounded and dead. It may be objected that the wounded soldier in this position is fearfully exposed to the hostile bullets. This is true, no doubt, in the position as shown in the photograph, but the soldier wheeling can greatly reduce the surface exposed to fire by using the shaft handle and stooping. He could in this way move more rapidly, but would obviously sacrifice the shelter for himself.

The following photograph gives an idea of how the shield can be used for long road marches or rapid movements in time of action. Small ponies or mules are most suitable for the work, and can draw the apparatus along at an astonishing pace. It will be seen in this photograph that the shoulder-strap used when the shield is propelled by a man is now made to serve as a back support to those driving. Attached to ropes or leather reins with spring hooks, it is passed across the small of the back, and gives not only a good and trustworthy support, but takes much of the weight off the front of the apparatus. The wheels are made of strong, malleable steel.

It remains to be said that the shield is simple in construction, can be produced quickly and at a small cost.



A number of the shields placed together would form a splendid bullet-proof rampart.

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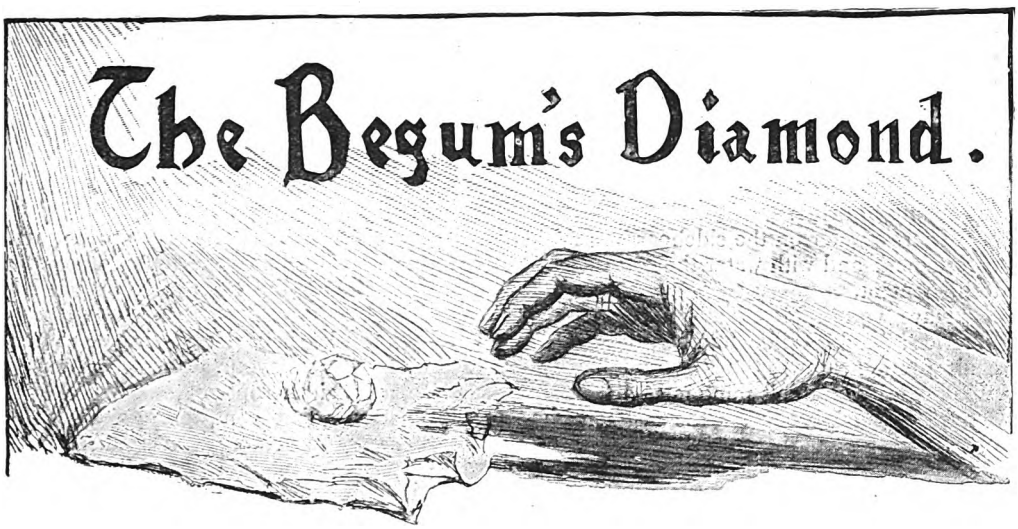
The Begum's Diamond.



By John K. Leys.

I.

A tall, cadaverous figure passed up the wide suburban road, dressed in an old frock coat buttoned up to the chin, dirt-coloured trousers, broken boots, and a napless silk hat. So disreputable did this gaunt creature look, that a policeman flashed his lantern in his face as he went by, and saw a long, hunger-wasted face, brown with exposure, close-shaven, with thin hooked nose and compressed lips. The stranger took no notice of the lantern flash, but tramped steadily on.

Presently he came to a large house, standing in half an acre of ground. It was evidently the house of a wealthy man, yet there were signs of neglect about the entrance. The large iron gates were rusty; the shrubs were overgrown; the gravel was dotted with tufts of grass. The words, "Marsden House," on the stucco pillars were half obliterated.

The stranger opened the gate with some difficulty, walked up the avenue, and rang the bell. It was late, so late that the visitor was not surprised that he had to ring a second time before a step was heard in the hall, and the door was opened about six inches.

"What do you want? Go away!" came a harsh voice from within.

"Maurice, don't you know me? It's I, John Wilde."

"Really? Dear me! Well, I shall be very glad to see you to-morrow, John; but it is very late, the servants have gone to bed, and if you have come to stop, there isn't a spare room in the house. Come to-morrow—any time. Good-night."

"Stop, Maurice. Don't shut the door. If you don't let me in I shall have to spend the night on the road. I landed in England only this morning, and I haven't a penny in my pocket."

"Oh, I might have guessed as much. Well, I can lend you a trifle——"

"You had better let me in, Maurice, for I have something to say that may be worth money to you. I am telling you the truth."

Maurice hesitated, but finally curiosity, aided, perhaps, by some sense of shame at turning an old schoolfellow away from his doors on a wet March night, led him to relent.

He opened the door and took his guest across a wide, sparsely-furnished hall to a small room where there was a lamp and a dying fire.

"I suppose I had better get you something to eat," said the host, in no very hospitable tone.

"I wish you would, Maurice; I am famishing," said Wilde, as he crept up to the handful of red ashes in the grate, pressing his cold hands together.

Maurice gave a grunt, lit a candle, and left the room. He was so long away that Wilde ventured to put a few fragments of coal on the fire, lest it should finally go out. He

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apologised for this liberty when his host returned, bearing a tray on which were bread and cheese, with a morsel of cold meat; but Maurice looked sourly at the growing flame and said nothing.

In a few minutes the provisions had vanished, and the stranger looked round for something to drink.

"There's water on the sideboard," said his entertainer; and with water the guest was fain to be content.

"Have you a bit of tobacco about you, Maurice?" said Wilde humbly, drawing his chair a little nearer to the fire. "I have my pipe here, if you don't mind my smoking, but I have had no baccy for the last ten days. You can't think what a deprivation it is to a man like me."

Mr. Maurice pulled out a drawer, and took from it a box of cigarettes, which he laid before his guest.

"I'll take them this way, Maurice, if you don't mind," said the other, and suiting the action to the word, he took four or five of the cigarettes, stripped them of their paper coverings, and rubbing the tobacco together crammed it into the bowl of his black and burnt briar.

Maurice, who had viewed these proceedings with great disfavour, turned his gaze on the fire, and said abruptly:

"What was that you were going to tell me—something you said I might make some money by?"

A queer smile lit up the wanderer's features for a moment, but he smoked on in silence, answering nothing.

"I suppose it was all a pretence—just a dodge to get me to give you a supper and a night's lodgings. You may as well own to that," said Maurice.

"It must be getting on for thirty years since you and I last met, Maurice."

"More than that—but what has that to do with it?"

"You have been making money most of that time, I suppose?"

"Well, I've not done badly."

"You always said you would be a rich man some day, and I suppose you have made your word good." Then, after a long pause—"Do you happen to know anybody that deals in diamonds?"

"Well, for the matter of that, I do a bit in them myself sometimes. But why do you want to know?"

Wilde rose and took off his coat. Then from under his left arm he took what looked like a small and very dirty white handkerchief, tightly rolled together. Holding it in his hand he put on his coat, and then, laying the bit of cloth on the table, he with both hands slowly unrolled it.

Maurice, bending forward, gave a gasp of astonishment. A thing like a captive star lay there before his eyes. It seemed to shine by its own inherent power, radiating light as a sweet-smelling flower radiates scent.

Presently he came to a large house standing in half-an-acre of ground.

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At every smallest movement of the beholder a new coruscation of sparks and rays shot up from its many-sided surface, so that it changed its appearance as if it were alive. In size it was as big as a walnut. Maurice looked up at his old schoolfellow for one instant, and then again dropped his eyes to feast them on the beauty of the great diamond.

"How did you get it?" said he, in a voice hoarse with excitement.

Wilde gave a short laugh. "Well," he said, "you know I studied medicine for a while before I began my wanderings. While I was in one of the native states of India the Begum, who ruled it, fell very ill. Everybody believed that she would die, for the native doctors were doing her no good. So I thought I might as well try my hand at doctoring her. I did so, and, as luckily I had some medicine with me, I succeeded. She gave me this diamond as my fee.

"Of course, it would have been throwing it away to sell it in India. I was bound to bring it to Europe, but the difficulty was that I had no money to take me home. I was half starved before I could scrape together enough to tempt the skipper of an ocean tramp to let me have a bunk in his forecastle. I had to live mostly on the scraps left after the men had finished eating. But I did get here, as you see, and that is the great thing."

"And you want to offer the diamond for sale, I suppose?"

"Yes; and I thought that perhaps you could help me there. For me, in my present state, to offer such a stone for sale would be to excite suspicion. Dealers would believe it was stolen, and either would refuse to buy, or would offer me only a fraction of its value. If you care to sell it for me, I will allow you a commission of five per cent."

"Thanks," said Maurice coldly. He was still looking at the diamond. It fascinated him. He had scarcely listened to what Wilde had been saying, and was forced to ask him to repeat his words. But even then he gave him no answer. He bent nearer and nearer to the wonderful lamp of fire, till his face almost touched it. Then he recollected himself, and with an effort dragged his eyes away from it.

"I have some stones myself," he said, "though, of course, nothing like this. Would you like to see them?"

"Certainly."

The diamonds which Maurice showed to Wilde were of good size, but of inferior lustre, though their owner seemed to consider them very precious. After some time spent in admiring them, Maurice consented to try to sell the big diamond, and suggested that he should take it to Amsterdam, where a better market for it, he said, would be found than in England.

Next morning he advanced Wilde a few pounds to get some clothes, telling him that he would be gone three days, and that if he would come and see him on the evening of the third day, he would report to him what he had done.

At the time appointed Wilde, dressed in shabby ready-made garments, presented himself at Marsden House.

"I am sorry I have no good news for you," said Maurice, when his friend was shown into the room where he sat. "I tried in several quarters, but they wouldn't offer me anything like what you would accept."

Wilde sank into a chair.

"What did they offer?" he gasped out.

"Really, I couldn't get them to make an offer—I mean a serious offer—at all. I think to-morrow you had better try your luck here, in London. I will give you a note to a very respectable firm of diamond merchants in Hatton Garden, and if they can't make you an offer for the diamond themselves, they will no doubt be able to put you in the way of disposing of it."

"I suppose that would be best," said Wilde absently. "Have you—you brought the diamond back with you, I suppose?"

"Of course. Here it is."

He took it from an inner pocket and handed it to Wilde as he spoke. Wilde clutched it eagerly. An undefinable suspicion of Maurice had crept into his mind. No serious offer made for a diamond like his! It was incredible. But after all, he reflected, no harm was done. He would be able to make his own bargain next day. He took the stone to the window to make sure that he had his treasure in his own hands once more. Yes, this was the diamond; there was no doubt of that. And a sigh escaped the lips of the poverty-stricken man as he remembered that after a few hours had gone by, he would never see that glorious jewel again.

"Let us have some supper," said Maurice abruptly. "My journey has made me hungry."

"Of course," said Wilde, when they were seated at table, "I shall be happy to recoup you for the expense you have been put to, and also repay my debt to you, as soon as I have sold the diamond."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said

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He sprang at the robber, and found himself looking down the barrel of a big revolver.

the other gruffly, and Wilde told himself that he had in some degree misjudged his old schoolfellow. He was a much better fellow than he appeared at first sight.

"Have you ever had your big diamond weighed?" asked Maurice when they had finished supper and were sitting smoking before the fire.

"No; I've never had a chance of getting it weighed. Have you proper scales?"

"I believe I have somewhere. If you like I will see if I can find them."

"If it's not troubling you too much."

"Oh, not at all. I think they are in an old bureau upstairs."

He left the room, and returned after a few minutes' absence with a jewel balance in his hand.

The two men stood one on either side of a small table, with the balance between them. The lamp had been moved to the mantelpiece.

"Seventy-seven carats?" cried Maurice.

"I should have guessed it at more, but it's a splendid weight," he added, handing back the diamond.

"Can you form any — any estimate of what it ought to fetch?" asked Wilde in a voice that trembled a little in spite of himself.

"That depends on whether it is flawless and of good water or not. If it is really a perfect diamond it might sell for anything between thirty and fifty thousand pounds. — For goodness' sake, my dear fellow put it away at once. It is enough to make a man nervous to see trifles of that value lying about loose."

Wilde, who had placed the diamond on the table, picked it up and put it into his pocket.

"I think I must ask you to excuse me," said Maurice a little later. "I am tired after my journey and I feel very sleepy. But first I will just scribble a line to the diamond merchant."

He got writing materials and wrote the note of introduction, and then handed it to Wilde to read. While Wilde was reading it Maurice wrote another note which he put into an envelope. He then addressed it, and put in the letter of introduction. Wilde did not notice that the two notes had gone into the same envelope. He took it, once more thanked his friend, and went up to bed.

II.

On the following morning he was at the diamond merchant's before the office was open, and as soon as business had begun he was shown into the room of the senior partner, Mr. Mellor.

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"Well, my man, what do you want with me?" said the diamond merchant, casting a glance at his visitor's cheap tweed suit.

"I have a diamond that I want to sell."

"Let me see it, then."

Forgetting the letter of introduction, Wilde took out the big diamond, and laid it in silence upon the desk in front of the merchant.

Mr. Mellor took it up and eyed it curiously. At this point Wilde remembered the letter, which he laid on the desk without speaking.

"Do you imagine this to be a diamond?" asked Mr. Mellor with a smile.

Wilde started, and turned white.

"It is—it is—" he gasped, unable to say another word.

"It is paste, and I'll soon prove it to you," and rising he went to the window. "See here, it doesn't even scratch the glass. I've seen many better imitations than this, though it's better than most, and might easily deceive one who was not——"

He stopped suddenly, startled by a noise behind him. Wilde had fainted, and was lying at full length on the floor.

"God bless me!" cried the diamond merchant, as he struck savagely at the bell on his table, and then tried to raise the fallen man. But a doctor had to be sent for and a vein opened before Wilde recovered consciousness.

He was lying on a couch trying to remember what had happened, when Mr. Mellor's eyes fell upon the yet unopened letter. He read the letter of introduction, and tossed it into the waste-paper basket. Then he read the enclosure:—

"The poor fellow believes in his diamond with all his heart and soul, but I can see that it is only an imitation one. I have not been able to tell him this, and, besides, he would most likely not believe me. But if I am right in thinking that the supposed diamond is merely paste, break it to him gently."

"Very thoughtful of Maurice to hand on the unpleasant job to somebody else," said the diamond merchant to himself, his lip curling. "But the question is what we are to do with him. He seems to be tolerably hard up, and I suppose he imagined that in this worthless imposture he had an immense fortune."

"You said the diamond was a false one. Are you sure?" said a weak voice from the sofa.

"Perfectly sure, my poor fellow. Where did you pick it up?"

"I had it from the Begum of Satara, one of the small native states of India," said Wilde, his great hollow eyes fixed on those of the diamond merchant. "She would not be likely to have false jewels about her."

"No, but she may have been herself imposed on. For the present, however, you are not strong enough to talk about it." He paused. It seemed to him that he had not reached the bottom of the matter, and he was curious to know the facts of the case. "Suppose you come back here at five this afternoon," said he after a pause, "and we will go and dine at a restaurant, and you can tell me all about it."

Wilde accepted the offer gratefully, and then, having pocketed the sham diamond, he took his departure.

III.

A week later a carriage drove up to the gates of Marsden House. With some difficulty the footman opened the rusty iron gates, and the carriage wheels and the hoofs of the handsome grey horses churned up the gravel in front of Mr. Maurice's windows. What was that gentleman's surprise when he saw descending from the brougham his old schoolfellow, John Wilde. So great was his astonishment that it was not till his housekeeper had shown Wilde into the room that he was able to turn round and hold out his hand.

"Really, I am ashamed to have been so long of coming to see you, my dear fellow," cried Wilde, in a loud, cheery voice, as he grasped the limp hand of Mr. Maurice. "You see, what with selling the big diamond——"

"What! You sold it?"

"Yes—of course. I went into town on purpose the last morning I was here."

"Of course—so you did. And did—did Mr. Mellor give you a good price for it?"

In spite of his endeavours to appear natural and at his ease, Maurice's words came out spasmodically, as if they were jerked out of him by some invisible machinery; and all the time his eyes wandered from his visitor to the well appointed equipage at the door with increasing amazement.

"I didn't see Mr. Mellor—he was out of town," responded Wilde. "But one of the fellows in his office gave me a tip, and I went to the right shop after all."

"Then you sold it for—for a satisfactory price?"

"Yes. On the whole I am satisfied. Of course the dealer looks to make a big profit on these transactions, but I think I did pretty

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well. I got thirty-seven thousand five hundred for it."

"Thirty-seven thousand five hundred!" ejaculated Maurice, his jaw falling in pure astonishment.

"Yes," said Wilde with a look of surprise. "Don't you remember you said the value might be anything between thirty and fifty thousand? So when they offered me thirty-five, I stood out for forty thousand for some time, and finally we split the difference. I might have gone farther and fared worse, I thought. But, upon my word, Maurice, I had got to be so fond of the thing that it was quite a wrench to part with it. I kept waking up at night all last week thinking that someone had stolen it from me—I used to wear it under my arm night and day, you know. And it was sad to think that I should never see it again."

Maurice continued to stare at his friend without answering a word.

"What do you think of that turn-out?" went on Wilde, going up to the window. "Nice pair, aren't they? I bought them yesterday. Three hundred guineas—cheap, wasn't it?"

"I—I suppose so."

"I say, Maurice, can I stay overnight, and we can have a long chat about what I ought to do with my money? I half thought of buying an estate and setting up as a country gentleman, but I should like to take your advice about it first."

"Oh, of course—of course," said Maurice, in a dreamy undertone.

"Then I'll tell the man to call for me in the morning," said Wilde; and he stepped to the door and said a word or two to the tall footman, who touched his hat and got up on the box. The coachman flicked his horses and the carriage drove off.

All that evening Maurice seemed like a man in a dream, but Wilde took no notice of his strange absence of mind. He continued talking in a lively strain as to the use he intended to make of his newly-found wealth, the foreign countries he meant to visit, and so on. At last, when it was not far from midnight, he said he was ready for bed, and took his candle from the sideboard where the housekeeper had placed it. Maurice saw him to the foot of the stairs, and heard him go up and shut his bedroom door with a bang. Then he went back into the sitting-room, and closing the door, sat down before the embers of the dying fire. He was strangely agitated. Unable to sit still, he rose, and, going to the door of the room, gently opened it. Outside all was dark, all was silent.

Closing the door again he removed the lamp to a small table that stood in the window, and opening a drawer, he took from it a large screw-driver.

With this instrument he removed the screws that held in its place the small panel or block of wood that closed the hollow place in the window in which the weights were hung that balanced the window-sash. As he worked at the screws his back was turned towards the door. No warning sound reached his ears to tell him that the door had been opened and closed again, and that a tall, dark figure was standing at the farther side of the room.

Having taken out the panel Maurice inserted his hand into the narrow space it had covered, and at the same time raised the window-sash, thus making the weight descend. A moment later he turned to the lamp with something in his hand. Opening his hand he allowed the lamplight to fall on the small object he was holding. It flashed like a meteor—and at that instant a cry burst from Maurice's throat. A hand had been placed in his, and the diamond had been taken from him.

Like a tiger cat he sprang at the robber, and found himself looking down the barrel of a big revolver.

"Keep back!' cried Wilde, or by Heaven I'll drop you where you stand!"

Maurice drew back from that menace of death, and Wilde also took a step backward.

"You false friend—you mean, treacherous hound!" cried Wilde, "I wonder I don't shoot you. You richly deserve it! You would have condemned me to the slow death of starvation, and if it hadn't been for one man's kindness I would have gone under—as no doubt you expected I would do.

"But when I came to think the matter over I saw that you must have taken the diamond from me when you were weighing it, palming off on me a false one which you had got made of the same shape and size as mine, while you were pretending to be at Amsterdam, offering the diamond for sale. I remembered you used to do conjuring tricks at school; and I suppose in the lamplight you had no difficulty in making me accept the counterfeit for the real one.

"It was not till yesterday that it occurred to me that if I could make you believe I had actually sold the diamond for a large sum, you would necessarily think that you had made a mistake, and had kept the paste diamond and allowed me to take away the

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real one. And I felt sure that as soon as you were alone you would take out the real diamond, if it was within your reach, to make sure that you had it and not the counterfeit. That, I saw, would be my chance of getting it back. I mentioned my idea to Mellor, and he gave me money and lent me his carriage and horses to enable me to hoodwink you. And I think I have succeeded in doing so pretty effectually."

Maurice was not listening to him. He was drawing nearer and nearer him; and Wilde noticed that his face was of an unearthly pallor, and his eyes gleamed like strange fire.

"Wilde," he said, speaking very rapidly. "It was not for the value of the diamond I did it. But I couldn't bring myself to part with it. Remember, I had had it all to myself for three days! It had found its way to my heart, and I couldn't give it back to you. I can't now. Let me see it again, Wilde! Don't sell it! Keep it, and let me see it sometimes, or I shall kill you.'

"You must be mad!" cried Wilde, half in anger, half in alarm. "Let you see my diamond after what has happened! Not likely! You may think yourself very lucky that you are not sleeping at the police station to-night. If it were not for a promise I made to Mellor I would give you in charge." He thrust his hand into his pocket and produced the sham diamond which had been palmed off upon him. "There's *your* diamond—you may look at that as long as you like!" He laughed, threw the paste diamond on the table, and backed out of the room.

Next morning Mrs. Venner, Maurice's housekeeper, found her master pacing up and down the room in his dressing-gown, as Wilde had left him the night before. As soon as he saw her he put his finger to his lips, and, peering round her into the empty passage, crept up to her on tiptoe.

"Hush, Mrs. Venner," he said in a loud whisper, "not a word to any one. It is a great secret—the greatest of all possible secrets—but I'll tell you, Mrs. Venner, because—well, because it is, on the whole, safer that someone should know it. I have got a diamond here of great size and enormous value. I could sell it easily for at least three hundred million pounds!"

"Hush, Mrs. Venner," he said, "not a word to anyone. It's a great secret."

His voice sank to a thrilling whisper; he pointed with dumb significance to his breast, started and cast suspicious blood-shot eyes about the room. Mrs. Venner stared at him in blank amazement, which soon turned to fear, when he suddenly burst into a low, long-drawn, maniacal laugh. With the same soft, furtive tread he approached the shrinking woman.

"Think of it, Mrs. Venner—three hundred million pounds! But I won't—no, no, I won't, for it is more to me than all the gold in the world. It is a living thing, Mrs. Venner—a living thing! It shines and glitters."

He looked at her with the cunning glance of a madman, and held up to her gaze the paste diamond. The false thing glittered brightly in the rays of the morning sun. The self-deluded man kissed it rapturously, and thrust it into his bosom.

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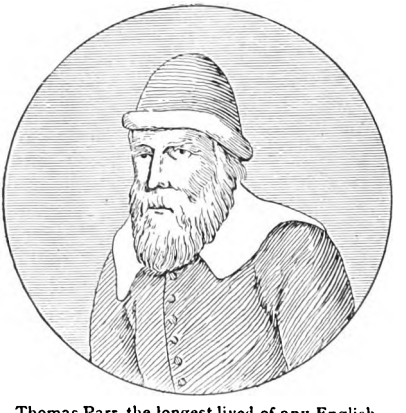
By Dr. Cyrus Edson.

Before presenting any views as to the possibility of prolonging life, it will be interesting to note, briefly, the scientific definition of life itself. According to Huxley, life is distinguished first, by the properties of chemical composition, containing among other compounds the so-called protein, which has never yet been obtained except as a product of living bodies; secondly, by its universal disintegration and power of re-integration by the aid of new matter; and, thirdly, its tendency to undergo cyclical changes.

Long before Huxley, in the beginning of this century, the question, "What is life?" was ever present in the mind of John Hunter, unrivalled as a physiologist and surgeon. He considered it an agency working under the control of law and exercising its functions in various modes and degrees. He looked upon it as a great chemist, a power capable of manufacturing a variety of substances into one kind of generally distributed nutriment, and of furnishing from these a still greater variety of dissimilar substances. He did not hold, however, to a merely chemical or material theory of life, for the dead body has all the composition it ever had. "Life," he said, "is either something superadded to matter, or else consists in a peculiar arrangement of certain fine particles of matter, which being thus disposed acquire the properties of life."



Thomas Parr, the longest lived of any Englishman of whom authentic records are obtainable. He lived in the reign of ten sovereigns, married a second wife at 120 and had a child by her. He died in 1635, age 152 years.

It is now conceded by scientists that life starts from a bit of protoplasm—a cell. The simplest form of cell we know anything about are the uni-cellular forms of life. Each of these consist of one single round cell, visible under the microscope, and capable of multiplying itself by sub-division. For such a cell as that there is immortality. It never dies, because the parent cell becomes two cells, and there is no corpse.

The human body is composed of an almost infinite number of cells, which have become adapted to certain special functions. Some of these cells, in this process of adaptation, have been placed in wrong conditions—they are out of the sphere to which they properly belong. If it were possible to place them under the conditions to which they are adapted they would never die. They die simply because they are out of their proper element.

It is a singular and interesting fact that the life of an animal is always about five times the period that its long bones take to harden, or, as physiologists say, to complete ossification of the bony structure. Flourens, a well-known physiologist, formulated this law which applies to the entire animal kingdom, including man. As it takes twenty years for the bones of a man

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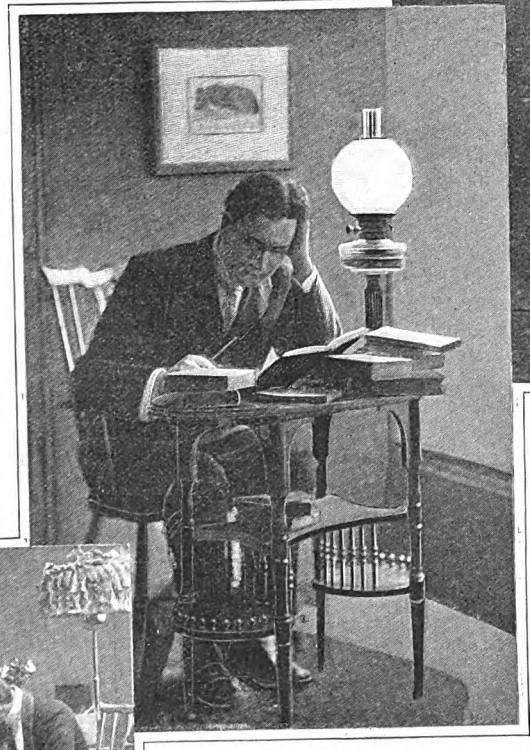
to harden, he would, scientifically speaking, be entitled to live a century. The principal reason that he rarely attains this age is because he does not live a natural life, which, in some respects at least, would conform to that of the natural or savage man.

It is only by comparing the present with the distant past that we can form a rough idea of future possibilities as to human longevity. And such speculations are not always satisfactory, because those who watched and studied the stream of life in the older days have left us no exact measurements, but only vague calculations of a general character Moreover, unforeseen factors are constantly coming to the surface which upset all our calculations and bring us back, in our speculations, nearly to our starting point.

Careful investigators in the subject of life insurances have done much to enable us to obtain the average duration of a man's life, and the best indication of longevity in a community is given by the "expectation of life" from any given age. This is obtained by adding together the number of years which the entire population live from any specified age, and dividing the resulting total "years of life" by the number living at the year of age for which the expectation of life is desired. Thus we may find the duration of the portion of human life which an individual at any age may expect to enjoy. Life insurance companies in this way have been able to collect sufficient numbers of cases of their own experience on which to base trustworthy calculations showing the expectation of life at different ages.

(3) Exercise.



(2) Study.

Madame de Stael's defences against old age—(1) Love.

Some thirty years ago a French mathematician, De Moivre, who emigrated to England from France and became a member of the Royal Society, proclaimed a curious rule for finding the length of a man's life if the present age lies between twelve and eighty-six years. This is the rule: Subtract the present age from eighty-six and divide the remainder by two; the result will give the number of years you may reasonably expect to live.

From statistics and the result of certain changes in the methods of living, we can safely affirm that the span of life is steadily lengthening. Three thousand years

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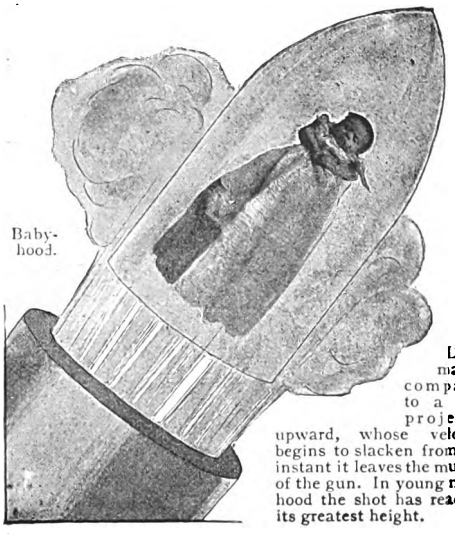
before the Christian era the average duration of life was said to be three score years and ten; this would make middle-age come at thirty-five. Dante considered that year the middle of life's arch; and Montaigne, speaking for himself at the same period of life, considered his real work practically ended, and proved that he thought he was growing old by falling into the reminiscent age. At the present time fifty years is considered as middle age. In the days of the Revolutionary War prominent men at that time were looked upon as old at fifty years.

The age at which men marry has steadily grown later. This, however, may be accounted for from the fact that the standard of living is higher, and by the difficulty that young men find in meeting the financial demands of a more refined and elaborate social existence. In the poorer and middle classes it may be that marriage is not as common as it was—certainly it is not as common at an early age—young men often being unable to secure satisfactory employment, and the opportunities for advancement with many having been lessened by the large invasion of the ranks of labour by women.

We are justified in supposing that the span of human life will be prolonged in the future because the possibility of living to an older age has been demonstrated by the great advances made in medicine and hygiene during the past ten years. We have attained a vast amount of knowledge as to the causes of disease and new remedies for their sucessful treatment have been discovered. We have no new diseases, at least, of any serious character, and we are better able than ever to treat the old ones, which, like old foes, appear to us with new faces.



Life may be compared to a shot projected upward, whose velocity begins to slacken from the instant it leaves the muzzle of the gun. In young manhood the shot has reached its greatest height.

The operations involving the abdomen and the lungs, for instance, are not new, but they have been made more successful by improved methods in surgery and the use of anæsthetics, and have saved the lives of hundreds of persons within the last quarter of a century. Antitoxin has been found invaluable in the treatment of diphtheria. The life of the consumptive, under new methods of treatment, has been prolonged; formerly it was two years, now it is eight. The mortality among children has been considerably reduced. Insurance actuaries inform us that the average of human life has been lengthened fully three years within the last century.

But, most important of all, in my opinion, improved methods of sanitation have had a most important effect in lengthening our days and making them beyond all comparison more comfortable and happy. Homes are now constructed with reference to the health of their inmates. The old well, with its moss-covered microbe bucket, which existed within the memory of many people now living, was the fruitful source of disease germs, as it always will be where used in either city or country. We now insist upon the municipality furnishing us with a pure water supply, and the modern plumbing methods required by Boards of Health have prevented much disease that was once common.

Childhood.

In our large cities, new streets are constantly being opened, or narrow thoroughfares widened in the densely-populated tenement house districts, thus letting in the fresh air and sunshine, while each new park provided —even though it be a small one—adds just so much to the general health of the neighbouring population, inducing the residents near-by to come out of their ill-ventilated homes and breathe the pure atmosphere.

One of the most interesting and trustworthy statements in respect to old age is the report on the habits of centenarians, made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical Association. Without going into particulars of the different cases,

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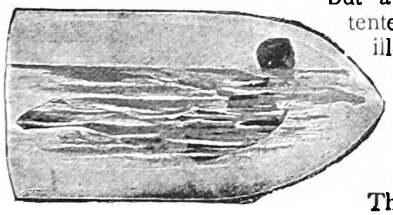
it is valuable to note, generally, the result of this investigation. It seems that most of these old people were small or medium of stature and a spare habit of body; the voice was rarely feeble; most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all enjoyed good digestion; one old man of ninety-eight years, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question, and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health and many had never known what it was to be sick. They were all very moderate in eating, most of them using little animal food. Few indulged at all in intoxicating drinks, and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable outdoor exercise and nearly all possessed the good-natured, placid disposition. "For," as Cicero says, "old men of regulated minds, and neither testy nor ill-natured, pass a very tolerable old age. But a discontented and ill-natured disposition is irksome in every age."



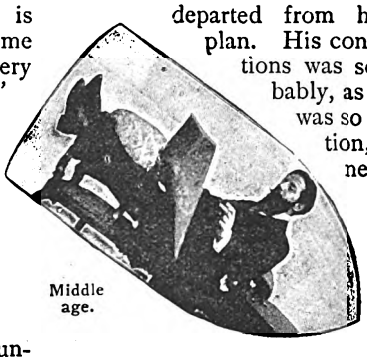
The prime of life.

The life of the body which may be described as simply the sum of the lives of its constituent parts—the cellular elements composing it—can be prolonged by caring for the health of those elements. In some people there is in the tissues an hereditary taint or want of stability which is, of course, unfavourable to longevity. And even healthy tissues cannot resist unfavourable conditions.

The case of Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman of the fifteenth century, is famous in the history of dietetics and longevity. As a young man he led a dissipated life but, after a severe illness at the age of forty, began to pay strict attention to his way of living. He reduced his daily allowance of solid food to twelve ounces, but drank daily fourteen ounces of good wine. Later in life he curtailed this allowance, and found eventually that he could support his life and strength with no more solid food than an egg a day. He died at the age of a hundred and four. This proves that one who has suffered the results of sensual excesses may not only with safety, but with advantage adopt an ascetic method of living, but it does not show that ordinarily healthy persons would be the better for it.

On the other hand, Thomas Parr, famous for having attained the age of one hundred and fifty-two years, was not particular about his diet. He was a poor farmer's servant and obliged to maintain himself by daily labour. He had no rules in regard to eating, making a meal of anything that happened to be at hand, his ordinary diet consisting of old cheese and milk, coarse and hard bread, and sour whey. At the age of one hundred and twenty years he married a second time. When he died the post-mortem examination of his body showed the internal organs to be in the most perfect state, with no symptom of decay. His cartilages were not ossified, as is the case in old people. It was shown that he died of over-eating, because he had been two well treated by admiring friends.

Fontenelle, the famous French author, who lived to be a hundred, attributed his long life to calmness of disposition and a naturally cheerful temper, and on this account he was looked upon as young almost to the last moment of his life. He was very methodical in his habits of work, and rarely departed from his pre-arranged plan. His control of the emotions was so great, or, probably, as some claim, he was so destitute of emotion, that he is said never to have wept or laughed.



Middle age.

Madame de Stael suggested as the best defences against old age, exercise, study, and love; while Talleyrand insisted that we should keep the faculties employed in some way, believing that a knowledge of whist was indispensable; and, doubtless, this quiet, thoughtful game of cards has done much to afford pleasant exercise to the mind.

Not only the natural disposition, but the occupation has a great deal to do with the possibility of attaining length of days. Statistics show that a large proportion of clergymen attain old age, while, notwithstanding the fact that Hippo-

Old age.

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Prince de Talleyrand, who believed a knowledge of whist to be indispensable to those who wished to attain old age.

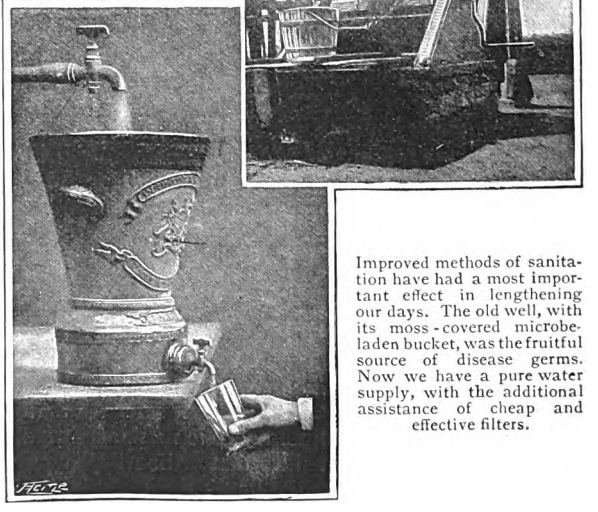
crates, the father of medicine, set the good example of living to be one hundred and nine years, the records prove that physicians are not long-lived as a class.

Brain work seems to be favourable to the attainment of old age. Among those who lived from fifty to sixty years we have Tasso, Virgil, Shakespeare, Moliere, Dante, Pope, Ovid, Horace, Racine, Demosthenes; from sixty to seventy, Lavater, Galvin, Boccacio, Fenelon, Aristotle, Cuvier, Milton, Rousseau, Erasmus, Cervantes; from seventy to eighty, Dryden, Petrarch, Loche, Handel, Galileo, Swift, Roger Bacon, Charles Darwin; from eighty to ninety, Thomas Carlyle, Young, Plato, Buffon, Goëthe, Franklin, Newton, Voltaire; and from ninety to one hundred, Sophocles, Michael Angelo, Titian. Many of the leading men in the history of our own times have lived to be eighty years of age or over—Virchow, Verdi, Gladstone, Newman, Von Moltke, Bismarck and Tennyson.

It is true that the conditions of modern life as generally practised are not favourable to longevity. Our houses are better heated than formerly, and a proper amount of heat is conducive to health, but too much weakens and debilitates. The same with rest and sleep. From too much sleep and want of exercise many persons become over delicate, "soft" as the physical trainers say. Active-minded people, other things being equal, will live longer than those whose cerebration is sluggish and dull. The reason is that the great centres which govern life are so closely connected with the intellectual brain that what affects one will affect the other. Civilisation may have shortened life in some ways, but it has had the tendency to render the brain more vigorous, and has therefore helped to prolong existence.

Electricity has lately been successfully used in the case of old people to revivify the life-cells as they have become worn out and have begun to lose their vitality. In certain conditions life can be prolonged by the use of the electrical current, which acts as a stimulus, or whip, in starting up these cells into new life. The *neuron* is supposed to be the ultimate cell of protoplasm, the last analysis of life itself. The galvanic current and the new sinusoidal current is now successfully applied for the purpose of reinvigorating the *neuron* and the different territories of the brain.

A foreign scientist who has given many



Improved methods of sanitation have had a most important effect in lengthening our days. The old well, with its moss-covered microbe-laden bucket, was the fruitful source of disease germs. Now we have a pure water supply, with the additional assistance of cheap and effective filters.

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The six oldest living people, from photographs recently taken. Jerry Akin was a loyal worker before Louis XVI. married Marie Antoinette, before Napoleon was born and before the Americans had thought of independence.

treatments on these lines regards premature old age as chiefly due to inheritance, especially from hysterical parents. Its signs are melancholy and hesitation, sleeplessness, forgetfulness, distaste for exertion, continual brooding on the black side of things, and utter selfishness. The last-named symptom, we should say, is characteristic of every age and country. The worst cases he has found yield to some extent to his treatment, and in most cases he obtained extraordinary results after five or six weeks' treatment. After the patient has been treated for a week or two his interest in life is aroused, he resumes work with new vigour, and his general health is improved. In about forty per cent. of cases treated the result was noted as "very good," in another thirty per cent. "fair," and in the last thirty per cent. as "insignificant." In no case was the treatment entirely useless, and the function which improved in every one of them was that of walking.

All scientists who have studied the subject unite in saying that it is not possible for any person to attain old age unless he possess good digestive organs and perfect assimilation. The tissues of the body are constantly being used up and cast off, and if they are not replaced, the parts from which they come must perish.

The vitality of an individual does not increase from infancy to manhood and then decrease in old age, but, like a shot projected upward, the initial velocity begins to slacken from the instant it leaves the muzzle of the gun. As the height attained by the projectile may be taken as an index of the

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energy with which it was propelled, so the length of life of an individual may be taken as an index of the capacity or power of assimilation with which that person started on his career.

About three hundred years ago a remarkable little book came into the world under the title of "The Sure and Certain Methods of Attaining a Long and Healthy Life." The author was the Luigi Cornaro before referred to. He was the best example of the efficacy of his precepts, for, as already stated, he lived to the age of 104, and passed away sitting in his armchair, peacefully and as though he had fallen asleep. Born with an irritable temper, he took no trouble to curb it, and frequently flew into passions so violent that for weeks after each fury his exhaustion was such that he could scarcely lift a hand. He was, moreover, as I said earlier in this article, given to intemperance and bad living, and was without doubt travelling the road to death at an unusually quick rate.

When at forty years of age, Cornaro turned over a new leaf, he not only determined to vanquish his intemperance, but also to curb his temper. From such moderation in living spring, as he expresses it, "life, health, cheerfulness, industry, learning, and all those actions and employments worthy of generous and noble minds."

And this healthy mode of living was its own reward. During the sixty-three and a half years that remained to him of life he scarcely knew a day's illness either of body or mind. Which brings one to conclude that the golden rule which all should observe who wish to prolong their lives is: Practice moderation in all things!

The old narrow streets of our large cities often invited pestilence. Modern thoroughfares are almost invariably made wide. Above are pictures of Holywell Street, one of the few old thoroughfares of London still remaining in their original form, and the road running from Aldgate to Bow, which is London's widest thoroughfare. Holywell Street is soon to be demolished.

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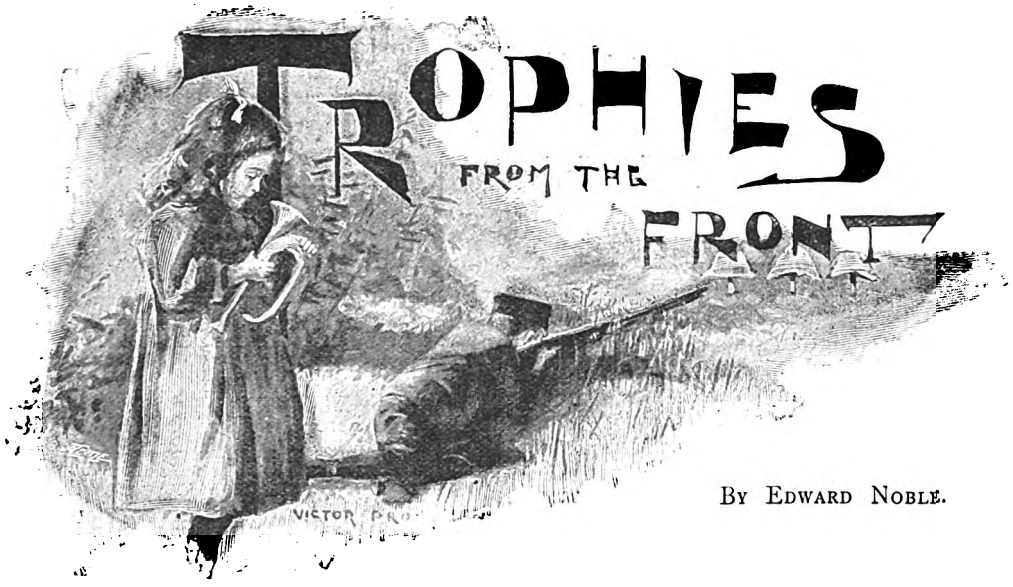

By Edward Noble.

I.

"Sir," said the Quartermaster, as he tapped vigorously at my door, "the Officer of the Watch sends his compliments and there's a large steamer bound south, flying B.N.D."*

I rose at once in my cot and bade the man enter. "What is she?" I questioned, "and how far off."

"Mr. Halward thinks she's a Currie Liner, sir, outward bound with troops for the Cape —'bout two miles distant, sir."

"Right. My compliments to the chief officer, and he may close. I shall be on the bridge in a moment—and, Quartermaster, tell my servant to bring me a cup of tea, in the chart-room."

We were homeward bound, in the *Zebayir*, from Australia, and all hands were agog for news of the war, which hitherto had reached us only in driblets, through somewhat garbled channels, at Port Said and Aden. It was with a sigh of relief, therefore, that I ascended the bridge ladder, for I knew that we should certainly get news now, and perhaps even a few papers telling us how our poor devils were keeping their end up, down South.

The morning was cold and grey, and the officers standing in the wing, wrapped heavily in their regulation coats, were sipping their coffee and watching the approaching vessel. Halward came to meet me as I advanced.

"She's a Currie boat right enough," he remarked, "and we shall hear something, though what she is doing so far in I can't think."

I took the glass he offered and examined the vessel. "You are right," I said; "she is to call at Gib. probably to pick up drafts from the Mediterranean. I see you have answered her signal. Has she had anything further to say?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Very good. You had better get a boat ready, and send down to the chief engineer; he may wish to ease his fires."

We had drawn within half a mile when the stranger again hoisted signals.

"P. W. F." he said, "B. N. J.," or, in other words, "Will you heave to, and I will send a boat."

We hoisted our answer in the affirmative, and were soon lying quietly in the swell, with nearly every passenger we carried hanging over the rail praying for news. The liner crept slowly down to windward, and lowered her boat. She was the *Windsor Castle*, and her decks were lined with khaki-clad troops.

The men crammed every vantage place fore and aft, and as the boat shot away from her side a rousing cheer broke the silence; then I saw two small figures standing in the stern sheets waving their handkerchiefs, and a childish response filtered down to where we stood. In a few minutes the gig had arrived at the gangway, and to hasten matters I left the bridge and went to meet them.

A tall, soldierly man was ascending slowly, holding a little girl by the hand; a boy, perhaps half a head taller, and utterly disdainful of help, climbed manfully behind, and bringing up the rear was the ship's officer.

* Close, I wish to communicate. . . .

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I stared at the novel procession, and took some steps down the ladder to aid the child in front, but her guardian waved me aside. "All right, sir," he cried; "I promised Toddy to see her through, so I must keep my word—eh, little one?"

"Oo always does what oo p'omisses," said Toddy with simple reliance; so I retreated waiting till they joined me on the platform.

"My name is Bingham," said my visitor, "and these two children are my——"

"That isn't a p'oper taduction," the little girl interrupted. "Dad is Colonel Bingham, and the Queen gived him a V.C. before I was borned. And this," she turned to the boy at her side, "is my bruvver Jack, and we boff wanted to get some V.C.'s, too."

She spoke of the decoration with the airy freedom of childhood, and as though she expected to find them growing in the hedgerows beside her favourite flowers. The Colonel stooped and whispered in her ear; she nodded gravely, and he turned to me. "She is right," he said. "May I have a word with you, Captain?"

I led the way to my room, where we speedily found seats — the two children nestling against their father, one on either hand.

"I have come to ask a favour," he resumed. "I am off to the Cape with my regiment, as I dare say you guess, and these two youngsters had accompanied my sister, Lady Harfield, to Southampton to see the last of me. But they gave her the slip, and it was not until we were some hours at sea that we discovered them. Hush, Toddy—no dear, dad can't keep the ships waiting; he has much to say, and this gentleman is in a hurry."

Toddy put her arms about his neck. "And you fink you could bring me that amb'lance cart"? she whispered.

"Pray, don't say a word," I interjected; "indeed I shall be delighted to do anything in my power to aid you."

"You are very kind —er—perhaps some of the women would look after them a bit. And if you would wire to my sister on the first opportunity I shall be more than thankful, for I'm sure Lady Harfield is turning Southampton inside out to find the runaways."

I assured him I would do it, and that he need have no fear as to their comfort on the trip.

"It's awfully good of you to say so," he replied. "I shall not forget it. You see Jack has promised to look after Toddy until I come back, so I can trust him, can't I, old chap?"

"All right, dad, don't you be 'fraid," said Jack imperturbably; "but you will

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bring me back a gun, won't you?"

"I won't forget," said the Colonel.

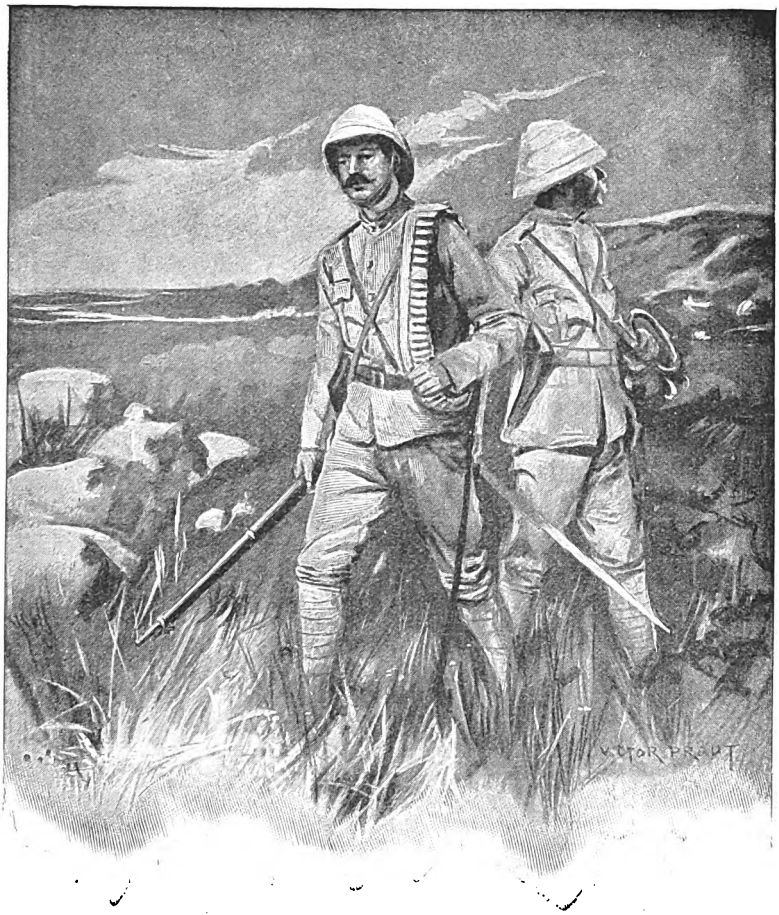
"A Mauser what they've shooted with," said Jack, his eyes very wide and bright, "and a bandolier—what the Boers frowed away when you charged, you know—and if there might happen to be some cartliges in it. Oh! dad, you wouldn't lose them, would you?"

"Not I," said the Colonel.

Toddy climbed on his knees and put her arms about his neck. "And if you fink you can bwing me that amb'lance cart," she whispered, "what's been used, you know——"

"And it's all bluggy," said Jack.

"It would be 'licious," Toddy concluded with grave emphasis.



"The Colonel's carrying a Mauser and a bandolier, and Sergeant-Major beside him with a bugle."

Colonel Bingham looked at me and smiled.

"Sounds gory, doesn't it?" he questioned. "No—they can't forget the war. They know as much about it as I do—nearly." He spoke wistfully, and taking Jack on his knee beside his sister, kissed the pair. It was a pretty sight and I half turned to leave them, but the Colonel caught my movement and rose.

"Don't forget your promise, my boy," he said; "I expect you to guard Toddy. No more running away. Do what this gentleman tells you, and remember, I trust you not to get into any more scrapes."

"All right, dad. . . . and you won't forget 'bout the Mauser?"

"Not I," said the Colonel.

"Nor my amb'lance cart?" cried Toddy, her eyes shining and a small sob far back in her throat.

Colonel Bingham sat down again. "Suppose I couldn't manage a cart, little one," he questioned, "it's rather big, and wouldn't be easy to bring home. Don't you think something smaller would do—a drum now, or a bugle?"

"I'd raver have the amb'lance," she whispered.

"All right, old girl. You shall have it," said the Colonel. Then he kissed the flushed cheeks, and placing her beside her brother on the settee, signed to me that he was ready. "Good-bye, children," he cried. And as I followed him out of the room I caught sight of two pair of bright eyes watching imploringly, two pair of lips tightly pressed, two pair of arms clinging fast to each other; but the children only smiled, and cried:

"Good-bye, dad. . . . Good-bye."

I turned to the Colonel as I stepped outside.

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"Would you like them to go on the bridge to watch you off? One of my officers shall see they come to no harm."

"You are awfully good," he replied. "Yes, it will ease the tension."

I gave the necessary instructions at once, and in a minute they were dancing with delight and searching their pockets for handkerchiefs. I then rejoined the Colonel.

"They are plucky little beggars," he whispered, a trifle hoarsely; "we have been rather inseparable — since — er — since their mother died. But," and his voice took a quizzical note, "how am I going to manage that ambulance waggon passes my comprehension—gory notion, isn't it? No mother you see—barrack life and all that sort of thing—plays the deuce with youngsters. By Jove, Captain, I am glad to think I can leave them with you. Things might have been so much harder, eh what?"

It was a flattering speech, and I said as much, but he stopped me with a smile. "Nonsense, I have seen men and cities. I know whom I may trust. Now, this is my address down south, and this, the message for my sister, and this, an order on my agents. If you will give it to your purser I shall be obliged, and if you will let me know how the scamps get on, just a line, I shall be more than ever your debtor."

I assured him I would do what he asked with pleasure, and he wrung my hand and hastened down the gangway, while I made my way to the bridge. And as we steamed slowly past the *Windsor Castle*, the Tommies lined the rail and responded to our cheers with a shout that set my pulses throbbing in a fashion I thought I had long grown past.

Late that afternoon I ran in to Cape Roca, and signalled a message to the owners, asking them to communicate at once with Lady Harfield, and to request her to arrange to meet us at Plymouth. The children watched the operation with intense interest, and on its conclusion I proposed tea and biscuits in my room and an introduction to some of the small fry who were already clamouring to make their acquaintance.

They were an odd pair. They knew as much of the events of the war as any zealous reader of specials. From them we learned in novel language of Dundee, Elandslaagte, and the retreat on Ladysmith; and they gave it as their opinion, that when Dad got out, there would be a general stampede on the part of the Boers, for Pretoria.

"Nuffing," said Jack with immense gusto, as they sat that night at dinner on my right and left, and to the intense amusement of the listening passengers, "nuffing could be greater than Dad when he's on his horse."

"Thwinging his thword," Toddy interjected with big round eyes.

"And shooting with his 'volver," Jack continued; "nuffing could stop him. He's sp'endid."

Toddy nodded in confirmation. "Sp'endid. I wiss I was a man—then I s'ud do it, too."

All the way to Plymouth this bloodthirsty couple obeyed their father implicitly, and on no single occasion had I any reason to regret my charge. They were just two high-spirited, laughter-loving English children, and my room, when they had landed, seemed strangely quiet and lacking in comfort. Indeed, when, after leaving Plymouth, I sat taking tea in solitary state, listening to the steady tramp of the watch overhead, it appeared to me that I only had to mark the facts in my journal, then another of the few pleasant incidents would have passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

But in this I reckoned without my host. for when we came round to London, after our short halt at the western sea-port, I learned that the *Zebayir* had been chartered by Government, and that we were under orders for immediate sailing for the seat of war.

II.

I was leaning over the rail the evening before the men embarked, thinking of the two small children, and of the queer trophies they had demanded as we lay in the grey morning off Cape St. Vincent, when I was aroused from my dreams by the quarter-master, who handed me a letter.

I tore the envelope and discovered two notes, addressed in childish hand to Captaine Dugass, and instantly scented some further efforts on the part of my little friends. The first was from Toddy; it ran as follows:

Hornycassel,
DEAR CAPTAINE DUGASS, Hantshur.

Anty seded yous goin to take some mor tommes to fite the bores, and I wanted to come and see you and giv you a lickel leter for my Dad wot you met in the ship wot met our ship when we runned away. Anty finks the amblance will be a bovver, and I don't want to be a bovver or vent them gettin away quik if theys chargd. So will you tell Dad that the bugel will be nicest, and if he will bwing instead of the amblance I shall be awfly bliged. O I did want to come an splain all about how to do it but anty says we mustnt be bovvers, and now we's promished not to run away wy we mustnt. Do give my messidge I shud like the bugle awfly.

with my lov and kisses,
leave me your loving frend,
TODDY BINGHAM.

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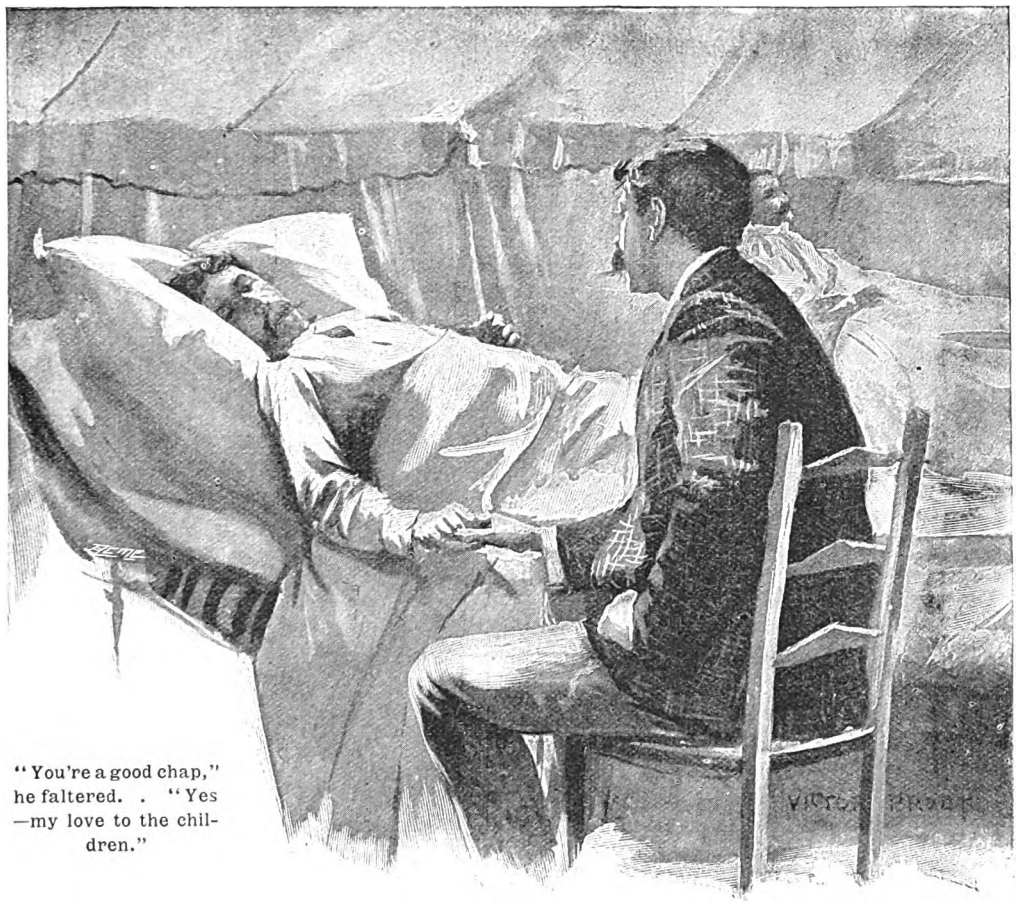

"You're a good chap," he faltered. . "Yes —my love to the children."

I laughed aloud. The thing was so quaint that in spite of the relief I knew this would occasion Colonel Bingham, the oddity tickled me immensely. This feeling was intensified when I opened Master Jack's communication:—

Horn Cassel,
Dear Captin Dougliss,— Hentshire.

Toddys been writting an awfull lot and she wont tell me what its about shes been two days doin it but she cant keep seclits she told Marsall an Marsall told me so its about the bugil but what I want to say is Toddy finks she will be able to blow it and then if I have a gun i will have to do what she tells me. isunt that jus like girlls. I hope Dad will send me the mawser by you becawse ime plactising my pony so that I can fite like the bores when it comes.

your fectionete frend
JOHN STEWART BINGHAM.

I put the letters in my pocket when we reached Cape Town, and as soon as I could safely leave my ship ran round to Durban and made my way to Colonel Bingham's quarters. He laughed heartily when I met him, and said what had brought me round to see him.

"It's just what I should have expected of you, Douglass," he cried; "pon my honour the juveniles have made a conquest. Gad! it tickles me—quaint little beggars." But for all his badinage I saw that he was immensely pleased, for he tucked the notes into his tunic with an air of a man who considered them his own property, as, indeed, they were, poor chap, despite the fact that they were addressed to me.

The following morning, when I bade him good-bye, he told me I might look for the trophies when I next arrived at the Cape; but when some two months later we came round post haste to Durban; Graspan, Belmont, and Magersfontein had been fought; General Buller had received his first check on the Tugela and no package awaited me at my agents. Instead, there was a wire from one of the surgeons at the front, telling me that

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Colonel Bingham was lying dangerously wounded at Chieveley and begged me to run out to see him if possible before I sailed.

I obtained a pass and started immediately, for I had come to look upon this affair as one in which I had a part, and the knowledge that my friend was wounded set my pulses throbbing in a fashion that was new and strange. Toddy's face, Jack's face rose before me in unwonted solemnity. "He is so s'pendid," they said, "on his horse, nuffing could stop him." And here he was, wounded, struck down on the Tugela, 6,000 miles from home and the small but energetic children.

I found my way speedily to the hospital. It was crowded with men, great and small alike, and everywhere the quiet-faced sisters flitted noiselessly about ministering to their patients.

The Colonel's orderly came to meet me and I soon discovered he, too, had been in the fight, so I halted a moment hoping to glean something of my friend's condition before facing him.

"Colonel Bingham, sir?" he questioned. "Yes, sir, he's got it bad—explosive bullet while he was lying wounded."

I turned eagerly for details, it seemed so ghastly, the notion that a man lying wounded should be liable to further injury, I said as much, but the man smiled.

"It's a way them Bores has, sir, nothin' more. How did it happen? Well, sir, you see we were doin' mounted inf'ntry business, horses in a donga, troopers with carbines an' bay'nits an' all that, when we come across a squad of Bores doin' pot shots at our blokes lyin' flat on their bellies in the grass. The Bores are behind a breastwork of rocks, as per usual, an' the chaps are rollin' over like flies—shockin' hot, too, it was—when the Colonel spots them an' dismounts us. 'Wipe 'em out, boys,' he says, an' we moved up—took 'em in the flank—beautiful bit it was—an' licked into 'em till they sung fer quarter—them that's left. So we copped a dozen, left the rest spread out, an' started down for the donga."

"Then it was not in the charge the Colonel was wounded?" I questioned, noting his pause.

"Not it, sir. The men were fallin' back to their mounts, Colonel an' p'r'aps half a troop—me with 'em—bringin' up the rear. The Colonel's carryin' a mauser an' a bandolier, an' Sergeant-Major, beside him, has a bugle, things they've picked up. We were near the last to come down, then, phit! phit! phit! phit! the bullets come whistlin' along, cuttin' down the chaps like corn. We turned about at this an' began to blaze—but, Lord! there's no one there; as well a'most let fly at the moon. Anyway, we're in a hot corner; there's half a troop of us, within sight of our mounts, shootin' away willy-nilly at nothin'. It looks like bein' cut off—so the word goes to retire, and we took leg bail for it, Colonel an' all. Phit! phit! phit! phit! the bullets cut about us like hail. Half a dozen were on their backs—Sergeant-Major falls, rip-split, nearly under rear man's feet.

"Colonel looks round at this, turns back, picks him on his back, an' starts to run. Some of us cut to lend him a hand, but he shouted us on. Lord sir! it would have done you good to see him. The way he came down at the double for twenty yards with a man on his back—then, phit! he staggers, an' I thought he was done. But no—on again till he's nigh to us an' not a hun'ard yards from the donga—then he drops.

"An' while we're pickin' the Sergeant-Major from his arms, another bullet, Mauser sportin' sort, fetches him in the thick of the thigh. "Look after the trophies, men," he says and goes off. That's done for him that did—but the Bores got small change out of it when all's said and done; for just as we walked the Colonel off, our gunners spotted what's adrift an' turn some liddite on to 'em. Chks! I wouldn't a bin in that dust storm for a tidy bit.

"Yes, sir, that's how it happened, an' I hope you can pull him up, sir. He's bin hungry to see your face, sir. Straighten him out, sir—he's down on his luck. Wants cheerin'—that's what's wrong."

He led me down the ward and bringing me to the bedside, saluted and disappeared.

The Colonel looked up at me with a smile. He was ghastly white; but when his eyes fell on me, I saw they were full of fight. I bent over, struggling to keep an even face.

"Got it you see, old chap," he whispered.

I set my teeth, searching for a meaning—"You have, indeed you have," I replied; for the orderly's story still thrilled in my brain. A look almost of vexation passed his features.

"Not that," he whispered. "Toddy's bugle and—er—the rest of it—great luck, eh what?"

"I don't think," I replied quietly; "that Toddy would be pleased if she knew the price."

Again he smiled and a tinge of pain rucked his face——

"She mustn't know," he pleaded.

"Never from me," I assented.

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We sat in silence for some minutes, the Colonel holding me tightly by the hand.

"Glad she let me off the 'am'blance' though," he resumed presently; "that would have finished matters."

"And as it is?" I questioned, half in doubt.

"I shall pull through—if—got it badly though—two editions—shoulder—thigh—rough luck, eh, what?"

I looked at him cheerfully, although I never felt more like strangling in my life.

"I suppose it might have been worse, eh, Colonel?" I replied at random.

"Aye, God knows that's true." He lay still again for a time; then his eyes flashed and he gripped me more firmly. "So good of you to come," he whispered; "I feared you wouldn't be able to get away—er—you are a link with the youngsters, you see—I shall pull through—if—look here—could you do it?"

I watched him steadily but my eyes winked under the strain. It was so easy to see what he wanted.

"I can do anything," I said. "I am a sailor—what is it?"

"Bring them out next—trip. If my sister can't come—their governess—only bring them—you will, eh, Douglass?"

"I'll do it," I replied. "Who wouldn't?"

He looked at me with a smile and a twist of pain that cut me to the heart.

"You are a good sort, old chap," he faltered, then, very slowly: "and—eh? Yes—my love to the children."

With those words he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

* * * * *

A month later I was in England wiring the date of our probable arrival; then again a month, and we were hurrying post-haste to the hospital ship whither he had been transferred.

Aye, it did my heart good to see that meeting. Toddy wistful, Jack truculent, and both listening with wide eyes to the history of the trophies, which I need hardly say was carefully trimmed to meet their age. And—well, yes; when last I saw those infants, Toddy was struggling with the bugle and Jack was lying face downward sighting his empty Mauser at a row of battered helmets, while Colonel Bingham gave instructions from the depths of a comfortable chair.

A Chinese Punch and Judy Show.

It will probably surprise many readers of the Royal Magazine to learn that the quaint Punch and Judy show, so dear to the hearts of their young friends at the seaside, is not unknown to the Chinese. The Punch and Judy show has been known in Europe for centuries, and has often been traced back to the old miracle plays of the Middle Ages. Its lesson, very difficult to learn nowadays, when much of the original quaintness of the show has disappeared, was the triumph of good and the utter downfall of evil. The correct story of the play ends in the discomfiture of the Evil One; and, curious to relate, the Chinese version, in many points identical with that known to European children, teaches the self-same lesson. How truly like the Punch and Judy of British seaside resorts the yellow man's show is will be seen by a glance at our photograph, which represents the Chinese Punch and Judy at their far from amicable diversions. The show is actually in course of exhibition before a crowd composed almost entirely of adults. The photograph was taken in Canton, but it by no means represents a scene peculiar to Southern China, as Punch and Judy shows are known all over the vast Empire.

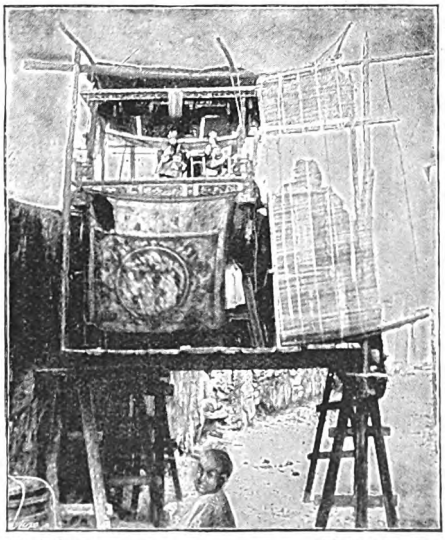

Photo by W. P. Edwards.

A Chinese Punch and Judy show.

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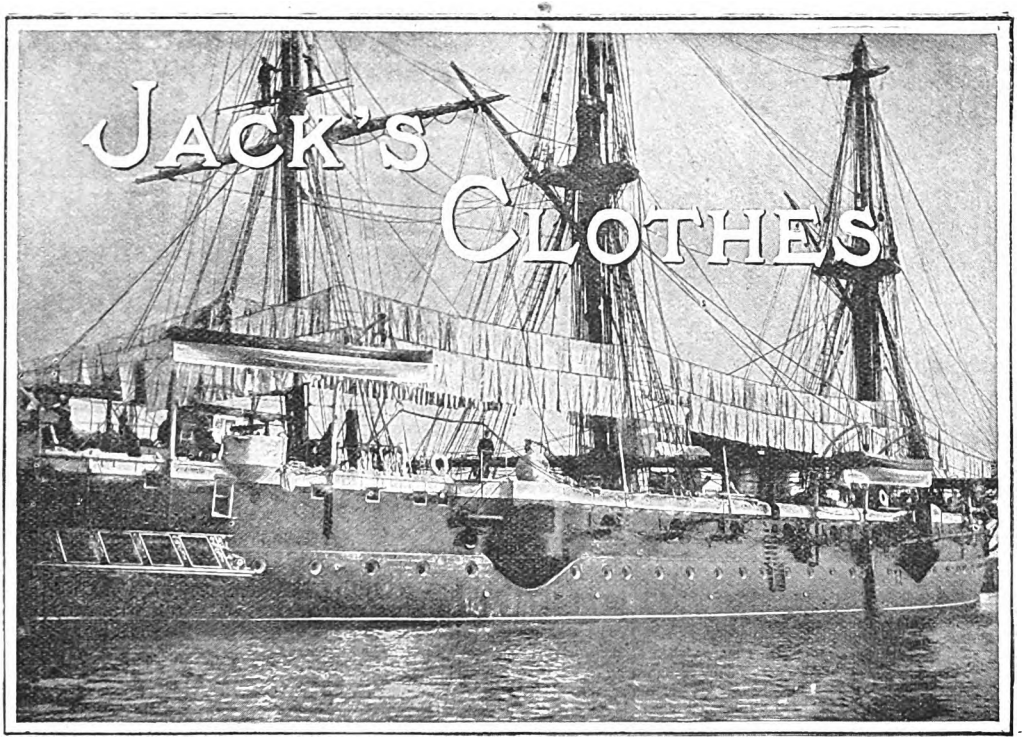
JACK'S CLOTHES



Washing-day on Board.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the Fifth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

Photographs by Stephen Cribb.

Who that has seen Jack, the manly boy in blue, dragging his guns along on parade or knows anything of the stiff training in seamanship, guns and torpedoes which he has to undergo, would suppose that he is often also a skilled tailor, almost as adept with the needle as with the rifle, and is not ignorant of the uses of a sewing-machine? No wonder he is called the "handy man!" There are few things he cannot do, from defending the Empire to making his clothes, and preparing a savoury stew. Of course he does his own washing and is a capital "housemaid" if the term may be used for a *man* who lives in a *ship*.

The costume Jack wears when ashore on leave.

By the public our sailors are invariably known by their clothes as Jack Tars or Blue-jackets, though in the past few months they have earned an additional soubriquet—the Handy-men. The term Jack Tar is ascribed by some to the fact that sailors in the old sailing days got covered with tar, but probably the nickname came into use in consequence of the remarkable tarpaulin hat with a broad brim which in its turn gave place to a shiny glazed hat, that was worn down to within less than a decade ago. Possibly also the old-fashioned petticoat dress, frequently tarred, which the men at one time affected had something to do with their popular title—Jack Tar.

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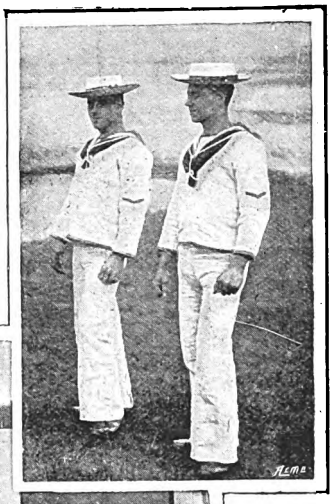
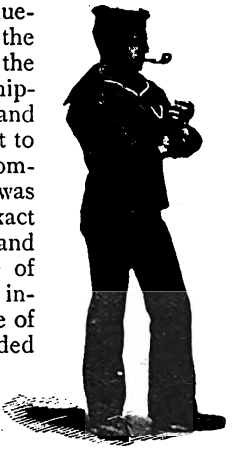


Tropical costume — white suit with blue collar and straw hat.

Working rig—duck suit with blue collar.



Night clothing—no collar.

Of course, the title Bluejacket was derived from the garb reaching down to the hips, similar to the midshipman's jacket of to-day, and with sleeves so tight that to do any work a man was compelled to take it off. It was "built" on the most exact Admiralty instructions, and as it has given Jack one of his popular names these instructions may possibly be of interest. It was provided that it should be of "Navy blue cloth, double-breasted, with stand and fall collar; seven black horn crown and anchor buttons, seven-tenths of an inch in diameter, on each side; sleeves sufficiently long to go over a duck or serge frock; to reach to the hip; one inside pocket on the left side; an opening at the cuffs on the seam with two small black buttons." When in 1891 this blue jacket was abolished, Jack was not sorry, for it cost him no less than 25s. to buy, and the monkey jacket, or overcoat which was substituted for it is far more useful, though it is only worn in inclement weather. Whatever may be said in detraction of sailors of the Queen—and not much in this line is heard nowadays—they are invariably well and smartly dressed, and their clothes are of fairly uniform pattern, in accordance with the elaborate regulations which are issued from the Admiralty, with illustrations to show how the various articles are to be made. These rules descend to so many minute details as to be amusing, and if strictly followed would leave Jack little room for personal taste. He is told that the size of his trousers across the leg at the knee is to be nine to ten inches, and at the foot ten to eleven inches, whether he be short or tall; "that they are to be fitted with a waistband, the tightness of which is to be regulated by a lacing at the back, which is to be tied in bow at the upper holes, the ends being four inches." It is laid down of exactly what material the lacing is to be, that for cloth trousers being $1\frac{3}{16}$ ins. black silk ribbon.

Who that sees a bluejacket in his delightful hat of white sennit imagines that the authorities strictly enjoin its exact dimensions and weight — ten

Drill costume—serge suit with collar and gaiters.

Jack's best dress—blue serge cloth with gold badges.

For wet and stormy weather—oilskins.

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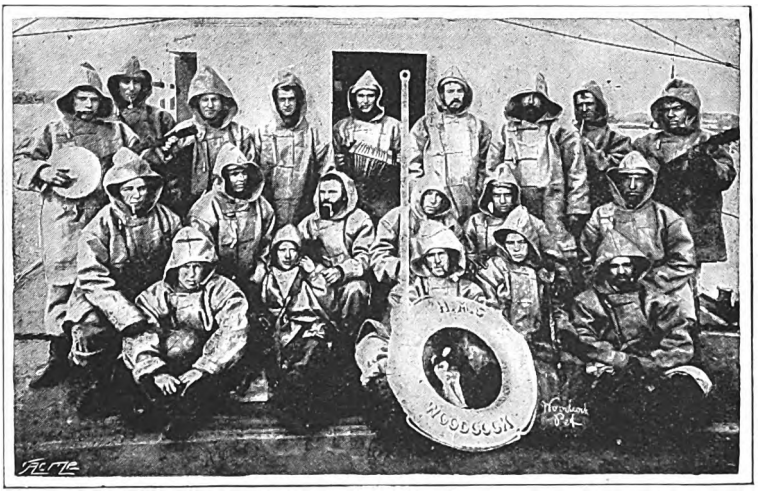
ounces—or that the making of the white frock which is worn in hot climates for "review order" with white trousers, sennit hat and side arms is so much an art as to call for such minute regulations as these?—"To be made of drill, an inside breast pocket on right side with collar and wristbands of blue jean, the collar having a border of three rows of three-sixteenths of an inch white tape, half of an inch apart, and the wristbands to be peaked with two rows of white tape along the upper margin and one along the lower, with one white metal dead-eye button at each of the wrists."

Patrols' summer costume — blue, with white cap cover.

Diving-dress.

Apart from all the carefully elaborated tailoring regulations, the Admiralty also issue a series of "notes" showing the men how to dress, which are even more detailed than the rules governing the cut of their garments. For instance it is essential that a bluejacket should never forget that his neck-kerchief "must be tied behind under the collar, the bight in front being confined by the strings, which, having been first tied together, are to be tied tightly in a bow over the neck-kerchief, leaving a bight of it about three inches long; the neckerchief should thus be firmly secured to the frock or jumper." Imagine an ordinary man when he wears a comforter remembering that it must be put on with "one turn round the throat and a half hitch and the ends tucked in the frock" or coat! or that the ribbon, or band, on his hat must be "tied in a bow over the left ear — the ends being three and four inches long respectively, the shorter end being in front!"

All these rules and notes would be amusing to a landsman, if they did not annoy him beyond endurance, but they do not weigh down the "Handyman," who does not even smile at the Admiralty note, that in exceptionally cold and raw weather and during night-watches, when he has on his comforter, wound round his throat according to orders, "blue worsted gloves or mitts may be worn." The men of the Navy well know that the smart appearance of the force depends on all the



Sleeping dress for a torpedo-boat's crew, made of "fearnought."

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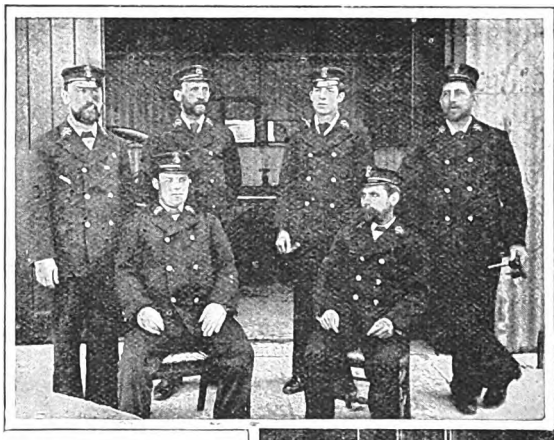
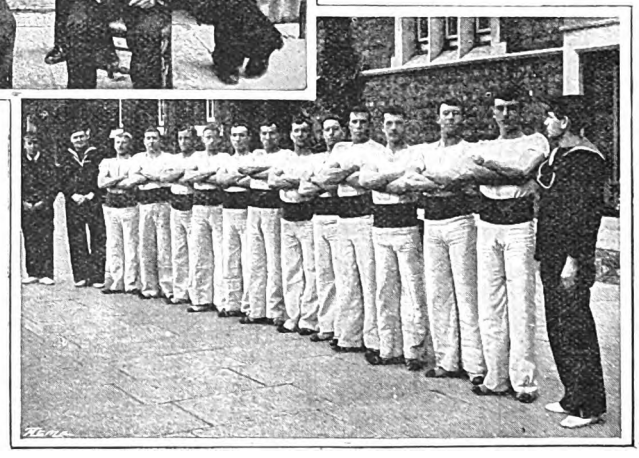


Artificers in their best dress.

men being dressed alike, though when Jack gets the chance he often varies the Admiralty pattern, the captain sometimes winking at such changes if they render the men smarter.



Gymnasium dress—white, with blue belt.

clothes, sailors and soldiers are not treated alike by the State. The War Office gives to every soldier a complete outfit on joining the Force, and he is periodically supplied with fresh clothes without charge. This generosity, however, must not be interpreted even in the case of the soldier as relieving Tommy Atkins of all expenditure for clothes; many men could tell quite another story.

The exact amount of assistance which Jack receives from the authorities can be summed up in a few words. On joining one of the training ships at Portsmouth, Devonport, or elsewhere, a

Field service uniform—blue serge with brown accoutrements.

When, however, a man returns to the naval depôt ashore, officers, with measures in hand, proceed to take stock of him, and he is quickly put back to the official line.

Some men hold peculiar views on the cut of their trousers, and there is nothing more characteristic than this garment which flops like sails about the feet of some men. It was Jack, of course, who twenty years ago gave the cockney coster the idea of the bell-bottom trousers you may see on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays.

In the matter of

Armourer's mates in working rig.

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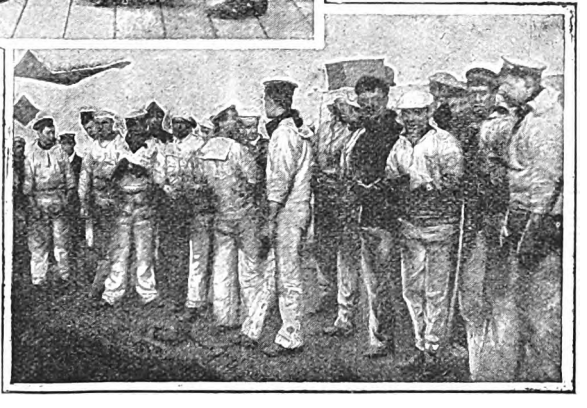
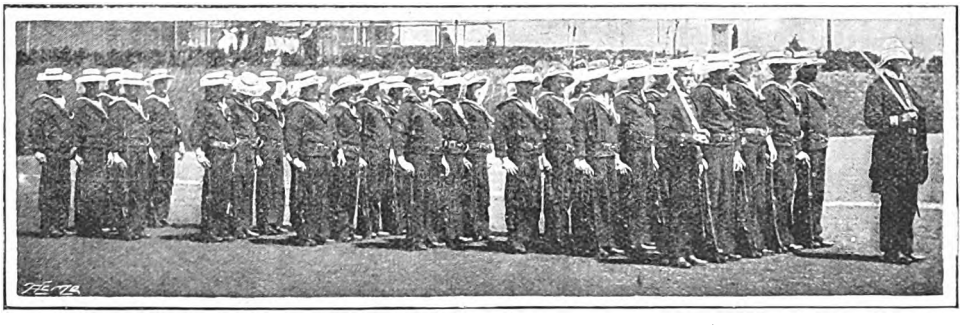
lad has placed to his credit a sum of £5 wherewith to secure the clothing and bedding that is supplied to him at Government rates, and to assist him, when his period of service as a boy is finished, in completing his kit for sea. By the time he goes to sea he will possess a great variety of articles worth about £13 or £14. If after twelve years' service, which is the minimum for seamen, he cares to promise to serve for a further nine years in order to gain a pension, he is given another sum to help him in renewing his kit, and if he happens to have the good fortune to be promoted to Chief Petty Officer, which is the rank above that of First Class Petty Officer, he has another £5. If he attains the ambition of every good seaman and is selected as a Warrant Officer he is credited with a further sum of £25. None of these grants on promotion meets the expense that a man must incur if he would do credit to the Queen's service. A warrant officer's outfit, be he gunner, boatswain, or carpenter, costs him anything from £25 to £50 more than he receives from the Government, while even a fairly careful seaman or petty officer will spend out of his own pocket from £4 to £6 a year in renewing his kit.

Sailors making and mending clothes on board a warship. Jack is very dexterous with the sewing machine.



Men of a cruiser in coaling rig.

No man of his class has to have as many clothes as a sailor of the Royal Navy. He has a separate dress for the different duties that fall to him from time to time. In temperate climates there are five combinations, and in hot stations there are four others, so that it will be readily understood that the



Costun e worn by Peel's brigade in the relief of Lucknow.

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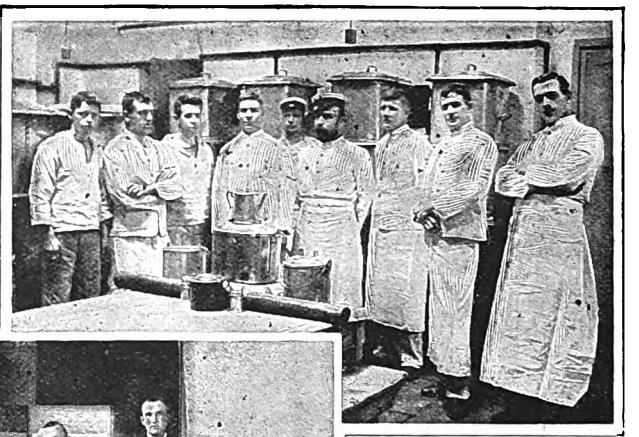

The chief cook and his mates. They wear a white dress with blue badges.

The costume of the sick-berth staff — blue cloth with a white badge and red cross.

decking out of Jack in all his war paint to suit the changing circumstances of his life is an elaborate matter. When a man is drafted from a naval depôt to a ship about to commission he is "kitted" completely with clothes made by a contractor strictly in accordance with Admiralty instructions, for which, of course, he pays. He is inspected before he leaves by an officer, who sees that he has everything that he is required to possess. On the jetty, when he waits to go on board his new ship, he may be seen sitting on his portmanteau, a big painted bag, which contains his bedding, with his clothes at the top, and having his straw hat, as a rule, tied on to the mouth of the sack. This bag contains all Jack's belongings that he carries round the world with him.

As an indication of the complexity of a bluejacket's dress, we may glance over the shoulder of the inspecting officer at Portsmouth naval depôt as he looks at the varied assortment of apparel spread out before him. This collection of necessaries for the life of a sailor, which may be varied by the Commander-in-Chief of a port or squadron, comprises over sixty articles carefully marked with the name of the owner. It includes a monkey jacket or overcoat, a jersey, and comforter, eight pairs of trousers (two each of cloth and serge, and the remainder of duck), seven jumpers, four frocks, two check shirts with short sleeves, and three flannels; two each of cholera belts, drawers, socks, black silk handkerchiefs, cloth caps with covers, hat or cap ribbons, towels, lanyards and bed-covers, together with three jean collars, a white straw hat and case, a pair of half-boots, type for marking his goods and chattels, his bed and blanket, three bags, including one for soap and the one for his clothes, a set of combs, and four brushes, one for scrubbing, one for clothes, and two for boots. The outfit is completed by a "ditty" box, in which he can keep private letters, his money, odds and ends, and his "housewife."

This last named is a reminder that Jack is a most domestic man, who knows the ways of tailoring and mending as well as most sempstresses. Every bluejacket has to have a "house-wife," which contains one ounce of bees-wax, thirty-eight buttons of various sizes, two skeins of white cotton and fifty skeins of thread, and some blue worsted, a couple of dozen needles, half an ounce of pins, over forty yards of tape, a tailor's thimble, and a bundle of two dozen "clothes stops," which do duty for clothes pegs when he hangs his clothes in the rigging to dry. In this wise does the Admiralty, having already had the sailor boy taught on the training-ship how to hold and use the needle, fit him out to make his own clothes if, as invariably happens, he requires further supplies before he returns to the depôt after a three years' commission. But though every man has the wherewithal to make his clothes, some prefer to employ a shore tailor if they are in harbour, or pay messmates to do it for them, and thus it happens that in every ship's company there are several men, commonly known on the

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lower deck as "Jews," who earn considerable sums by making their comrades' clothes. Many of them find this occupation so much to their liking and so remunerative that they buy sewing machines so as to increase their output.

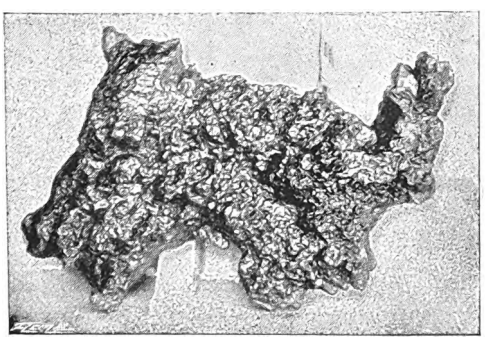
The cloth, serge or drill, is obtained from the paymasters' staff at the quarterly issue of "slops," the men paying only the bare cost of the material. Cloth costs as much as 9*s.* 6*d.*, and serge 1*s.* 5*d.* a yard, the latter having fallen in price to the extent of sixpence in the past twenty years. When the cloth or serge has been obtained, the tailor sets to work with a will and soon he will have cut out the material, and with his legs crossed under him in quite professional style will work on hour after hour in the evening. On Thursday afternoons in particular he has leisure "to make or mend clothes," and bends himself to his task quite happily, pulling meantime at his pipe well filled with ship tobacco, which, by the way, costs 1s. a pound free of duty as Jack gets it. In this way, an industrious man will often make considerable sums. Landsmen will be interested to learn that the sailors on our warships can get a pair of cloth trousers made for 4s., the cloth costing about 12s. or 14s., while the remnants left over provide two cloth caps.

This article does not profess to deal with the uniforms of officers—a matter which lies between them and their tailors, the latter being careful to see that the Admiralty regulations are duly observed. Nor does it deal with the distinguishing badges worn on the sleeves and collars of men and officers.

THE GOLIATH OF GOLD NUGGETS.

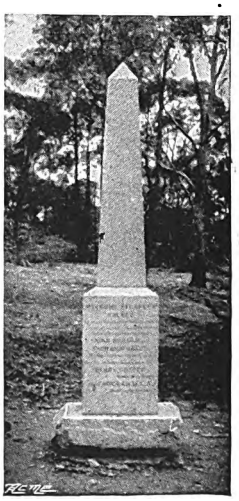
Illustrated with Photographs.

It was in the year 1869 that James Deason and Richard Oates found at Dunolly, Victoria, the largest gold nugget that the world has ever seen. They had for many months before making this remarkable discovery a phenomenal run of ill-luck, and it was on the evening before the day they had settled upon for abandoning Dunolly that John Deason struck something with his pick that did not give back the usual sharp sound that an ordinary stone would give. In a few minutes, he had unearthed the great nugget; it weighed no less than 2,316 ounces and was worth, when freed from all alloy, £9,553. The men scarcely realised their good fortune at first, but when next day they carried their find in secret to the nearest bank, the manager had to send to Melbourne for ready money in order to buy it. Then they knew their good fortune, and promptly retired from the diggings altogether.



The gigantic gold nugget.

We give a photograph of the monument which was erected on the precise spot where the nugget was found. It was placed there, a few years ago, by Mr. Henry Foster, the States Minister of Mines, and records briefly the above incidents.



The monument to the nugget.

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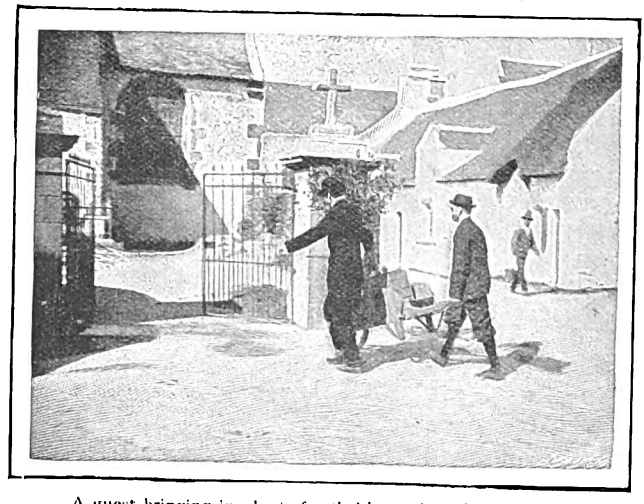
An Artist's Wedding in Brittany

By Kathleen Schlesinger and Paul Gèniaux.

A halo of romance surrounds the artist's wedding here chronicled, and the attendant circumstances, although by no means uncommon in the artist world of Brittany, may possibly prove fresh and attractive to the readers of the Royal Magazine, interwoven as they are with the quaint customs and ceremonies of the Breton folk.

Let it be understood, first of all, that this was no French *mariage de convenance* but a love match pure and simple.

The first act took place in Paris on August 12, when the bridegroom with his witnesses and a few intimate friends met at the house of the bride's parents at 10 o'clock in the morning, whence after an exchange of compliments and a little light refreshment, the whole party drove to the *mairie* (which corresponds in this instance to our registrar's office) for the civil marriage. This is a very commonplace ceremony at all times, and more especially so to Bretons, whose deep religious fervour leads them to look upon it as a mere compulsory formality, the true marriage taking place in church.



A guest bringing in plants for the decoration of the church.

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The bride was a true Breton, the young man was an Algerian artist; they had first met three years before in a tiny village in Morbihan, called Billiers, where as is the wont of lovers, they wandered hand in hand among the lovely lanes and plighted their troth.

The following summer found them again at Billiers, and they resolved that their wedding should take place there in the spot hallowed by so many sweet memories.

Billiers lies some miles from the station, and the bridegroom, whose impatience can well be imagined, had to undergo a three hours' drive before the village became visible in the distance.

Here the lover's patience was rewarded at last, when a radiant face, flushed with happiness and exercise, peeped through the branches as he passed the woods of Kerveso. Needless to say, the happy pair

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performed the remainder of the journey on foot together.

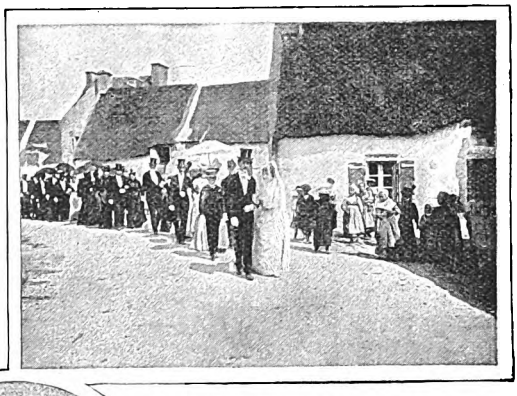
After lunch the relatives and friends, who had arrived on the scene some days before, proceeded to decorate the church for the solemnisation of the marriage on the next day, the 15th. especially chosen as being the anniversary of the first meeting of the young people.

All set to work with a will, the stronger sex being deputed to go forth with wheelbarrows to bring tall, graceful plants and boxes of growing flowers which the kindly inhabitants of the little *bourg* had offered to lend for the purpose. All gardens and houses were thus rifled for the time being of their floral treasures, and the church was in due time converted by a bevy of maidens into a dainty bower.

The great day dawned at last, and before it was many hours old the young men set out in a body, according to local custom, to sing appropriate songs under the window of the bride.

At ten o'clock the old church bells began to lift up their brazen voices in a joyous peal, and the young men, preceded by the two village musicians called *sonneurs*, who played the traditional tunes upon their *bombard* and *biniou* (a shrill sort of oboe and a primitive bag-pipe), set off to fetch the bride. Custom directs that on this occasion all doors and windows should be barred, and no living soul visible in her home. It is only after the leader has repeatedly thundered at the door that the father or grandfather opens a wicket or looks out from an upper window.

Then a peasant poet, advancing with an air of quiet dignity, recites in Breton the long poetical speeches required by tradition; but before the bride is produced a little comedy is enacted typifying on one part the maidenly reluctance of the bride to leave the parental roof, and on the other the eagerness of the bridegroom to win his bride. Finally, the party is invited to come in and look for the latter, and an animated game of hide and seek ensues. After the becoming reserve of the bride has been duly overcome, the procession is formed, and sets forth to the church.



The bridal procession on its way from the church.

The wedding party stopping in a shady lane to perform an old Breton dance, "*le bal.*"

"*Le rond,*" or The Round, a simple Breton dance. The bride and bridegroom are seen seated in the foreground of the photograph.

On this occasion the young couple, both Bretons, one by birth, the other by adoption and predilection, had resolved to sacrifice at the altar of tradition, and part of these quaint customs were duly observed.

The whole town turned out to witness the passage of the wedding. The streets had been swept and reswept in honour of the bride, that her dainty white satin shoes might not be soiled.

The good old *curé* tied the nuptial knot with a truly patriarchal simplicity, and then all repaired to the vestry, where the happy couple received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances assembled from miles around.

On coming out of church, the villagers, according to custom, came in a body to offer

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to the newly-wedded *the honours of wine*, the bride drinking first and passing the cup round; then the bridal procession returned to the house, as we see them in the photograph. After the happy pair walked the bridesmaids and groomsmen, the father of the bridegroom with the bride's mother, the bride's father with the bridegroom's mother, and the rest of the friends and relations following after.

The wedding breakfast was served in true Breton fashion, under the chestnut trees, by country servants in large white aprons, and it was a very gay affair. The menu was entirely composed of Breton dishes.

Then the *sonneurs* at the appointed hour raised again their shrill nasal voices to play the bridal party forth on its way to the park of the beautiful old Castle of Prières, distant about half a mile, and where the dancing was to take place.

The musicians opened the van, and the village children, delighted at the idea of witnessing and participating in such a festivity, brought up the rear. As they walked through shady avenues of fruit trees the *sonneurs* stopped now and again and played a dance measure, *le bal*, one of the figures of the gavotte, the traditional Breton dance, which still holds the affections of the people. The whole party at once began to dance as in the photograph, the bride leading with her partner for life. At the Castle a halt was made, and the wedding party entered to greet the châtelaine, the musicians remaining on guard outside, lustily piping on.

In the beautiful park the rest of the figures were danced in turn. *Le rond*, a monotonous circular dance, in which the step is varied by stamping the foot rhythmically, came first. In the illustration our readers will notice that some of the villagers in their quaint caps and aprons have joined in, the musicians sitting in the centre, while the bride (who has exchanged her veil for a hat) looks on with the bridegroom from a seat in the foreground.

Laridé is the name given to another and more lively round dance, in which steps are taken towards the centre and back again, swinging the arms alternately with a kind of hop, skip, and a jump to the left; for obvious reasons the musicians do their duty on this occasion from a safe distance.

A halt was made in front of the church, where, to satisfy tradition, the last dances were danced before the wondering eyes of the assembled village. Then the guests went indoors, and dinner was served to revive their waning energies.

The festivities were brought to a close with a stroll on the shore by moonlight, which doubtless proved the opening chapter to many a new romance; and then the happy pair was conducted in triumph to the house, and there was duly serenaded with the customary Breton songs.

The *Laridé*—a circular dance.

"*La guignotte*," a figure of the Breton gavotte.

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THE dice rattled merrily upon the table, and the two men bent over to watch the issue of the throw, their faces white with eagerness.

At last the rattle ceased—it had been one of those impetuous, half-angry throws which send the dice rolling across the board—the cubes came to a standstill, and with bated breath the men counted the fateful black dots. Then with a half-stifled oath, Stanislas de Gouville—the younger player—sank back into his chair. The muscles of his livid face were contracted for a moment as though he had been beset by physical pain—for a moment and no more. He had been a gamester too long not to have learnt how to lose like a gentleman, with smiling countenance, even though—as in the present instance—the loss might be total, irreparable and pauperising.

It was with a smile—albeit a ghastly one—that he turned again to his companion.

"I pray you forget my momentary excitement," he said wearily. "It was unworthy of me, but what would you, my dear La Fosse? I am like Francis the First after the battle of Pavia—I have lost all save honour."

La Fosse wore a look of polite contrition. There is a weighty responsibility in having diced every night for a month with a man, and in having during that time won first his money, then—steadily, yard by yard and acre by acre—the land of his estate, and, finally, his very château with all the treasures it contains. It is, perchance, a thing to be merry at, but decency forbids this mirth to be indulged in the presence of the vanquished. And so, albeit happy enough at heart, La Fosse's breeding compelled him to look glum and pained. He was anxious to quit Gouville's society; but here again politeness interfered, for the house was his, and he might not order Gouville to leave.

Stanislas de Gouville, on the other hand, showed scant eagerness to be gone. He sat in his chair, toying listlessly with the dice-box, which he had not relinquished since his last disastrous throw, and wondering vaguely how he would live henceforth—or whether he would live at all. He thought too—and this was the bitterest thought that could beset him—of the beautiful and queenly Mademoiselle de Grandcourt, and of how he must now abandon all hopes of ever winning her for his wife.

He tilted the dice-box upwards, and gazed for a moment into it with vacant eye; then flinging the cursed thing that had wrought his ruin, on to the table, he gave vent to a mirthless laugh.

"La Fosse," he cried in a voice that was curiously playful, "has your good fortune made you dumb? *St. Gris*, but you are the dullest fellow I ever sat with."

"What would you?" deprecated La Fosse with a shrug.

"What would I? I would see you merry. In Heaven's name let us have more Armagnac. That bottle has stood empty for the last half-hour."

La Fosse mumbled an apology for his abstraction, and more wine was brought, of which he drank half a goblet. Gouville finished the bottle quietly, unconsciously, and babbling away at scraps of court gossip the while. And gradually as he drank, the ice of misery that had gathered round his heart was thawed, and he became again the

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"This," he said, taking up his sword and holding it aloft, "is my only possession."

merry, reckless Stanislas, to whom it was said, belonged the wittiest tongue and sharpest sword at the court of Louis XIV.

Bottle followed bottle, and at last, as midnight was striking from the belfry of St. Jacques, Gouville staggered to his feet, and passing his hand across his forehead mumbled something about having drunk overmuch. As he rose, André de La Fosse, who had sat silent and pensive for the last quarter of an hour, rose also.

"Let me express my regret, Stanislas," he murmured not unkindly, "at the scurvy treatment you have suffered at the hands of fortune. Come, *mon ami*, better luck next time!"

Stanislas gazed vacantly round the richly furnished room, then laughed.

"Too late, La Fosse, too late," he answered. "There will be no next time. This," he added, taking up his sword from a chair, and holding it aloft by the baldrick—"is my last and only possession. It is the only piece of value saved from the wreck of my fortunes, and, I take it, La Fosse," he concluded flippantly, "that you are not in want of a rapier."

La Fosse answered nothing for a moment. Then with a quick exclamation, such as escapes a man who is suddenly smitten by a great idea—

"God knows I am!" he cried. "I *am* in want of a rapier—of *your* rapier, Stanislas."

Gouville stared at him for a moment, incredulous.

"Then, by the Mass, there it is," and he dropped it with a clatter on the table. "How much will you stake against it? Say fifty pistoles—the hilt alone is worth as much—'twas chiselled by Le Cannu."

La Fosse went white to the lips.

"Not fifty pistoles, but fifty thousand. Nay more—I'll stake everything that I have won from you during the past month. Every acre of your estate in Normandy will I lay against that sword of yours on a single throw."

Stanislas drew his hand across his brow, as if to brush aside some unseen mist that clogged his understanding, and stared with drunken solemnity at his companion.

"And yet, La Fosse," he said in a puzzled tone, "it did not seem to me that you drank over much to-night. But perchance I did not notice."

"Oh, I am sober enough, Gouville, never fear."

"You are, eh? Then, by my life, *I* must be more drunk than I had thought. Did you say something just now about dicing for my sword?"

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In a voice that shook with excitement, La Fosse repeated his preposterous offer.

"Perdition take me if I understand how a sword can be of such value to you."

"Not *a* sword, Stanislas, but *your* sword. *Your* sword with your unerring arm and brain to guide it."

"*Peste!* I understand. You have an enemy."

La Fosse nodded.

"Well—you wear a sword yourself."

"Aye, but a useless one in this matter. Sit down and listen to me," he cried excitedly. "To begin with I am in love."

"You are wasting words, La Fosse. It goes without saying, that in a case of this character there must be a woman. And wherever there is a woman it is a foregone conclusion that you love her. Your susceptibilities are proverbial, *mon cher*."

"Possibly," said La Fosse — too eager now to entertain resentment. "But the present affair is no jest. It is my intention to make Mademoiselle—er—the lady in question, my wife. Unfortunately, that accursed bully, the Marquis de Belcourt, is of a like mind touching the same lady, and to gain his ends he will, if necessary, have recourse to violence. Would you credit it de Gouville, that here in this very room not a fortnight ago he had the effrontery to threaten me that if I ever dared to wed her, he would send me a challenge before I left the altar?"

"What was your answer?"

"I vouchsafed him none. I ordered him from the house."

"That was well done. And now?"

"Until to-night it was my intention to disregard the threat, and, should my suit prosper—as indeed I have good reason to believe it will—to marry the lady, albeit I might leave her a widow before I took her home. I put myself in the hands of Mathurin, the fencing master; he did his best for me, but it is of no avail; I am a clumsy fool with a rapier, whilst Belcourt is with one exception the best swordsman in Paris."

"That one exception?"

"Yourself," he answered, eyeing the slender, dissipated, and almost effeminate-looking young man before him. "Ah, Gouville," he went on hurriedly," I am ashamed to crave your aid in a matter which a gentleman should settle for himself. But life is sweet—at least, it will be sweet if she is kind. You tempted me to-night when you dangled your sword in the air. The temptation has proved too much for me. I offer to stake the fortune I have won from you against this service. Nay more, Gouville, I will do this: I will set the Gouville estates against your sword. If you win, your fortune is restored to you and the matter is ended so far as it concerns you. If you lose, I claim your services to pick a quarrel with Belcourt and rid me of him, and I will give you back your estate so soon as you shall have fulfilled that part of the bargain. Whichever way the dice fall out they will set you in the position you have lost. *Allons*, Gouville, accept!"

La Fosse's accents had well nigh become a whine, and as he stopped, he held out his hands supplicatingly. But Gouville was irresponsive.

"What if by luck or skill Belcourt proves master, and runs me through?" he enquired coldly.

"I'll take the risk of that."

"*Vraiement!* It seems to me that *I* shall take the risk of that. Tell me, La Fosse," he added, "why should I not use the sword you covet, against you now? I might choose to be insulted by your proposal, and kill you for it on the spot. What then, my friend? Who would there be to say that I had ever lost the Normandy estates? Tell me; what is to impede me from doing this?"

"You are a man of honour."

"You acknowledge it, La Fosse, and yet you ask me to do the work of a common bravo? Bah!" he cried, staggering once more from his chair. "Where are the dice? You are taking an infernal advantage of me because I am drunk. But it had best be done now, for there would be no excuse for me were I sober. The dice, man, pass the dice!"

La Fosse obeyed him in silence, and with trembling fingers gathered the cubes into the box and handed it to his companion.

"*St. Gris*, have you got the palsy, La Fosse? Here goes, and may the devil help me, for he is of a certainty in the business."

He threw quick and carelessly.

"There," cried he, surveying the three aces with a scowl, "I knew it. Did you ever see ill-luck cling more fondly to a man? Do not give yourself the trouble of throwing, La Fosse. It is not worth the time you'll waste on it. Be good enough to pass me my hat and call your servant to light me down the stairs. Good-night, La Fosse," he babbled on. "I am a rich man again, but *Pardieu*, you have the best of the bargain.

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Belcourt had better make his peace with Mother Church; he'll want a shrift presently. Good-night!"

As Gouville walked home he was far from happy with himself. Cloak it as he would, the fact remained that he had accepted a bravo's task. There was a moment when he was on the point of going back to tell La Fosse that he preferred to starve in honour than to thrive with the stain of an unclean action on his escutcheon. What would Madeleine de Grandcourt say if ever she knew? But on the other hand, how could he press his suit if he were a beggar?

The thought decided him. He must pursue the road upon which Fortune and his friend, La Fosse, had thrust him that night.

Still, during the days that followed, he was loth to bring matters to an issue, and did little towards seeking a quarrel with Belcourt. Most of his time was spent in the Louvre, and—as often as she would tolerate it—at Mademoiselle de Grandcourt's side. But his wooing wore not a favourable aspect. Did he grow serious, Mademoiselle's rippling laugh would mock him. Did he wax ardent, did he attempt to speak of what was in his heart, Mademoiselle's cold glance and curling lip would freeze him into silence.

There were moments when this woman would so sting his spirit with a cruel word or glance that he wondered why he did not hate her. How often did he not register the vow to see her no more? And yet next day would find him at her side again.

He had all but forgotten the task which La Fosse had set him, and seeing that La Fosse had not the *entrée* to the Louvre, where—as I have said—the best part of Gouville's time was spent, there was not his presence to remind Stanislas of what lay between them.

They met in the Place Royale one day, about a fortnight after the compact had been made, and La Fosse chided his friend for his inertness in the matter. Gouville was out of humour at the time, fresh from the torture of Mademoiselle's indifference, and ready to shed blood—no matter whose. It needed only La Fosse's information that he had seen Belcourt enter the *auberge*

"In other words, messieurs, you have heard M. de Belcourt say that *I lie*."

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of *L'Epée de Bayard* a few minutes before, to send Stanislas hurrying to the inn in quest of the Marquis.

He found him in the common room, at table with half-a-dozen friends, and as he hurried through, he contrived to tread upon the Marquis's foot.

"You clumsy, ill-bred clown," bellowed the Marquis. "Have you no eyes?"

Stanislas turned sharply and faced the bully.

"Surely, Monsieur," he said with a calm, sinister smile, "those words were not addressed to me?"

Now a bully is wont to become a coward in the presence of a better man. Belcourt recognised Stanislas, and his manner changed with the rapidity of lightning.

"You hurt my foot, Monsieur," he made answer, "and for the moment I forgot my manners. I have no quarrel with you Monsieur de Gouville.'

"Ah! Since you apologise the affair is ended," quoth Gouville with marked impertinence; and shrugging his shoulders he turned away and seated himself at some little distance. He had expected thus to have exasperated Belcourt and provoked him into further forgetfulness; but he was disappointed. The bully reddened slightly, and followed Gouville's graceful, foppish figure with his dark, scowling eyes, but was silent.

The evident timidity which the Marquis displayed upon this occasion, proved, however, an incentive to Stanislas, who contrived thereafter to find himself as often as possible in the company of Belcourt. Three days later a fresh chance presented itself.

It was at one of St. Auban's famous supper parties; M. de Belcourt was entertaining the company with the details of a duel which had been fought the day before at St. Germain between two celebrated dandies of the court. He was describing the manner in which M. des Cazeaux had tricked his opponent so as to obtain the opening for the lunge in *tierce* which had brought the combat to an end, when Stanislas, who now heard the particulars for the first time, interrupted him.

"M. de Belcourt is mistaken," he said leaning across the table, "the lunge was not in *tierce*."

The Marquis raised his eyebrows in astonishment, and stared for a moment at the young man.

"Will M. de Gouville be pleased to tell us what the lunge was?" he enquired with a scowl.

"Certainly. It was in *quinte*."

"I will confess that the stroke was delivered rather high, nevertheless—"

"It was in *quinte*," Gouville insisted rudely.

"It was *not*," thundered Belcourt, determined not to be outdone in politeness.

There followed a dead silence whilst the two men eyed each other across the lavishly appointed table—Belcourt flushed and threatening; Gouville calm and disdainful. Then Stanislas pushed back his chair and rose slowly to his feet.

"You have heard me state, Messieurs, that the lunge we are discussing was delivered in *quinte*; you have heard M. de Belcourt say flatly that it was not. In other words, Messieurs, you have heard M. de Belcourt say *that I lie*."

"*Sangdieu*!" cried Belcourt. "You misapprehend me."

"Ah?"

"Did you witness the encounter?"

"That question should have preceded your contradiction, M. le Marquis," was Gouville's diplomatic answer. "It is now beside the matter. I have said that the lunge was in *quinte*, and if you still entertain a doubt, I shall be happy to convince you by showing you the identical disengage at any time convenient to yourself."

Those present looked askance into each other's faces; was ever an *affaire d'honneur* hung upon a weaker peg? But Belcourt's answer struck the flimsy weapon of pretext from Gouville's hand.

"Bah!" he cried, with a laugh of affected *bonhommie*. "There is no quarrel between us, M. de Gouville, and, by my faith, I do not see that a difference of opinion concerning the stroke which sent M. des Cazeaux to the devil, should occasion one. Hence I see no reason for troubling you to illustrate the lunge.'

To persist after that would be to betray his purpose, to provoke M. de Belcourt into a duel.

Bitterly did Stanislas complain to La Fosse next day of his lack of success. Belcourt was eager enough to fight as a rule, but he unquestionably stood in awe of Gouville, and was determined at any cost to avoid a rupture with him.

Fortune appeared to have churlishly turned her back upon Stanislas, and he fared as ill in love as at play and in war.

His Grace the Duc de Sauveterre gave a great ball during the following week to celebrate the *fiançailles* of his eldest son. The court was graciously pleased to attend

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the *fête*, which accounted for the presence at the Palais Sauveterre of both Mademoiselle de Grandcourt and M. de Gouville. M. le Marquis de Belcourt was also there, resplendent in a suit of white satin, and intent upon avoiding Stanislas—a precaution which he might have spared himself, for Gouville was too eager upon a quest of his own to even remark his presence.

When Mademoiselle whispered to him that the heat was stifling and that a breath of cool air would be a boon, Stanislas realised that for once the gods were kind. He offered her his arm, and led her from the gaily thronged ball-room out on to the terrace.

The moon was up and the tepid breath of that summer night was sweetened by the scent of the rose garden beyond. As he sank down beside her upon the stone seat, Stanislas felt himself overcome by the seductions of the hour, the scene, the perfume, the music floating out to them from the windows behind, and—to crown all—by her beloved presence.

And she—she too appeared to be under the magnetic spell of her surroundings, and when he spoke, softly at first, then passionately and convincingly, she did not interrupt him with her wonted raillery Yet when he had done, and stood bending over her—so close that for a moment his long black locks were mingled with her auburn hair—and craved, with suppliance in his tone, an answer, she drew away with a merry laugh.

"You are a pretty fellow, M. de Gouville," she said airily, "truly the prettiest I know, and you have a vastly seductive tongue. But what you ask is impossible."

Gouville was crushed. His ready wit found no reply, and he stood with bowed head and clenched hands cursing the presumption that had bidden him hope to win where so many better men had failed. Was it for this that he bartered the honour of his sword?

"You are a courtier, M. de Gouville," Mademoiselle pursued, "and I do not want a courtier for a husband."

He found his tongue at last, stung to anger by her heartlessness.

"Had I foreseen, Mademoiselle, that your ambition is to wed a churl, I should have spared you this interview."

"So! We are angry now? Nay, nay, not a churl, Monsieur," she answered sweetly, "but a brave man; a bold, daring, manly man; not a man with two yards of lace and a score of ribbons to his doublet, and with the perfumes of a dozen bouquets in his dainty clothes."

"Duguesclin has been dead some centuries, Mademoiselle," he said in a hard voice, "did he still live you might hope some day to marry. We had best go within."

There was a commanding note in his voice which was new to Madeleine, and which made her will subservient to his. Meekly she rose, and taking his arm without another word, allowed herself to be led into the ante-chamber, where he bowed with averted eyes, and left her

With fire in his bosom, Stanislas went forthwith in quest of Belcourt. Whilst the mood endured that was then upon him he felt little doubt but that he should be able to force a quarrel upon the Marquis and thus fulfil the compact upon which he had entered with La Fosse. With bitterness he thought of the motives that had urged him to undertake the task and of the disappointment he had suffered, but, albeit a motive there no longer was, there was still his plighted word, and—even had that been lacking—there was the angry mood that beset him and drove him with ferocious joy to meditate bloodshed

But again fortune showed him scant favour. Belcourt was nowhere to be found. From room to room he went seeking that conspicuous figure in white that he had remarked earlier in the evening, yet ever without success.

He made inquiries, and learnt at length that M. le Marquis had left the Palais Sauveterre an hour ago. Whither he had gone his informer could not tell him, so that Gouville was forced to set a curb upon his impatience and abandon, for the while, his quest.

The light and mirth about him being ill-attuned to his mood, he wandered out into the garden again, and there flung himself upon the very seat where but awhile ago his suit had been derided.

Hardly was he seated when the gravel behind him crunched 'neath an approaching step, and——

"Do you seek M. de Belcourt?" said a man's voice at his elbow.

"I do, indeed," he answered, turning sharply and beholding to his surprise a lacquey, "can you tell me where I may find him?"

"I escorted him to his carriage half an hour ago, Monsieur; he was met by two men to whom I heard him give as a *rendez-vous* the Rue du Guet at midnight."

In an instant Gouville was upon his feet, and, having rewarded the fellow for his information, he went within to get his cloak and

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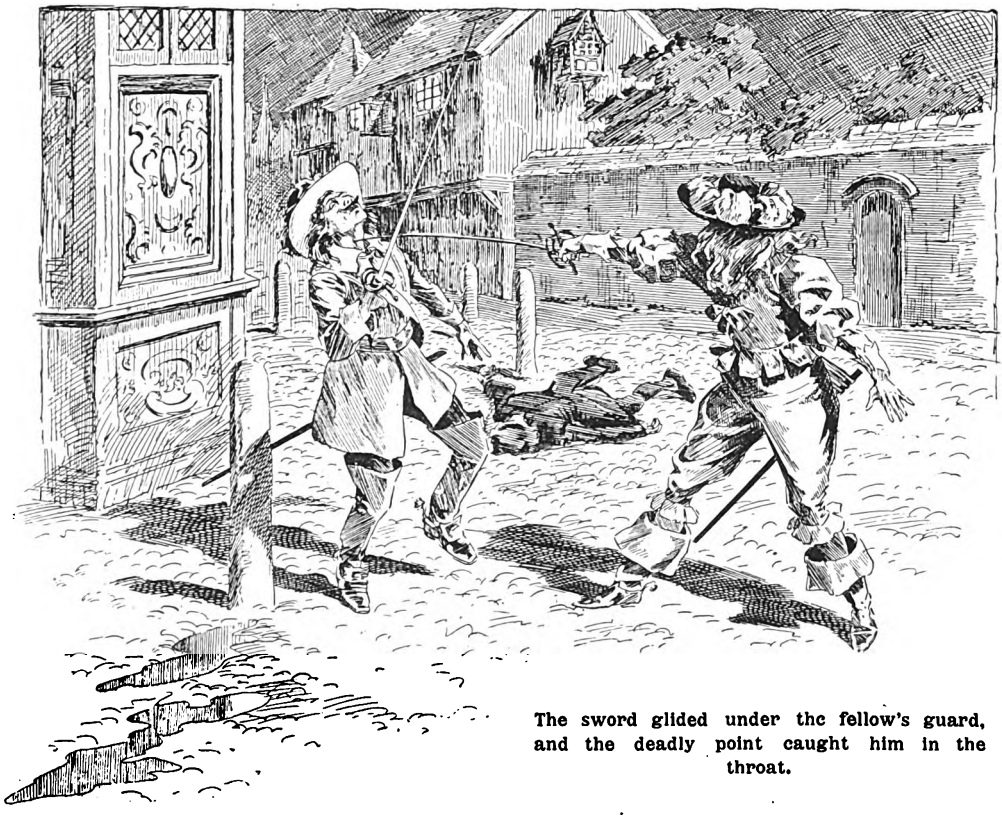

The sword glided under the fellow's guard, and the deadly point caught him in the throat.

sword. It wanted a quarter of an hour to midnight, so that there was just time for him to reach the Rue du Guet afoot.

He dismissed his carriage at the door of the Palais Sauveterre, feeling himself beset by that restlessness which impels a man to physical action. Thinking of many things, and cursing most, he stalked moodily along until he had reached the corner of the Rue du Guet, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a woman's cry for help. As he paused to listen, the cry was repeated, and so piteously that it drove all thought of Belcourt from Gouville's mind, and without another moment's delay, he set off at a run in the direction of the sound, drawing his sword as he went.

Not two hundred yards down the street he came upon a coach, from which three men were endeavouring to drag a resisting woman. The body of a man lay inert upon the ground, and Stanislas was quick to surmise him to be the luckless coachman.

He was upon the ruffians before they suspected his approach, and had run his sword through the nearest of them ere the fellow could draw.

Alarmed by this sudden and unlooked-for interference, the other two sprang back from the coach, and one of them plucking a pistol from his belt fired upon the intruder. But in his haste he aimed too high, and before he could repair his error the point of Gouville's sword was protruding from his back.

So quickly had it all taken place that Stanislas had disengaged his blade and stood ready for the third, before the fellow had got out his sword. He might have fallen upon him and slain him before he could guard himself, but his chivalrous spirit withheld him from taking so mean an advantage of a single man. He lowered his point and surveyed the tall, lithe figure before him, vainly endeavouring to pierce the shadows which the man's hat cast upon his face.

"Draw, sir," he cried, "I await you."

The man was quick to comply with so gallant an invitation, and the next moment their blades clashed. It was a short combat, though the tall man fought well and fiercely. Stanislas was his master and presently his sword glided in under the fellow's guard, and the deadly point caught him in the throat. He fell without a groan, and, as Stanislas knelt to see if he were dead, a cry of surprise

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escaped him, as there in the moonlight he beheld the livid, distorted face, and staring eyes of the Marquis de Belcourt. The *rendez-vous* which the lacquey told him Belcourt had appointed was suddenly remembered, and, in a flash, he understood the situation.

Then, before he had recovered from his astonishment, he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"Bravely fought, my gallant knight! You were wrong, Duguesclin still lives, but his name to-day is Stanislas de Gouville."

In an instant he was upon his feet.

"*You!*" he gasped, at sight of the girl who stood before him with hands held forth in a mute appeal for comfort and forgiveness. For a moment the memory of their last words rose up before him, and he stood aloof and half disdainful. Then her glorious beauty and the look in her eyes defeated his ungentle purpose. He opened his arms and took her, half laughing, half sobbing, into their shelter.

"My note of hand, La Fosse," cried Stanislas gaily next morning as he burst in upon his friend. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain. *St. Gris*, I was in luck last night! The same blow that killed Belcourt won me the heart of the loveliest woman in France."

And briefly he related what had taken place.

"'Tis passing strange," murmured La Fosse with a clouded brow. "Who is the lady?"

"Fool! Did I not say the loveliest woman in France? Mademoiselle de Grandcourt."

With ashen face La Fosse turned hastily towards a small *sécretaire*, from which he took a paper.

"There is your note of hand for the Normandy estates, Gouville. I thank you for ridding me of Belcourt," he continued, mastering his agitation, "and with all my heart I wish you joy of your conquest."

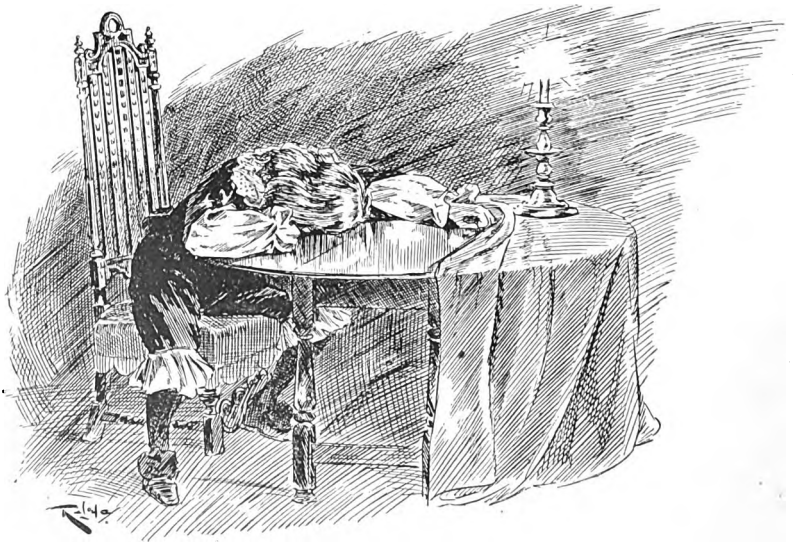
Gouville crumpled the scrap of paper into his pocket with a smile.

"*Au révoir, mon ami*," he cried, putting forth his hand, "and may your suit prosper as well as mine, now that the obstacle is removed from your path."

La Fosse took the proffered hand, and answered his unsuspecting friend with a brave smile.

But when Stanislas was gone, and La Fosse was alone with his feelings, he gave vent to a bitter laugh at the irony of it all. He had restored a fortune to the bankrupt Stanislas as the price at which he was to remove the man who opposed his wooing of Madeleine de Grandcourt, and whilst Stanislas had accomplished this, he had wooed and won the lady for himself.

Sinking into a chair André de La Fosse buried his face in his hands, and cursed the fates that had played him so scurvy a trick.



André la Fosse buried his face in his hands and cursed the fates that had played him so scurvy a trick.

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INDEX.

	PAGE.
An Accessory After the Fact (Fiction)	233
An Artist's Wedding in Brittany	524
Art of the Camera, The ... 3, 99, 187, 275, 363,	451
At Love's Throne (Poem)	448
Babul Siris Singh (Fiction)	297
Baden-Powell Bees, The	29
Beauty Factory, A	408
Begum's Diamond, The (Fiction)	495
Birkenhead (Fiction)	151
Blowing up a Bridge	260
Bluff (Fiction)	115
Bunch of Edelweiss, A (Fiction)	193
Can We Prolong Our Lives?	502
Captive Maid, The (Fiction)	219
Cecil Rhodes and His Curiosities	148
Chinese Punch and Judy Show, A	515
City Man, A (Fiction)	412
Clerical Artist in Wood, A	51
Cliff "Climming" at Flamborough	92
Comedy of Errors, A (Fiction)	132
Daily Life on a Battleship	227
Dead Heat, A (Monologue)	336
Dog's Toilet Club, A	320
Dr. Moskowitz' Experiment (Fiction)	479
Eating the Sun	138
Evidence of the Sword, The (Fiction)	370
Feeding a Battleship	421
Football as a Fine Art	257
Forbidden Fruit (Fiction)	162
Future Rival of Monte Carlo, A	339
Gazing Ahead	184
Goliath of Gold Nuggets, The	523
Great Grandparents (Poem)	516
Guard-Boat of Yantlett Creek, The (Fiction)	251
Hoisting the Pennant	157
How an Army Crosses a River	332
How I Found the Gallows Mine (Fiction)	43
How Jack is Clothed	517
How Pretoria will be Besieged	125
Impedimenta (Fiction)	67
Ingenious Bullet-Proof Shield, An	492
"Juberill Jim" (Fiction)	243
Juno, the Tigress (Fiction)	32
Kaffir Wedding, A	168
King of Handcuffs, The	418
La Masca (Fiction)	12
Lady Navigators, The (Fiction)	325
Lord Trepean and the Unique Uniform (Fiction)	282
Malediction, The (Fiction)	141
Medals Our Generals Wear, The	305
Mistress of Diplomacy, A (Fiction)	55
Nicest, Prettiest, and Best (Fiction)	390
Nile Evening, A (Fiction)	210
Ninth Wave, The (Fiction)	22
Nursery of the Woolwich Infant, The	61
One-Man Newspaper, A	112
Only (Poem)	352
Our Stereoscopic Gallery ... 95, 182, 271, 359, 439,	527
Out of the Dice Box (Fiction)	529
Pedro de Soto, Guitar Player (Fiction)	106
Pictures in Hair	488
Private John Chinaman	463
Queen and Her Family as Artists, The	240
Red Owl, The (Fiction)	312
Rise of Kitchener, The	199
Royal Children and Their Toys	289
Signal Success, A (Fiction)	441
Slave Girl who Mounted a Throne, The	379
Smallest Navy in the World, The	304
Story of a Red Rose, The (Fiction)	400
Strategic Movement, A (Fiction)	458
Summer (Poem)	311
Tackling an Enemy	353
To Ianthe (Poem)	428
To My Lady (Poem)	17
Tommy Atkins at Play	247
Trophies from the Front (Fiction)	509
Underground Towns of Champagne	72
War Game, The	18
War in Toyland, The	396
War on Pictorial Postcards, The	429
Where British Battles have been Fought	169

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

Will o' the Wisp (Poem) 11
Wire-Walking in Mid-Air 87
Witch Child, The (Fiction) 467
Wolf as a Family Friend, The 473
Woman of Death, The (Fiction) 78, 173, 262, 343, 432
Women who do Men's Work 214

X-RAYS ON THE BATTLEFIELD 39

ARTISTS:
Aldridge, Sydney 22
Austin, Henry 251
Ball, Alec C. 67
Cameron, J. J. 186, 312, 362, 479, 516
Cleaver, Ralph 141, 243, 282, 529
Copping, Harold 132, 400, 467
Crow ..... June Cover
Davies, J. Barnard 43, 115, 325
Gossop, R. Percy 311, 448
Hardy, Norman 2, 32
Lander, Edgar ..... 210, August Cover
Michel, C. 11
Mills, A. Wallis 233, 412, 495
Offor, Miss B. 274
Pannett, R. 106, 297, 428, 458
Patterson, Malcolm 162, 193, 390
Popini, A. 441
Prout, Victor 78, 173, 262, 343, 432, 509
Read, Edward 55
Skinner, E. F. 12, 98, 151, 336
Smith, D. Murray 219
Smith, J. S. 169
Wood, C. Lawson ... 138, September Cover, 370

AUTHORS:
Adam, H. L. 257
Banfield, Arthur C. 396
Beddoe, David 210
Best, George 251
Bodkin, Q.C., M. McD. 115
Boothby, Guy 78, 173, 262, 343, 432
Brenan, Gerald 67
Burnley, Florence 214
Collinson, Margaret 29, 240, 473
Copplestone, Bennet 233
Dana, Marvin 428
Dayle, Gilbert 282
Deakin, Dorothea 390
Edson, Dr. Cyrus 502
Everett, P. W. 169

PAGE.

Foulsham, Frank 320
Freeman, R. Austin 441
Gamble, George 193
Garrick, Henry W. 87
Gèniaux, Paul 524
Goodrich, Arthur 72
Grainger, Hector 138, 247, 463
Grey, Roderick 3, 99, 187, 275, 363, 451
Harris, A. L. 516
Harrison, F. C. 39
Hemery, Philip 11
Heron-Maxwell, Beatrice 219
Holland, Clive 429
Holmes, H. J. 112
Hopkins, Annie G. 448
Hurd, Archibald S. 157, 227, 353, 517
Hurry, Alfred 412
Jackson, Mrs. Neville 289
Jones, Francis Arthur 51
Kitchen, E. W. 260
Leys, John K. 495
Livesey, Jessie E. 297
Lynch, E. M. 339
Lynch, G. D. 17
McGovern, Chauncey M. 408, 488
McGovern, J. Montgomery 479
Maingay, Reginald 199, 379, 492
Marchmont, Arthur W. 43
Mayall, John W. 55
Merrick, Roland 32
Moberley, L. G. 311
Neish, R. 400
Noble, Edward 151, 325, 509
Norton, Smedley 352
Oliver, Owen 336
Page, Ethel Beatrice 467
Preedy, Frances 132
Ray, Charles 61, 125, 332
Ridpath, Captain Alec L. 18
Robins, Hylda M. 458
Robins, Mabel H. 162
Sabatini, Rafael 141, 312, 370, 529
Schlesinger, Kathleen 214, 524
Smith, Ellen Ada 22
Smith, Ernest W. 12
Temple, Rev. C. 148
Townsend, F. Talbot 243
Whitechurch, Victor L. 106
Winter, Charles 305
Yorke, Cyril 92

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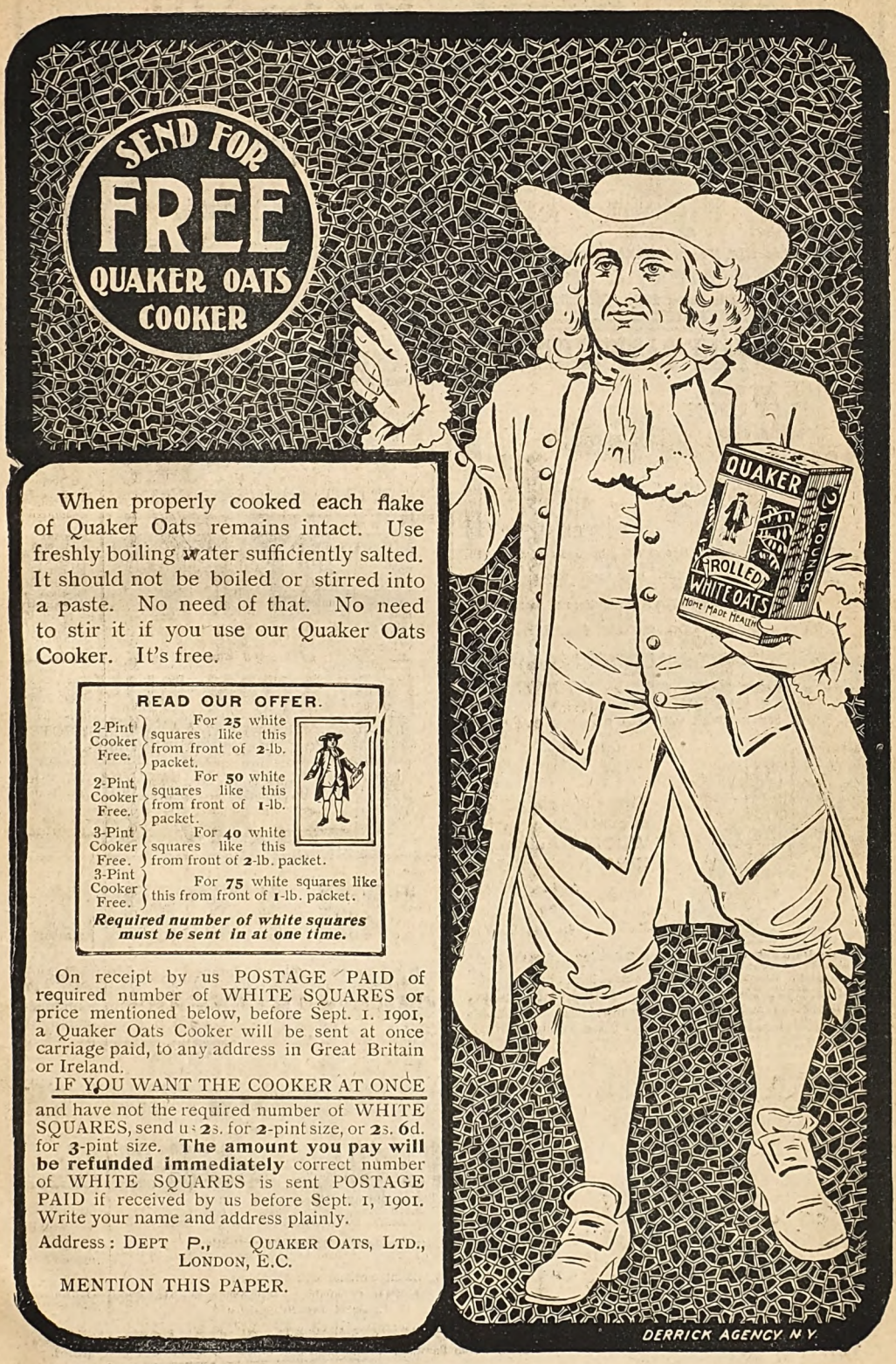

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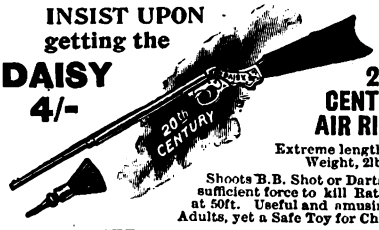

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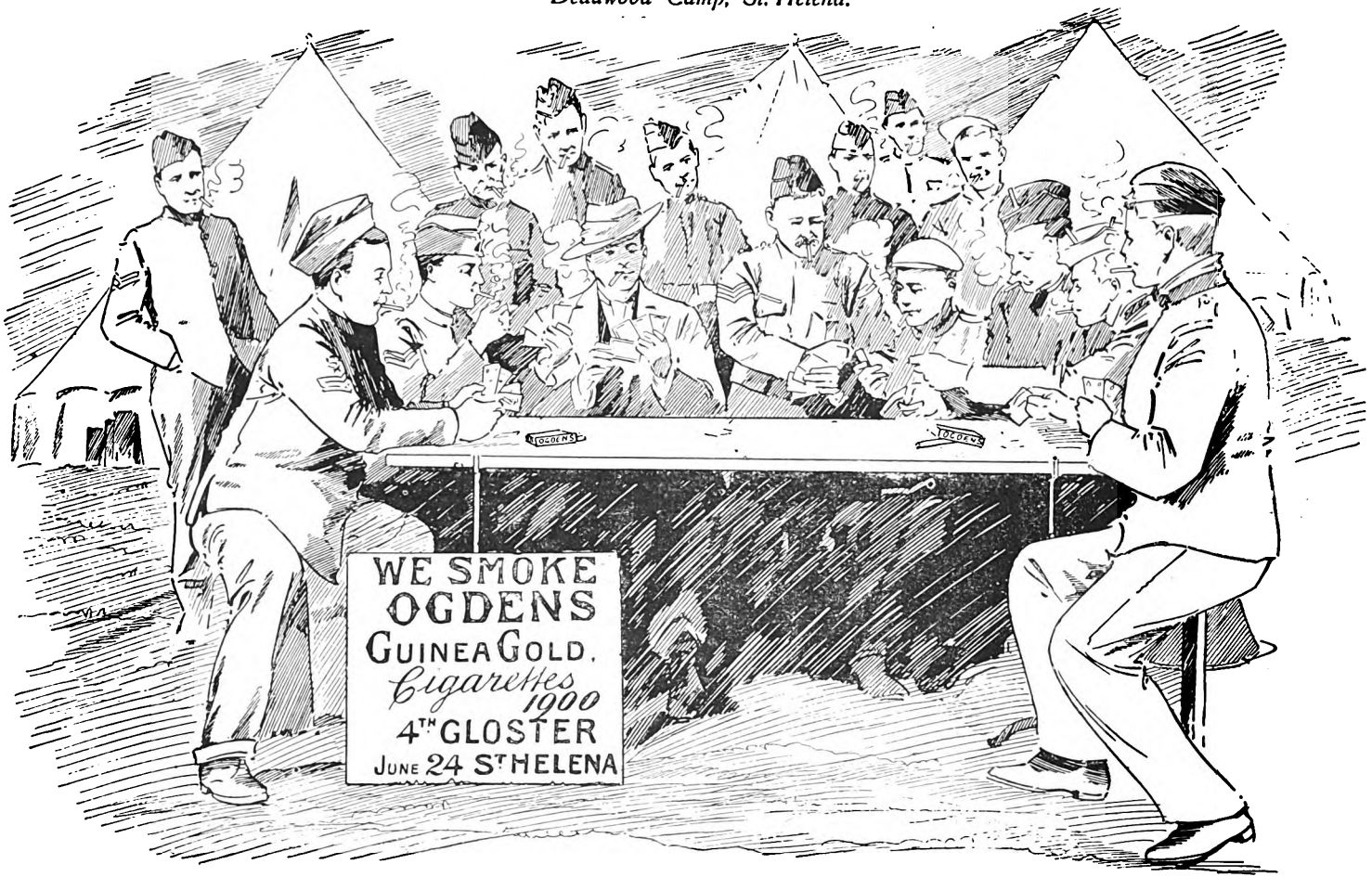

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